

We are Welcomed

SALLY ROGERS & CLAUDIA SCHMIDT

Claudia and Sally: lead vocals, harmony vocals, 6 and 12 string guitars, dulcimer; Howie Bursen: harmony vocal and reed organ; Duke Levine: various guitars; Richard Gates: bass; Dave Mattacks: drums; Jacqueline Schwab: piano; Betsy Doriss: oboe; Eden MacAdam-Somer: violin; Tim Peck: Hammond B-3; Daisy Castro: violin & cello

Recorded and mixed by Mark Thayer, Signature Sounds, Pomfret Center CT. Produced by Claudia Schmidt, Mark Thayer and Sally Rogers.

Mastered by Ian Kennedy. Cover art - Sue Thomson, www.livinstonestudio.com. CD Design - Nancy McMerriman, Meadow Marsh Design

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WILLFUL IGNORANCE

Claudia Schmidt ©2014 Pragmavision Publishing

Written on the way to an anti fracking/pipeline event. But it really examines the reality that no matter what you decide, you have to acknowledge the consequences. "You're entitled to your own opinions, but you're not entitled to your own facts."

Ooh, willful ignorance

Is a mighty entitled dangerous dance
Its magic spins you round and round
Before you know it, your guard is down
(CHORUS)

Boy, you never saw it coming, though it was always close at hand

Eyes shut tight to the death of rights
And now you just can't understand
Every snowflake in the avalanche cries innocence
In the end, it's all just willful ignorance

Ooh, willful ignorance

Eases you right into a trance
It works so that you'll never see
Your freedom was lost so easily

CHORUS

Ooh, willful ignorance

Is a very cushy circumstance
But the consequences are coming due
And it's bound to be a shock to you
CHORUS

WE ARE WELCOMED

Words and music by Sally Rogers

©2000 Thrushwood Press Publishing

I learned this song from Peggy Seeger and was entranced by its beauty and its simplicity. It is featured on Peggy's album of the same name at www.peggyseeger.com/listen-buy/love-call-me-home/love-call-me-home-notes

We are welcomed

We're welcomed to this world
We're welcomed to this world by the song
By the song that's in our heart
It's been with us from the start.

We're welcomed to this world by the song in our heart.

For new verses, zip out the underlined words and replace them with the word of your choice. On this recording we sing:

We're welcomed to this world by the JOY...

We're welcomed to this world by the HOPE...

We're welcomed to this world by the LOVE...

JAMAICA'S TREE

Claudia Schmidt ©2012 Pragmavision Publishing

Jamaica was a woman of a tender age whose young life was cruelly taken away. Her mother Mary couldn't believe this sad fate, she cried for her baby every night and day. So the neighbors got together and we hatched up a plan to ease Mary's journey through the grievous dark. We all pitched in and bought a little tree and we planted it right in the park (Right next to Mary's house), we planted it right on the park

Jamaica's tree, we planted and we watered

Jamaica's tree, we watered and we waited

Jamaica's tree, we waited and we watched

For the young tree to live (bloom) (grow) just like Jamaica should be

We planted in May, by June it was 90, the summer flowers gone by the 4th of July
The big trees brown by the middle of August, we hoped that little tree wouldn't up and die

Now a scant year later on a rainy May day, the new leaves shine on the healing tree

A ring of red tulips seem to hold her close and Jamaica lives in memory
(Right next to Mary's house), a lovely flowering crabapple tree

Last line: She grows for Jamaica and for Mary and for you and for me

STAR GIRLS

Neal Hagberg ©2011 Uncle Gus Music BMI

One of the most disturbing global issues, and written about here with extraordinary intensity, compassion, and hope.

All of the girls whose names will never be known

All of the girls whose choices were not their own

All of the girls denied their share of the gold

All of the girls, like cattle, bought and sold

All of the girls who had to submit to a man

All of the girls the boys could not understand

All of the girls whose place at the table was barred

All of the girls who number more than stars

CHORUS

This is for you, I see you shine, sparkling like jewels in the night

Wherever I go, whatever I do, the stardust in me is from you

All of the girls who could not tear the veil

All of the girls who tried and tried but failed

All of the girls who did not have their say

When the holy writers took their words away

CHORUS

All of the girls who raised their children up well

All of the girls who rose each time they fell

All of the girls who worked for the coming new day

All of the girls who knew the price they'd pay

STAR GIRLS cont.

