

7 November 2023

(capo 3) E<sup>b</sup>

6/8 no whistling  
4 bar intro

Please join fast line of voice  
repeated in each voice

STRUM (4)

## WHERE THE PELICAN BUILDS HER NEST

The horses were ready, the rails were down,  
But the riders lingered still  
One had a parting word to say,  
And one had his pipe to fill.

C — Dm —  
G — C  
— Dm  
G — C

Then they mounted, one with a granted prayer,  
And one with a grief unguessed.  
"We are going," they said, as they rode away  
"Where the pelican builds her nest!"

Em — Dm  
G — C  
— Dm  
G — C

They had told us of pastures wide and green,  
To be sought past the sunsets glow;  
Of rifts in the ranges by opal lit,  
And gold 'neath the river's flow.

And thirst and hunger were banished words  
When they spoke of that unknown West;  
No drought they dreaded, no flood they feared,  
Where the pelican builds her nest!

> x 2  
→ INST \*

The creek at the ford was but fetlock deep  
When we watched them crossing there;  
The rains have replenished it thrice since then,  
And thrice has the rock lain bare.

But the waters of hope have flowed and fled,  
And never from blue hill's breast  
Come back by the sun and the sands devoured  
Where the pelican builds her nest!

> x 2

Words ©Mary Hannay-Foott  
Music © Maggie Somerville

\* C / F / G / C  
C / F / G / C  
Em / F / G / C  
C / F / G / C

# 28. OFF SHE GOES!

D G A D D G D A D G

A D D G A D D G D

A D D G A D

Detailed description: This musical score is for the piece 'OFF SHE GOES!'. It is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together in groups. Chord symbols (D, G, A) are placed above the staff to indicate the harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

# 29. SMASH THE WINDOWS.

D G A D

G A D D A

D G D G G A D D

D G D G G A D

Detailed description: This musical score is for the piece 'SMASH THE WINDOWS.'. It is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together in groups. Chord symbols (D, G, A) are placed above the staff to indicate the harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## "In Times Like These"

Words & Music by Arlo Guthrie

(D) In times like these (G) when night sur(D)rounds me  
And I am (A) weary and my heart is (D) worn  
When the songs they're singing (G) don't mean (D) nothing  
Just cheap re(A)frains play on and (D) on

(D) The storm is here (G) the lightning (D) flashes  
Between com(A)mercials they're taking (D) names  
The singers run (G) to where the (D) cash is  
Just another (A) link in slavery's (D) chain

(D) I see the (A) storm clouds rise a(D)bove me  
The sky is (A) dark and the night has (D) come  
I walk alone (G) along this (D) highway  
Where strangers (A) gather one by (D) one

### Interlude

(D) When leaders profit (G) from deep di(D)visions  
When the tears of (A) friends remain un(D)sung  
In times like these (G) it's good to re(D)member  
These times will (A) go in times to (D) come

(D) I see the (A) storm clouds rise a(D)bove me  
The sky is (A) dark and the night has (D) come  
I walk alone (G) along this (D) highway  
Where strangers (A) gather one by (D) one

(D) I know the (A) storm will soon be (D) over  
The howling (A) winds will cease to (D) be  
I walk with friends (G) from every (D) nation  
On freedom's (A) highway in times like (D) these

Quinto (My Little Pony)

♩ = 70      *Capo 2 For Ellen*      Leon Bibb, Derived From: "Mamma Mia Dammi Cento Lire"

§

A

Quin - to,            I    will re - mem - ber    how    we spent    our  
We    climb        high    on    a moun - tain    laugh - ing    at    the  
Quin - to        lives for the day    he'd    waste    no tears    on

E7

days when we both were young....  
cares of the world be - low....  
sor - rows....    past    and    gone....

*Finale*

A            D            E7            D            A

Quin - to        Quin - to    and    I    were    laugh - ing    at....    the  
We        swam    wild    as the riv - er    ev - en    where....    the  
Quin - to,        my    lit - tle    po - ny    friend    of friends....    in

E7            D            A            D            E7            D

wind    and the    rain and    sun....  
fish would.... fear to go....            La,        la,        la    la la la la  
days when we both were young....

Transcription / Arrangement: Bill Desailly

A            E7            D            A            D.S.

la    la la....    la    la    la la la la    la....

## THE HERRING'S HEAD - C (capo on 3, play A chords)

[youtube.com/watch?v=ZgzWpGDLV6c](https://youtube.com/watch?v=ZgzWpGDLV6c)

Eliza Carthy (D)

1. (A) There D was an old A man who E came from Kin- A sale  
**Sing aber um vane, sing aber o E linn**  
And D he had a A herring, a E herring for A sale  
**Sing aber um vane, sing aber o linn**  
Sing man of Kinsale, with a D herring for A sale  
**Sing D aber um vane, sing E aber o linn**  
And in- A deed I have more of my E herring to A sing  
**Sing aber um vane, sing aber o linn**
2. So what do you think they made of his head?  
The finest oven that ever baked bread  
Sing herring, sing head, sing oven, sing bread  
And indeed I have more of my herring to sing
3. So what do you think they made of his eyes?  
The finest dishes that ever held pies  
Sing herring, sing eyes, sing dishes, sing pies  
And indeed I have more of my her ring to sing
4. And what do you think they made of his back?  
A fine looking sailor and his name it was Jack  
Sing herring, sing back, sing sailor, sing Jack  
And indeed I have more of my herring to sing
5. So what do you think they made of his scales?  
The finest ships that ever set sail  
Sing herring, sing scales, sing ships, sing sails  
And indeed I have more of my herring to sing
6. So what do you think they made of his fins?  
The finest cases for needles and pins  
Sing herring, sing fins, sing needles and pins  
And indeed I have more of my herring to sing
7. So what do you think they made of his belly?  
A nice looking girl and her name it was Nelly  
Sing herring, sing belly, sing girl, sing Nelly  
And indeed I have more of my herring to sing
8. Now what do you think they made of his hair?  
The finest rope for the seat of the chair  
Sing herring, sing hair, sing rope, sing chair  
And indeed I've no more of my herring to sing