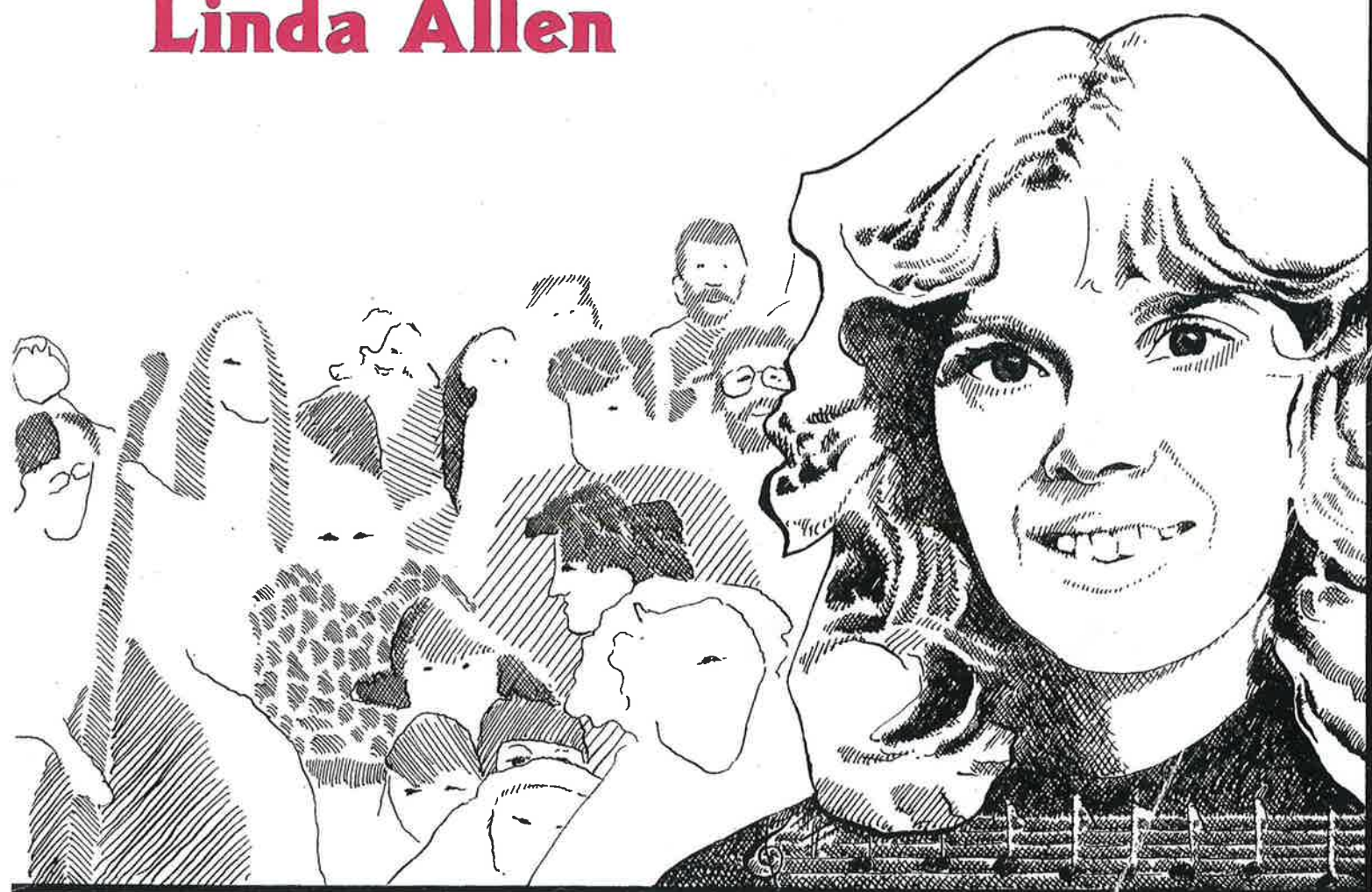


Why Don't You Sing In The Chorus?