All of the girls who somehow still kept the faith
That all of their girls would find a much better way
You are the stars, you are the stars without words
But oh I believe that someday your voice will be heard
CHORUS

HYPATIA of ALEXANDRIA

Claudia Schmidt ©2015 Pragmavision Pub.

Inspired by Ki Longfellow's historical novel "Flow Down Like Silver" which fleshes out the life of this extraordinary (and nearly forgotten!) woman, the greatest thinker of her time (c.350 ad to 415 ad), murdered by a mob lead by angry fundamentalist monks (she happened to be a pagan as well as a brilliant mathematician). Judy Chicago set a place for her in The Dinner Party.

There once was a gal named Hypatia
She'd beat you in spades if she raced ya
She philosophize you to mere smithereens
But not in a way that disgraced ya

Hypatia was smarter than you are
In math and in science a rock star
No women nor men who ever had been
Could exceed her in all knowledge thus far

Alexandria was in survival
Smuggling books from the flames of revival
They hid a whole library, hoping to glean
A culture none other could rival

Soon the Christians denounced her as pagan
Just an uppity woman to rag on
But so many citizens thought she was keen
The powers that be had to wag on

So they whispered that she was too damn proud
Then they poisoned her pals in the royal crowd
They cornered her cruelly and staged a mob scene
With pottery shards and a voice loud

They killed her for no earthly reason
Except some vile priests found it pleasin'
A sentiment that to this day's often seen
On women it's still open season

So here's to all the gals like Hypatia
It's high time that we truly embrace ya
No longer forgotten or killed for your genes
We must stop them before they debase ya

Oh beautiful brilliant Hypatia
Some guys came along and replaced ya
You're too soon forgotten, your slate was wiped clean
The 'his' in the history replaced ya

So now we must sing of her splendor
To women and girls, though still tender
For with knowledge we triumph and thwart the obscene
And so in this way we befriend her

Don't forget to remember Hypatia!

PRUDENCE CRANDALL

©1998 by Sally Rogers, Thrushwood Press Publishing

In 1997 I served as Connecticut State Troubadour. In that capacity I received a grant to work with three local schools, whose fourth graders interviewed community elders, then wrote songs based on their stories. I was also charged with writing songs myself based on primary historical resources. This song was written based on a letter from Prudence Crandall to the people of Canterbury, CT, some 50 years after she had been driven from the town for teaching "young misses of color". The CD with all of the songs from the residency is available on my website. For more information about our state heroine, Prudence Crandall, visit www.nwhm.org/education-resources/biography/biographies/prudence-crandall

Here I sit in my eighty-third year.
I write this letter with ease.
The sacrifice of time you have made
Has brought me solace and peace
I never asked for charity
Only redress for the past
But my loss of home and livelihood
Could not dim my faith in God

I knew that Justice would reign
I knew that peace would prevail
I knew that all humankind must learn
To love one another as one

When Sarah Harris came to my door
So many years ago
I'd never dreamed a town could scheme
To hurt a person so.
Teaching Misses of Color
Would become a State Offense
I could not obey such an unjust law
It defied all common sense

I knew that Justice would reign
I knew that peace would prevail
I knew that all humankind must learn
To love one another as one

Well you remember the town's people's acts
Of slander and abuse
My well was poisoned, my house set on fire
No church nor shop could we use.
My students suffered sorely
But held their heads up high
Tho' every step brought taunts and jeers
Whenever we passed by.

They knew that Justice would reign
They knew that peace would prevail
They knew that all humankind must learn
To love one another as one

I gladly passed a night in jail
Though bail was offered to me
The papers all across the land
Reported my trial by jury
When the Black Law passed the bells did toll
In a church where we could not go
This news of a just recompense
I meet with tears of joy.

