

The Peter Brunette Songbook



ILLUSTRATED EDITION



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Lake Hill Press
Victoria, British Columbia

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Note

The Peter Brunette Songbook is a work in progress. The present document includes the first nineteen of the forty-seven songs listed in the table of contents (see below). I hope to complete the songbook in the summer of 2025 and publish it on my website (peterbrunette.ca) as a downloadable PDF. A limited number of hard copies in spiral bindings will also be available.

Set in Perpetua.
Design by Peter Brunette.

For Starla



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Preface

This is what musicians call a fake book, or a book of lead sheets. That is to say, it doesn't provide complete scores for the songs it includes but only the vocal melodies, lyrics, and chord sequences. Performers are welcome to add harmonies and instrumental sections—introductions, breaks, and endings—as they please.

In addition to the lead sheets, this Illustrated Edition includes lyrics-only versions of the songs, in the hope that they stand up to being read as poetry or, in some cases, light verse.

Written over a period of more than half a century, the songs included herein constitute almost my entire songwriting *oeuvre* to date, and they vary enormously in style, tone, and theme. Most are suitable for all ages, although some, especially the political songs in Part Four, contain material that will pass over the heads of most children of elementary-school age. Parents of young children should also be advised that a few of the songs are, shall we say, adult oriented: “Animal Shows” and “A Woman’s World” contain explicitly sexual imagery, while the erotic allusions found in “I Will Be Your Lover,” “Mama, Let Me Be Your Loving Man,” “Santa Claus Town,” and “Tangerine” are somewhat more oblique.

All my songs fall within the folk tradition, broadly construed as including most genres of popular music. Hence they are, on the whole, technically undemanding and suited to amateur as well as professional performers. Most are easy enough for beginning vocalists and guitarists, with intermediate skills being required in only a few cases (see the skill-level ratings in the table on pp. _____).

Twelve of these songs comprised my 2015 album *Meadowlark*, which is available for listening and downloading at peterbrunette.ca. The recorded versions differ somewhat from those presented here, however. I’ve transposed the songs into keys that are more guitar-friendly and made minor melodic, rhythmic, or chordal revisions to some of them.

As indicated in the tempo text at the top of the lead sheets, a certain amount of talk-singing (*Sprechstimme*) is sometimes suggested. As the term implies, talk-singing is an *ad lib* technique somewhere between talking and singing. It amounts to speaking in an animated, singsong voice without

strictly adhering to the melody or rhythm of the song. With one or two exceptions, which are indicated in the lead sheets, talk-singing is optional; I think it adds to the effect of certain songs, but it's possible to perform almost all of them without it.

Since I want these songs to circulate as widely as possible, I should add that I don't require compensation for what I call folk performance or distribution. In other words, you don't need to pay royalties when you perform the songs at a pub or club gig, hand out a few copies of the lyrics or lead sheets at a singalong event, or cover one or more songs in a self-published recording, even when these activities earn you a modest fee or profit; you should, however, credit me as the songwriter. For commercial uses, such as performances at for-profit concerts or covers in recordings published by for-profit record labels, you need to obtain a licence from SOCAN (socan.com).

Part One

Songs For My Beloved

Meadowlark



“I heard the call of a meadowlark
And started to think about you.”

1. As I was out walking alone in the park
 Under the heaven so blue,
 I heard the call of a meadowlark
 And started to think about you.
 And while I was thinking about you, my dear,
 Under the maples so tall,
 The voice of an angel breathed into my ear,
 “Answer the meadowlark’s call.”

CHORUS: You are the lilies of April.
 You are the roses of June.
 You are the whisper of leaves in the wind,
 The charm of a spring afternoon.
 You are the stillness of midnight,
 The blush on the cheeks of the dawn.
 You are the sun and the moon and the stars.
 You are the meadowlark’s song.

2. The angel returned to his sweet paradise.
 I followed the songbird’s refrain,
 For I had received as sublime advice
 As ever a mortal might gain.
 These thirty-five summers have faded, my dear,
 Since I took that walk in the park,
 And I’m still enraptured whenever I hear
 The call of the meadowlark.

CHORUS

Meadowlark

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 126

Verse 1

1. As I was out walk - ing a - lone in the park,

Un - der the heav - en so blue, _____ I heard the

call of a mead - ow - lark _____ And start - ed to



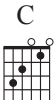

think a - bout you. _____ And while I was think - ing a -


bout you, my dear, Un - der the ma - ples so tall, _____


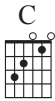

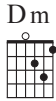
24  The voice of an an - gel breathed in - to my

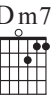



28  ear, "An - swer the mead - ow - lark's call." 

Chorus

32   You are the lil - ies of A - pril.   You are the

38  ros - es of June. You are the whis - per of

43     leaves in the wind, The charm of a

47     spring af - ter - noon. You are the still - ness of

6

C

F

C


52

mid - night, _____ The blush on the cheeks of the dawn. _____

Detailed description: This musical score is for a song. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a single staff. Above the staff, there are three guitar chord diagrams: a C major chord (C4, E4, G4), an F major chord (F4, A4, C5), and another C major chord (C4, E4, G4). The lyrics are written below the staff, with a dashed line indicating a continuation of the line. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and half notes, with some notes beamed together. The number 52 is written above the staff, likely indicating a page or measure number.

[illegible]

stars. _____ You are the mead - ow - lark's

65 

70



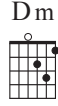
C7 F Dm G7

sweet par - a - dise. I fol - lowed the song - bird's re -

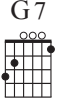
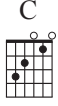
74   

79  


vice _____ As ev - er a mor - tal might gain. _____ These

84   

thir - ty - five sum - mers have fad - ed, my dear, _____ Since I took that

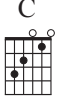

89  

walk in the park, _____ And I'm still en - rap - tured when -

94  


ev - er I hear _____ The call of the mead - ow -

D.S. al Coda

98  

lark. _____

⊕ Coda

100 

song. _____

Let the Love in Your Heart Shine



“In the still of the night,
While the moon is big and bright,
Won’t you be my valentine?”

1. In the still of the night,
 While the moon is big and bright,
 Won't you be my valentine?
 In the still of the night,
 Won't you come and hold me tight?
 Let the love in your heart shine.
 I may not be dark and handsome,
 I may not be debonair,
 But if you will only say that you'll be mine,
 In the still of the night
 I will be your heart's delight.
 Won't you be my valentine?

2. In the still of the night,
 While the moon is big and bright,
 Won't you be my clinging vine?
 In the still of the night,
 Chase my troubles out of sight!
 Let the love in your heart shine.
 I may not have pearls and rubies,
 I may not have fancy things,
 But if you will only say that you'll be mine,
 In the still of the night
 I will be your heart's delight.
 Won't you be my valentine?

ENDING: Won't you be my valentine?
 Let the love in your heart shine.

Let the Love in Your Heart Shine

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, freely ♩ ≈ 118

Verses

G C

1. In the still of the night, While the moon is big and
(2.) still of the night, While the moon is big and

4 D7 G

bright, Won't you be my val - en - tine?
bright, Won't you be my cling - ing vine?

8 C

— In the still of the night, Won't you come and hold me
— In the still of the night, Chase my trou - bles out of

12 D7 G

tight? Let the love in your heart shine.
sight! Let the love in your heart shine.

16 Em Am G Em

— I may not be dark and hand - some, I may
— I may not have pearls and ru - bies, I may

19

Am G Em Am

not be deb - o - nair, But if you will on - ly
not have fan - cy things, But if you will on - ly

22

G C D7 G C

say that you'll be mine, In the still of the
say that you'll be mine, In the still of the

26

G Am D7 G C D7

night I will be your heart's de - light. Won't you
night I will be your heart's de - light. Won't you

30

1. G 2. G

be my val - en - tine? 2. In the time?
be my val - en - tine?

Ending

35

D7 G

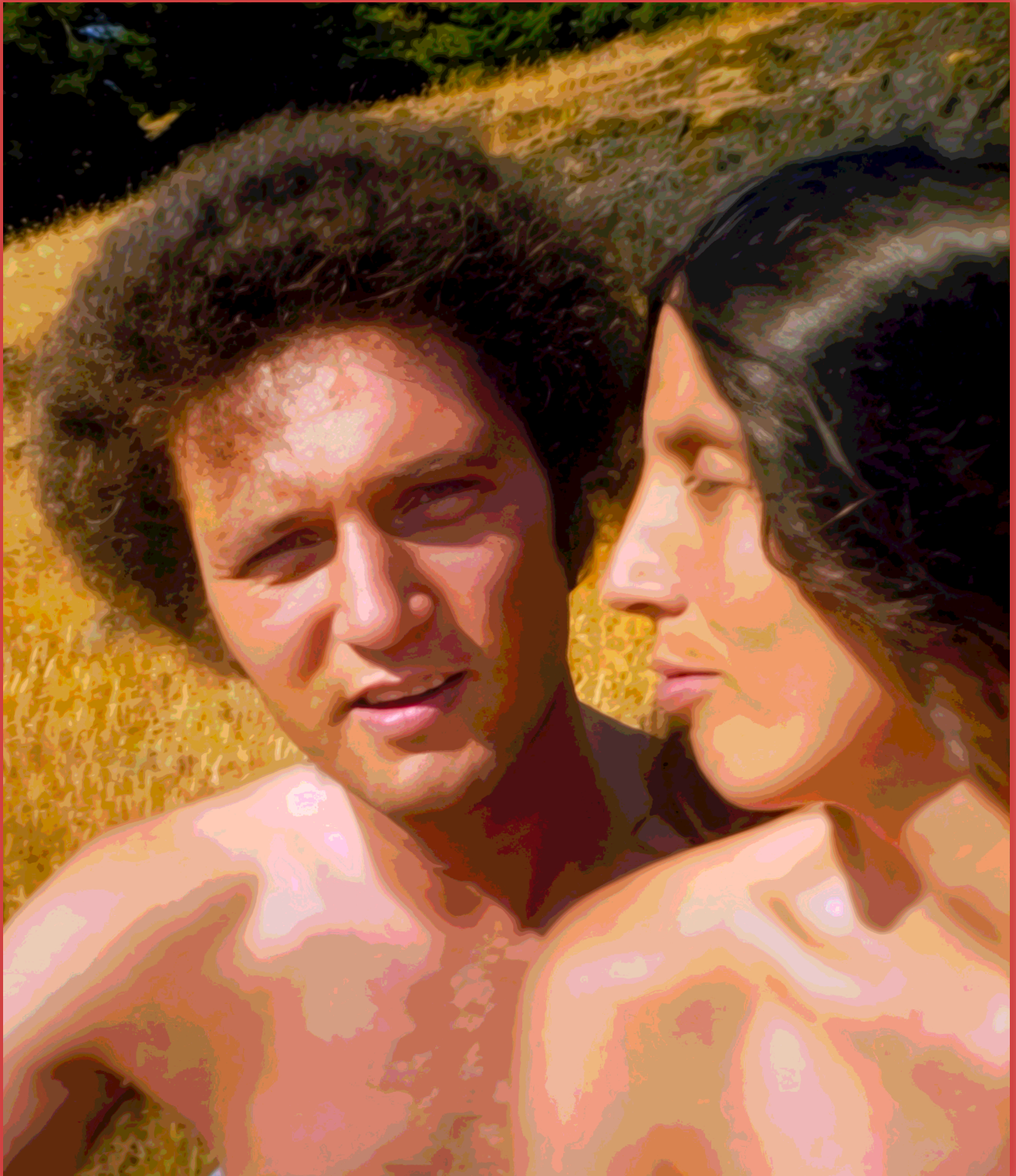
Won't you be my val - en - tine?

39

D7 G

Let the love in your heart shine.

Mama, Let Me Be Your Loving Man



1. Mama, tell me you'll be my loving mama.
Tell me in language that I can understand:
Kiss me long and slow,
And hold me like you'll never let me go.
Mama, let me be your loving man.

2. Mama, tell me you'll be my loving mama.
Let me sample the dumplings in your pan.
Violets are blue—
Without your loving, I'd be that way too.
Mama, let me be your loving man.

BRIDGE: Your love is stronger than tequila,
Warmer than fondue.
It's stickier than honey,
And it's got me stuck on you.

3. Mama, tell me you'll be my loving mama.
We must gather our roses while we can.
But then, when summer's done,
When nights are colder and you need someone,
Mama, let me be your loving man.

ENDING: Mama, let me be your loving man.
Mama, let me be your loving man.



A Duet

Starla and Peter performing at the Victoria Folk Music Society's Autumn Retreat
Shawnigan Lake, November 10, 2012

Mama, Let Me Be Your Loving Man

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 122

Verses

D



1. Ma - ma, _____ tell me you'll be _____ my lov - ing ma - ma. _____
 2. Ma - ma, _____ tell me you'll be _____ my lov - ing ma - ma. _____
 3. Ma - ma, _____ tell me you'll be _____ my lov - ing ma - ma. _____

G



D



Tell me _____ in lan - guage that I _____ can un - der -
 Let me _____ sam - ple the dump - lings in your
 We must _____ gath - er our ros - es while we

A7



Bm



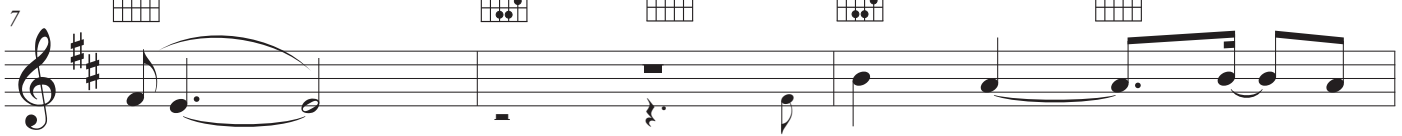
A7



Bm



A7



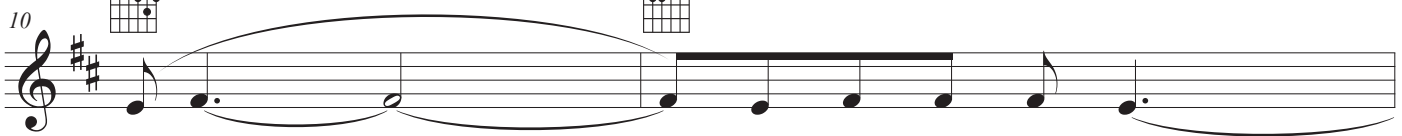
stand: _____
 pan. _____
 can. _____

Kiss me _____ long _____ and
 Vi - o - lets _____ are
 But then, when _____ sum - mer's

D



Em



slow, _____ And hold me like you'll _____
 blue— _____ With - out your lov - ing, _____
 done, _____ When nights are cold - er _____

16

A7

D

Em

12



— nev - er let me go. _____
 — I'd be that way too. _____
 — and you need some - one, _____

Ma - ma, _____ let me
 Ma - ma, _____ let me
 Ma - ma, _____ let me

1.

A7

D

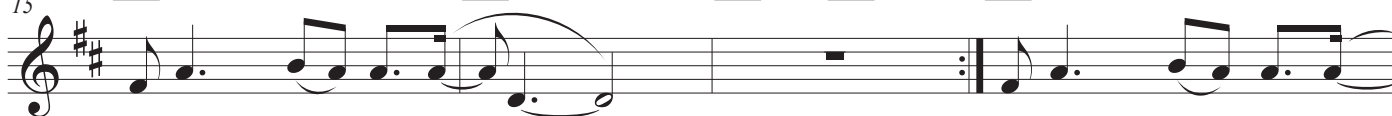
G

D

2.

