

*We  
Sing  
The Autumn*



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**Deck the Patch***Tune: Deck the Halls*

(1) Deck the patch with orange and black. Fa la la la la, la la la la  
 Take along your goody sack. Fa la la la la, la la la la  
 Don we now our gay apparel. Fa la la la la, la la la la  
 Troll the ancient pumpkin carol. Fa la la la la, la la la la

(2) See the great one rise before us. Fa la la la la, la la la la  
 As we sing the Pumpkin chorus. Fa la la la la, la la la la  
 Follow him as he ascends. Fa la la la la, la la la la  
 Join with true Great Pumpkin friends. Fa la la la la, la la la la.

(3) Deck the halls with boughs of fungus. Fa la la la la, la la la la  
 'Tis the time for fear among us, Fa la la la la, la la la la  
 Don we now our strange apparel, Fa la la la la, la la la la  
 Troll the ancient Hallows carol. Fa la la la la, la la la la

(4) See the goblins rise before us, Fa la la la la, la la la la  
 As we sing the Hallows chorus, Fa la la la la, la la la la  
 Follow them as they ascend, Fa la la la la, la la la la  
 Join with all your spooky friends. Fa la la la la, la la la la

**God Rest Ye Merry Spirits***Tune: God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen**Words (second verse) by: BDan Fairchild*

God rest ye merry spirits, let nothing you dismay.  
 Witches stirring bubbling cauldrons, smelling of decay.  
 To give you all to Satan's po'er, before the break of day.

Oh tidings of horror and fright,  
 Horror and fright!  
 Oh tidings of horror and fright.

God rest ye merry skeletons, let nothing you affright.  
 The spirits and the de-emons are coming out tonight!  
 To frolic in the witching hour, before the morning's light.

Oh omens of e-evil and blood,  
 Evil and blood!  
 Oh o-omens of e-evil and blood.

**Great Pumpkin, Great Pumpkin / Pumpkin Shells**

*Tune: Jingle Bells*

*Words ("pumpkin shells" chorus) by: McKanan Family & Friends*

Great Pumpkin, Great Pumpkin,  
Where the heck are you?  
I've been in my pumpkin patch  
About the whole night through.

Great Pumpkin, Great Pumpkin,  
When you gonna show?  
Come on, Pumpkin, hurry up,  
Please don't be a schmo.

Dashing through the streets, meeting goblins as we go,  
Wearing contour sheets, wishing it would snow.  
Bells in doorways ring, filling you with fright,  
What fun it is to come and sing, and get some food tonight!

Trick or treat! Trick or treat!  
Trick or treat, we say!  
Give us Snickers, Butterfingers,  
Twix, or Milky Way!

Trick or treat! Trick or treat!  
Trick or treat, we say!  
If you don't have treats for us,  
We'll never go away!

Dashing through the streets, in our costumes bright and gay,  
To each house we go, laughing all the way.  
Halloween is here, making spirits bright.  
What fun it is to trick-or-treat, and sing our songs tonight!

Oh! Pumpkin shells, pumpkin shells,  
Filled with pulp and seeds.  
In our pumpkin patch we see  
Some orange amid the weeds.

Pumpkin shells, pumpkin shells,  
Carve a scary face.  
Then we'll make a pumpkin pie  
With cinnamon and mace.

**Good Count Dracula***Tune: Good King Wenceslas**Words by: Dan McKanan*

Good Count Dracula looked out, on All Hallows' Even',  
 He saw blood pulse in the throat of a kid named Steven  
 "My, he'd make a tasty dish, he just makes me drool.  
 I think I'll fulfill my wish when he's done with school."

Steven's lunch at school that day was a hummus platter,  
 And pasta with pesto sauce, just to make him fatter;  
 When the school bell rang out loud, Steve was left alone:  
 His breath drove away the crowd—then he heard a moan.

