

## *A Round for the Company*

*© Chris Roe 2004*

*When I Was in my Prime*

*Traditional*

*When I was in my prime,  
I'd flourish like a vine  
Then along there came some false young man  
Who stole away my thyme*

*My thyme, it is all gone,  
I cannot plant anew  
And in the place where my thyme stood  
It's all grown up with rue*

*The gardener standing there,  
Three choices he gave me  
The Pink, the Violet, and the Rose  
But I refused all three*

*For the Pink is a pretty flower,  
But oh, it buds too soon  
The Violet's too deep a blue,  
I think I'll wait 'til June*

*In June, the red rose blooms,  
But oh, it's not for me  
I will pull up my red, red rose  
And plant a willow tree*

*And the willow, it will twist  
The willow, it will twine  
And how I wish I was in his arms  
That broke this heart of mine*

*But if God lets me live  
Another year of grace  
I will weep a barrel of crystal tears  
And wash that young man's face*

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## *Bad Boys and Privateers*

*Chris Roe 2003*

*On the great highway by the light of day, in the pale of a sapphire sky  
There's many a musky minnow meets the angler's eagle eye  
And there he'll bide by the hungry tide, just taking his own sweet time  
As he plies his trove for the one to love, and he tightens up his line*

*Oh, is because we pine away for the life we'll never know  
Are we moved by all the pains he takes to set that snare just so?  
Are we queens of their own destiny, can we tell you the reason why  
Before we get much older, we'll be hanging out to dry*

*Bad boys and privateers out trolling for a bite  
In the cool of a misty morning, in the dark of the velvet night  
And here we come by tens and tons just looking for our fun  
Bad boys have got us on the run*

*Now some of us smile like fortune's child, and most of us live life well  
We do all right by our own true lights, but he's got goods to sell  
And like a sockeye to the spinner, like a Monarch to the flame  
From high or low, we'll tumble, and we'll tumble much the same*

*And off he' sail on a sporting gale with a rum and a ready crew  
Looking for a piece of the Golden Fleece, and only the gold will do  
And there she bears, still unawares as he leads her in the dance  
This golden galleon never had a chance*

*Bad boys and privateers out cruising for a prize  
For the tell-tale gleam, for the head of steam, for a key to the friendly thighs  
And bless their soul, they give it all 'til there's nothing left to give  
Bad boys and privateers have got them where they live*

*What makes us stray from the great high way in the face of our common sense  
For a taste of the raggy clover on the far side of the fence  
What makes us pine for the heady wine that flows from the foreign cask  
Well if you knew our hearts, you'd never have to ask*

*Now some of us lust for the shiny swag and some of us fall from pride  
And some have a taste for the salt that coats this bucko's briny hide  
And all I know by the winds that blow while the soft sea breezes croon  
By the time he works his magic we'll be howling at the moon*

*Bad boys and privateers out to take a ride  
On the waves of frisky fortune that tumble with the tide  
And like the dawn this dance goes on thru the minutes months and years  
We play the role and we sell our soul for boys and privateers  
For wily boys and wicked privateers*

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*Tom Bowline*

*Charles Dibdin*

*Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowline, the darling of our crew  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling, for death has broached him to  
His form was of the manliest beauty, his heart was kind and soft  
Faithful below, he did his duty, and now he's gone aloft  
And now he's gone aloft*

*Tom never from his word departed, his virtues were so rare  
His friends were many and true-hearted, his Poll was kind and fair  
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly, ah many's the time and oft  
But mirth is turned to melancholy, for Tom has gone aloft  
For Tom has gone aloft*

*Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather, when He who all commands  
Shall give to bring life's crew together, the call to pipe all hands  
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches, in vain Tom's life has doffed  
For though his body's under hatches, his soul has gone aloft  
His soul has gone aloft*

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### *Wind River Waltz*

*Mariide Widmann 1987*

*It's a soft western morning, the color of growing  
Rock-rugged hills, the mountains around  
Sound of the creek as it runs thru the grassland  
In the Wind River valley, Is life not a song?*

*Fields of sweet clover, Endless blue sky overhead  
The summers of childhood still warm in my mind now and then  
Time could stand still, Days that seemed never to end  
What wouldn't I give to roam field and forest again?*

*Up on a fencepost, the magpie is king  
Mostly he's squawk, now, he don't really sing  
And he don't really fly, just goes hoppin' around  
With his bright beady eyes, he's a black and white clown*