A7

15



be your lov - ing man. _____
 be your lov - ing man. _____
 be your lov - ing man. _____

be your lov - ing man. _____

D

D7

Bridge

G

A7

19



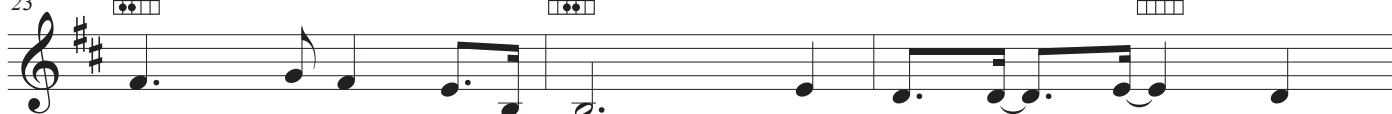
_____ Your love is strong - er than te - qui - la, _____

F#m

Bm

Em

23



Warm - er than fon - due. _____

It's stick - i - er _____ than

A7

Bm

Em

A7

Bm

A7

26

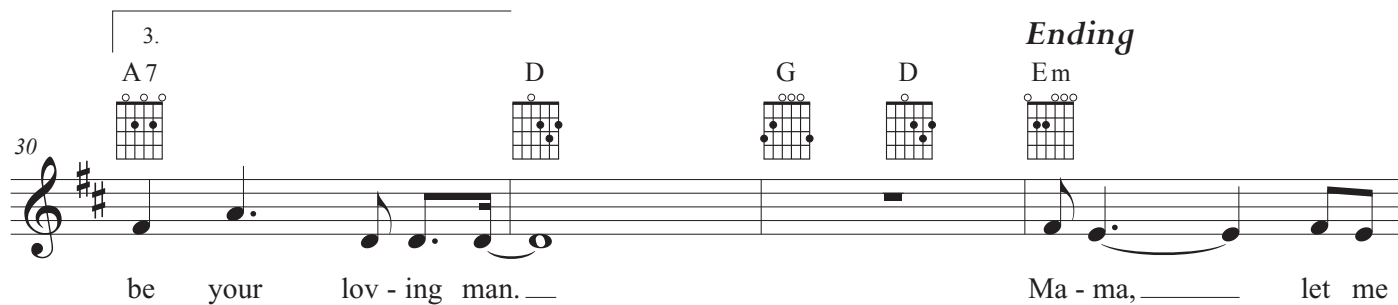


hon - ey, _____ And it's got me stuck on you. _____

Ending

3. A7 D G D Em

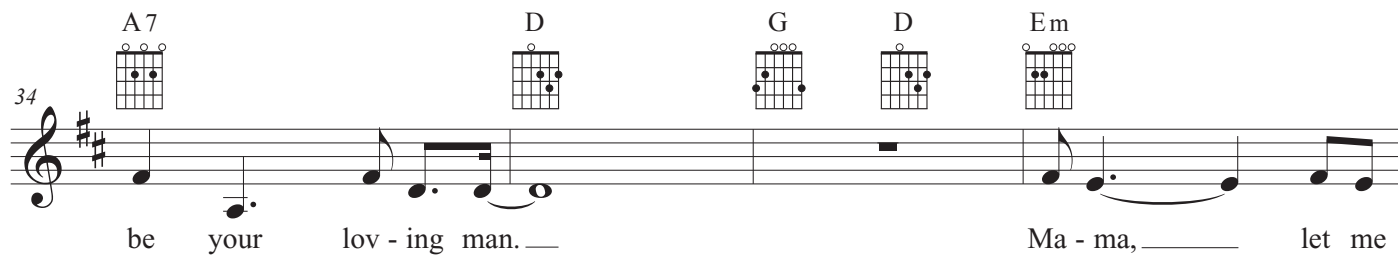
30



be your lov - ing man. Ma - ma, let me

A7 D G D Em

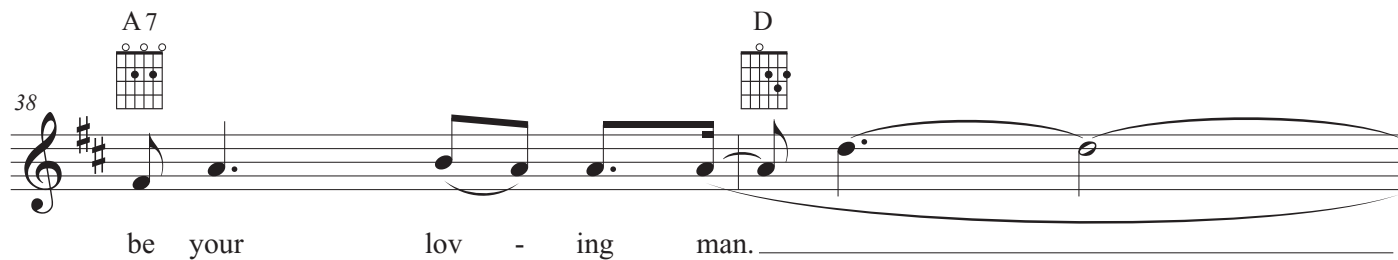
34



be your lov - ing man. Ma - ma, let me

A7 D

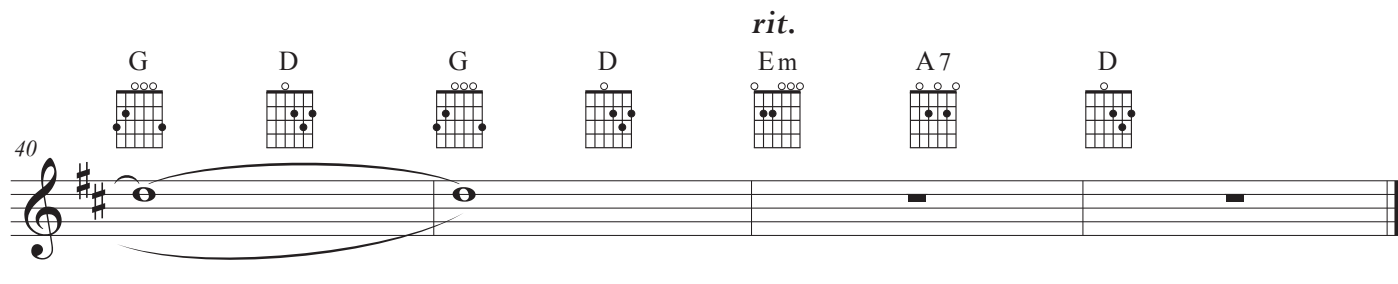
38



be your lov - ing man.

rit. G D G D Em A7 D

40



be your lov - ing man.

Over and Over Again



“How many times shall our wedding bells ring?
Over and over again.”

1. How many pipes make a full highland band?
How many grains make a beach full of sand?
How many times may we stroll hand in hand?
Over and over again.
How many figs can you fit in a cart?
How many stars can you show on a chart?
How many times can you capture my heart?
Over and over again.

CHORUS: Over and over, over and over again.
Over and over, over and over again.

2. How many blooms may appear in the spring?
How many songs can a mockingbird sing?
How many times shall our wedding bells ring?
Over and over again.
How many dreams is a lifetime made of?
How many flights on the wings of a dove?
How many times have you won all my love?
Over and over again.

CHORUS (twice)

Over and Over Again

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 128

Verses

D



G



1. How man - y pipes make a full high - land band?
2. How man - y blooms may ap - pear in the spring?

A7



D



How man - y grains make a beach full of sand? How man - y
How man - y songs can a mock - ing - bird sing? How man - y

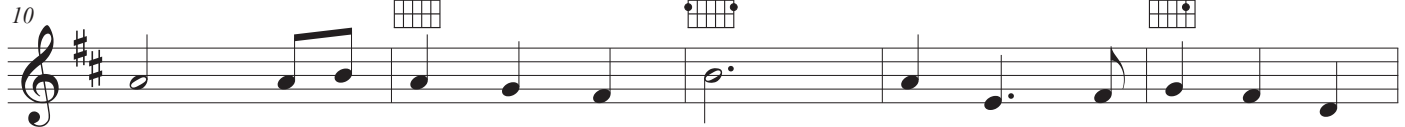
D7



G



Em7



times may we stroll hand in hand? O - ver and o - ver a -
times shall our wed - ding bells ring? O - ver and o - ver a -

A7



D



gain. _____ How man - y figs can you fit in a
gain. _____ How man - y dreams is a life - time made

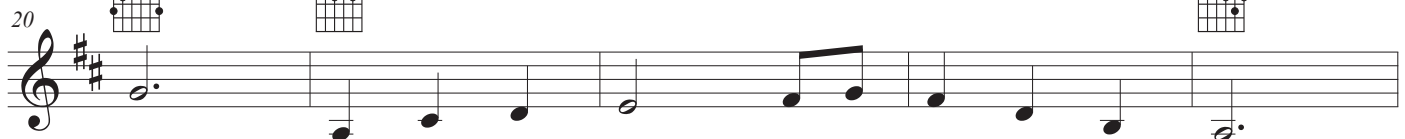
G



A7



D



cart? How man - y stars can you show on a chart?
of? How man - y flights on the wings of a dove?

25

How man - y times can you cap - ture my heart? O - ver and
 How man - y times have you won all my love? O - ver and



Chorus

30

o - ver a - gain. _____ } O - ver and o -
 o - ver a - gain. _____ }

36

ver, o - ver and o - ver a - gain. _____ O -

To Coda

42

ver and o - ver, o - ver and o - ver a gain. _____

2.

D.S. al Coda

Coda

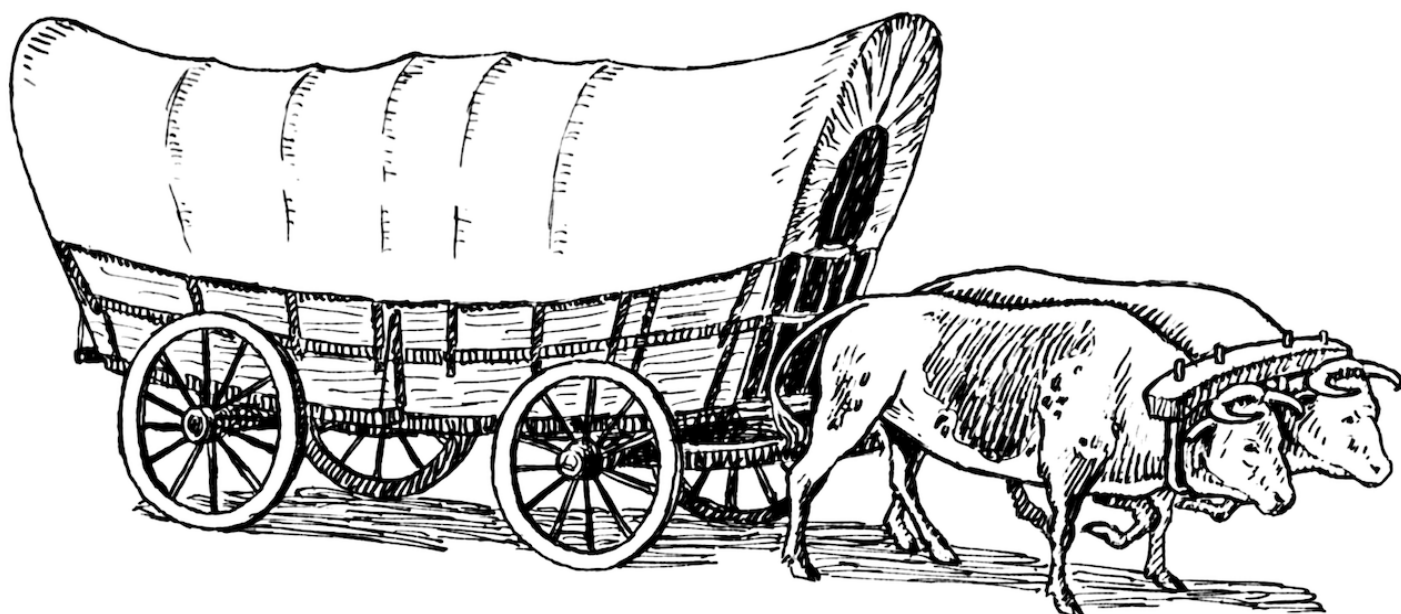
49

o - ver a - gain. _____

52

o - ver a - gain. _____

In a Prairie Schooner



In alternate universe, instead of meeting my beloved in Vancouver
in 1973, I meet her in Moose Jaw around 1890.

1. Well, I roamed this land all to hell and gone,
 'Cross the endless plains of Saskatchewan,
 With a steel guitar and a lonesome song,
 And I never meant to tarry
 Till I saw the girl with the hazel eyes
 And a smile as wide as the prairie skies
 And in no time flat came to realize,
 "She's the one I'm bound to marry!"

CHORUS: In a prairie schooner,
 On an ocean of grass,
 We'll be honeymooners,
 Me and my prairie lass,
 And there's not a mountain,
 Hardly even a tree,
 Than can come between us
 And the scenery.

2. If a farmer knows a shovel from a spade
 And what crops to plant in the sun or the shade,
 If a cowboy knows when the heifer has strayed
 Down some godforsaken coulee,
 And if the dairymaid on the old homestead
 Knows her way out back of the poultry shed,
 Then a preacher's daughter from Indian Head
 Ought to know that I love her truly.

CHORUS (twice)

In a Prairie Schooner

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 106

Verse 1

1. Well, I roamed this land all to hell and gone, 'Cross the end - less

plains of Sas - katch - e - wan, With a steel gui - tar and a lone - some

song, _____ And I nev - er meant to tar - ry _____

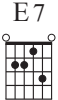


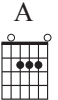
Till I saw the girl with the ha - zel

eyes And a smile as wide as the prai - rie skies And in no time


flat came to re - al - ize, _____ "She's the one I'm

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is 'Moderately, with a light swing' at approximately 106 beats per minute. The score is divided into measures, with measure numbers 1, 3, 6, 9, 12, and 15 indicated at the start of their respective lines. Chords are indicated by letters (A, E7, D, A7) above the staff, with corresponding guitar chord diagrams provided for each. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some lines containing blank lines for continuation.

Chorus

18    

bound to mar - ry!" _____ In a prai - rie


21 

schoon - er, _____ On an o - cean of grass, _____

24 _____ We'll be hon - ey - moon - ers, _____ Me and my prai - rie

27 

lass, _____ And there's not a moun - tain, _____

30 

_____ Hard - ly e - ven a tree, _____ That can come be -

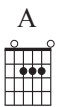
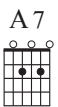
33 

tween _____ us _____ And the scen - er - y. _____

Verse 2

37 

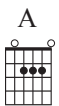
_____ 2. If a farm - er knows a shov - el from a spade And what crops to

40  

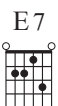
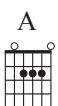
plant in the sun or the shade, If a cow - boy knows when the heif - er has

43  


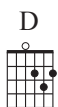
strayed _____ Down some god - for - sak - en cou - lee, _____

46 

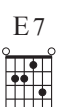


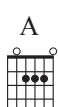
_____ And if the dair - y - maid on the old home -

49  

stead Knows her way out back of the poul - try shed, Then a preach - er's

52  

daugh - ter from In - di - an Head _____ Ought to know that I

55     **Chorus**

love her tru - ly. _____ In a prai - rie



E7



58

schoon - er _____ On an o - cean of grass, _____

61

_____ We'll be hon - ey - moon - ers, _____ Me and my prai - rie



64

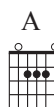
lass, _____ And there's not a moun - tain, _____

E7



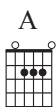
67

_____ Hard - ly e - ven a tree, _____ That can come be -

To Coda \oplus 

70

tween _____ us _____ And the scen - er - y. _____

 \oplus Coda*Chorus**D.S. al Coda*

73

_____ In a prai - rie

74

y. _____

The Saskatchewan Shuffle



“We joined the jive class for beginners
At the rec centre right down the street . . .”

