

Summer Solstice 2024 lyrics pack

June 22, 2024

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Battle Hymn Of The Rationalist Community

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the works of humankind
 We have lifted up whole countries through the labors of the mind
 Faiths and empires rise and crumble, in the end we always find
 The truth is marching on!

Glory, glory hallelujah! Glory, glory hallelujah!
 Glory, glory hallelujah!
 The truth is marching on!

They murdered Archimedes with his circles still undone
 How much loftier now the circles where his children's children run
 They arrested Galileo, but they couldn't arrest the Sun
 The truth is marching on!

Glory, glory hallelujah! Glory, glory hallelujah!
 Glory, glory hallelujah!
 The truth is marching on!

They tore down Alexandria, of libraries the first

And the Mongol hordes razed Baghdad, and its learning was dispersed
 But now there's Wikipedia, so Genghis, do your worst!
 The truth keeps marching on!

Glory, glory hallelujah! Glory, glory hallelujah!
 Glory, glory hallelujah!
 The truth is marching on!

So despite the many setbacks we encounter on our way
 We still believe tomorrow can be brighter than today
 The quest is not forgotten, we continue, come what may
 As truth goes marching on!

Glory, glory hallelujah! Glory, glory hallelujah!
 Glory, glory hallelujah!
 The truth is marching on!

Georgian Song

I will bury the seed of a grape in the warmth of the garden
 And I'll suck at the vine and pluck at the clusters of pearls;
 To my friends, I will open my heart and I'll beg of their pardon -
 For why else am I destined to dwell in this undying world?

Come and gather, my comrades, and join in the banquet before you,
 Tell me straight to my face what you see when my robe is unfurled;
 And my Father in Heaven, forgive me my sins, I implore you -
 For why else am I destined to dwell in this undying world?

All in crimson my darling will dance for me, singing and sighing,
 All my colorless rags will collapse at her feet as she twirls;
 I will listen, enchanted, and know that of love I am dying -
 For why else am I destined to dwell in this undying world?

So when sunset is curled into every corner and found me,

I'll see twisting and tangling, over and over, in swirls
 Blue oxen, white eagles, and flounders of gold all around me -
 For why else am I destined to dwell in this undying world?

Blue oxen, white eagles, and flounders of gold all around me...
 For why else am I destined to dwell in this undying world?

In The Aeroplane Over The Sea

C Am F G

C Am
 What a beautiful face
 F
 I have found in this place
 G
 that is circling all 'round the sun
 C Am
 What a beautiful dream
 F
 that could flash on the screen
 G C
 in a blink of an eye and be gone from me
 Am
 soft and sweet
 F G C Am F G
 Let me hold it close and keep it here with me

C Am
 And one day we will die
 F G
 and our ashes will fly from the aeroplane over the sea
 C Am
 but for now we are young
 F
 Let us lay in the sun
 G C
 and count every beautiful thing we can see
 Am

Love to be
 F G C Am F G
 in the arms of all I'm keepin' here with me

Am F C G
 Am F C G G

C Am F
 What a curious life we have found here tonight
 G

There is music that sounds from the street

C Am
 There are lights in the clouds
 F

Anna's ghost all around

 G C
 Hear her voice as it's rolling and ringing through me
 Am

soft and sweet

 F G C Am F G
 How the notes all bend and reach above the trees

Am F
 Now how I remember you

 C
 How I would push my fingers through
 G

your mouth to make those muscles move

 Am
 that made your voice so smooth and sweet

 F
 But now we keep where we don't know

 C
 All secrets sleep in winter clothes

 G
 with the one you loved so long ago

 Am
 Now he don't even know his name

(Am) F C G

C Am
 What a beautiful face
 F
 I have found in this place
 G
 that is circling all 'round the sun
 C Am
 And when we meet on a cloud
 F
 I'll be laughing out loud
 G C
 I'll be laughing with everyone I see
 Am
 Can't believe
 F G C Am F G C
 how strange it is to be anything at all

The Mary Ellen Carter

Oh, she went down last October in a pouring, driving rain
 The skipper, he'd been drinking, and the mate, he felt no pain
 How close to Three Mile Rock, and she was dealt her mortal blow
 Then the Mary Ellen Carter settled low
 There were just us four aboard her when she finally was awash
 We worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost
 But the groan she made as she went down, it caused us to proclaim
 That the Mary Ellen Carter'd rise again.