"Is that Dracula I hear? He will be my death!"  
 The vampire was coming near, 'til he smelled Steve's breath.  
 "Steve will live another night," said Vlad the Impaler,  
 "With garlic I cannot fight. I am such a failure."

**I'm a Little Pumpkin***Tune: I'm a Little Teapot*

I'm a little pumpkin, orange and round.  
 I grew on a vine, right down on the ground.  
 When I get all carved up, then I shout,  
 "Boo! I'm scary, so you better watch out!"

**Spooky Night***Tune: Silent Night*

Spooky night, Halloween night,  
 All is cold, nothing's right.  
 Round yon pumpkin's glowing display,  
 Singing songs to scare you away.  
 Sing in devilish glee-ee.  
 Singing in devilish glee.

**O Come, All Ye Monsters***Tune: O Come, All Ye Faithful*

O come, all ye monsters,  
 Spirits, ghosts, and goblins,  
 Come to the pumpkin patch  
 On Ha-a-lloween.  
 Come and await him,  
 On this night of spookiness.  
 O wait for the Great Pumpkin,  
 O wait for the Great Pumpkin,  
 O wait for the Great Pumpkin,  
 Tri-ick or Treat!

**The Coming of the Gourd***Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic*

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the  
 coming of the Gourd.  
 He has trampled out the vineyards where  
 the hordes of gourds are stored.  
 He is definitely coming now,  
 no one can call Him fraud.  
 His seeds go marching on.

Glory, glory, Great Pumpkin!  
 Glory, glory, Great Pumpkin!  
 Glory, glory, Great Pumpkin!  
 His seeds go marching on.

**Halloween the Ghou-i-ful***Tune: America the Beautiful**Words by: McKanan Family & Friends*

Oh ghou-i-ful for whitened bones,  
 For sticky pools of blood,  
 For maggots and for millipedes  
 That crawl in mildewed mud.

On Halloween, on Halloween,  
 The ghouls come out to play,  
 We'll stay in bed  
 And hide our head,  
 For it's a no bones day!  
 (Until Thanksgiving Day.)

**Ghosties We Have Heard on High**

*Tune: Angels We Have Heard on High*

Ghosties we have heard on high,  
Groaning horribly o'er the plains.  
And the witches in reply,  
Cackling their eerie strains:

Booooooooooooooooooooooooooooo  
On this Hallows Night we cry:  
Booooooooooooooooooooooooooooo  
On this Hallows Night we cry.

Spirits, why this jubilee?  
Why your ghastly tunes prolong?  
What these gruesome tidings be,  
Which inspire your evil song?

Booooooooooooooooooooooooooooo  
On this Hallows Night we cry:  
Booooooooooooooooooooooooooooo  
On this Hallows Night we cry.

**It Came Upon a Midnight Drear**

*Tune: It Came Upon a Midnight Clear*

*Words by: McKanan Family & Friends*

It came upon a midnight drear,  
The gruesomest story told  
Of zombies staggering through the street  
Bedeck't with fungus and mold.  
"Fear Us! Your brains we want to eat,"  
The zombies shrieked with glee.  
"We'll suck them through your nostrils now,  
There is no time to flee!"

***Ghost of Tom****Traditional*

Have you seen the ghost of Tom?  
Long white bones with the skin all gone.  
Ooh-oo-oo-oo!  
Wouldn't it be chilly with no skin on?

***Under the Full Moonlight****(as sung by Libana)*

Under the full moonlight we dance  
Spirits dance, we dance!  
Joining hands we dance!  
Joining souls rejoice!

***Autumn Time****(as sung by Libana)*

Autumn time, red leaves fall  
While the weeping sky looks over all  
Demeter sadly walks the land,  
The dying grasses in her hand

***Fall (The Road is Calling)****John Krumm*

The road is calling as leaves are falling;  
It's back to home, my travels are now done.  
I'll sit by the fire and drink a toast to all of you.  
Farewell. I must be gone.