1. One evening I said to my darling,
 "Let's go out and paint the town red,
 'Cause I worked nine to five, now I just want to jive!"
 And this is what my darling said:
 She said, "Honey, I'm wild to go jiving,
 But I gave away my dancing clothes.
 You know I love you, Pete, but you got two left feet!
 I'm afraid that you'll step on my toes."

2. I said, "Babe, then let's take a few lessons."
 "They ain't no use to me," she replied.
 "I got talent to burn! There ain't much I can learn,
 But I'll tag along just for the ride."
 So we joined the jive class for beginners
 At the rec center right down the street,
 Walked in the door, took some turns 'round the floor,
 And the dance teacher said to my sweet,

3. "Now, that's the Saskatchewan shuffle!
 It's a cross 'tween a jig and a waltz,
 But you never step back, so—alas and alack!—
 To call it the jive would be false.
 Yeah, that's the Saskatchewan Shuffle
 That you learnt in some neighborhood dive,
 And it looks like great fun, but when all's said and done,
 It's the shuffle—it sure ain't the jive!"

4. My turtledove turned to the teacher,
 Looked the poor man right square in the eyes
 As if to lay down the law, and said, "Back in Moose Jaw,
 At the jive contest I took first prize!"
 The teacher just stood there and sputtered,
 "I don't know what you call it out West,
 But just do as I say, and six weeks from today
 You'll be jiving along with the best."

5. Well, that was our first and last lesson,
 And I didn't learn very much,
 So when Fridays roll round, we go out on the town
 And take in a movie or such.

But I'm fixing to say to my darling,
As soon as this workweek is through,
"Give me just one more chance, 'cause I'm longing to dance
The Saskatchewan shuffle with you!"

ENDING: Give me just one more chance, 'cause I'm longing to dance
The Saskatchewan shuffle with you!"

The Saskatchewan Shuffle

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Bright and jaunty, with a good deal of talk-singing ♩ ≈ 152

Verses

A



1. One eve - ning I said to my
(2.) "Babe, then let's take a few
(3.) that's the Sas - katch - e - wan
(4.) tur - tle - dove turned to the
(5.) that was our first and last

D



dar - ling, _____ "Let's go out and
les - sons." _____ "They ain't no use to
shuf - fle! _____ It's a cross 'tween a
teach - er, _____ Looked the poor man right
les - son, _____ And I did - n't

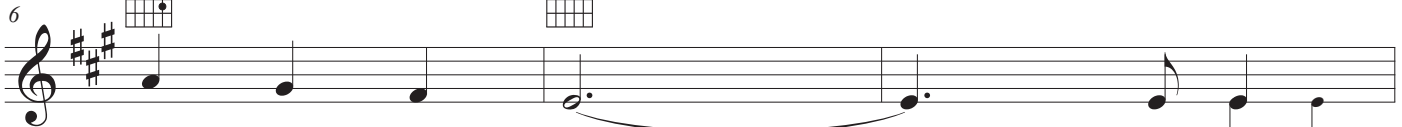
Bm



E7

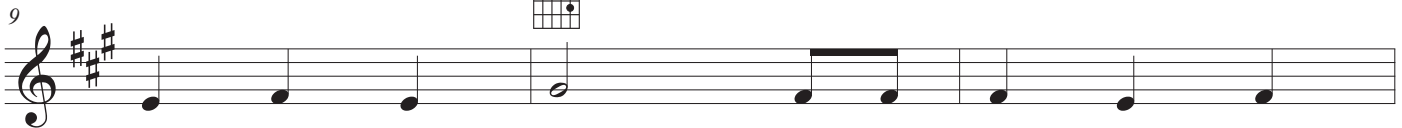


A



paint the town red, _____ 'Cause I
me," she re - plied. _____ "I got
jig and a waltz, _____ But you
square in the eyes, _____ As if to
learn ver - y much, _____ So when

E7



worked nine to five, now I just want to
tal - ent to burn! There ain't much I can
nev - er step back, so — a - las and a -
lay down the law, and said, "Back in Moose
Fri - days roll round, we go out on the

12

A

E7

jive!" _____ And this is what my dar - ling
 learn, _____ But I'll tag call a - long the
 lack! - _____ To the call it the jive would be
 Jaw, _____ At the jive con - test I took first
 town _____ And take in a mov - ie or

15

A

said: _____ She said, "Hon - ey, I'm
 ride." _____ So we joined the jive
 false. _____ Yeah, that's the Sas -
 prize!" _____ The teach - er just
 such. _____ But I'm fix - ing to

18

D

A

wild class to go jiv - ing, _____ But I
 katch class for be - gin - ners _____ At the
 stood - e - wan shuf - fle _____ That you
 say to there and sput - tered, _____ "I don't
 my dar - ling, _____ As

21

Bm

E7

gave a - way my danc - ing clothes. _____
 rec cen - tre right down the street, _____
 learnt in some neigh - bour - hood dive, _____
 know what you call it out West, _____
 soon as this work - week is through, _____

24

— You know I love you, Pete, but you
 — And it looks like the door, took some
 — But just do as great fun, but when
 — “Give me just one more chance, ’cause I’m

27

got two left feet! I’m a - fraid that you’ll
 turns round the floor, And the dance teach - er
 all’s said and done, It’s the shuf - fle - it
 weeks from to - day dance You’ll be jiv - ing a -
 long - ing to dance The Sas - katch - e - wan

30

step on my toes.” 1, 2, 3, 4. 5.
 said to my sweet, A A
 sure ain’t my jive!”
 long with the best.”
 shuf - fle with you!

Ending

34

— Give me just one more chance, ’cause I’m long - ing to
 dance The Sas - katch - e - wan shuf - fle with you!”

I Will Be Your Lover



“A gentle breeze began to blow,
Crocuses poked through the snow . . .”

1. A frost was on the dogwood tree—
 February's tracery—
 But then you flashed a smile at me,
 And winter turned to spring.
 A gentle breeze began to blow,
 Crocuses poked through the snow,
 Butterflies flew to and fro,
 And birds began to sing.

CHORUS: And I will be your lover,
 Give you warmth and cover
 While the stars still hover
 In the midnight blue.
 I'll gaze at you intently
 And—just incident'ly—
 Whisper soft and gently,
 "Darling, I love you."

2. When doubts were swirling round my head,
 You took down the Murphy bed,
 Batted your eyelash, and said,
 "Don't be a silly boy."
 Well, then my pulse began to surge.
 From that funk I did emerge.
 Suddenly, my sorry dirge
 Became an ode to joy.

CHORUS

3. When life was full of toil and care,
 And the cupboards all were bare,
 You let down your satin hair
 And set the world aglow.
 And when I stood on shifting sand,
 You held out a guiding hand,
 Led me to the promised land
 Where milk and honey flow.

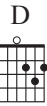
CHORUS

I Will Be Your Lover

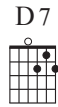
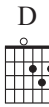
Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 114

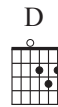
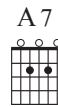
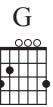
Verses



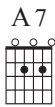
1. A frost was on the dog - wood tree— Feb - ru -
(2.) doubts were swirl - ing round my head, You took
(3.) life was full of toil and care, And the



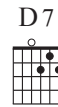
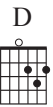
ar - y's trac - er - y— But then you flashed a smile at
down the Mur - phy bed, Bat - ted your eye - lash, and
cup - boards all were bare, You let down your sat - in



me, And win - ter turned to spring. A gen - tle
said, "Don't be a sil - ly boy." Well, then my
hair And set the world a - glow. And when I



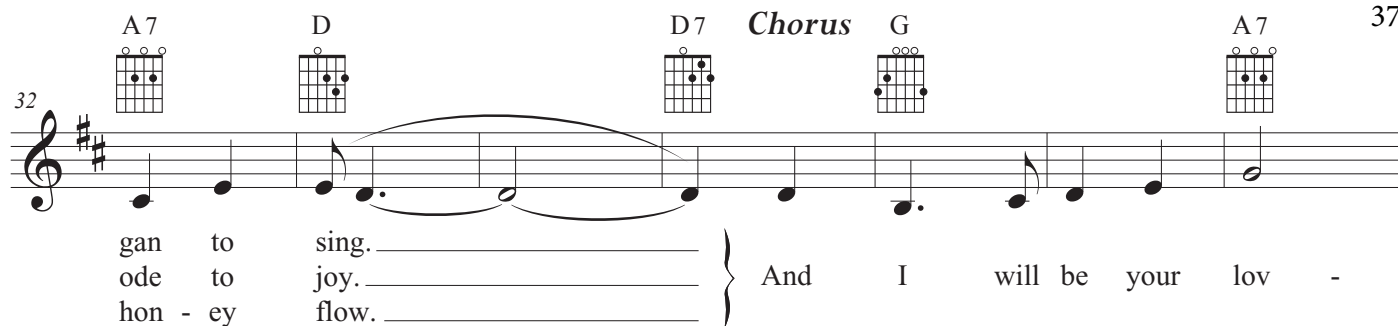
breeze be - gan to blow, Cro - cus - es poked through the
pulse be - gan to surge. From that funk I did e -
stood on shift - ing sand, You held out a guid - ing



snow, But - ter - flies flew to and fro, And birds be -
merge. Sud - den - ly my sor - ry dirge Be - came an
hand, Led me to the prom - ised land Where milk and

32

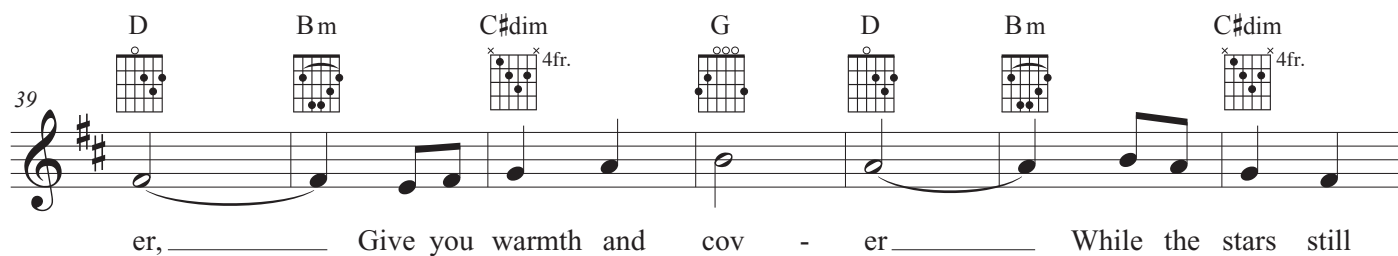
A7 D D7 *Chorus* G A7



gan to sing. _____
ode to joy. _____
hon - ey flow. _____ } And I will be your lov -

39

D Bm C#dim 4fr. G D Bm C#dim 4fr.