The Songs of

Linda Allen



Why Don't You Sing In The Chorus?

The Songs of
Linda Allen

Songs transcribed by
Julian Smedley

Illustrations ©1986 by
Rebecca Meloy

First edition

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Bellingham, WA 98225
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Foreward

*This songbook contains songs from my albums, **Mama Wanted To Be a Rainbow Dancer** and **October Roses**, along with newer songs not yet recorded.*

The songs represent fifteen years of stories: stories of people I've known or imagined, stories of myself and my own journeys. Some of the songs are angry, some full of struggle. Yet I hope that what comes through is a sense of compassion for our own fragile humanity and wonder in our ability to survive.

Above all, I'd like these songs to be useful. I'd like to think that the singing of them will bring courage, visions, new understandings, a few tears, and a sense of joyful community.

Carry it on —

Linda Allen

May, 1986

Acknowledgments

Some special people helped bring this collection to life. My warmest thanks to:

- Rebecca Meloy, friend and ally, for the wonderful illustrations, layout help and support.
- Julian Smedley, producer and arranger for my first two albums, teacher and friend, for his beautiful transcriptions of the songs.
- The folks at "Printing For You" and Just Your Type in Bellingham, who patiently bring form to my visions.
- Jeanne and Bruce Nordhausen, Iva Grover, Katrina Jarman, and the many friends who keep me keepin' on.
- My daughters, Jennifer and Kristin, who inspire and continually delight me, for their love and support.

Discography and Publications

October Roses (1984)

Mama Wanted To Be A Rainbow Dancer (1984)

Available from Nexus Records, P.O. Box 5881, Bellingham, WA 98227. Send for brochure describing these albums and cassettes, as well as the recordings of other Nexus artists: Geof Morgan, The Righteous Mothers, and Motherlode.

The Rainy Day Songbook Linda Allen, ed. (Whatcom Museum, Bellingham: 1978). Songbook and cassette available. Thirty songs, old and new, about the Pacific Northwest. Write Rainbow Dancer Productions, 2224 Utter Street, Bellingham, WA 98225. Linda is currently working on a new collection for the Washington Centennial Commission.

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Why Don't You Sing In The Chorus?

WORDS AND MUSIC © LINDA ALLEN 1984

1. WHEN I WAS EIGHT— IN — ROOSE-VELT E - LE - MEN-TA-RY IN THE SCHOOL CHRIST-MAS PAG - - EANT I LONGED — TO BE MA - - RY BUT

SU - - SAN WAS PICKED SU - - SAN WAS PRE-TTY — ALL THE BOYS CHASED SU - - SAN — I HA - - TED SU - - SAN THEN THE

TEA - CHER SAID NE - VER MIND DEAR — — — — — THERES A PLACE JUST FOR YOU NE - VER FEAR — — — — —

WHY DONT YOU SING IN THE CHO - - RUS — — — — — THERES STILL LOTS OF — ROOM IN THE CHOR - - US — — — — — YOU MAY

NOT BE A STAR — BUT SING WHERE YOU ARE — — — — — YOU'LL FIND LOTS OF FRIENDS IN THE CHOR - - - - US — — — — —

2. THEN I WAS TWELVE IN NORTH JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

IN THE CLASS TALENT SHOW I THOUGHT IT'D BE COOL
 TO BE CHOSEN TO SOLO BUT I FELT LIKE A FOOL WHEN THAT
 AWFUL MR. JOHNSON ~ I HATED MR. JOHNSON
 SNEERED AT ME ~ LAUGHED AT MY SONG
 AND HE SAID, IN THE CHORUS IS WHERE YOU BELONG

CHORUS

3. THEN I WAS EIGHTEEN AND IN UNIVERSITY
 AND I THOUGHT THAT AN ACTRESS WAS WHAT I COULD BE
 SO I TRIED OUT FOR MUSICALS, IT WAS SO CLEAR TO ME
 THAT I SURELY HAD TALENT ~ DIDN'T THEY KNOW TALENT?
 THEN AT AUDITIONS I'D WISH I WAS DEAD
 WHEN THE MUSIC DIRECTOR SMILED AND NODDED, AND SAID

