



Books & Ballads

Saturday, April 26, 2025

Sunday, April 27, 2025

Westminster Presbyterian Church



Program Supplement

Lyrics

House at Pooh Corner

Christopher Robin and I walked along
under branches lit up by the moon.

Posing our questions to Owl and Eeyore,
as our days disappeared all too soon.

But I've wandered much further today that I should,
and I can't seem to find my way back to the wood.

So help me if you can, I've got to get
back to the house at Pooh Corner by one.
You'd be surprised there's so much to be done.
Count all the bees in the hive,
Chase all the clouds from the sky,
back to the days of Christopher Robin and Pooh.

Winnie the Pooh doesn't know what to do,
got a honey jar stuck on his nose.
He came to me asking help and advice
and from here no one knows where he goes.
So I sent him to ask of the Owl if he's there,
how to loosen a jar from the nose of a bear.

So help me if you can, I've got to get
back to the house at Pooh Corner by one.
You'd be surprised there's so much to be done.
Count all the bees in the hive,
Chase all the clouds from the sky,

back to the days of Christopher Robin,
back to the ways of Christopher Robin,
back to the ways of Pooh.

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
of the big lake they call Gitchi Gummi.

The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead
when the skies of November turn gloomy.

With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more
than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty,
that good ship and true was a bone to be chewed
when the gales of November came early.

The ship was the pride of th' American side
comin' back from some mill in Wisconsin.

As the big freighters go it was bigger than most
with a crew and good captain well seasoned,
concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms
when they left fully loaded for Cleveland.

Then later that night when the ship's bell rang
could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

The wind and the wires made a tattletale sound
when the wave broke over the railin'.

And ev'ry man knew, as the captain did too,
'twas the witch of November come stealin'!

The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait
when the gales of November came slashin'!

When afternoon came, it was freezin' rain
in the face of a hurricane westwind.

When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck
sayin', "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."

At seven p.m. the main hatchway gave in.

He said, "Fellas, it's been good to know ya."

The captain wired in he had water comin' in,
and the good ship and crew was in peril.

And later that night when his lights went out of sight
came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald!

Does anyone know where the love of God goes
when the waves turn the minutes to hours?

The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay
if they'd put fifteen more miles behind her.

They might have split up or they might have capsized,
they may have broke deep and took water.

And all that remains is the faces and the names
of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed
at the Maritime Sailors' Cathedral.

The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times
for each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
of the big lake they call Gitchi Gummi.

"Superior," they said, "never gives up her dead
when the gales of November come early."

You'll Be in My Heart

Come stop your crying; it will be all right.

Just take my hand, hold it tight.

I will protect you from all around you.

I will be here; don't you cry.

For one so small you seem so strong.

My arms will hold you, keep you safe and warm.

This bond between us can't be broken.

I will be here; don't you cry.

'Cause you'll be in my heart,

Yes, you'll be in my heart

From this day on now and forevermore.

You'll be in my heart

No matter what they say.

You'll be here in my heart always.

Why can't they understand the way we feel?

They just don't trust what they can't explain.

I know we're diff'rent, but deep inside us

We're not that different at all.

And you'll be in my heart,

Yes, you'll be in my heart

From this day on now and forevermore.

Don't listen to them, 'cause what do they know?

We need each other to have, to hold.

They'll see in time, I know.

When destiny calls you you must be strong.

I may not be with you, but you've got to hold on.
They'll see in time, I know.

We'll show them together, 'cause you'll be in my heart.
Believe me, I'll be there
From this day on, now and forevermore.
You'll be here in my heart.
No matter what they say, I'll be with you.
You'll be here in my heart, I'll be there always.
Well, I'll be there for you always, always and always.
Just look over your shoulder; I'll be there. Always.

Froggie Went A Courtin'

Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride,
uh-hmm, uh-hmm
Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride,
uh-hmm, uh-hmm
Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride,
A sword and buckler by his side,
uh-hmm, uh-hmm, uh-hmm

He rode up to Miss Mousie's door,
knock-knock, knock-knock
He rode up to Miss Mousie's door,
knock-knock, knock-knock
He rode up to Miss Mousie's door,
Where he had often been before,
knock-knock, knock-knock, knock-knock

He took Miss Mousie on his knee
And said "Miss Mousie marry me,"
"You'll have to ask my Uncle Rat . . .
And see what he will say to that."