er, _____ Give you warmth and cov - er _____ While the stars still

46

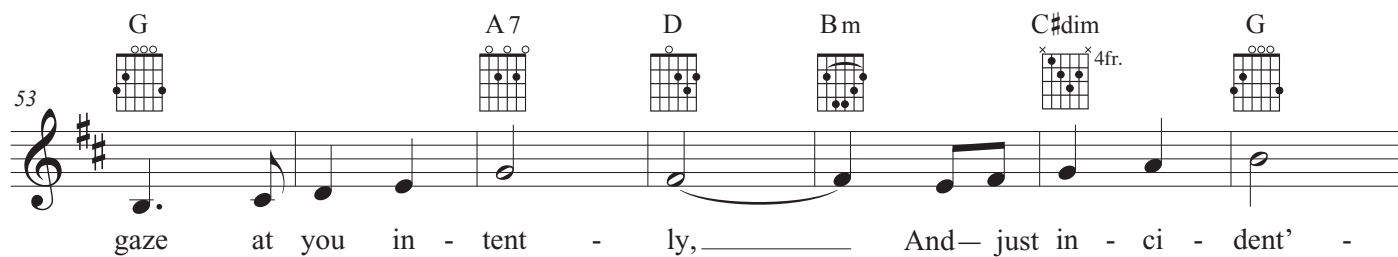
Em A7 D



hov - er _____ In the mid - night blue. _____ I'll

53

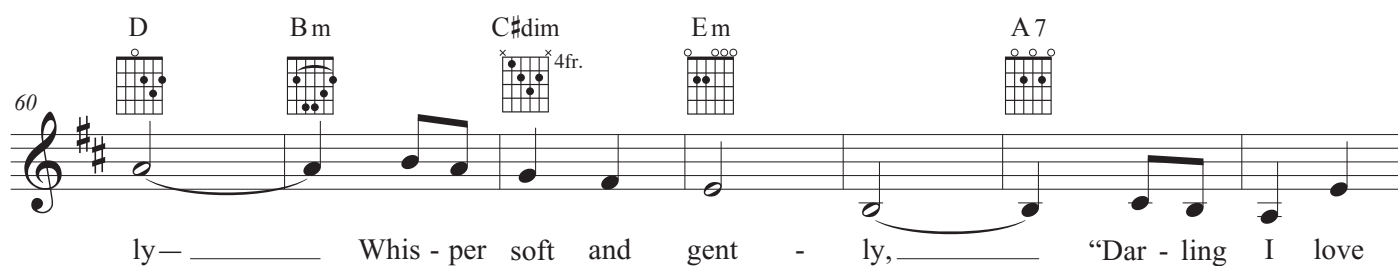
G A7 D Bm C#dim 4fr. G



gaze at you in - tent - ly, _____ And— just in - ci - dent' -

60

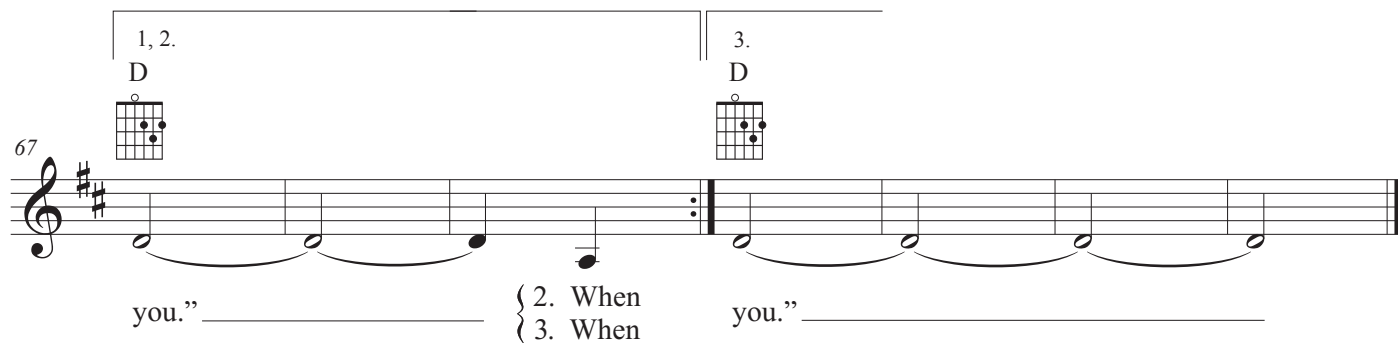
D Bm C#dim 4fr. Em A7



ly— _____ Whis - per soft and gent - ly, _____ "Dar - ling I love

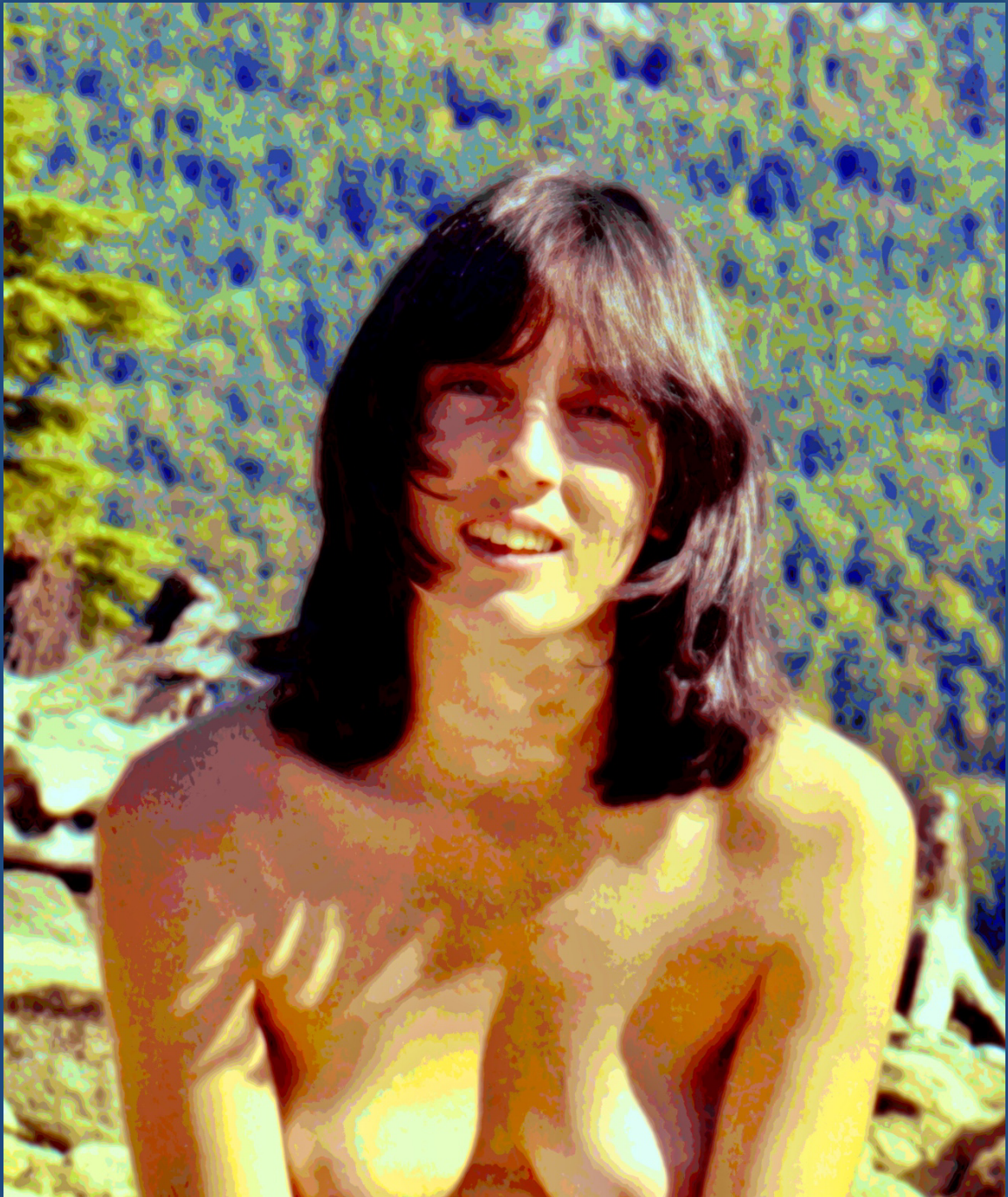
67

1, 2. D 3. D



you." _____ { 2. When 3. When you." _____

Starla



This early piece may not be my finest artistic accomplishment, but it will always be my personal favourite. The reason is simple: its premier performance—in 1973, for an audience of one—won the heart of my beloved.

1. How bright the sun, how pale the moon!
 The night is over much too soon,
 But all the stars have faded from the skies.
 Oh Starla, sweet Starla,
 Oh Starla,
 You're the only star left in my eyes.

2. The dewdrops fell so silently,
 Like petals from a cherry tree,
 Like lovers fall when Cupid's arrow flies.
 Oh Starla, sweet Starla,
 Oh Starla,
 You're the only star left in my eyes.

3. I hear a sound like dulcimers,
 But it's the robins in the firs,
 The minstrels of this earthly paradise.
 Oh Starla, sweet Starla,
 Oh Starla,
 You're the only star left in my eyes.

4. Then sing, you minstrels of the dawn,
 And decorate my humble song
 With all the vibrance of the new sunrise.
 Oh Starla, sweet Starla,
 Oh Starla,
 You're the only star left in my eyes.

5. Let Nature and the poet's Art
 Conspire to win my lady's heart,
 For Earth and Heaven hold no greater prize.
 Oh Starla, sweet Starla,
 Oh Starla,
 You're the only star left in my eyes.

6. *Repeat Verse 1.*

Starla

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

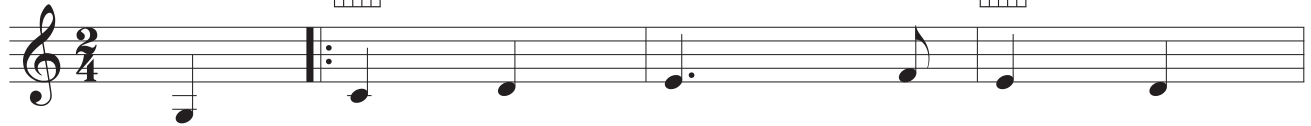
Moderately slow ♩ ≈ 92

Verses

C



G7

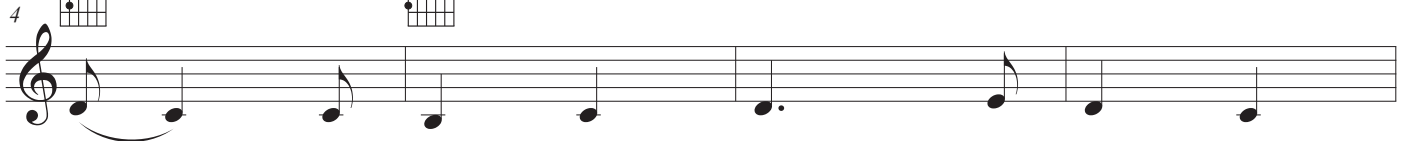


1. How bright the sun, how pale the
 (2.) dew - drops fell so si - lent -
 (3.) hear a sound like dul - ci -
 (4.) sing, you min - strels of the
 (5.) Na - ture and the po - et's
 (6.) Repeat Verse 1.

C



G7



moon! _____ The night is o - ver much too
 ly, _____ Like pet - als from a cher - ry
 mers, _____ But it's the rob - ins in the
 dawn, _____ And dec - o - rate my hum - ble
 Art _____ Con - spire to win my la - dy's

C



F



C

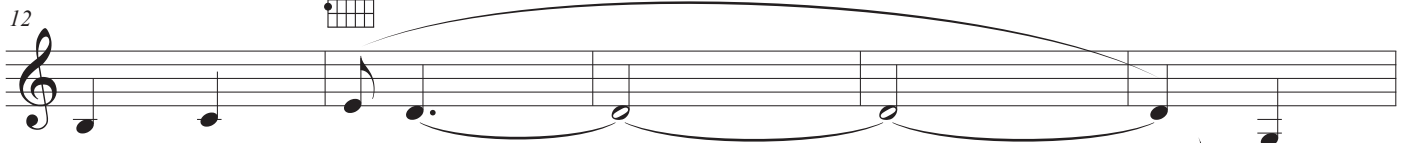


B dim



soon, _____ But all the stars _____ have fad - ed
 tree, _____ Like lov - ers fall _____ when Cu - pid's
 firs, _____ The min - strels of _____ this earth - ly
 song _____ With all the vi - brance of the
 heart, _____ For Earth and Heav - en hold no

G7



from the skies. _____
 ar - row flies. _____
 par - a - dise. _____
 new sun - rise. _____
 great - er prize. _____
 } Oh

17

C

G7

C

Star - la, sweet Star - la, — Oh Star - - -

23

G7

C

F

G7

- - la, — You're the on - ly star — left — in my —

29

1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

C

6.

C

eyes. — eyes. —

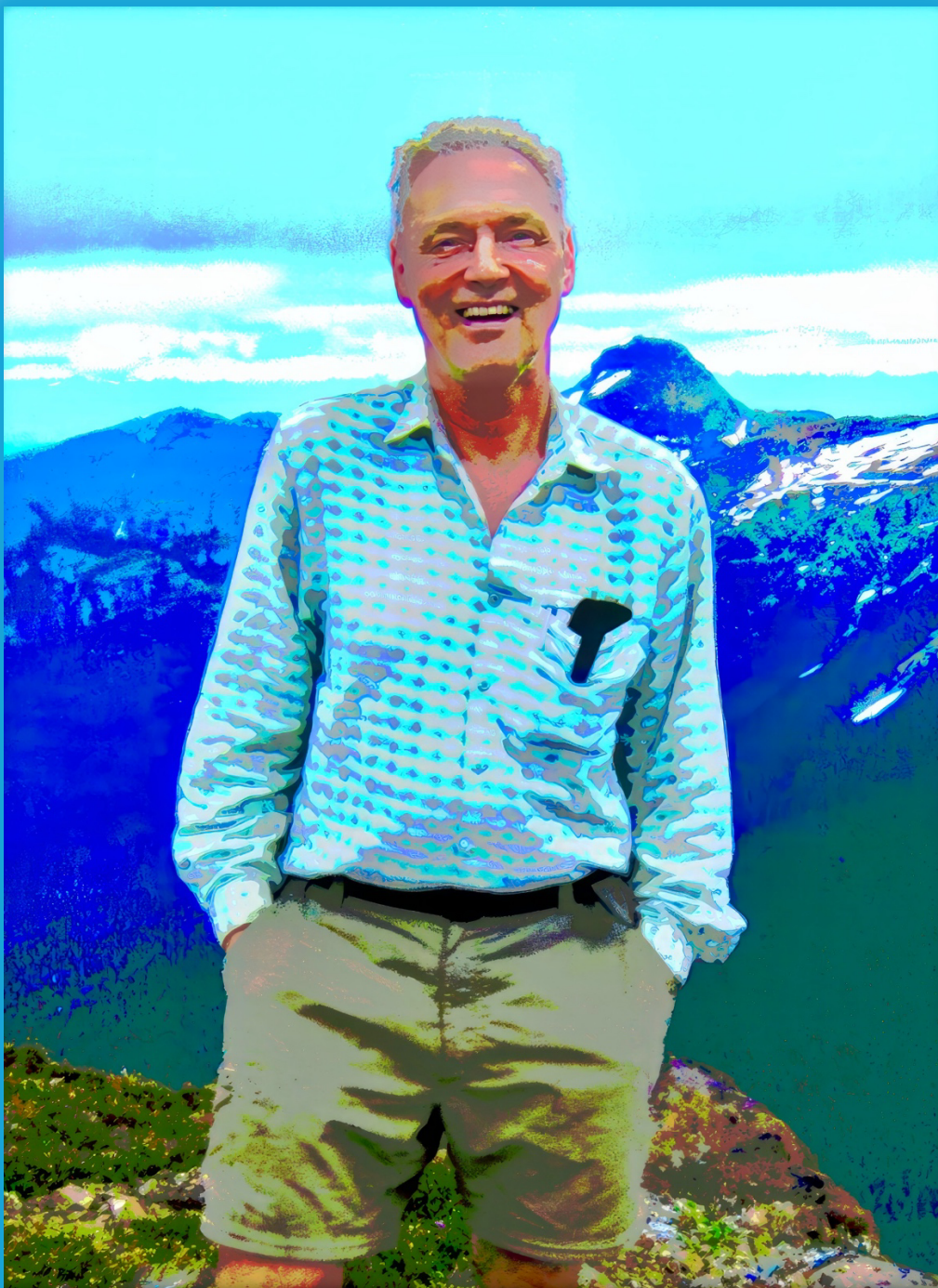
2. The
3. I
4. Then
5. Let
6. How



Part Two

Hymns to Nature

On a Mountain High



“On a mountain high,
Where the meadows meet the sky,
I have walked for miles on hallowed ground.”

1. This fair Earth is all the heaven I shall ever seek,
And her charms are all my consolation.
This bright Sun that shines upon the mighty and the meek
Lights my path to glory and salvation.

CHORUS: On a mountain high,
Where the meadows meet the sky,
I have walked for miles on hallowed ground.
In a valley low,
Where the peaceful waters flow,
Lay my blessed body gently down.

2. Just one rare and precious moment in the noonday shade,
Listening to the sound of children's laughter,
Just one kiss from my beloved, I would never trade
For all the joys of paradise hereafter.

CHORUS

3. When we light the lamp of mercy, won't our spirit shine
Brighter than the stars that we are made of.
When we light the lamp of wisdom, aren't we bound to find
We've got nothing left to be afraid of.

CHORUS

ENDING: Lay my blessed body gently down.
Lay my blessed body gently down.



Mt. Temple above the Bow River

Banff National Park

On a Mountain High

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately slow, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 92

Verses

A

E7

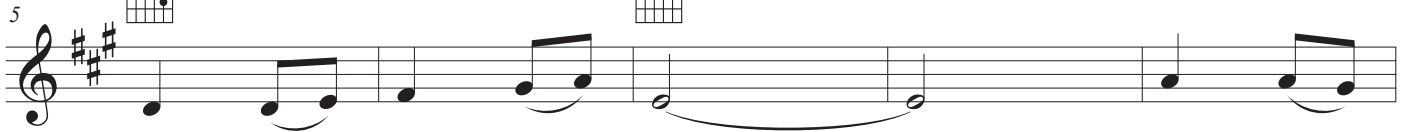
A



1. This fair Earth is all the hea - ven
2. Just one rare and pre - cious mo - ment
3. When we light the lamp of mer - cy,

D

A



I shall ev - er seek,
in the noon - day shade,
won't our spir - it shine

And her
List' - ning
Bright - er

D

Bm

E7



charms are all my con - so - la - tion.
to the sound of chil - dren's
than the stars that we are made of.

A

E7

A



This bright Sun that shines up - on the
Just one kiss from my be - lov - ed,
When we light the lamp of wis - dom,

21

D A

might - y and the meek
I would nev - er trade For all my
aren't we bound to find We've got

26

D Bm E7

path to glo - ry and sal - va -
joys of par - a - dise here - af -
no - thing left to be a - fraid

30

A Chorus D

- - tion.
- - ter.
of. } On a moun -

36

A F#m Bm A7

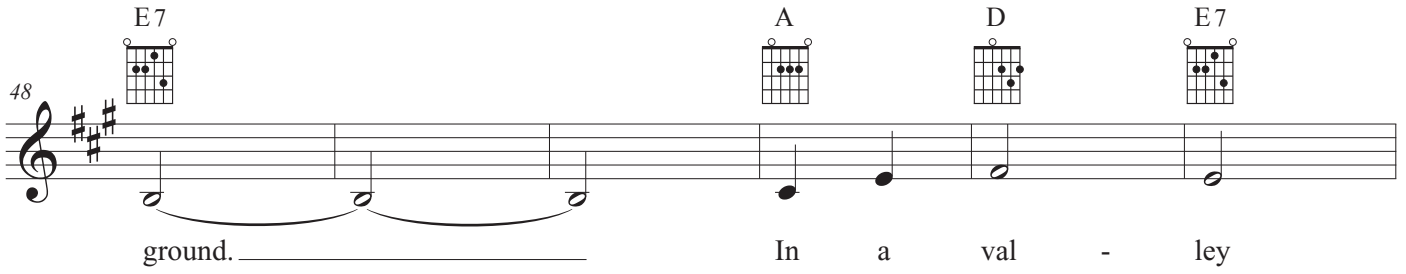
tain high, Where the mea - dows meet the

42

D A E7 C#m7 4fr.