Well, the comp'ny wrote her off, not a nickel would they spend
 She gave 20 years of service, boys, and met a sorry end
 But insurance paid the loss to us, said "Let her rest below"
 Then they laughed at us, said we had to go
 But we talked of her all winter, sometimes days around the clock
 She's worth a quarter million afloatin' at the dock
 And with every jar that hit the bar we swore we would remain
 And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

Rise again, rise again!
 That her name not be lost to the knowledge of men
 All those who loved her best and who were with her 'til the end

Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again!

All spring now we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend
 Three dives a day in a hard hat suit and twice I've had the bends
 Thank God it's only 60 feet and the currents here are slow
 Or I'd never have the strength to go below
 So we patched her rents, stopped her vents
 Dogged hatch and porthole down
 Put cables to her fore and aft and girded her around
 Tomorrow noon we'll hit the air and then take up the strain
 And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

Rise again, rise again!
 That her name not be lost to the knowledge of men
 All those who loved her best and who were with her 'til the end
 Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again!

Well, we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale
 She'd saved our lives so many times fightin' through the gale
 And the laughing, drunken rats who led her to a sorry grave
 Well, they won't be laughing in another day
 And to you, for whom adversity has dealt its mortal blow
 With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go
 Turn to and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain
 And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again

Rise again, rise again!
 Though your heart it be broke and your life about to end
 No matter what you lost, be it a home, a love, a friend
 Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again!

Oak and Ash and Thorn

Of all the trees that grow so fair, old England to adorn
 Greater are none beneath the sun than Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
 All on a midsummer's morn
 Surely we'll sing of no little thing

In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

Yew that is old, in churchyard mould, he breedeth a mighty bow
 Alder for shoes do wise men choose, and Beech for cups also
 But when you have killed
 And your bowl it is filled, and your shoes are clean outworn
 Back you must speed for all that you need to Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
 All on a midsummer's morn
 Surely we'll sing of no little thing
 In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn
 Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
 All on a midsummer's morn
 Surely we'll sing of no little thing
 In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

Elm, she hates mankind and waits, 'til every gust be laid
 To drop a limb on the head of him that anyway trusts her shade
 But whether a lad be sober or sad, or mellow with ale from the horn
 He'll take no wrong when he lyeth along 'neath Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
 All on a midsummer's morn
 Surely we'll sing of no little thing
 In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn
 Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
 All on a midsummer's morn
 Surely we'll sing of no little thing
 In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

Oh, do not tell the priest our plight
 For he would call it a sin
 But we've been out in the woods all night, a-conjuring summer in
 We bring you good news by word of mouth, good news for cattle and corn
 Sure as the sun come up from the south, by Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
 All on a midsummer's morn
 Surely we'll sing of no little thing
 In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
 All on a midsummer's morn
 Surely we'll sing of no little thing
 In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
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Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
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 Surely we'll sing of no little thing
 In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

Song Of The Artesian Water

Now the stock have started dying, for the Lord has sent a drought,
 But we're sick of prayers and Providence - we're going to do without,
 With the derricks up above us and the solid earth below,
 We are waiting at the lever for the word to let her go.
 Sinking down, deeper down,
 Oh, we'll sink it deeper down:
 As the drill is plugging downward at a thousand feet of level,
 If the Lord won't send us water, oh, we'll get it from the devil;
 Yes, we'll get it from the devil deeper down.

Now, our engine's built in Glasgow by a very canny Scot,
 And he marked it twenty horse-power, but he didn't know what's what.
 When Canadian Bill is firing with the sun-dried gidgee logs,
 She can equal thirty horses and a score or so of dogs.

Sinking down, deeper down
 Oh, we're going deeper down:
 If we fail to get the water, then it's ruin to the squatter,
 For the drought is on the station and the weather's growing hotter,
 But we're bound to get the water deeper down.

But the shaft has started caving and the sinking's very slow,
 And the yellow rods are bending in the water down below,
 And the tubes are always jamming, and they can't be made to shift
 Till we nearly burst the engine with a forty horse-power lift,
 Sinking down, deeper down,
 Oh, we're going deeper down:
 Though the shaft is always caving, and the tubes are always jamming,
 Yet we'll fight our way to water while the stubborn drill is ramming-
 While the stubborn drill is ramming deeper down.