**Turning the Year***Tune: Gather Us In**Words by: Angela Kessler*

Here in this place, twilight is gleaming.  
 Now is the daylight fading away.  
 Blurring the line 'twixt being and seeming,  
 Painting the world in shades of grey.

Turning the year from summer to winter.  
 Turning the leaves through green, gold, and brown.  
 Turning my gaze from outward to inward.  
 Thoughts like the leaves that come tumbling down.

Maple and oak must sleep for a season.  
 Hosta and fern are fading from view.  
 Frost flowers bloom, with crystalline petals.  
 Green leaves cling staunchly to holly and yew.

Piles of orange, voluptuous pumpkins.  
 Bins of potatoes, cellars of beets.  
 In harvest we reap good things in abundance;  
 Steward them well so the cycle repeats.

The dancers arrive in ribbons so somber,  
 Festively dressed in grey and in black.  
 The beat of a drum propels them to motion,  
 Round and round and forward and back.

Where is Saint George, and where is the doctor?  
 Where is the horse, who's naught but a head?  
 Clear us some room, and we shall assemble,  
 Here with our forebearers, living and dead.

**The Green Man***Words and Tune by: John Thompson*

The Green Man's a traveller, reveller, unraveller  
 Of dreams and of fancies, from first to the last.  
 Older than all men, living in all things.  
 Son, father, and sage, Long live the Green Man!

First light of first morning saw the Green Man there waiting.  
 He saw the creation and joined in the dance.  
 All creatures grew 'round him, he grew with them singing.  
 The first song of all, sing of the Green Man.

Quietly watching and waiting and learning.  
 The storms are his fury, the lightning his laugh.  
 The first leaf of spring, his beauty and glory.  
 His stillness his power, in the trees is his path.

There are fewer trees now, but the man is not sleeping.  
 'Though our ruin brings sorrow to time's oldest heart.  
 In our souls we may find him and remember his wisdom,  
 And rekindle the flame; once again make a start.



**The Green Man***Words by: William Anderson**Arr: Lynn Noel*

Like antlers, like veins of the brain the  
birches  
Mark patterns of mind on the red winter sky;

I am thought of all plants,  
says the Green Man.  
I am thought of all plants, says he.

The hungry birds harry the last berries of  
rowan  
But white is her bark in the darkness of rain.

I rise with the sap. . .

The ashes are clashing their boughs like  
sword-dancers,  
Their black buds do trace a wild face in the  
clouds.

I come with the wind. . .

The alders are rattling as though ready for  
battle,  
Guarding the grove where she waits for her  
lover.

I burn with desire. . .

In and out of the yellowing wands of the  
willow,  
The pollen-bright bees are plundering the  
catkins.

I am honey of love. . .

The hedges of quick are thick with May  
blossom,  
As the dancers advance on the leaf-covered  
King.

It's off with my head. . .

Green Man becomes grown man in flames  
of the oak,  
As its crown forms his mask and its leafage  
his features.

I speak through the oak....

The holly is flowering as hayfields are  
rolling.  
Their gleaming long grasses like waves of  
the sea.

I shine with the sun....

The hazels are rocking the cups of their  
nuts,  
As the harvesters shout when the last sheaf  
is cut.

I swim with the salmon...

The globes of the grapes are robing with  
bloom,  
Like the hazes of autumn, like the Milky  
Way's stardust.

I am crushed for your drink....

The aspen drops silver of leaves on earth's  
salver,  
And the poplars shed gold on the young ivy  
heads.

I have paid for your pleasure....

The reed beds are flanking in silence the  
islands,  
Where meditates Wisdom as she waits and  
waits.

I have kept her secret....

The bark of the elder makes whistles for  
children,  
To call to the deer as they rove over the  
snow.

I am born in the dark...