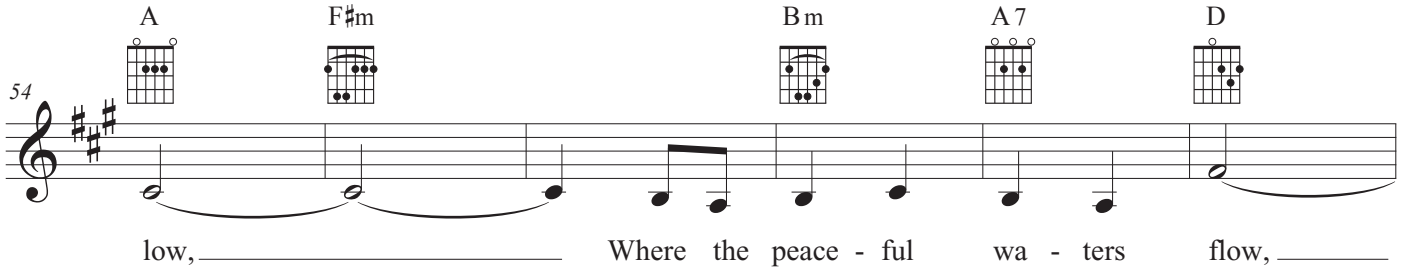
sky, I have walked for miles on hal - lowed

48



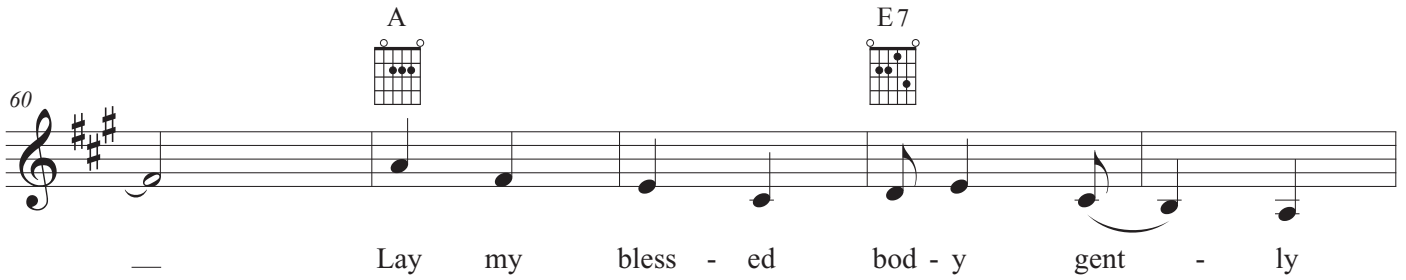
ground. In a val - ley

54



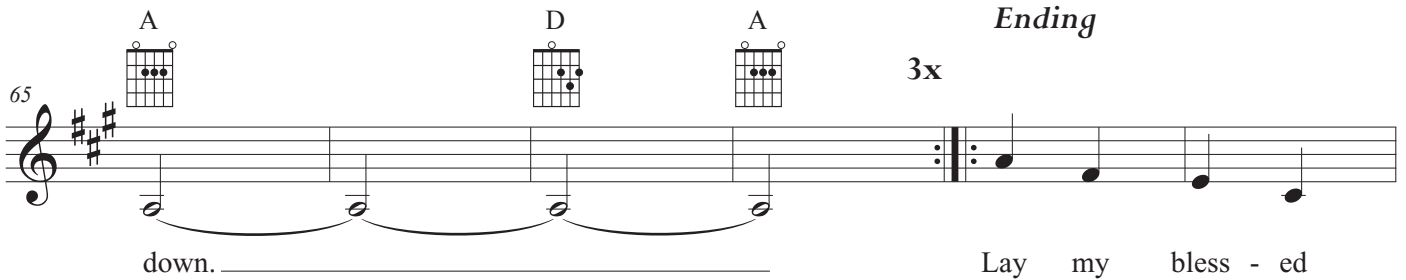
low, Where the peace - ful wa - ters flow,

60



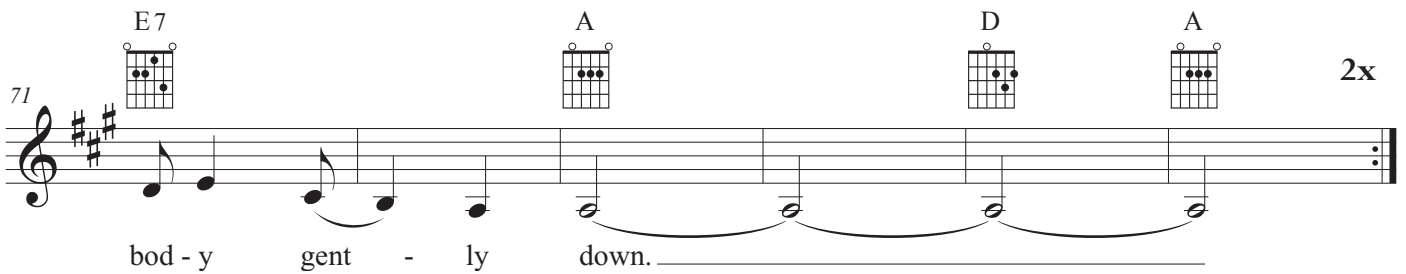
Lay my bless - ed bod - y gent - ly

65



down. Lay my bless - ed

71



bod - y gent - ly down.

Something to Wonder Upon



“Long may the stouthearted salmon
Follow the rivers to spawn . . . ”

1. Long may the Earth go on tracing
 A ring round her bright yellow star.
Long may the moon make the young lovers swoon
 With the magic she wields from afar.
Long may the deer in the meadow
 Suckle her winsome new fawn,
Leaving the wild, open heart of a child
 With something to wonder upon.
2. Long may the waves and the tempests
 Batter a bare, lonely shore.
Long may the sound of the thunder resound,
 And long may the bald eagle soar.
Long may the stouthearted salmon
 Follow the rivers to spawn,
Leaving the wild, open heart of a child
 With something to wonder upon.
3. Long may the chill breath of autumn
 Turn all the green leaves to gold.
Long may the word of the poet be heard
 And the grandmother's stories be told.
Long may the snow on the mountain
 Capture the blush of the dawn,
Leaving the wild, open heart of a child
 With something to wonder upon.

ENDING: Leaving the wild, open heart of a child
 With something to wonder upon.

Something to Wonder Upon

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 124

Verses

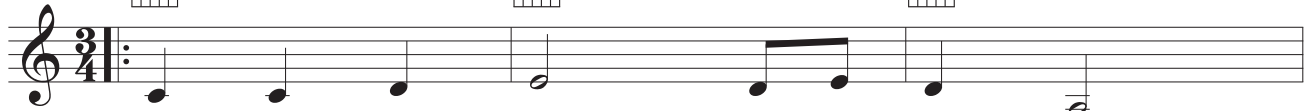
C



C7



F

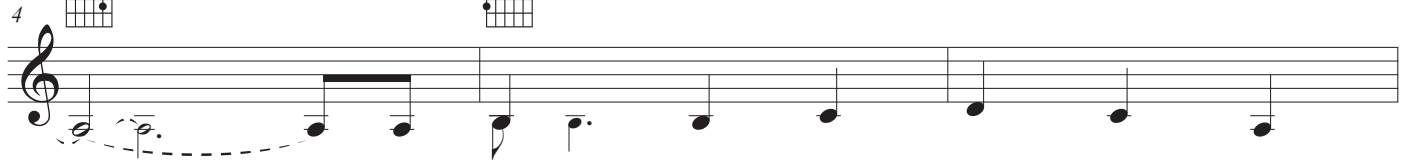


1. Long may the Earth go on trac - ing
2. Long may the waves and the tem - pests
3. Long may the chill breath of au - tumn

Dm



G7



A ring round her bright yel - low
Bat - ter a bare, lone - ly
Turn all the green leaves to

C



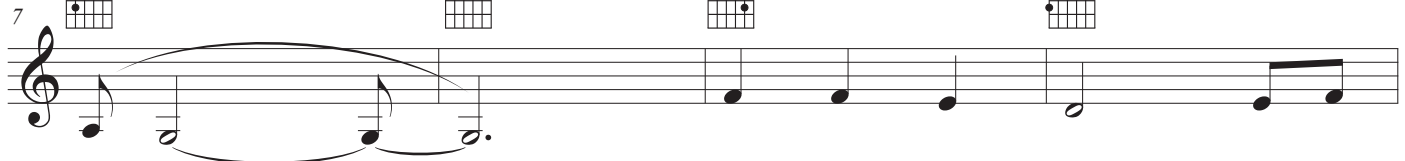
Am



Dm



G7



star. Long may the moon make the
shore. Long may the sound of the
gold. Long may the word of the

C



Am



F



young lov - ers swoon With the mag - ic she
thun - der re - sound, And the long may the
po - et be heard And the grand - moth - er's

14

Dm G7 C C7

wields from a - far. Long may the deer in the
 bald ea - gle soar. Long may the stout - heart - ed
 sto - ries be told. Long may the snow on the

19

F Dm G7

mead - ow Suck - le her win - some new
 salm - on Fol - low the riv - ers to
 moun - tain Cap - ture the blush of the

23

C Am Dm G7 C

fawn, } Leav - ing the wild, o - pen heart of a
 spawn, }
 dawn, }

28

Am Dm G7 C

child With some - thing to won - der up - on.

1, 2.

33

C Dm G7 C

on, Leav - ing the wild, o - pen heart of a

3.

38

Am Dm G7 C

child With some - thing to won - der up - on.

Ending

Lily of the Highlands



“The lily of the highlands only bloomed in May,
But the lovely highland lily—she stole my heart away.”

1. Oh, the lily of the valley
 Began to bud in March.
 She blossomed through the springtime
 Beside the stately larch.
 The lily of the highlands
 Only bloomed in May,
 But the lovely highland lily—
 She stole my heart away.

2. Oh, I love to see the children
 Frolic in the sun,
 The gander tend the goslings,
 The silver salmon run,
 But all these simple pleasures
 Are mingled with regret:
 I miss my highland beauty,
 The delicate floret.

3. Now, a heart must have forbearance
 To spar with time and tide.
 The seasons in their turning
 Will heed not lust nor pride,
 And yet, while faith still flowers
 Within the breasts of men,
 I pray the highland lily
 May grace my days again.

4. *Repeat Verse 1.*

ENDING: She stole my heart away.

Lily of the Highlands

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 136

Verses

A

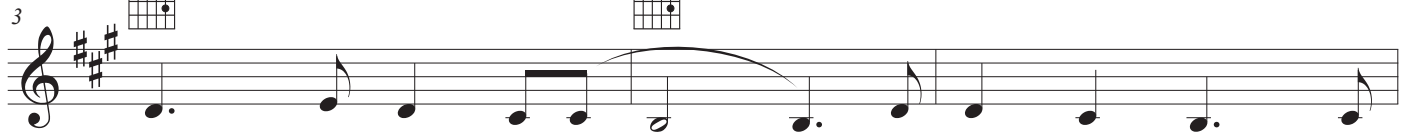


1. Oh, the lil - y of the val - ley _____ Be -
 (2.) love to see the chil - dren
 (3.) heart must have for - bear - ance _____ To
 (4.) *Repeat Verse 1*

D



E7



gan to bud in March. _____ She blos - somed through the
 Frol - ic in the sun, _____ The gan - der tend the
 spar with time and tide. _____ The sea - sons in their

A



spring - time _____ Be - side the state - ly larch. _____ The
 gos - lings, _____ The sil - ver sal - mon run, _____ But
 turn - ing _____ Will heed not lust nor pride, _____ And

A7



lil - y of the high - lands On - ly bloomed in May, _____
 all these sim - ple pleas - ures _____ Are min - gled with re - gret: _____
 yet, while faith still flow - ers _____ With - in the breasts of men, _____

12

D

A

But the love - ly high - land lil - y— She
 I miss my high - land beau - ty, The
 I pray the high - land lil - y May

1, 2, 3.

15

E7

A

stole my heart a - way.
 del - i - cate flo - ret.
 grace my days a - gain.

2. Oh, I
 3. Now, a
 4. Oh, the

4.

18

E7

A7

D

Ending

E7

stole my heart a - way— She stole

21

A

— my heart a - way.



Part Three

Songs for Children

The Mountains Will Abide



“Here’s a tune I took from a babbling brook
High upon a mountainside.”

1. Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine.
 Let me brush away that tear.
 You've been making strange, worried climate change
 Will undo all you hold dear.
 Here's a tune I took from a babbling brook
 High upon a mountainside.
 Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
 For the mountains will abide.

CHORUS: For the mountains will abide,
 Where the golden eagles glide,
 And the streams will run, little sleepy one,
 For the mountains will abide.

2. Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
 For I promise you one day
 We will take the trail through the shady vale
 To the fields where bighorns play.
 There's a chickadee singing in a tree
 With a bluebird by his side.
 Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
 For the mountains will abide.

CHORUS

3. Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
 For we'll venture by and by
 To an open moor where the streams are pure
 As the snowclad peaks on high,
 Where the future seems wider than your dreams—
 And I know your dreams are wide.
 Pretty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine,
 For the mountains will abide.

CHORUS



Peter at Moraine Lake
Banff National Park, July 30, 2013

The Mountains Will Abide

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 108

Verses

Chord diagrams: D, A7, D

1. Pret - ty babe of mine, don't you fret and pine. Let me
 (2.) babe of mine, don't you fret and pine, For I
 (3.) babe of mine, don't you fret and pine, For we'll

Chord diagrams: G, A7, D

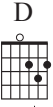


brush a - way that tear. _____ You've been
 prom - ise you that one day _____ We will
 ven - ture by and by _____ To an

Chord diagrams: A7, D

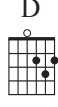
mak - ing strange, wor - ried cli - mate change Will un -
 take the trail through the shad - y are vale To the
 o - pen moor where the lakes are pure As the

Chord diagrams: G, A7



do all you hold dear. _____ Here's a
 fields where big - horns play. _____ There's a
 snow - clad peaks on high, _____ Where the

9   

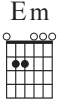
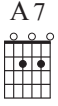

tune chick - I took from a bab - bling brook High up -
 fu - a - dee sing - ing in a tree With a
 ture seems wid - er than your dreams— And I

11 

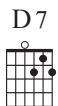
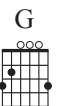
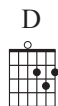
on a moun - tain - side. _____
 blue - bird your by his side. _____
 know your dreams are wide. _____ } Pret - ty

13  

babe of mine, don't you fret and pine, _____

16   

_____ For the moun - tains will a - bide. _____

19  **Chorus**  

_____ For the moun - tains will a - bide, _____ Where the

22

gold - en ea - gles glide, _____ And the

24

streams will run, lit - tle sleep - y one, _____ For the

28

moun - tains will a - bide. _____ { 2. Pret - ty 3. Pret - ty

31

moun - tains will _____ a - bide. _____

The Stowaway Astronaut



“I’m up on a rocket ship, sailing
Over the moon and the stars . . .”