I knew that Justice would reign
I knew that peace would prevail
I knew that all humankind must learn
To love one another as one

THE TUNES JACQUELINE PLAYS

Music and lyrics by Sally Rogers

© 2006 P Thrushwood Press Publishing

Jacqueline Schwab is one of the most whimsical and creative contradance pianists I know. She also has provided the accompaniment for several of Ken Burns amazing PBS series, including "The Civil War". I wrote this at Pinewoods Camp (<http://www.pinewoods.org/>) during Camper's Week in 2006 after being swept off my feet by her playing. It didn't hurt that we were in the middle of the pine tree woods in the C# Dance Pavilion, but magic was experienced for certain. We are so lucky to have her playing on the song I wrote for her!

The tune takes the floor when Jacqueline plays
On the ivories, the black and the white.
The tune is much more than the notes that she plays
As they waltz in the dark of the night.

CHORUS:

Where in the notes on the page do you find
The tug and the pull that brings tears?
Where between fingers and keys are the rhymes
That make us remember the years, oh, the years...

When our feet touch the floor and then seem to fly
As with partners, we balance and swing
We're left wanting more as the last couple sighs
To the tunes Jacqui gives to the breeze.

She plays joy and sorrow with love and with style
And passes on all that she knows.
Made up or borrowed tunes travel for miles,
To dance in our heads and our toes.

NOT HOW YOU FALL

Claudia Schmidt ©2015 Pragmavision Publishing

I woke up early one morning with this country 'hook' in my head and the I just followed it to its logical end. This could be about any number of people I know (including myself!)

You're crying in the corner, you've been there for a while
I wonder just how long it's been since you've offered up a smile
It seems this situation's not exactly what you planned, but
It's not how you fall, it's how you land

We've all fallen countless times, nearly broken clean apart
Walking 'round with tender scars like tattoos on the heart
So when I say these words to you, I mean no reprimand
It's not how you fall, it's how you land

You tumble over, you sink down, you think the bottom's gone
You see the blackness all around, you think you can't go on
But if you reach a hand out, you might be surprised to find
A friend or two might break that fall, and calm your fearful mind

So raise your head and look around, you're not alone, my dear
You sure don't have to be ashamed for whatever brought you here
You'll be fine and strong again once you finally understand
It's not you fall, it's how you land

LOVE, CALL ME HOME

words, music and © 2001 Peggy Seeger

administered by Bucks Music, London UK

I learned this song from Peggy Seeger and was entranced by its beauty and its simplicity. It is featured on Peggy's album of the same name at <http://www.peggyseeger.com/listen-buy/love-call-me-home/love-call-me-home-notes>

When the waters are deep,
Friends carry me over
When I cry in my sleep
Love call me home.

CHORUS:

Time, ferry me down the river,
Friends carry me safely over
Life, tend me on my journey
Love call me home.

When the waters are cold
Friends carry me over
When I'm losing my hold
Love call me home. (chorus)

When I'm weary and cannot swim
Friends carry me over
Open your arms and take me in
Love call me home. (chorus)

Take the gift I bring
Friends carry me over
Deep within me life is singing
Love call me home. (chorus)

Life offers a chance
For friends to carry us over
Time can stop or dance forever
Love call me home. (chorus)

THE COOL OF THE DAY

© 2003 Geordie Music Publishing Co. (Jean Ritchie)

My friend and mentor, Jean Ritchie, passed away in June of 2015, leaving behind her treasure trove of ballads and songs from her own family plus dozens of songs of her own composition. This is one of my favorites, and although it has been recorded many times by others, we sing it here in her honor.

My Lord, he said unto me
Do you like my garden so fair
You may live in this garden if you'll keep the grasses green
And I'll return in the cool of the day

Now is the cool of the day
Now is the cool of the day
This earth is a garden, the garden of my Lord
And he walks in his garden
In the cool of the day

Then my Lord, he said unto me
Do you like my pastures so green
You may live in this garden if you will feed my sheep
And I'll return in the cool of the day

Now is the cool of the day
Now is the cool of the day
This earth is a garden, the garden of my Lord
And he walks in his garden
In the cool of the day

THE COOL OF THE DAY cont.

