**Songs Written In place:**



**a listening and reflection session for**

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

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

**in**

**the historic town of Barkerville, BC**

**Sept 27-29, 2018**



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

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

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

**’39**

words and music by Brian May (Queen), 1975

In the year of thirty-nine assembled here the volunteers  
In the days when lands were few  
Here the ship sailed out into the blue and sunny morn  
The sweetest sight ever seen  
  
And the night followed day  
And the story tellers say  
That the score brave souls inside  
For many a lonely day sailed across the milky seas  
Ne'er looked back, never feared, never cried  
  
Don't you hear my call though you're many years away  
Don't you hear me calling you  
Write your letters in the sand  
For the day I take your hand  
In the land that our grandchildren knew  
  
In the year of thirty-nine came a ship in from the blue  
The volunteers came home that day  
And they bring good news of a world so newly born  
Though their hearts so heavily weigh  
For the earth is old and grey, little darling went away  
But my love this cannot be  
For so many years have gone though I'm older but a year  
Your mother's eyes, from your eyes, cry to me  
  
Don't you hear my call though you're many years away  
Don't you hear me calling you  
Write your letters in the sand for the day I take your hand  
In the land that our grandchildren knew  
  
Don't you hear my call though you're many years away  
Don't you hear me calling you  
All your letters in the sand cannot heal me like your hand  
For my life  
Still ahead  
Pity Me

**Miner’s Lullaby**

Words and music by Trina Chivilo, 2017

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**St. Francis RIP**

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

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

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

I just need a little time and space

Help me cut this mortal coil, Tesla called the game

Help me find serenity and shelter from the shame

I just need a little time and space

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

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

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

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

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

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

I just need a little time and space

Take me to the seaside so I can breathe the air

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

I just need a little time and space

Out past all the anger, dismantled by the pain

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

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

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

**Whirlaway Bailey**

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

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

Those creaky old dance floorboards the secrets they could tell

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Tag…**

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

**Thousands Are Sailing**

The Pogues, 1988, all rights reserved

The island that is silent now  
 But the ghosts still haunt the waves  
 And the torch lights up a famished man  
 Who fortune could not save  
   
Did you work upon the railroad  
 Did you rid the streets of crime  
 Were your dollars from the white house  
 Were they from the five and dime  
   
Did the old songs taunt or cheer you  
 And did they still make you cry  
 Did you count the months and years  
 Or did your teardrops quickly dry  
   
Ah, No, says he 'twas not to be  
 On a coffin ship I came here  
 And I never even got so far  
 That they could change my name  
   
Thousands are sailing  
 Across the Western Ocean  
 To a land of opportunity  
 That some of them will never see  
 Fortune prevailing  
 Across the Western Ocean  
 Their bellies full  
 And their spirits free  
 They'll break the chains of poverty  
 And they'll dance  
   
In Manhattan's desert twilight  
 In the death of afternoon  
 We stepped hand in hand on Broadway  
 Like the first man on the moon  
   
And "The Blackbird" broke the silence  
 As you whistled it so sweet  
 And in Brendan Behan's footsteps  
 I danced up and down the street  
   
Then we said goodnight to Broadway  
 Giving it our best regards  
 Tipped our hats to Mister Cohan  
 Dear old Times Square's favourite bard  
   
Then we raised a glass to J.F.K.  
 And a dozen more besides  
 When I got back to my empty room  
 I suppose I must have cried  
   
Thousands are sailing  
 Again across the ocean  
 Where the hand of opportunity  
 Draws tickets in a lottery  
 Postcards we're mailing  
 Of sky-blue skies and oceans  
 From rooms the daylight never sees  
 Where lights don't glow on Christmas trees  
 But we dance to the music  
 And we dance  
   
Thousands are sailing  
 Across the Western Ocean  
 Where the hand of opportunity  
 Draws tickets in a lottery  
 Where e'er we go, we celebrate  
 The land that makes us refugees  
 From fear of Priests with empty plates  
 From guilt and weeping effigies  
 Now we dance to the music  
 And we dance

**Steal of the Century**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And when you look, tell me what you see?

And when you look, tell me what will be?

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

At the steal of the century… steal of the century

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

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

**Newtown**

words and music by Trina Chivilo on Dec 16, 2012

Everyday I wake up and I hope its just the same

Put on my boots and coat and shuffle down the lane

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

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

At my school

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

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

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

Olivia brought her dancing shoes and then decided to sing

At my school

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

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

**At my school**

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

We start with circle time and I can count to ten

Teacher shows us how to live the golden rule

Do unto others as they do unto you?

At my school

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

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

**At my school**

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

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

And the big kids will push me if I call

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

At my school

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

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

**At my school**



**Pass it Along**

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

This guitar came from a timber, from the body of a tree   
Through the workshop of a luthier, now it's on loan to me   
And it's good company after dinner, and it fits my hands just fine   
But some day another singer with a pair of hands like mine   
Will coax out songs much prettier still hiding in its strings   
And sing stronger, braver words than I could ever sing   
And folks are gonna love it, of this I'm almost sure   
So I'll take good care of it, cause I'm borrowing it from her   
  
Pass it along, pass it along   
May it land in careful hands when we're gone   
You carry it for a moment   
But time won't loan it to you for long   
You don't own it, pass it along   
  
This here is my country, sometimes it's hard to recognize it   
But I count myself lucky, to have been born inside it   
And I'm grateful for the rights others struggled hard to win   
And you can be sure I'm gonna fight when they try to take 'em back again   
Oh, and everywhere are teachers, though some fell along the way   
The words they said still reach us, just like you're teaching me here today   
And you may not speak it loud, but it's clear in what you do   
And I hope to make you proud, because I borrowed it from you   
  
Seems these days we're in a hurry, to grab up all that's left to use   
Putting patents on discovery, making seeds that don't reproduce   
If our vision is so narrow, seeing only bought and sold   
We'll end up like the pharaohs, buried with their gold   
We've all pushed this thing along, we've all been guided by our fear   
But the river sings a song we've gotta be quieter to hear   
It's in every child's face, new and hopeful as a stem   
Best be gentle with this place, cause we're borrowing it from them

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