1. You can call me a stowaway astronaut,
Tell me I haven't the ghost of a shot—
"Poor kid, for all of those dreams that you've got,
You'd best keep your feet on the ground."

CHORUS 1: But I'm up on a rocket ship, sailing
Over the moon and the stars,
Up on a rocket ship, somewhere
In between Saturn and Mars.

2. You can tell me I haven't got all the right stuff,
A little too much or else not quite enough,
But I hopped aboard on a bet or a bluff.
Somebody said, "Four, three, two, one . . . "!

CHORUS 2: And I'm up on a rocket ship, sailing
Over the moon and the stars,
Up on a rocket ship, somewhere
In between Saturn and Mars.

3. I walked up to the captain and said, "How d'you do."
"Kid," she replied, "I was warned about you.
But if you can handle a tight scrape or two,
Ahoy, mate, and welcome aboard!"

CHORUS 3: "'Cause you're up on a rocket ship, sailing
Over the moon and the stars,
Up on a rocket ship, somewhere
In between Saturn and Mars."

CHORUS 4: Hey, we're up on a rocket ship, sailing
Over the moon and the stars,
Up on a rocket ship, somewhere
In between Saturn and Mars.

The Stowaway Astronaut

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing and some talk-singing ♩ ≈ 114

Verse 1

1. You can call me a stow - a - way as - tro - naut,

Tell me I have - n't the ghost of a shot— "Poor kid, for all of those

dreams that you've got, You'd best keep your feet on the

ground." But I'm up on a rock - et ship,

sail - ing O - ver the moon and the stars,

14

A D Bm E7

Up on a rock - et ship, some - where In be - tween Sat - urn and Mars. —

Verse 2

17

A

2. You can tell me I have - n't got

20

E7 A

all the right — stuff, A lit - tle too much or else not quite e - nough, But

23

D Bm

(Talk-singing) — — — — —

I hopped a - board on a bet or a bluff. Some - bod - y said, "Four,

Chorus 2

26

E7 A

three, two, one . . . "!" — — — — — And I'm up on a rock - et ship,

30

D A E7

sail - ing O - ver the moon and the stars, — — — — —

70

33

A D Bm E7

Up on a rock-et ship, some-where In be-tween Sat-urn and Mars. —

Verse 3

36

A

3. I walked up to the cap-tain and

39

E7

said, "How d'you do." "Kid," she re-plied, "I was

41

A

warned a-bout you. — But if you can han-dle a

43

D Bm E7

(Talk-singing)

tight scrape or two, A-hoy, mate, and wel-come a-board! —

Chorus 3

46

A D

— 'Cause you're up on a rock-et ship, sail-ing

49

A

E7

A

O - ver the moon and the stars, _____ Up on a rock - et ship,

52

D

Bm

E7

A

some - where In be - tween Sat - urn and Mars." _____

Chorus 4

55

D

— Hey, we're up on a rock - et ship, sail - ing

58

A

E7

A

O - ver the moon and the stars, _____ Up on a rock - et ship,

61

D

Bm

E7

A

some - where In be - tween Sat - urn and Mars! _____

Babes Will Be Born



“And while you’re growing, you will see things,
Cities and towns, child, beggars and kings . . .”

1. Hush, little baby, and don't you cry.
Rivers run deep, child, fir trees climb high.
Fir trees climb high, child, rivers run deep.
Hush, little baby, and go to sleep.
2. And while you're sleeping, you will run far,
Down to the sea, child, up to a star,
Up to a star, child, down to the sea,
And while you're sleeping, you will run free.
3. And while you're running, you will grow strong,
Strong as a slave, child, true as a song,
True as a song, child, strong as a slave,
And while you're running, you will grow brave.
4. And while you're growing, you will see things,
Cities and towns, child, beggars and kings,
Beggars and kings, child, cities and towns,
And while you're growing, you will see clowns.
5. And while you're seeing, you will learn much,
Learn what to scorn, child, learn what to touch,
Learn what to touch, child, learn what to scorn,
And while you're seeing, babes will be born.
6. *Repeat Verse 1.*

Babes Will Be Born

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 128

Verses

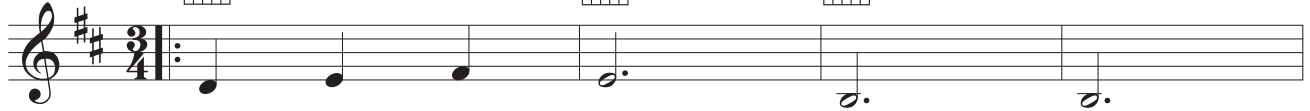
D



D7



G



1. Hush, lit - tle ba - by, _____
2. And while you're sleep - ing, _____
3. And while you're run - ning, _____
4. And while you're grow - ing, _____
5. And while you're see - ing, _____
6. Repeat Verse 1.

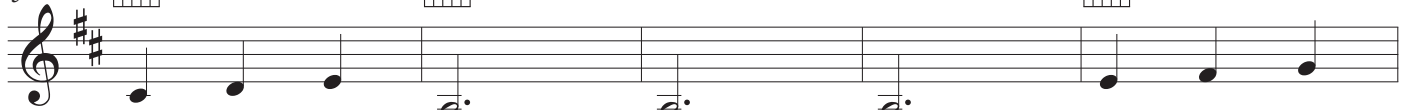
A7



D



5



and don't you cry. _____
 you will run far, _____
 you will grow strong, _____
 you will see things, _____
 you will learn much, _____

Riv - ers run
 Down to the
 Strong as a
 Cit - ies and
 Learn what to

D



10



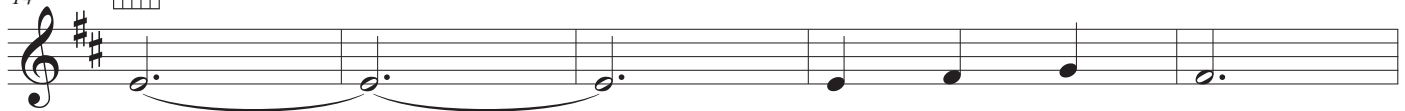
deep, child, _____
 sea, child, _____
 slave, child, _____
 towns, child, _____
 scorn, child, _____

fir trees climb
 up to a
 true as a
 beg - gars and
 learn what to

A7



14



high. _____
 star, _____
 song, _____
 kings, _____
 touch, _____

Fir trees climb high,
 Up to a star,
 True as a song,
 Beg - gars and kings,
 Learn what to touch,

19

D

D7

G

child, _____
 child, _____
 child, _____
 child, _____
 child, _____

riv - ers run deep. _____
 down to the sea, _____
 strong as a slave, _____
 cit - ies and towns, _____
 learn what to scorn, _____

23

A7

Hush, lit - tle ba - by, _____
 And while you're sleep - ing, _____
 And while you're run - ning, _____
 And while you're grow - ing, _____
 And while you're see - ing, _____

28

D

6x

and go to sleep. _____
 you will run free. _____
 you will grow brave. _____
 you will see clowns. _____
 babes will be born. _____



Part Four

Anthems, Parodies, and Protest Songs

The songs in Part Four run the gamut in terms of style, mood, and tone. What they have in common is their political theme, which is communist, feminist, environmentalist, and anti-imperialist.

While almost all these songs are fine standing alone, the majority were written in connection with larger projects. One, “Cordillera,” is the theme song of the Cordillera Campaign (peterbrunette.ca/cordillera-campaign). Most of the others are meant for my unfinished folk opera, *Das Kapital: The Musical*. Should the reader happen to be a leftist playwright, composer, or arranger interested in collaborating on this work, she’s cordially invited to get in touch.

The Workers' Chorus



“Our skin may be black or it may be white,
Though we’re mostly the colour of leather,
But when all has been said we will all be Red.
We’ll be comrades marching together.”

1. We are the workers of this fair land.
 We're the truckers and teachers and tailors.
 We're the clerks and cashiers and design engineers.
 We're the sorters and handlers and mailers.
 But in case it's a home that you need, my friend,
 We're the carpenters and cabinetmakers,
 Or in case it's some bread that you crave instead,
 We're the farmers and millers and bakers.

2. Yes, and we are the workers of every land.
 We're the sisters and brothers and neighbours.
 We're the lovers and friends in a world that depends
 On the fruits of our mutual labours.
 Yes, and those are the chimes of freedom that sound
 Sharp and clear in the distance before us,
 Calling, Come, sing along with the workers' song!
 Come and join in the workers' chorus!

3. Singing, We are the workers of every land
 From Chad to Chile to China,
 From Spain to Iran, from Gabon to Japan,
 From Alaska to South Carolina.
 Now, our skin may be black or it may be white,
 Though we're mostly the colour of leather,
 But when all has been said we will all be Red.
 We'll be comrades marching together.

4. Singing, We are the workers of every land,
 And we will be more than delighted
 When we sing to the health of the Commonwealth
 Of All Nations and Species United.
 That's when old Mother Earth will be heaving a sigh
 From deep in her mantle of granite,
 And a bright, rosy dawn will be rising upon
 The bluest, most beautiful planet.

5. *Repeat Verse 2.*

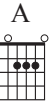
ENDING: Come and join in the workers' chorus!

The Workers' Chorus

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately slow, but jaunty ♩ ≈ 84

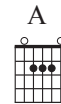
Verse 1



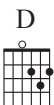
1. We are the work-ers of this fair — land. We're the



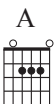
truck - ers and teach - ers and tai - lers. ————— We're the



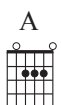
clerks and cash - iers and de - sign en - gi - neers. We're the



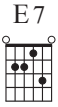
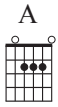
sort - ers and hand - lers and mail - ers. ————— But in



case it's a home that you need, my — friend, We're the

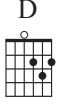





car - pen - ters and cab - i - net mak - ers, ————— Or in

14  

case it's some bread that you crave in - stead, We're the


Verse 2

16  

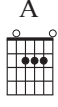
farm - ers and mil - lers and bak - ers.  2. Yes, and 

19 

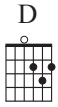
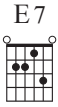
we are the work - ers of eve - ry — land. We're the

21 

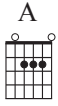
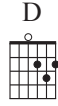
sis - ters and broth - ers and neigh - bours. — We're the

23 

lov - ers and friends in a world that de - pends On the

25  

fruits of our mu - tu - al la - bours. — Yes, and

28  

those are the chimes of — free - dom that sound Sharp and

82

E7 A

30

clear in the dis - tance be - fore us, _____ Cal - ling,

E7 A

32

Come, sing a - long with the work - ers' _____ song! Come and

Verse 3

D E7

34

join in the work - ers' _____ cho-rus! _____ 3. Singing,

A

37

we are the work - ers of eve - ry _____ land From _____

E7

39

Chad to _____ Chil - e to Chi - na, _____ From _____

A

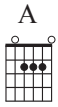

41

Spain to I - ran, from Ga - bon to Ja - pan, From A -

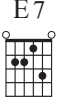
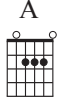
D E7

43

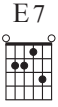
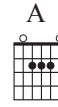
las - ka to South Car - o - li - na. _____ Now, our

46  

skin may be black or it may be white, Though we're

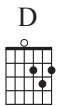

48  

most - ly the col - our of leath - er, But when

50  

all has been said we will all be Red. We'll be


Verse 4

52  

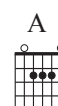
com - rades march - ing to - geth - er. 4. Sing - ing,

55 

We are the work - ers of eve - ry land, And

57 

we will be more than de - light - ed When we

59 

sing to the health of the Com - mon - wealth Of All

84

D

E7

61

Na - tions and Spe - cies U - nit - ed. _____ That's when

A

D

64

old Moth - er Earth will be heav - ing a sigh From__

E7

A

66

deep in her man - tle of gran - ite _____ And a

E7

A

68

bright, ros - y dawn will be ris - ing up - on The__

D

E7

70

blu - est, most beau - ti - ful plan - et. _____ 5. Yes, and

A



73

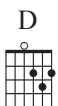


we are the work - ers of eve - ry__ land. We're the

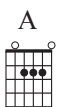


E7

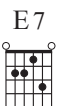
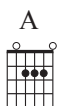

75

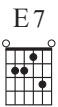


sis - ters and broth - ers and neigh - bours. _____ We're the

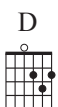
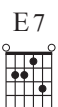

77  
lov - ers and friends in a world that de - pends On the

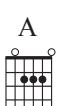

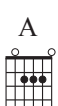

79   
fruits of our mu - tu - al la - bours. _____ Yes, and

82   
those are the chimes of _____ free - dom that sound Sharp and

84   
clear in the dis - tance be - fore us, _____ Cal - ling,

86   
Come, sing a - long with the work - ers' _____ song! Come and

88   
join in the work - ers' _____ cho - rus! _____ Come and

90    
join in the work - ers' _____ cho - rus! _____

Ending

The Gathering Storm



“There will be no more safe anchors
When the southern tempest wails.”

1. Listen up, you advertisers,
 As you trade in dreams and fears,
 All you president's advisors,
 You who trade in blood and tears—
 Listen up, you lords of commerce
 With your husky bodyguards,
 All your submarines and bombers
 Can't defend your house of cards.

CHORUS 1: 'Cause there's a wind a-blowing from the south country.
 There's a storm a-gathering on the sea.

2. Listen up, you planet spoilers,
 As you squander Nature's gift,
 When you launched a thousand oilers,
 Whose boat did you set adrift?
 Listen up, you Wall Street bankers,
 As you blithely rig your sails,
 There will be no more safe anchors
 When the southern tempest wails.

CHORUS 2: And there's a wind a-blowing from the south country.
 There's a storm a-gathering on the sea.

3. Listen up, you men of power,
 As you tread your halls of fame,
 There will come that final hour
 When you hang your heads in shame.
 You will moan and you will holler,
 But no saints will comfort you,
 'Cause the mighty greenback dollar
 Was the only god you knew.

CHORUS 3: And there's a wind a-blowing from the south country.
 There's a storm a-gathering on the sea.

The Gathering Storm

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately ♩ ≈ 108

Verses

E F#m B7 E F#m

1. Lis - ten up, you ad - ver - tis - ers, As you
2. Lis - ten up, you plan - et spoil - ers, As you
3. Lis - ten up, you men of pow - er, As you

B7 E F#m

trade in dreams and fears, All you pres - i -
squan - der Na - ture's gift, When you launched a
tread your halls of fame, There will come that

B7 E C#m A F#m B7

dent's ad - vis - ers, You who trade in blood and tears—
thou - sand oil - ers, Whose boat did you set a - drift?
fi - nal hour When you hang your heads in shame.

E F#m B7 E F#m B7

— Lis - ten up, you lords of com - merce, With your hus - ky
— Lis - ten up, you Wall Street bank - ers, As you blithe - ly
— You will moan and you will hol - ler, But no saints will

27

E

F#m B7 E

bod - y - guards, _____ All your sub - ma - rines _____ and bomb - ers
 rig - your sails, _____ There will be no more _____ safe an - chors
 com - fort you, _____ 'Cause the might - y green - back dol - lar

35

C#m 4fr. F#m B7 E E7 *Choruses*

Can't de - fend your house _____ of cards. _____ 'Cause
 When the south - ern tem - pest wails. _____ And } there's a
 Was the on - ly god _____ you knew. _____ And }

41

A G#m 4fr. C#m 4fr. B7 E

wind _____ a - blow - ing _____ from the south coun - try. _____

46

C#m 4fr. F#m B7

1, 2.

There's a storm _____ a - gath' - ring on the sea. _____

50

3. *rit.* F#m B7

gath' - ring on the sea. _____

No One Is Illegal



“There’s dozens of Americas a gal can hang her hat in,
Some black, some aboriginal, and more than twenty Latin.”

