

Two Songs By Graham Jones

I knew the late Graham Jones (1946-96) as a familiar face in Calgary folk music circles, member of The Wild Colonial Boys, studio musician and owner and all-around fine fellow. (His eulogy appears in the Bulletin, 30.3 (September 1996), p. 29.) I had heard that Graham wrote fine songs as well, but I hadn't had occasion to hear any of them until Dave Foster included "Nancy's to the Lambing Gone" on his CD Amanda's Requests. After Graham's death, a CD of his songs, taken from various live performances and studio sessions, was released by his friends. "Raise A Glass" was a song I found particularly inspiring from that program. Here then are two songs from the pen of Graham Jones. [JL]

Nancy's to the Lambing Gone

Graham Jones, © Oeeski Publishing, SOCAN

Every year, Graham's wife Nancy would receive an urgent call from her sister to help with the lambing on her Alberta sheep farm. During Nancy's absence, Graham would have his friends over to make music and carouse.

Chorus:

Nancy's to the lambing gone,
She won't be back before the dawn,
So we will fill the air with song,
Fill the air with song;

Verse:

- 1: Nancy's to the lambing gone,
Nancy's to the lambing gone;
If everyone will sing along,
We'll fill the air with song.
- 2: The winter winds begin to howl,
The snow it swirls again;
Jack Frost he leaves his handiwork,
On every window pane;
- 3: The spring seems such a world away,
That we can scarce recall,
The joy she brings within our hearts,
Will gladden one and all.
- 4: When sisters call, they will away,
They will not wait till morning,

They'll take the road, they'll seize the day;
The lambs they are a-borning;

- 5: When sisters spring upon the earth,
To revel in its glow,
The winter wind can't chill their hearts,
However strong it blows.
- 6: When winter starts to lose its grip,
The sisters take its measure;
They mean to soon give it the slip,
And return the earth to pleasure,
- 7: And watch the rising of the moon,
The changing of the seasons;
Their learning goes around too soon,
And no one asks for reasons.
- 8: The river ice begins to crack,
The geese are homeward winging;
The sisters' blood is all astir,
You can hear it in their singing;
- 9: Winter puts away its knives,
Jack Frost he throws his brushes;
So let spring madness through our lives,
Like warblers, larks and thrushes.

Nancy's to the Lambing Gone

Graham Jones

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Chorus



Nan - cy's to the lamb - ing gone, She won't be back be - fore the dawn, So



we will fill the air with song, fill the air with song.



Nan - cy's to the lamb - ing gone, Nan - cy's to the lamb - ing gone, if



eve - ry one will sing a - long, we'll fill the air with song. _____

Verse



The win - ter winds be - gin to howl, The snow it swirls a - gain, _____ Jack



Frost he leaves his han - di - work on eve - ry win - dow pane. _____ The



Spring seems such a world a - way that we can scarce re - call, ... The



joy she brings with - in our hearts will glad - den one and all.

RAISE A GLASS

Graham Jones, © Oeeski Publishing, SOCAN

Recorded versions of this song are available on Graham Jones, a posthumous tribute CD produced by the Graham Jones Project Committee, and on John Clarke's CD *Miles on My Heart*. Both are available from CSTM's Mail Order Service. These lyrics are taken from the former version, although both versions are very similar.

For every road not taken,
For every door untried,
For every dream forsaken,
For every choice denied,

Raise a glass with me.
To all the moments that never will be,
All the bright lands we left in our lee,
Raise a glass with me.

For every song not finished,
For every field unturned.
For every life diminished,
For every scar unearned,

Raise a glass with me.
To all the things that never will be,
All the bright futures that we'll never see,
Raise a glass with me.

Raise a glass to those who fell in battle,
Raise a glass to those whose dreams have died,
Raise a glass to all women kept as chattel,
Raise a glass to all those men who've lost their pride.