Uncle Rat gave his consent . . .
The moles inscribed the document.

Uncle Rat went into town . . .
To buy the bride a wedding gown.

"Where will the wedding party be?"
"Way down yonder in a hollow tree."

"What will the wedding supper be?"
yum-yum, yum-yum
"Fried mosquito and a black-eyed pea."
yum-yum, yum-yum, yum-yum

First to come was a bumblebee
Buzz-buzz, buzz-buzz
Bouncing a banjo on his knee.
Buzz-buzz, buzz-buzz, buzz-buzz

Next to come was the big black snake.
Ssss, Ssss
He gobbled down the wedding cake!
Ssss, Ssss, Chomp!

Frog and Mousie left for France,
And that's the end of this romance.
Uh-hmm, uh-hmm, the end!

Wuthering Heights

Out on the wily, windy moors we'd roll and fall in green.
You had a temper like my jealousy, too hot, too greedy.
How could you leave me when I needed to possess you?
I hated you, I loved you, too.

Bad dreams in the night. Ah!
They told me she was going to lose the fight,
leave behind her Wuthering, Wuthering, Wuthering Heights.

Heathcliff, it's me, your Cathy, I've come home and I'm
so cold, let me in at your window, oh.

Ooh it gets dark, it gets lonely on the other side from you.
I pine a lot, I find the lot falls through without you.
I'm coming back, love, cruel Heathcliff,
my one dream, my only master.

Too long I roam in the night,
Oh I'm coming back to her side to put it right.
Coming home to Wuthering, Wuthering, Wuthering Heights.

Heathcliff, it's me, your Cathy, I've come home and I'm
so cold, let me in at your window, oh.

Ooh. Let me have it. Let me grab your soul away.
Ooh. Let me have it. Let me grab your soul away.
You know it shall be, Cathy!

Heathcliff, it's me, your Cathy, I've come home and I'm
so cold, let me in at your window, oh.

John Henry

When John Henry was a little baby,
Sitting on his pappy's knee,
He grabbed a hammer and a little piece of steel,
Said, "This hammer'll be the death of me, Lord, Lord.
This hammer'll be the death of me."

Now, the captain said to John Henry,
"I'm gonna bring that steam drill around.
I'm gonna take that steam drill out on the job,
I'm gonna whop that steel on down, Lord, Lord.
Gonna whop that steel on down."

John Henry told his captain,
"A man ain't nothing but a man,
But before I let that steam drill beat me down,
I'll die with my hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord.
I'll die with my hammer in my hand."

John Henry said to his shaker,
"Now, shaker, why don't you sing?
'Cause I'm throwing twelve pounds from my hips on down.
Just listen to that cold steel ring, Lord, Lord.
Just listen to that cold steel ring."

The man that invented the steam drill,
He thought he was mighty fine.
But John Henry, he made fourteen feet
While the steam drill only made nine, Lord, Lord.
The steam drill only made nine.

John Henry hammered on the mountain
Till his hammer was striking fire.
He drove so hard he broke his poor heart.
Then, he lay down his hammer and he died, Lord, Lord.
He lay down his hammer and he died.

They took John Henry to the graveyard,
And they buried him in the sand.
And every locomotive comes rolling by
Says, "Here lies a steel-driving man, Lord, Lord.
Here lies a steel-driving man."

Double Trouble

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble;
Double, double toil and trouble;
Something wicked this way comes!

Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble;
Double, double toil and trouble;
Something wicked this way comes!

In the cauldron boil and bake,
Filet of a fenny snake,

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble;
Double, double toil and trouble;
Something wicked this way comes!

—William Shakespeare

If I Only Had a Brain

Hey, watcha doin'? Nuttin'.
Hey, watcha waitin' for? Nuttin'.
Hey, watcha thinkin' about? Nuttin'.
What, nuttin'? No, nuttin'!

I could while away the hours
conferrin' with the flowers,
consultin' with the rain.
Hello, flowers! Hello, rain!
And my head, I'd be scratchin'
while my thoughts were busy hatchin',
if I only had a brain.

I'd unravel ev'ry riddle
for every individdle
in trouble or in pain. Oo, ah!
With the thoughts I'd be thinkin'
I could be another Lincoln,
if I only had a brain.