CHORUS

4. WELL, IT'S BEEN MANY YEARS SINCE ROOSEVELT ELEMENTARY
 AND ALL OF THE WISHES OF WHAT I COULD BE
 I WAS AWKWARD AND SHY, AND I WASN'T SO PRETTY
 BUT I LEARNED HOW TO SING WITH THE CHORUS AROUND ME
 AND THE FRIENDSHIPS AND SWEET HARMONIES
 HELPED ME TO BE WHAT I WANTED TO BE ~ SO ~

CHORUS

Sally's Quiche

Words & Music © LINDA ALLEN 1984

3/4

C F G/B C F C (open)

1. I
2. Sal-ly
3. And

first tried Sal-ly's re-ci-pe a said it few years a-go When my
brought me the re-ci-pe & had served her well In
Sal-ly brought wis-dom & com- fort & care And the

ba-by was new-born, I felt kind of low Sal-ly
rai-sing her child- ren for the years by her-self It
re-ci-pe brings back the friend ship we share Its an

came with a smile & that's im- por- tant, she quiche I
did-nt take long, & our fore- moth- ers knew When your
age old tra- di- tion

won- der if she e- ver knew what joy that brought me
child- dren are cry- ing & need pass it to fed
grate- ful re- mem- ber- ance, I

Chorus C

Two cups of milk & two

G/B C C/E Dm

cups gra- ted cheese Four pats of butt-er a

G/B C C/E F

half cup Krust- eaz™ Four eggs & some spi- nach

G C C/E D^m
 spi ~ ces to please Bake for ~ ty five mi ~ nutes three
 G/B C F G/B
 fif ~ ty de ~ grees



October Roses

WORDS & MUSIC © LINDA ALLEN 1984

Chords: B^b $B^b \text{ sus } 4$ B^b $B^b \text{ sus } 4$ B^b $B^b \text{ sus } 4$

1. YOU - SAY - YOU ARE - SO - RRY FOR THE YOUTH THAT YOU LACK - FOR THE
2. AS A - MAID - YOU WERE - LOVE - LY, YOUR - CHEEKS BLOOMED SO - RED - AND YOU
3. NOW - YOU'RE GROWING - OLD - ER SOME - TIMES - YOU - FEEL - DONE - BUT YOU

Chords: B^b F B^b $B^b 7$ E^b

SAG OF YOUR BREASTS FOR THE BEND IN YOUR BACK - FOR YOUR HAIR - TURN - ING GREY AND THE TEARS THAT NOW FLOW FOR THE
 GAVE YOUR HEART FREE - LY - TOO FREE - LY, YOU SAID - AS A WO - MAN - FULL - GROWN YOU KNEW PASS - ION AND STRIFE AND A
 STRONG ROOTS STILL GUIDE YOU - YOU'LL STILL FIND THE SUN - FOR YOU BLOSS - OM - WITH - WIS - DOM AND COUR - AGE AND CARE - YOU'RE THE

Chords: B^b F B^b $B^b \text{ sus } 4$ B^b

CHORUS

CHOI - CES YOU MADE SUCH A LONG TIME A - GO - SPRING RO - SES ARE - LOVE - LY THEY MAKE - MY - HEART
 GENT - LE - HEART TORN WITH THE THORNS OF YOUR LIFE -
 FAIR - EST OF RO - SES - THAT BLOOM AN - Y - WHERE -