Then my Lord, he said unto me
Do you like my garden so free
You may live in this garden if you'll keep the people free
And I'll return in the cool of the day

Now is the cool of the day
Now is the cool of the day
This earth is a garden, the garden of my Lord
And he walks in his garden
In the cool of the day

STILL ON THE BRIDGE

Claudia Schmidt ©2015 Pragmavision Publishing

I wrote this on the eve of the 50th anniversary of the march from Selma. .all about voting rights, which are on the conservative chopping block again!

It started out peaceful, just like they planned
600 people walking hand in hand
Two by two they made their way into that bloody fray

CHORUS

We're still on the bridge, 50 years gone by
Still on the bridge, looking hate in the eye
We can't cross the bridge until we turn them around

Silent marchers, Montgomery bound
The right to vote their common ground
Selma behind, what lay ahead would leave three people dead

Onto the Edmund Pettus Bridge
And the angry blue sea at the bottom of the ridge
Old Edmund was a Klansman and here's the shame: the bridge still bears his name

Selma to Montgomery
Can't be measured in miles, you see
But in the courage to stand our ground and turn this hate around

TIMELESS LOVE

Claudia Schmidt ©2014 Pragmavision Publishing

I wrote this for a movie called "His Neighbor Phil", made by Scott Thompson of Our Town Pictures. It's becoming a new wedding song, I am happy to say.

Today I'll take your hand in mine
And make a promise to entwine my life with yours forever and a day
It's always done that way
As long as lovers seek to be together till they cease to be

So let me say so gratefully that here with you is home to me
My dear, I thank the heavens above for sending me this timeless love

Our hands are joined to make a vow
It seems so basic, yet somehow so small against a life of ebb and flow,
Of places yet to know
Our joy and tears will light the way, our trust will turn our night to day

So let me say most gratefully that here with you is home to me
My dear, I thank the heavens above for sending me your timeless love

I will say most gratefully that here with you is home to me
My dear, I thank the stars above still shining on our timeless love

WHO KNOWS WHERE THE TIME GOES

Sandy Denny Irving Music Publishing

A gem of a song I have wanted to learn for years. .to sing it with Sally is perfection. Sometimes you have to live into a song before actually learning it.

Across the evening sky, all the birds are leaving
Ah, how can they know it's time for them to go
Before the winter fire I'll still be dreaming
I do not count the time
Who knows where the time goes? Who knows where the time goes?

Sad deserted shore, your fickle friends are leaving
Ah, but then you know it's time for them to go
But I will still be here, I have no thought of leaving
I do not count the time
Who knows where the time goes? Who knows where the time goes?

And I am not alone while my love is near me
And I know it will be so till it's time to go
So come ye storms of winter and then the birds in spring again
I do not fear the time
Who knows how my love grows? Who knows where the time goes?

QUIET HILLS

Claudia Schmidt ©1994 Pragmavision Publishing

I originally recorded this on It Looks Fine From Here (Red House 1994) but Sally and I enjoy performing it together. Inspired by a weekend at Rowe Conference Center in the Berkshires called "Singing the Joys and Sorrows of Humanity."

There is darkness in these hills, I am not afraid
There is darkness in these hills, I am not afraid
There is darkness in these hills, though some may tremble, I am still
Hope lives in these quiet hills

There is darkness in the land, I seek the taste of hope
There is darkness in the land, I seek the taste of hope
There is darkness in the land with sorrows more than we can stand
Hope lives in these quiet hills

There is darkness in my heart, the taste of hope is sweet
There is darkness in my heart, the taste of hope is sweet
There is darkness in my heart, yet I can feel the healing start
Hope lives in these quiet hills

There is darkness in these hills, I am not afraid
There is darkness in these hills, I am not afraid
There is darkness in these hills, though some may tremble, I am still
Hope lives in these quiet hills
Hope lives in these quiet hills
Hope lives in these quiet hills