**Hare Spell***Setting: Faye Hield**from the confessions of Isobel Gowdie*

I shall go into, go into a hare  
With sorrow sigh and with mickle care  
I shall go into, go into a hare  
With sorrow sigh and with mickle care

I go to the Devil in the Devil's name  
And stay till I come home again  
I go to the Devil in the Devil's name  
And stay till I come home again

I shall go into, go into a crow  
With sorrow sigh and the blackest throw  
I shall go into, go into a crow  
With sorrow sigh and the blackest throw

I shall go into, go into a cat  
With sorrow sigh and a jet black shot  
I shall go into, go into a cat  
With sorrow sigh and a jet black shot

***I Want to Be Down in the Valley***

*By: Saro Lynch-Thomason Sarosings.com*

I want to be down in that valley  
 By that stream all framed in jewelweed  
 And the cottonwood, proudmasted  
 Swaying gently overhead  
 Oh, the lilies and the asters  
 And the goldenrod in glory  
 It's the holiest of places that I have ever  
 tread

Let me lay down in the valley  
 In the early days of autumn  
 Let me lay down in the valley  
 With its furrows and its farms  
 If I whispered thanks one thousand  
 times  
 I could not make you more holy  
 A berth of so much beauty  
 Woven with ten-thousand charms

Oh I want to feel the textures  
 Of these neighbors and companions  
 To be curling in their petals  
 To be twining in their strands  
 I want to dive like some kingfisher  
 Through the dappled light around me  
 Bathe in its warmth and sweetness  
 Feel its coolness in my hands.

I have often heard it spoken  
 That this world is just a foil  
 For a greater glory elsewhere  
 For a glory yet unseen  
 I don't think I need that glory  
 I don't need its power to blind me  
 When the beauty of the valley  
 Can bring me endless ease

***Final chorus:***

If I whispered thanks one thousand  
 times,  
 I could not make you more holy  
 I can only ask the blessing  
 to be nested in your arms

***Katie Cruel***

*Unknown, American*

When I first came to town,  
 They called me the roving jewel;  
 Now they've changed their tune,  
 They call me Katie Cruel,  
 Oh, the diddle'ol day  
 Oh, the diddle'ol di do day

Oh that I was where I would be,  
 Then I would be where I am not,  
 Here I am where I must be,  
 Where I would be I cannot  
 Oh, the diddle'ol day  
 Oh, the diddle'ol di do day

When I first came to town,  
 They brought me the bottles plenty;  
 Now they've changed their tune,  
 They bring me the bottles empty  
 oh the diddle'ol...

I know who I love,  
 And I know who does love me;  
 I know where I'm going,  
 And I know who'll go with me...

Through the woods I go,  
 And through the boggy mire,  
 Straightway down the road,  
 Till I meet with my heart's desire...

Eyes as bright as coal,  
 Lips as bright as cherry,  
 and 'tis her delight  
 To make the young girls merry...

**The Magpie***As sung by: The Unthanks*

One's for sorrow  
 Two's for joy  
 Three's for a girl and  
 Four's for a boy  
 Five's for silver  
 Six for gold  
 Seven's for a secret never told  
 Devil, devil, I defy thee (x3)

Oh the magpie brings us tidings  
 Of news both fair and foul  
 She's more cunning than the raven  
 More wise than any owl  
 For she brings us news of the harvest  
 Of the barley, wheat, and corn  
 And she knows when we'll go to our graves  
 And how we shall be born.

She brings us joy when from the right  
 Grief when from the left  
 Of all the news that's in the air  
 We know to trust her best  
 For she sees us at our labor  
 And she mocks us at our work  
 And she steals the eggs from out of the nest  
 And she can mob the hawk

Now, the priest he says we're wicked  
 But to worship the devil's bird  
 Ah but we respect the old ways  
 And we disregard his word  
 For we know they rest uneasy  
 As we slumber in the night  
 And we'll always leave out a little bit of meat  
 For the bird that's black and white