Chords: $B^b \text{ sus } 4$ B^b F B^b $B^b 7$ E^b

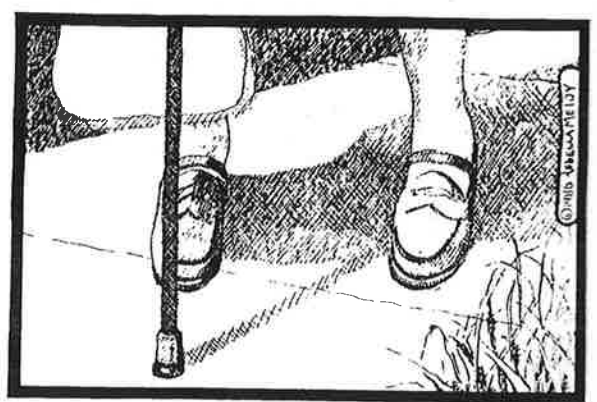
SING - AND IN SU - MMER THE - RO - SES SWEET ME - NO - RIES BRING - BUT I - MOST NEED THE - ROSE - WHEN THE BIT - TER WINDS

Chords: E^b B^b B^b F F B^b B^b F

CALL - OCT - O - BER RO - SES - ARE THE FAIR - EST OF ALL - OCT - O - BER RO - SES - ARE THE FAIR - EST OF

1st 2nd B^b $B^b \text{ sus } 4$ 3rd B^b

- ALL - ALL



If Hope Is A Flower

Words & music © Linda Allen 1984

The musical score is written for guitar in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It features a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing. Chord symbols (E, A, B7) are placed above the staff at various points. The score is divided into a verse and a chorus. The verse consists of 12 lines of music, and the chorus consists of 4 lines. The lyrics are as follows:

verse
 1. She sits in the dark - her mind on a friend A
 2. She's for-ty two now, but she feels so much old ~ er - She's
 kind, gent ~ le lo ~ ver - Lord she's dream-in' a ~ gain - And her
 raised up three child-ren, no help from a man - And some-
 mind tries to warn- her - with mem ~ ories of fail ~ ure While her
 times there were lo ~ vers, - one af ~ ter a ~ no ~ ther But the
 heart sits there laugh ~ in' - then floats in the wind
 bread on her tab ~ le al ~ ways came from her hand - (to chorus) -
 (hand) - Im old ~ ~ er now - and I should be much
 wi ~ ser But some ~ times the heart has to take its own -
 time to learn what life taught me - through heart ~ ache &
 sor ~ row How the heart finds its rea ~ sons & makes its own rhyme -

3. When she was young - she lived in a dream
 Full of cow boys & princes & elegant schemes
 To be wed to a doctor or a government man
 A home for the children, - a helping hand

4. But the doctor she met was a drunk on the skids
 And the government worker tried to beat up the kids
 So she gave up the dream, & she looked deep inside
 And she found her own courage, - she found her own pride
 (CHORUS)

5. And her memories linger as she thinks of her life
 And the soft lines of living shadow her eyes
 But if hope is a flower, then heartache's the dew
 And a heart that is strong can encircle the two.

I'm A Mother, I'm A Writer

words & music
© Linda Allen 1984

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a guitar accompaniment with chords E, A, B7, and D. The lyrics are as follows:

Verse 1
 I sit here in the stillness & my
 thoughts are all of you, And I won-der and I wor-ry so as
 much keeps crowd-ing in And my life's a book with torn out so as
 tear my heart in two And the rage comes spill-ing out & sha-llows
 mo-thes of-ten do Oh dear ones how I need-ed all these
 scatt-ered by the wind I love you both so dear-ly, and I've
 ev-ery-thing we do. And it's then I need your love, but I need

Chorus
 days to be a- lone but comes the eve-ning here I am-
 ne- ver had re- grets. but oth- er voi- ces be- ckon I'm a-
 most to be a- lone To take some time, - a glass of wine then
 reach-ing for the phone And it seems that eve-ry
 fraid I might for- get
 ma- ma's co- min home

pleas-ure has- its cost And what I try so
 hard to find is lost Still I must seek these lo-
 nely times to find a part of me- then I'll- be home Your
 ma- ma's co- min home

Jennifer's Lullabye

words & music © Linda Allen 1982

CHORUS. *v.1* Sleep ~ py bye, LU ~ lla ~ by
(v.2.) Sunn ~ y to skies, Storm & by
bring to you the sea gulls cry. I