*Dusty long hours in the heart of the summer  
Slow sundial full of the buzzin' of bees  
Sage, past it's bloom, whispers of Autumn  
But the rest of the flowers just dance in the breeze*

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### *All Among the Barley*

*Traditional*

*Now is come September, the hunter's moon begun  
And through the wheaten stubble is heard the frequent gun  
The leaves are pale and yellow, and kindling into red  
And the ripe and bearded barley is hanging down his head*

*All among the barley, who would not be blithe  
When the ripe and bearded barley is smiling on the scythe*

*The spring, he is a young man, who does not know his mind  
The summer is a tyrant of most ungracious kind  
But autumn is an old friend who loves one all he can  
And who brings the bearded barley to gladden the heart of man*

*The wheat, he is a rich man, he's sleek and well to do  
The oats are like a pack of girls, laughing and dancing too  
The rye, he is a miser, he's sulky, lean and small  
And the ripe and bearded barley is monarch of them all*

*Now is come September, the hunter's moon begun  
And through the wheaten stubble is heard the frequent gun  
The leaves are pale and yellow, and kindling into red  
And the ripe and bearded barley is hanging down his head*

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*Saint Malo*

*Traditional*

*A Saint Malo, beau port de mer,  
A Saint Malo, beau port de mer  
Trois gros navires sont arrivés*

*Chorus:*

*Nous irons sur l'eau  
Nous y prom promener  
Nous irons jouer dans l'île  
Dans l'île*

*Trois gros navires sont arrivés  
Trois gros navires sont arrivés  
Chargés d'avoine, chargés de blé*

*Chargés d'avoine, chargés de blé  
Chargés d'avoine, chargés de blé  
Trois dames s'enviennet les marchander*

*Trois dames s'enviennet les marchander  
Trois dames s'enviennet les marchander  
Marchand, marchand, combien ton blé?*

*Marchand, marchand, combien ton blé?  
Marchand, marchand, combien ton blé?  
Trois francs l'avoine, six francs le blé*

*Trois francs l'avoine, six francs le blé  
Trois francs l'avoine, six francs le blé  
C'est bien trop cher d'un bonne moitié*

*C'est bien trop cher d'un bonne moitié  
C'est bien trop cher d'un bonne moitié  
Si j'le vends pas, j'le donnerai*

*Si j'le vends pas, j'le donnerai  
Si j'le vends pas, j'le donnerai  
A ce pris la, on va s'arranger!*

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*NaCl (Sodium Chloride)*

*Kate McGarrigle*

*Just a little atom of chlorine, valence minus one  
Swimming in the sea, diggin' the scene, just having fun  
She's not worried 'bout the shape or size of her outside shell  
It's fun to ionize  
Just a little atom of Cl, with an unfilled shell*

*Somewhere in that sea lurks handsome sodium  
With enough electrons in his outside shell, plus that extra one  
Somewhere in this deep blue sea, there's a negative  
For my extra energy  
Somewhere in this foam, my positive will find a home*

*Then unsuspecting Chlorine felt a magnetic pull  
She looked down, and her outside shell was full  
Sodium cried "what a gas, be my bride  
And I'll change your name from Chlorine to Chloride*

*Now the sea evaporates to make the clouds for rain and snow  
Leaving her chemical compounds in the absence of H<sub>2</sub>O  
But the crystals that wash upon the shore are happy ones  
So if you've never thought before  
Think of the love that you eat when you salt your meat*

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### *Hard Times Come Again No More*

*Stephen Foster*

*Let us pause in life's pleasures and count the many tears  
While we all sup sorrow with the poor  
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears  
Oh hard times come again no more*

*'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary  
Hard times, hard times come again no more  
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door  
Oh hard times come again no more*

*While we seek mirth and beauty in music light and gay  
There are frail forms fainting at the door  
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say  
Oh hard times come again no more*

*There's a pale drooping maiden, who toils her life away  
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er  
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day  
Oh hard times come again no more*

*'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the trouble wave  
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore  
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave  
Oh hard times come again no more*

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## *Smoke On the Wind*

*Chris Roe 2001*

*Three thousand human hearts, such a store of life and power  
Out upon the business of a warm September day  
Struck down by a fiery blast, swept away so fierce and fast  
While all around the planet we could only stand and stare*