**Big Black Bird***By: Alex Sturbaum Alexsturbaum.com*

Big black bird come round my door  
 in the morning, in the morning, boys  
 Big black bird come round my door  
 in the morning, boys  
 Big black bird come round my door  
 Just like he done the day before  
 Said "best get ready, there's a big change  
 coming  
 in the morning"

What news, what news you brought to me  
 (in the morning...)  
 While I've been sailing o'er the sea  
 What have you seen while winging free

Asked him had he seen my girl  
 "No, sir, though I've been o'er this world  
 She's gone, long gone, and she ain't a-coming  
 back"

Asked him had he seen my town  
 "yes, sir, yes, I watched it drown  
 The sea come up and it all come down"

Asked him had he seen my land  
 "Yes, sir, there's fire from sea to strand  
 And it's in the grips of a poison man"

How can you speak these words so free  
 When each one tears my heart from me  
 "why should I care for that?" said he

"Big storm a-coming & there's nowhere to go  
 The rent's too high and the money's too low  
 It's coming fast and you change too slow"

"You're long on blame and short on time  
 But me and mine, we'll do just fine  
 We'll pick your bones and eat your eyes"

Big black bird come round my door  
 Just like he done the day before  
 Says best get ready, there's a big change  
 coming in the morning

**By The Door**

*By: Alex Sturbaum Alexsturbaum.com*

Sam and I knew by October that the hard times were in store  
We'd had such a sorry harvest and the baby newly born  
The winter came in screaming far too bitter and too soon  
The first storm took a yearling, the second might spell doom

The neighbors gave all that they could, but they hadn't much to spare  
We were never free from hunger, we were never free from fear  
It got cold, and it got colder, trees would shatter from inside  
But the night the wind brought voices was the only night that we cried

*We all have heard the stories that the old-timers tell  
Never eat the food they give you and beware the sound of bells  
And you must never make a bargain, thus we've all been warned before  
But I hear the baby crying and my cloak hangs by the door*

We hung on through December, but outside the snow grew deep  
And the quiet words of winter whispered ever in my sleep  
Sam pretended not to hear them and I tried to do the same  
But they promised our salvation and asked nothing but my name

On a silent winter's evening in this lonely churchyard ground  
Twelve times over through the snowfall I can hear the old bell sound  
And I shiver for a moment and my voice sounds weak and frail  
As I say to what might hear me: "I have come to make a deal."

**Dust to Dust  
(The Gravedigger's Song)**

*By: John Kirkpatrick, abridged*

Digging graves is my delight,  
Digging graves for you to lie in.  
Digging graves from morn' till night,  
I makes me living from the dying.  
Digging graves the whole day long,  
And as I dig I sing this song  
To anybody that comes along,  
Dust to dust and ashes to ashes,  
And so I sing my song.

Death come early, death come late,  
It takes us all, there is no reason.  
For every purpose under heaven,  
To each a turn, to each a season.  
A time to weep and a time to sigh,  
A time to laugh and a time to cry,  
A time to be born and a time to die.

You might be dancing in the street,  
You might be gay, you might be grieving.  
You might be singing a song so sweet  
But you'll not cheat death, there's no  
deceiving.  
In the street or in the hall,  
Whether you skip or whether you crawl,  
Death could come any time at all.

**Urge for Going***By: Joni Mitchell*

I awoke today and found  
 the frost perched on the town  
 It hovered in a frozen sky  
 then it gobbled summer down  
 When the sun turns traitor cold  
 and all the trees are shivering in a naked  
 row...

I get the urge for going  
 But I never seem to go

I get the urge for going  
 When the meadow grass is turning  
 brown  
 And summertime is falling down and  
 winter is closing in

I had a man in summertime  
 He had summer-colored skin  
 And not another girl in town  
 My darling's heart could win  
 But when the leaves fell on the ground  
 And bully winds came around  
 and pushed them face down in the snow

He got the urge for going  
 And I had to let him go

He got the urge for going...