NOTE. One of the premises of this song is that the term “America” properly designates *all* the Americas—South, Central, and North—which is to say, the entire Western Hemisphere, shown here in an orientation congenial to the Global South. Consequently, it is impermissible for any single nation to arrogate the name to itself. Hence the spelling “Amerika” is used to register a measure of the distaste such arrogance induces among the cognoscenti.

1. It broke her heart to see him go—goodbyes were not her forte—
 But the only way he could feed their kids was to head up to *el norte*.
 You frown upon migration, so then why d'you go and spark it
 By dumping your protected corn on the Mexican market?
 You think of your Amerika as white and Anglo-Saxon.
 You say it ain't his country that he sweats and pays his tax in,
 But he's just as American as a bald eagle.
 He's just an American. No one is illegal.

2. There's dozens of Americas a gal can hang her hat in,
 Some black, some aboriginal, and more than twenty Latin.
 When she worked in El Salvador for a couple bucks an hour,
 She sewed those fancy suits you wear up in your high-rise tower.
 Yet now you start to harbour unkind sentiments toward her
 Because she sought to improve her lot on the wrong side of the border,
 But she's just as American as a bald eagle.
 She's just an American. No one is illegal.

3. You founded your Amerika as upstarts and newcomers
 On lands that had been settled for some fifteen thousand summers.
 You didn't ask my people if we favoured immigration
 Before you crossed an ocean to declare your proud, young nation.
 I'm one of those whose lives were scarred by that fateful decision,
 The man you call an Indian and lock up on a prison,
 But I'm just as American as a bald eagle.
 I'm just an American. No one is illegal.

ENDING: No one is illegal. . . . (*repeat ad lib. and fade*)

No One Is Illegal

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately fast, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 132

Verse 1

1. It broke her heart__ to see him go— good -

byes were not__ her for - te— But the on - ly way__ he could

feed their kids__ was to head up to__ el nor - te.

__ You frown up - on__ mi - gra - tion, so then

why d'you go__ and spark__ it__ By dump - ing your__ pro -

15

Em F#m Bm

tect - ed corn — on the Mex - i - can mar - ket? —

18

F#m A7 D A7 D

— You think of your — A - mer - i - ka — as

21

Em A7 D

white and An - glo - Sax - on. — You say it ain't — his

24

Bm Em A7

coun - try — that he sweats and pays — his tax — in, —

27

D A7 D

— But he's just as — A - mer - i - can —

30

Bm F#m Bm

— as a bald ea - gle. — He's just an — A -

33

Em F#m Bm

mer - i - can. No one is il - le - gal.

36

F#m A7 Verse 2 D A7 D

2. There's doz - ens of A - mer - i - cas a

39

Em A7 D

gal can hang her hat in, Some black, some ab - o -

42

Bm Em A7

rig - i - nal, and more than twen - ty Lat - in.

45

D A7 D

When she worked in El Sal - va - dor for a

48

Bm F#m Bm

cou - ple bucks an hour, She sewed those fan - cy

51

Em F#m Bm

suits you wear up in your high - rise tow - er.

54

F#m A7 D A7 D

Yet now you start to har - bour un - kind

57

Em A7 D

sen - ti - ments to - ward her Be - cause she sought to im -

60

Bm Em A7

prove her lot on the wrong side of the bor - der,

63

D A7 D

But she's just as A - mer - i - can

66

Bm F#m Bm

as a bald ea - gle. She's just an A -

96

Em F#m Bm

69

mer - i - can. No one is il - le - gal.

72

F#m A7 Verse 3 D A7 D

3. You found - ed your A - mer - i - ka as

75

Em A7 D

up - starts and new - com - ers On lands that had been

78

Bm Em A7

set - tled for some fif - teen thou - sand sum - mers.

81

D A7 D

You did - n't ask my peo - ple if we

84

Bm F#m Bm

fa - voured im - mi - gra - tion Be - fore you crossed an o -

87

Em F#m Bm

- cean to de - clare your proud, young na - tion.

90

F#m A7 D A7 D

— I'm one of those — whose lives were scarred — by

93

Em A7 D

that fate - ful de - ci - sion, — The man you call — an

96

Bm Em A7

In - di - an — and lock up in — a pris - on, —

99

D A7 D

— But I'm just as — A - mer - i - can —

102

Bm F#m Bm Em

— as a bald ea - gle. — I'm just an — A - mer - i - can. —

106

F#m Bm F#m Bm

Repeat ad lib. and fade

No one is — il - le - gal. —

History Lessons

A Musical Manifesto in Three Acts



At close to nine minutes, even without the addition of any instrumental parts, “History Lessons” is a tad long to be performed at one go. That’s because it’s meant to be the set piece of *Das Kapital: The Musical*, with each of the song’s three parts performed in a separate act of the opera.

Act 1: The Workers' Revolution

Here's a little tip about the history
 Of hitherto-existing society:
 It's always been a struggle, for life has not come cheap
 Since Adam left the garden and had to earn his keep.
 Then all the wealth and power came to flow towards
 The high and mighty princes and the feudal lords.
 And while the bourgeois bosses were making history,
 They held the toilers captive inside the factory.

But factory workers are history makers,
 So, sisters and brothers, it's right up your line.
 You fitters and joiners are movers and shakers,
 Your hands on the fabric of Nature's design.
 Your ancestors hunted on plains and savannas
 And brought home their harvest to bless and to share.
 With no priests or parsons, they sang their hosannas
 To fire and water, to earth and to air.

Let the ruling classes tremble
 When they see your time has come,
 When they see your ranks assemble,
 Marching to a different drum.
 Now's the time to join the choir,
 All you workers of the world,
 Time to raise your voices higher,
 Let your banners be unfurled.

'Cause there ain't no substitution
 For the hands that hold the key,
 For the workers' revolution
 Rising from the factory.
 Tell it to your friend and neighbour—
 Workers of the world, unite!—
 'Cause the hands that do the labour
 Got some history to write.

Act 2: The Women's Revolution

History you learn in your grammar school
 Is like a story told by the village fool—
 It's full of sound and fury but doesn't mean a lot.
 It's all about dead white men and all the wars they fought.
 And what about the women? Well, sister, can't you guess?
 They're mostly whores and harlots or damsels in distress.
 'Cause while the knights in armour were making history,
 They kept their wives sequestered inside the nursery.

But nursery workers are history makers,
 So, mothers and daughters, it's right up your line.
 You spinners and weavers are movers and shakers,
 Your hands on the fabric of Nature's design.
 Your ancestors gathered the seeds and the flowers
 And brought home their harvest to bless and to share.
 The blazes they kindled unlocked all the powers
 Of fire and water, of earth and of air.

Let the ruling gender tremble
 When they see your time has come,
 When they see your ranks assemble,
 Marching to a different drum.
 Now's the time to join the choir,
 All you women of the world,
 Time to raise your voices higher,
 Let your banners be unfurled.

'Cause there ain't no substitution
 For the hands that hold the key,
 For the women's revolution
 Rising from the nursery.
 So put down the chowder ladle—
 Women of the world, unite!—
 'Cause the hands that rock the cradle
 Got some history to write.

Act 3: The Peoples' Revolution

History was all about the famous men
 Who sailed the seven seas with the sword and the pen.
 They bristled with bravado, excelled in sex appeal.
 They busted out all over with missionary zeal.
 Well, half of all the natives they soon turned into slaves,
 And most of those remaining they laid into their graves.
 And while the brave explorers were making history,
 They turned the natives' country into their granary.

But granary workers are history makers,
 So, sisters and brothers, it's right up your line.
 You farmers and millers are movers and shakers,
 Your hands on the fabric of Nature's design.
 Your ancestors followed the moon and the seasons
 And brought home their harvest to bless and to share.
 Their words, bright as daybreak, illumined the reasons
 For fire and water, for earth and for air.

Let the ruling nations tremble
 When they see your time has come,
 When they see your ranks assemble,
 Marching to a different drum.
 Now's the time to join the choir,
 All you peoples of the world,
 Time to raise your voices higher,
 Let your banners be unfurled.

'Cause there ain't no substitution
 For the hands that hold the key,
 For the peoples' revolution
 Rising from the granary.
 You're the ones that see the farthest—
 Peoples of the world, unite!—
 'Cause the hands that reap the harvest
 Got some history to write.

History Lessons

A Musical Manifesto in Three Acts

Words by Peter Brunette

with a little help from Karl Marx and Frederick Engels

Music by Peter Brunette

Moderately slow, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 92

Act I: The Workers' Revolution

Act II: The Women's Revolution

Act III: The Peoples' Revolution

G C G

I. Here's a lit - tle tip a - bout the his - to -
 II. His - to - ry you learn in your gram - mar
 III. His to - ry was all a - bout the fa - mous

4 C Am C

ry school men Of hith - er - to - ex - ist - ing
 Is like a sto - ry told by so - ci - e -
 Who sailed the sev - en seas with the vil - lage
 sword and the

8 G D G

ty: _____ It's al - ways been a strug - gle, for
 fool— _____ It's full of sound and fu - ry but
 pen. _____ They bris - tled with bra - va - do, ex -

12 C Am C G

life has not come cheap Since Ad - am left the gar - den and
 does - n't mean a lot. It's all a - bout the dead white men and
 celled in sex ap - peal. They bust - ed out all o - ver with

16

Bm D7 G

had to earn his keep. _____
 all the wars they fought. _____
 mis - sion - ar - y zeal. _____

Then all the wealth and
 And what a - bout the
 Well, half of all the

21

C G C

pow - er came to flow to - wards
 wo - men? Well, sis - ter, can't you guess?
 na - tives they soon turned in - to slaves,

The high and might - y
 They're most - ly whores and
 And most of those re -

25

A m C G D

prin - ces and the feu - dal lords. _____
 har - lots or dam - sels in dis - tress. _____
 main - ing they laid in - to their graves. _____

And while the bour - geois
 'Cause while the knights in
 And while the brave ex -

30

G C A m C

boss - es were mak - ing his - to - ry,
 ar - mour were mak - ing his - to - ry,
 plor - ers were mak - ing his - to - ry,

They held the toil - ers
 They kept their wives se -
 They turned the na - tives'

34

G A m D7 G

cap - tive in - side the fac - to - ry. _____
 ques - tered in - side the nurs - er - y. _____
 coun - try in - to their gra - na - ry. _____

(Instrumental riff to support key change) - - - - -

39

D^{sus} Em A7 D

But fac - to - ry work -
 But nurs - er - y work -
 But gra - na - ry work -

43

G D A7

- ers are his - to - ry mak - ers, So, sis - ters and broth -
 - ers are his - to - ry mak - ers, So, moth - ers and daugh -
 - ers are his - to - ry mak - ers, So, sis - ters and broth -

47

D A7 D

- ers, it's right up your line. ____ You fit - ters and join -
 - ters, it's right up your line. ____ You spin - ners and weav -
 - ers, it's right up your line. ____ You farm - ers and mill -

51

D7 G

- ers are mov - ers and shak - ers, Your hands on the fab -
 - ers are mov - ers and shak - ers, Your hands on the fab -
 - ers are mov - ers and shak - ers, Your hands on the fab -

55

Em7 A7 D

- ric of Na - ture's de - sign. ____ Your an - ces - tors hunt -
 - ric of Na - ture's de - sign. ____ Your an - ces - tors gath -
 - ric of Na - ture's de - sign. ____ Your an - ces - tors fol -

60

G D A7

- ed on plains and sa - van - nas And brought home their har -
 - ered the seeds and the flow - ers And brought home their har -
 - lowed the moon and the sea - sons And brought home their har -

64

D A7 D

- vest to bless and to share. — With no priests or par -
 - vest to bless and to share. — The blaz - es they kin -
 - vest to bless and to share. — Their words, bright as day -

68

D7 G

- sons, they sang their ho - san - nas To fire — and wa -
 - dled un - locked all the pow - ers Of fire — and wa -
 - break, il - lu - mined the rea - sons For fire — and wa -

72

Em7 A7 D

- ter, to earth and to air. —
 - ter, of earth and of air. —
 - ter, for earth and for air. —

(Instrumental riff to support key change) - - - - -

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 112

76

G sus Am D7 G

accl.

Let the rul - ing class - es
 Let the rul - ing gen - der
 Let the rul - ing na - tions

80

trem - ble When they see your time has come, When they
 trem - ble When they see your time has come, When they
 trem - ble When they see your time has come, When they

83

see your ranks as - sem - ble, March - ing to a dif - rent
 see your ranks as - sem - ble, March - ing to a dif - rent
 see your ranks as - sem - ble, March - ing to a dif - rent

86

drum. Now's the time to join the choir, _____ All you
 drum. Now's the time to join the choir, _____ All you
 drum. Now's the time to join the choir, _____ All you

89

work - ers of the world, Time to raise your voic - es high - er, Let your
 wom - en of the world, Time to raise your voic - es high - er, Let your
 peo - ples of the world, Time to raise your voic - es high - er, Let your

93

ban - ners be un - furled. 'Cause there ain't no sub - sti -
 ban - ners be un - furled. 'Cause there ain't no sub - sti -
 ban - ners be un - furled, 'Cause there ain't no sub - sti -

96

tu - tion For the hands that hold the key, For the
 tu - tion For the hands that hold the key, For the
 tu - tion For the hands that hold the key, For the

99

work - ers' rev - o - lu - tion Ris - ing from the fac - to -
 wom - en's rev - o - lu - tion Ris - ing from the nurs - er -
 peo - ples' rev - o - lu - tion Ris - ing from the gra - na -

102

ry. Tell it to your friend and neigh - bour— Work - ers
 y. So put down the chow - der la - dle— Wom - en
 ry. You're the ones that see the far - thest— Peo - ples

105

of the world u - nite!— 'Cause the hands that do the
 of the world u - nite!— 'Cause the hands that rock the
 of the world u - nite!— 'Cause the hands that reap the

108

la - bour Got some his - to - ry to write. _____
 cra - dle Got some his - to - ry to write. _____
 har - vest Got some his - to - ry to write. _____

Dollars and Doughnuts

or, *Das Kapital*: The Folk Song



“But you find that you’ve got to work for your pay,
Got to sell your boss all the time of your day . . .”

1. Now, I'm just a regular working stiff,
 And if you are a worker, you'll catch my drift.
 There's easier ways to make the hours go past—
 Ain't it a shame you can't live on grass?—
 But you find that you've got to work for your pay,
 Got to sell your boss all the time of your day,
 Sell your labour-power away,
 Like a member of the working class,
 For the capitalist to do with as he may,
 Like a member of the ruling class.

2. So you sell your time and your energy,
 And you sell your creativity,
 And for every hour of the time that you spent
 You get paid 'bout enough to cover food and rent,
 And then every ounce of the energy
 That you burnt up working like a busy bee—
 Well, that's no longer the property
 Of a member of the working class,
 And the one that has claimed it, mysteriously,
 Is a member of the ruling class.

3. 'Cause it's gone into doughnuts or baseball caps,
 Into sofas or smartphones or software apps.
 You put your time into the products now,
 But then they get put on the shelf somehow,
 And when folks go and find them in the marketplace,
 They see your products but not your face.
 The one that just vanished without any trace
 Was the member of the working class,
 'Cause the product's face in the marketplace
 Is the logo of the ruling class.

4. 'Cause, you know, it's the bosses who market the stuff
 For cash, or for credit when the going gets rough.
 They market the goods that your energy made,
 And then they see to it that they get paid

The wages they paid you times two, three, or four
 For every last hour you spent at the chore.
 So in case you were wondering where your energy went,
 As a member of the working class,
 Well, it's gone to the owners and the management,
 To the members of the ruling class.