But there's no artesian water, though we're passed three thousand feet,
 And the contract price is growing, and the boss is nearly beat.
 But it must be down beneath us, and it's down we've got to go.
 Though she's bumping on the solid rock four thousand feet below,
 Sinking down, deeper down,
 Oh, we're going deeper down:
 And it's time they heard us knocking on the roof of Satan's dwellin',
 But we'll get artesian water if we cave the roof of hell in-
 Oh we'll get artesian water deeper down.

But it's hark! the whistle's blowing with a wild, exultant blast,
 And the boys are madly cheering, for they've struck the flow at last:
 And it's rushing up the tubing from four thousand feet below,
 Till it spouts above the casing in a million-gallon flow.
 And it's down, deeper down-
 Oh, it comes from deeper down:
 It is flowing, ever flowing, in a free, unstinted measure
 From the silent hidden places where the old earth hides her treasure-
 Where the old earth hides her treasure deeper down.

And it's clear away the timber and it's let the water run,
 How it glimmers in the shadow, how it flashes in the sun!
 By the silent belts of timber, by the miles of blazing plain
 It is bringing hope and comfort to the thirsty land again.
 Flowing down, further down:

It is flowing further down
To the tortured thirsty cattle, bringing gladness in its going;
Through the droughty days of summer it is flowing, ever flowing-
It is flowing, ever flowing, further down.

Take Me Home, Country Roads

Almost heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, growin' like a breeze

Country roads, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain mama
Take me home, country roads

All my memories gather 'round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye

Country roads, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain mama
Take me home, country roads

I hear her voice in the mornin' hour, she calls me
The radio reminds me of my home far away
Drivin' down the road, I get a feelin'
That I should've been home yesterday, yesterday

Country roads, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain mama
Take me home, country roads

Country roads, take me home
 To the place I belong
 West Virginia, mountain mama
 Take me home, country roads

Take me home, (down) country roads
 Take me home, (down) country roads

Viva la Vida

I used to rule the world
 Seas would rise when I gave the word
 Now in the morning, I sleep alone
 Sweep the streets I used to own

I used to roll the dice
 Feel the fear in my enemy's eyes
 Listen as the crowd would sing
 Now the old King is dead, long live the King
 One minute I held the key
 Next the walls were closed on me
 And I discovered that my castles stand
 Upon pillars of salt and pillars of sand

I hear Jerusalem bells are ringing
 Roman Cavalry choirs are singing
 Be my mirror, my sword, and shield
 My missionaries in a foreign field
 For some reason I can't explain
 Once you'd gone, there was never
 Never an honest word
 And that was when I ruled the world

It was the wicked and wild wind
 Blew down the doors to let me in
 Shattered windows and the sound of drums
 People couldn't believe what I'd become
 Revolutionaries wait

For my head on a silver plate
 Just a puppet on a lonely string
 Aw, who would ever want to be king?

I hear Jerusalem bells are ringing
 Roman Cavalry choirs are singing
 Be my mirror, my sword, and shield
 My missionaries in a foreign field
 For some reason I can't explain
 I know Saint Peter won't call my name
 Never an honest word
 But that was when I ruled the world

[brief instrumental bit]

Oh-oh-woah-oh,
 Oh-oh-woah-oh,
 Oh-oh-woah-oh,
 Oh-oh-woah-oh

I hear Jerusalem bells are ringing
 Roman Cavalry choirs are singing
 Be my mirror, my sword, and shield
 My missionaries in a foreign field
 For some reason I can't explain
 I know Saint Peter won't call my name
 Never an honest word
 But that was when I ruled the world

What A Wonderful World

D F#m G F#m
 I see trees of green, red roses too
 Em D F#7 Bm
 I see them bloom, for me and you
 Bb Em7 A D Bm Em A
 And I think to myself, what a wonderful world

D F#m G F#m

I see skies of blue and clouds of white

Em D F#7 Bm

The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night

Bb Em7 A D

And I think to myself, what a wonderful world

A D

The colours of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky

A D

Are also on the faces of people going by

Bm F#m Bm F#m

I see friends shaking hands saying how do you do

Bm B7 Em D A

They're really saying I love you

D F#m G F#m

I hear babies crying, I watch them grow

Em D F#7 Bm

They'll learn much more than I'll ever know

Bb Em7 A D C7 B7

And I think to myself, what a wonderful world

Gmaj7 Em7 A Bb C D

Yes I think to myself, what a wonderful world