*God bless America, God bless America  
Supplications rising up like smoke upon the wind  
Hold fast to what you know, see this bitter nightmare through  
And live to greet the sober light of morning once again*

*Nineteen young and angry blades, soldiers of some fearsome God  
Counting their redemption long before the final die was cast  
Sacrificed, seduced, and lost, counting stations of the cross  
Before the blue horizon swallowed up their time again*

*God take those sorry lives, hell-bent for paradise  
Let them see the awesome eyes of justice in the end  
And could they know the aftermath that would follow in their path  
The day they flung that gauntlet at the eye of America*

*For now the age-old game begins, of calling out the beast within  
And now the age-old beast within comes running like a Pavlov dog  
And don't you think the times could grow, in the face of such a blow  
This age-old beast within could learn to speak a human tongue?*

*But we all know how words can bend, in the mouths of lofty men  
And somehow lose their meaning in the chaos of the fray  
And after all this law and thunder, will our heartland come to wonder  
Where's the savior who will save us from America?*

*Stand up, you brave and free! Speak to principality  
Even you have ears to hear, and even you have eyes to see  
And if you're only born to serve, then choose the heroes you deserve  
And raise them from the ranks of common decency again*

*For who but common decency can take us where we need to be  
And steer this mighty planet free from all these bloody wars?  
Who will take the sober helm, when reason, faith and power are gone  
To hold her true and steady as she flies among the stars*

*God save this human race, born to live in love and grace  
Let us see Yourself in one another's eyes again  
And stand by this precious sphere, call her stewards to order here  
And take us to the cradle of Your loving arms again*

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## *Row On*

*Tune by Tim Laycock*

*Clouds are upon the summer sky  
There's thunder in the wind  
Pull on, pull on and homeward hie  
Ne'er give one look behind*

*Row on, row on, another day  
May shine with brighter light  
Ply ply the oars and pull away  
There's dawn beyond the night*

*Bear where thou goest the words of love  
Say all that words can say  
Changeless affection's strength to prove,  
But speed along the way*

*Like yonder river would I glide  
To where my heart would be  
My bark should soon outsail the tide  
That hurries to the sea*

*But yet a star shines constant still  
Through yonder cloudy sky  
And hope as bright my bosom stirs  
From faith that cannot die*

*Row on, row on godspeed the way  
Thou must not linger here  
Storms hang above the closing day  
Tomorrow may be clear*

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## *A Pilgrim's Way*

*Words: Rudyard Kipling*

*Tune: Peter Bellamy*

*I do not look for holy saints to guide me on my way  
Or male and female devilkins to lead my feet astray  
If these are added, I rejoice – if not, I shall not mind,  
So long as I have leave and choice to meet my fellow-kind*

*For as we come and as we go (and deadly-soon go we!)  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!*

*Thus I will honor pious men whose virtue shines so bright  
(Though none are more amazed than I when I by chance do right),  
And I will pity foolish men for woe their sins have bred  
(Though ninety-nine percent of mine I brought on my own head).*

*And Amorite or Eremite, or General Averagee  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!*

*And when they bore me overmuch, I will not shake mine ears,  
Recalling many thousand such whom I have bored to tears.  
And when they labor to impress, I will not doubt nor scoff;  
Since I myself have done no less, and sometimes pulled it off!*

*Yea, as we are and we are not, and we pretend to be  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!*

*And when they work me random wrong, as oftentimes hath been,  
I will not cherish hate too long, (my hands are none too clean).  
And when they do me random good I will not feign surprise  
No more than those whom I have cheered with wayside courtesies*

*But, as we give and as we take – whate'er our takings be  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!*

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*But when I meet with frantic folk who sinfully declare  
There is no pardon for their sin, the same I will not spare  
Till I have proved that Heaven and Hell which in our hearts we have  
Show nothing irredeemable on either side the grave*

*For as we live and as we die – if utter Death there be –  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!*

*Deliver me from every pride, the middle, high, and low –  
That bars me from a brother's side, whatever pride he show.  
And purge me from all heresies of thought and speech and pen  
That bid me judge him otherwise than I am judged. Amen!  
That I may sing of Crowd or King or road-borne company,  
That I may labour in my day, vocation and degree,  
To prove the same by deed and name, and hold unshakenly  
(Where'er I go, whate'er I know, whe'er my neighbour be)  
This single faith in Life and Death and to Eternity:  
"The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!"*