5. 'Cause money ain't nothing but working time.
 It's the squeezing and grinding of the lemon and lime.
 Money ain't nothing but the time that you spend
 On the line of production, and, sister, when
 You're the one that's been spending the time,
 Well, you ought to be spending every nickel and dime.
 You ought to rise up from the grease and the grime—
 You're a member of the rising class.
 Yes, and exploitation will be made a crime
 When the workers are the ruling class.

ENDING: I said, exploitation will be made a crime
 When the workers are the ruling class,
 When the workers are the ruling class . . . (*repeat ad lib. and fade*)



“It’s not my fault that reality is Marxist.”
—Jean-Paul Sartre

Dollars and Doughnuts

or, *Das Kapital*: The Folk Song

Words and Music by
Peter Brunette

Moderately, with a light swing ♩ ≈ 108

Verse 1

1. Now, I'm just a reg - u - lar work - ing stiff, — And if

you are a work - er, you'll catch my drift. — There's eas - i - er ways —

— to make the hours — go past — Ain't it a shame — you can't

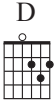
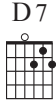
live on grass? — But you find that —

you've got to work for your pay, — Got to sell your — boss all the






poco rit.

a tempo

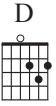


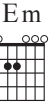
The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a D major chord and a G major chord. The second staff begins with an A7 chord and a D major chord. The third staff begins with a D7 chord and a G major chord. The fourth staff begins with an A7 chord and a D major chord. The fifth staff begins with a G major chord and an A7 chord. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The tempo markings 'poco rit.' and 'a tempo' are placed above the music.

26  

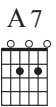
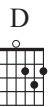

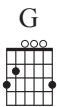
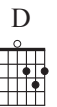
time of your day, — Sell your — la - bour pow - er a - way, —

31     

— Like a mem - ber of the work - ing class, — For the

36    


cap - i - tal - ist — to do with as he may, — Like a mem - ber of the

41      *Verse 2*

rul - ing class. — 2. So you

46  


sell your — time and your en - er - gy, — And you sell your —

51 

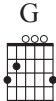
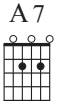
cre - a - tiv - i - ty, — And for eve - ry — hour — of the

56   *poco rit.* 

time that you spent— You get paid 'bout e - nough— to cov - er food and

61  *a tempo*

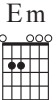
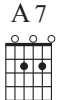
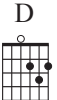

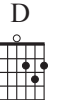
rent, ——— And then eve - ry — ounce of the

67  





en - er - gy — That you burnt up — work - ing like a bus - y bee —

72   

— Well, that's no — long - er the prop - er - ty — Of a

77     

mem - ber of the work - ing class, ——— And the one that has claimed —

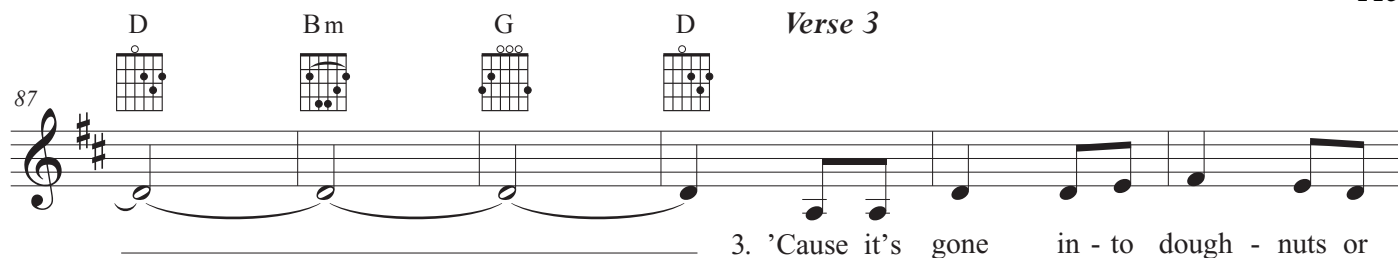
82    

— it, mys - te - ri - ous - ly, — Is a mem - ber of the rul - ing class. —

Verse 3

87

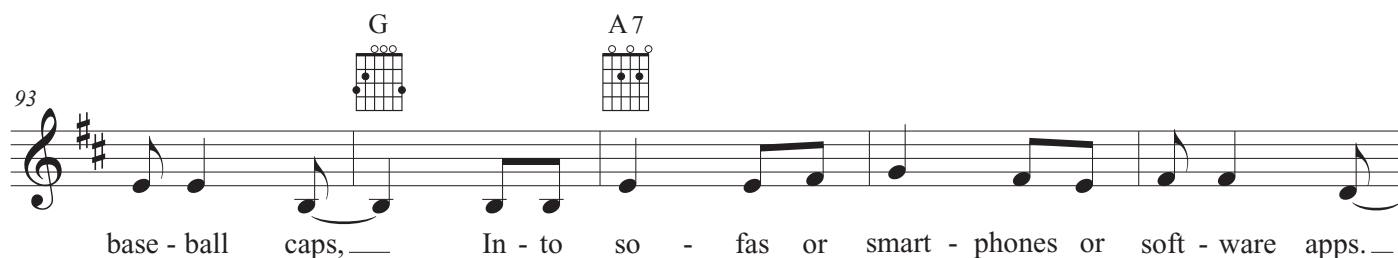
D Bm G D



3. 'Cause it's gone in - to dough - nuts or

93

G A7



base - ball caps, In - to so - fas or smart - phones or soft - ware apps.

98

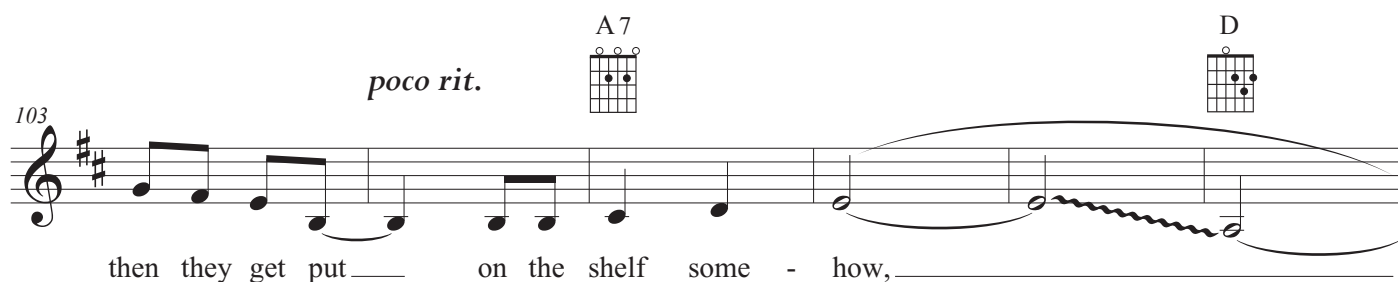
D D7 G



You put your time in - to the prod - ucts now, But

103

poco rit. A7 D



then they get put on the shelf some - how,

a tempo

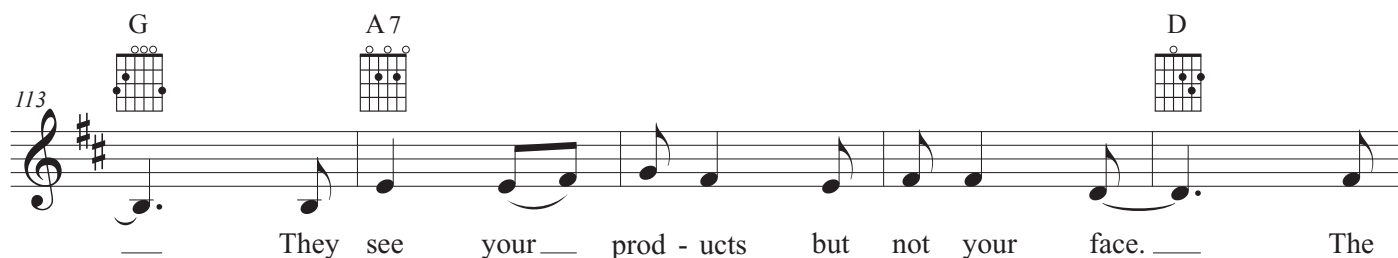
109



And when folks go and find them in the mar - ket - place,

113

G A7 D



They see your prod - ucts but not your face. The

118

one that just van - ished with - out an - y trace ____ Was the mem - ber of the

123

work - ing class, _____ 'Cause the prod - uct's ____ face ____ in the

128

mar - ket - place ____ Is the lo - go of the rul - ing class. _____

133

4. 'Cause, you know, it's the boss - es who

138

mar - ket the stuff ____ For cash, or for cred - it when the go - ing gets rough. ____

143

____ They mar - ket the goods ____ that your en - er - gy made, ____ And

poco rit.

148

A7

D

then they see to ____ it that they get paid ____

a tempo

154

G

____ The wag - es they paid ____ you times two, three, or four ____ For

A7

D

159

eve - ry last hour ____ you spent at the chore. ____ So in case you were won -

D7

G

Em

164

- d'ring where your en - er - gy went, ____ As a mem - ber of the

A7

D

Bm

D

168

work - ing class, ____ Well, it's gone to the own - ers and the

D7

G

Em

A7

D

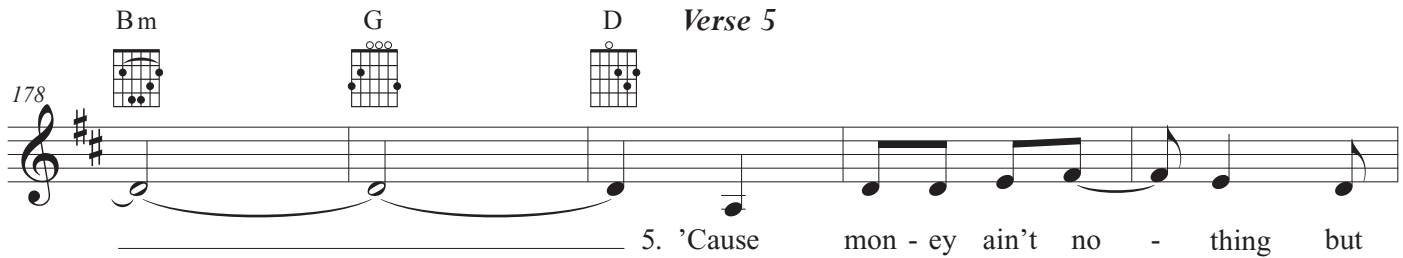
173

man - age - ment, ____ To the mem - bers of the rul - ing class. ____

Verse 5

178

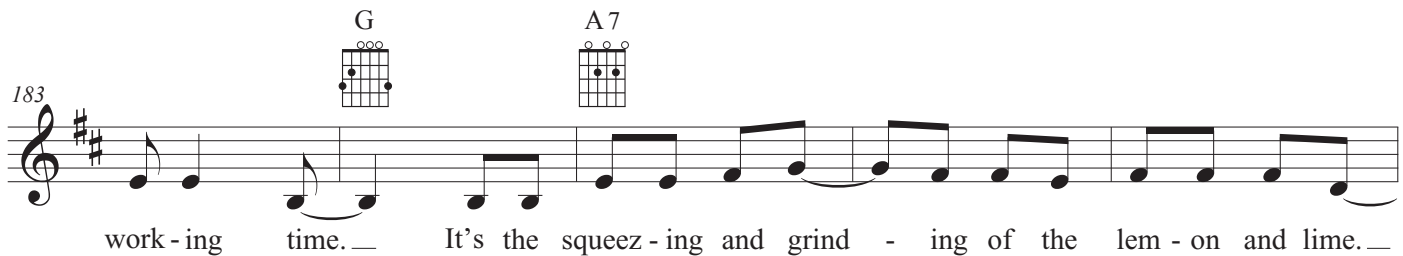
Bm G D



5. 'Cause mon - ey ain't no - thing but

183

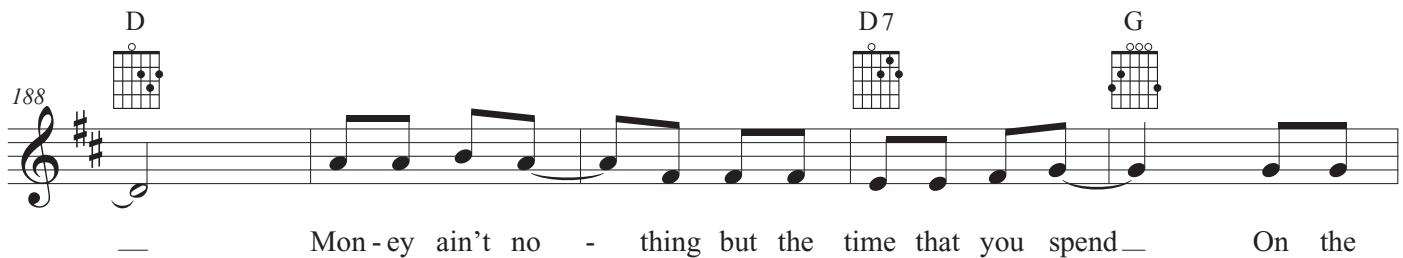
G A7



work - ing time. — It's the squeez - ing and grind - ing of the lem - on and lime. —

188

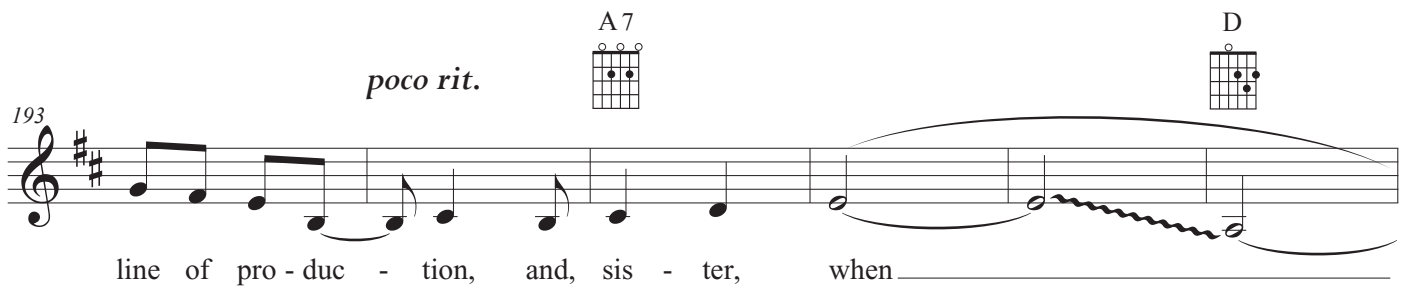
D D7 G



— Mon - ey ain't no - thing but the time that you spend — On the

193

poco rit. A7 D



line of pro - duc - tion, and, sis - ter, when —

199

a tempo G



— You're the one — that's been spend - ing the time, — Well, you

204

A7 D



ought to be spend - ing eve - ry nick - el and dime. — You ought to rise

209

D7 G Em A7

up from the grease and the grime— You're a mem - ber of the ris - ing class.

214

D Bm D D7

Yes, and ex - ploi - ta - tion will be made a crime

219

G Em A7 D Bm

When the work - ers are the rul - ing class.

224

G D *Ending* D7

I said, ex - ploi - ta - tion will be made a crime

229

G Em A7 D Bm G

When the work - ers are the rul - ing class,

235

D Em A7 D Bm G

When the work - ers are the rul - ing class . . .

Repeat ad lib. and fade



This is the end of the current preview of
The Peter Brunette Songbook.