**Songs Written In place:**



**a listening and reflection session for**

**historically-minded-song-loving Educators**

**with Song-writer, Trina Chivilo,**

 **in**

**the historic town of Barkerville, BC**

**Sept 27-29, 2018**



**Trina Chivilo** is an educator from Prince George, BC. She earned a MEd from SFU, a BEd from UNBC, and also a BA in First Nation Studies/Anthropology (Hons). She has been teaching children for 11 years and has been writing songs inspired by the high-altitude soundscape of Wells and Barkerville since 2008.

 Find her new EP, ***Sing In-Sing Out****,* on Bandcamp! Just google… trinachivilo.bandcamp.com

1. **’39**, a Queen song about travelling to a new place
2. **Miner’s Lullaby**, a song written in this place, about this place of gold and mining (Wells-Barkerville)
3. **St. Francis RIP**, the ultimate escape from place
4. **Whirling Bailey**, a family story, now song, about place, people, and memory
5. **Thousands Are Sailing**, a song from The Pogues about leaving one place for another
6. **Steal of the Century**, a song written in response to the changing soundscape of this place (Wells-Barkerville)
7. **Newtown**, a song for being forever transformed by the tragedy of place
8. **Pass It Along**, Scott Cook’s song, when objects transcend place

**’39**

words and music by Brian May (Queen), 1975

In the year of thirty-nine assembled here the volunteers
In the days when lands were few
Here the ship sailed out into the blue and sunny morn
The sweetest sight ever seen

And the night followed day
And the story tellers say
That the score brave souls inside
For many a lonely day sailed across the milky seas
Ne'er looked back, never feared, never cried

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you
Write your letters in the sand
For the day I take your hand
In the land that our grandchildren knew

In the year of thirty-nine came a ship in from the blue
The volunteers came home that day
And they bring good news of a world so newly born
Though their hearts so heavily weigh
For the earth is old and grey, little darling went away
But my love this cannot be
For so many years have gone though I'm older but a year
Your mother's eyes, from your eyes, cry to me

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you
Write your letters in the sand for the day I take your hand
In the land that our grandchildren knew

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you
All your letters in the sand cannot heal me like your hand
For my life
Still ahead
Pity Me

**Miner’s Lullaby**

Words and music by Trina Chivilo, 2017

In a mountain town, pushed hard, I’m watching a hungry dragon creep

Cutting into the piney hill too deep, excavating me from my sleep

**Can you hear my lullaby drifting in the cold night air?**

I’d say it must be hard, it’s so dark, working in the dust and in the grime

Away from your families all the time, how many times has love been on the line

**Can you hear my lullaby drifting like a silent prayer?**

Dreams lay underground, so far, in a hard-rock mining town

Heavy duty loaders crawl so loud, shaking precious gold out of the ground

**Can you hear my lullaby drifting in the cold night air?**

I’d say that things have changed, it all does, can you hear the loon out on the lake?

I wonder how much more of it she can take, when everybody else is on the make?

**Can you hear my lullaby drifting in the cold night air?**

**Can you hear my lullaby, from way up there?**

**St. Francis RIP**

Co-written by Trina Chivilo and Vic Horvath, 2018, all rights reserved

Ain’t no place to call home no more, ain’t no place to go

St. Francis walks a one-way road and there ain’t no place to go

I just need a little time and space

Help me cut this mortal coil, Tesla called the game

Help me find serenity and shelter from the shame

I just need a little time and space

Ain’t no place to call home no more, ain’t no place to go

St. Francis walks a dusty road and there ain’t no place to go

They cut down all the trees, set fire to the sky

Powered up all the rivers, ‘till the earth was parched and dry

Ain’t no place to call home no more, ain’t no place to go

St. Francis walks a dead-end road and he’s going it alone

I just need a little time and space

Take me to the seaside so I can breathe the air

Sail me to oblivion, did I leave my courage there?

I just need a little time and space

Out past all the anger, dismantled by the pain

In your final hour, don’t you say my name

Think of me out to sea, ‘neath a starry sky

I’ll be searching for the wisdom in the stars, by‘n by

**Whirlaway Bailey**

*words and music by Trina Chivilo 2016, all rights reserved*

In Southern Alberta, near Ft. McLeod, there’s a community hall

Those creaky old dance floorboards the secrets they could tell

The stories of those hot nights, dancing under gaslights, it’s 1954

**He’d go whirling across the floor, boots and buckle polished bright**

**And the crowd called out for more, as he whirled within that light**

**He was two-steppin’ his way to heaven, every Friday night**

Folks they came together from near and far, their lives were knit together by the community hall

Everybody who got married; everybody who got buried: ate, drank, and danced in that hall

 **He’d go whirling across the floor, another girl on his arm he held tight**

**And the crowd called out for more, as she whirled within that light**

**She was two-steppin’ her way to heaven, all through that night**

I can still hear Harriet on those ivory keys, she played by ear and them fellas did just what she pleased

Jimmy Collar had a new Gibson, it was that low-end helped us get our kicks in, late thru night

 **We’d go twirling across the floor, spinning like some button on an outhouse**

**door, and we whirled and we jived, gaslights pumped up for the very last**

**time, we were two-steppin’ our way to heaven take me through the night**

I don’t know what he did to earn his keep, on the day he died all the people gathered on main street, the women dabbed their eyes, the men cursed quietly and sighed, as we said our goodbyes…

**Tag…**

…And in the Southern Albertan sky, his silver buckle twinkles like a star, when he dances he’s on Venus and Ma-a-arrs… he is two steppin’ his way through heaven, each and every nigh-ight! X