Now the warriors of winter give a cold  
 triumphant shout  
 And all that stays is dying all that lives is  
 gettin' out  
 See the geese in chevron flight  
 Flapping and racing on before the snow

They've got the urge for going  
 And they've got the wings to go

They get the urge for going...

I'll ply the fire with kindling now  
 I'll pull the blankets up to my chin  
 I'll lock the vagrant winter out  
 And I'll bolt my wandering in  
 I'd like to call back summertime  
 And have her stay for just another month or  
 so

But she's got the urge for going  
 So I guess she'll have to go

She gets the urge for going...

And I get the urge for going...

**I Go Like the Raven***By: Dave Carter*

Woodpecker woman, chip away, whittle  
 Carve my name in a hick'ry fiddle  
 Dance all night, dream just a little  
 I go like the raven

Down in the meadow, deep in the holler  
 Bullfrog sing to the bug-eyed crawler  
 Slide to the rake, hop to the caller  
 Reel with the willow wavin'

Shine the merlin moonbeam eye  
 Set my dancin' feet to fly  
 O'er the dark and dervish sky  
 I go like the raven

Long time ago I had me a feller  
 Three-cocked hat and a coat o' yeller  
 Locked me down in a sawdust cellar  
 Fed me beans and bacon

Through the doorway he did enter  
 Played him coy, played him tender  
 Played him slumber through the winter  
 Gone when the birds awakened

(Refrain)

When they hear my bowstrings tightnin'  
 Angels gay, devils frightnin'  
 C'mon fire and midnight lightnin'  
 To the garden gancy

Hail the wayward werewolf howlin'  
 Haints and shades and goblins growlin'  
 Fiends and demon deevs a-prowlin'  
 When I break and fancy

(Refrain)

Now all you blackbirds, plain or pretty  
 Hear my words for rede or witty  
 Keep the greenwood, shun the city  
 And her dandies craven

**The Unquiet Grave***Words: Traditional**Tune: Diverus and Lazarus/Star of the County Down*

Cold blows the wind to my true love  
and gently falls the rain  
I never had but one true love  
and in greenwood he lies slain

I'll do as much for my true love  
as any young girl may  
I'll sit and mourn all on his grave  
for twelvemonths and a day

When twelvemonths and a day was past  
the ghost did rise and speak  
Why sit you here upon my grave  
and will not let me sleep

go fetch me water from the desert  
and blood from out the stone  
go fetch me milk from a fair maid's breast  
that young man never has known

my breast is cold as clay, dear love  
my breath is earthly strong  
and if you kiss my cold clay lips  
your days they won't be long

how oft on yonder grave sweetheart  
where we were wont to walk  
the fairest flower that e'er I saw  
has withered to a stalk

When will we meet again, sweetheart  
when will we meet again  
when the autumn leaves that fall from the  
trees  
are green and spring again

**Old Churchyard***As sung by: The Waterson/Carthy**Learned from: Almeda Riddle*

Come, come with me out to the old churchyard,  
I so well know those paths 'neath the soft green sward.  
Friends slumber in there that we want to regard;  
We will trace out the names in the old churchyard.

Mourn not for them, their trials are o'er,  
And why weep for those who will weep no more?  
For sweet is that sleep, though cold and hard  
Their pillows may be in the old churchyard.

I know that it's vain when our friends depart  
To breathe kind words to a broken heart;  
And I know that the joy of life is marred  
When we follow those friends to the old churchyard.

But were I at rest 'neath yonder tree,  
Oh, why would you weep, my friends, for me?  
I'm so weary, so wayworn, why would you retard  
The peace I seek in the old churchyard?

Why weep for me, for I'm anxious to go  
To that haven of rest where no tears ever flow;  
And I fear not to enter that dark lonely tomb  
Where our saviour has lain an' he conquered the gloom.

I rest in the hope that one bright day  
Sunshine will burst through these prisons of clay,  
And old Gabriel's trumpet and the voice of the Lord  
Will wake up the dead in the old churchyard.