Oh, I could tell you why
the ocean's near the shore.

I could think of things I never thunk before,
and then I'd sit and think some more.

I would not be just a nuffin',
my head all full of stuffin',
my heart all full of pain. Oo, ah!
And perhaps I'd deserve you
and be even worthy erv you,
if I only had a brain.

If I only, if I only, if I only
(my folks are hopin'!) had a brain!

Hernando's Hideaway

I know a dark secluded place,
a place where no one knows your face.
A glass of wine, a fast embrace,
it's called Hernando's Hideaway. Olay!

All you see are silhouettes,
and all you hear are castanets.
And no one cares how late it gets,
not at Hernando's Hideaway. Olay!

At the Golden Fingerbowl or any place you go,
You will meet your Uncle Max and ev'ryone you know.
But if you go to the spot that I am thinkin' of,
you will be free to gaze at me and talk of love!

Just knock three times and whisper low
that you and I were sent by Joe.
Then strike a match and you will know
you're in Hernando's Hideaway. Olay!

Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
He chortled in his joy.

‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

—Lewis Carroll

When I Grow Up

When I grow up,
I will be tall enough to reach the branches
that I need to reach to climb the trees
you get to climb when you’re grown up.

And when I grow up, I will be
smart enough to answer all the questions
that you need to know the answers to
before you’re grown up.

And when I grow up,
I will eat sweets ev’ryday on the way to work
and I will go to bed late ev’ry night.
And I will wake up, when the sun comes up
and I will watch cartoons until my eyes go square
and I won’t care ‘cause I’ll be all grown up
when I grow up.

When I grow up I will be strong enough
to carry all the heavy things
you have to haul around with you
when you're a grownup.

And when I grow up, I will be brave enough
to fight the creatures that you have to fight
beneath the bed each night
to be a grownup.

Just because you find that life's not fair,
it doesn't mean that you just have to grin and bear it.
If you always take it on the chin and wear it,
nothing will change.

Just because I find myself in this story,
it doesn't mean that everything is written for me.
If I think the ending is fixed already,
I might as well be saying, I think that it's O.K.
And that's not right!

When I grow up,
I don't care 'cause I'll be grown up!

Ballade to the Moon

On moonlit night I wander free,
my mind to roam on thoughts of thee.
With midnight darkness beckoning
my heart toward mystic fantasy:

Come and dream in me!

How beautiful this night in June!
And here upon the velvet dune,
I weep with joy beneath the moon.

The path lies dark before my sight,
and yet, my feet with pure delight
trod onward through the blackened vale,
beneath the starry sky so bright.

O share thy light!

These woods their weary wanderer soon
in awe and fearful wonder swoon;
I weep with joy beneath the moon.

And as the darkened hours flee,
my heart beats ever rapidly.
Though heavy hang my eyes with sleep,
my singing soul, it cries to thee:

Come and sing with me!

The twinkling sky casts forth its tune:
O must I leave thy charms so soon?
I weep with joy beneath the moon.

The Times They Are A-Changin'

Come gather' round people wherever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth savin'

And you better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers, and fathers throughout the land
And don't criticize what you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly aging
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend a hand
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn the curse it is cast
The slow one now will later be fast
As the present now will later be past,
The order is rapidly fading
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'!

Do You Hear the People Sing?

Do you hear the people sing,
singing the song of angry men?
It is the music of a people
who will not be slaves again!
When the beating of your heart
echoes the beating of the drums,
there is a life about to start
when tomorrow comes.

Will you join in our crusade?
Who will be strong and stand with me?
Beyond the barricade

is there a world you long to see?
Then join in the fight
that will give you the right to be free!

Do you hear the people sing,
singing the song of angry men?
It is the music of a people
who will not be slaves again!
When the beating of your heart
echoes the beating of the drums,
there is a life about to start
when tomorrow comes.

They will live again in freedom
in the garden of the Lord,
they will walk behind the ploughshare,
they will put away the sword.
The chain will be broken
and all men will have their reward!

Will you join in our crusade?
Who will be strong and stand with me?
Somewhere beyond the barricade
is there a world you long to see?
Do you hear the people sing,
say do you hear the distant drums?
It is the future that they bring
when tomorrow comes.