For every fence not mended,
For every hurt unhealed,
For every heart untended,
For every revelation not revealed,

Raise a glass with me.
To our souls — may they always be real;
To our lives — joy and pain we will feel;
To all our journeys — wind, water and wheel,

Raise a glass with me.
For every road not taken,
For every door untried,
For every dream forsaken,
For every choice denied,

Raise a glass with me.
To our souls — may they always be real;
To our lives — joy and pain we will feel;
To all our journeys — wind, water and wheel,

Raise a glass with me.

Raise a Glass

Graham Jones

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Verse



1. For eve-ry road not tak- en, For eve-ry door un-
 2. For eve-ry song not fin- ished, For eve-ry field un-



tried, For eve-ry dream for - sa - ken, For eve-ry choice de-
 turned, For eve-ry life dim - in - ished, For eve-ry scar un-



choice [†] Raise a glass with me. To all the mo - ments that nev - er will
 earned. To all the things that nev - er will



be, All the bright lands we left in our lee [†] Raise a glass with me.
 be, All the bright fu - tures we'll nev - er see,

Break



Raise a glass to those who fell in bat - tle, Raise a glass to



those whose dreams have died, Raise a glass to all wo - men kept as



chat - tel, Raise a glass to all those men who've lost their pride.

From Tradition:

The Wind Blows High

These days a very well-known song in the "Celtic" repertoire is "I'll Tell Me Ma", the Belfast children's street song popularized in North America by the Clancy Brothers (who used a line from it, "The Boys Won't Leave the Girls Alone", as an album title) and in a slightly different version in Ireland. (There is a small Canadian connection: the late Ron Nolan, a folksinger in Belfast before he came to Calgary, tells us that he used the name of his friend Albert Mooney in his rendition of the song, and it's become standard.) More recently, The Rankin Family and many other groups have recorded it in Canada — what Canadian "Celtic" band doesn't include "I'll Tell Me Ma" in their repertoire?

Because the popular version has taken such a hold on singers, it's easy to forget that this is a widespread children's song, existing in many different incarnations. The version below I learned from my mother, who heard it from children on her first teaching job, in a one-room rural school in Chisholm Township, near Alderdale, Ontario, in the early 1930s. While it omits many of the verses of the popular version, and adds one (albeit mostly a nonsense verse) which that version doesn't have, it's recognizably the same song. [JL]

*The wind, the wind, the wind blows high,
The rain comes scattering from the sky;
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the girl from London city;
She goes courting, one, two, three;
Pray and tell me, who is she?
I went into the parlour,
I took her on my knee,
I said, "My ducky darling, what'll we have for
tea?"
"A china cup and saucer, a marigolee,
A dish to put the pudding in, a ding dong dee."*

The Wind Blows High

trad.



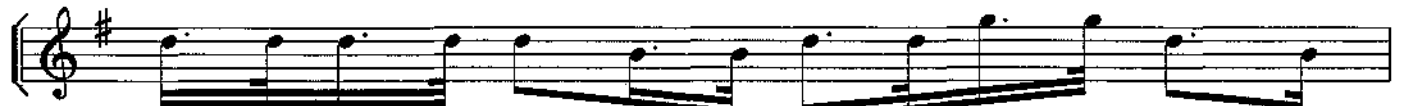
The wind, the wind, the wind blows high, The rain comes scat-ter-ing from the sky.



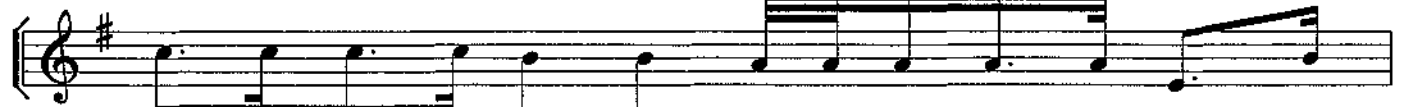
She is hand-some, she is pret-ty, She is the girl from Lon-don ci-ty,



She goes court-ing, one, two, three. Pray and tell me who is she. I



went in-to the par-lour I took her on my knee, I



said "My duck-y dar-ling, what'll you have for tea?" A



chi-na cup and sau- cer, a ma-ri-go-lee, A



dish to put the pud-ding in, a ding dong dee.