**Thousands Are Sailing**

The Pogues, 1988, all rights reserved

The island that is silent now
 But the ghosts still haunt the waves
 And the torch lights up a famished man
 Who fortune could not save

Did you work upon the railroad
 Did you rid the streets of crime
 Were your dollars from the white house
 Were they from the five and dime

Did the old songs taunt or cheer you
 And did they still make you cry
 Did you count the months and years
 Or did your teardrops quickly dry

Ah, No, says he 'twas not to be
 On a coffin ship I came here
 And I never even got so far
 That they could change my name

Thousands are sailing
 Across the Western Ocean
 To a land of opportunity
 That some of them will never see
 Fortune prevailing
 Across the Western Ocean
 Their bellies full
 And their spirits free
 They'll break the chains of poverty
 And they'll dance

In Manhattan's desert twilight
 In the death of afternoon
 We stepped hand in hand on Broadway
 Like the first man on the moon

And "The Blackbird" broke the silence
 As you whistled it so sweet
 And in Brendan Behan's footsteps
 I danced up and down the street

Then we said goodnight to Broadway
 Giving it our best regards
 Tipped our hats to Mister Cohan
 Dear old Times Square's favourite bard

Then we raised a glass to J.F.K.
 And a dozen more besides
 When I got back to my empty room
 I suppose I must have cried

Thousands are sailing
 Again across the ocean
 Where the hand of opportunity
 Draws tickets in a lottery
 Postcards we're mailing
 Of sky-blue skies and oceans
 From rooms the daylight never sees
 Where lights don't glow on Christmas trees
 But we dance to the music
 And we dance

Thousands are sailing
 Across the Western Ocean
 Where the hand of opportunity
 Draws tickets in a lottery
 Where e'er we go, we celebrate
 The land that makes us refugees
 From fear of Priests with empty plates
 From guilt and weeping effigies
 Now we dance to the music
 And we dance

**Steal of the Century**

lyrics and melody by Trina Chivilo, 2017, all rights reserved

Hear that clack on the railway track, hear that crack bones in my back

That’s the sound of never looking back, that’s the sound of my heart on the track

**Don’t go messing around with me, dig too deep and then you’ll see**

**Choke the air with diesel fuel, gold dust is a sweet perfume**

Feel the rumble of this train, nobody can stop this pain

Don’t take my calls, flap your gums, level that mountain ton by ton

**Don’t go messing around with me dig too deep and then you’ll see**

**Choke the air with diesel fuel, gold dust is a sweet perfume**

And when you look, tell me what you see?

And when you look, tell me what will be?

And when you look, tell me who we’ll be?

At the steal of the century… steal of the century

**that’s my heart out there drifting on the mountain air**

**that’s the sound of my heart out there, in the mountain air**

**Newtown**

words and music by Trina Chivilo on Dec 16, 2012

Everyday I wake up and I hope its just the same

Put on my boots and coat and shuffle down the lane

We stop at Noah’s house, it’s only three doors down

Catherine and Jack come too, as they run ‘round and ‘round

At my school

Everyday I wake up and I hope it’s just the same

Today it’s show and tell and I wondered what to bring

Last time was Daniel’s turn he brought a decorder ring

Olivia brought her dancing shoes and then decided to sing

At my school

**Dark clouds are rising but the lights are always on**

**Hope we don’t have to run and hide from some kid who brought a gun**

**At my school**

Everyday I wake up and I hope it’s just the same

We start with circle time and I can count to ten

Teacher shows us how to live the golden rule

Do unto others as they do unto you?

At my school

**Dark clouds are rising but the lights are always on**

**Sky may be fallin’ but you’ll never be alone**

**At my school**

Everyday I wake up and I hope it’s just the same,

Outside at recess time I bet I’ll catch a swing

And the big kids will push me if I call

I’ll fly high like a bird they’ll catch me if I fall

At my school

**Dark clouds are rising but the lights are always on**

**Hope you don’t have to run and hide from some kid who brough a gun**

**At my school**



**Pass it Along**

Scott Cook, from *One More Time Around*, 2014

This guitar came from a timber, from the body of a tree
Through the workshop of a luthier, now it's on loan to me
And it's good company after dinner, and it fits my hands just fine
But some day another singer with a pair of hands like mine
Will coax out songs much prettier still hiding in its strings
And sing stronger, braver words than I could ever sing
And folks are gonna love it, of this I'm almost sure
So I'll take good care of it, cause I'm borrowing it from her

Pass it along, pass it along
May it land in careful hands when we're gone
You carry it for a moment
But time won't loan it to you for long
You don't own it, pass it along

This here is my country, sometimes it's hard to recognize it
But I count myself lucky, to have been born inside it
And I'm grateful for the rights others struggled hard to win
And you can be sure I'm gonna fight when they try to take 'em back again
Oh, and everywhere are teachers, though some fell along the way
The words they said still reach us, just like you're teaching me here today
And you may not speak it loud, but it's clear in what you do
And I hope to make you proud, because I borrowed it from you

Seems these days we're in a hurry, to grab up all that's left to use
Putting patents on discovery, making seeds that don't reproduce
If our vision is so narrow, seeing only bought and sold
We'll end up like the pharaohs, buried with their gold
We've all pushed this thing along, we've all been guided by our fear
But the river sings a song we've gotta be quieter to hear
It's in every child's face, new and hopeful as a stem
Best be gentle with this place, cause we're borrowing it from them

This beautiful song of Scott’s and his many others are available on scottcook.bandcamp.com!