Mum Make my's tired high, so hush a bye. I
bring us to you the wind make pass ~ us ing won ~ der I

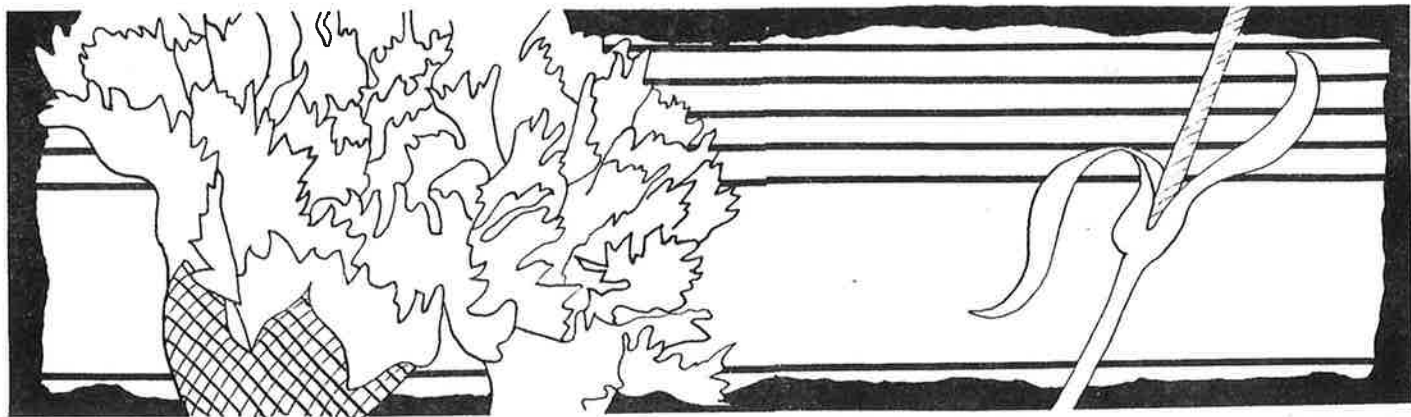
love Close you more eyes, than I can say.
love love you you more eyes, more than Dream words can a rain ~ bow,
C C/G C say. last x to CODA ⊕

Thank ~ Hear you for wind, a ~ no ther day.
Thank ~ Hear the you for wind, a ~ Feel the tide
CODA ⊕ F G^m F G^m NO ~ ther day. *Flow. (CHORUS) v.2. I.*

Ooh

Ooh

Ooh



Carnation: Motherlove

Adopt Me!

WORDS & MUSIC © LINDA ALLEN '85

1 I am a doll, I'm clean and white, and I'd love to come home with you to---night, my head is stuffed, & I'm not ve--ry smart, but I'm guar-ant--eed to win your heart, A--dopt me----- a--dopt me-----

2 I am a doll but I do need care,
you can't put me down just anywhere
you must buy me a bed and a new high chair
dishes and a buggy and clothes to wear
Adopt me, adopt me.

3 I am a doll but I might get sick
but a trip to dolly hospital will get me fixed
and I might get bored if there's nothing to do,
but there's a dolly summer camp to send me to
Adopt me, adopt me.

4 I am a child I'm black and poor
and I'm not very clean or pretty anymore
my body is sick and I can feel
and when I cry my tears are real
Adopt me, adopt me

5 No hospitals, no schools for me,
and there is nothing for me to eat.
and I don't need a buggy all pink and red,
but I'd sure like to sleep in my own bed,
Adopt me, adopt me.

6 I am a child in a far-away land,
and there are things that I don't understand
how people can fight to adopt a doll,
and never think of me at all
Oh, the money that is spent and the pockets that are lined,
while malnutrition leaves us blind,
so when you go shopping for your cabbage-patch kid,
think of me ~ for I'll be dead.

Peace Is The Feeling

WORDS & MUSIC © LINDA ALLEN '85

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 4/4 time. It features a key signature of one flat (F major/D minor). The melody is accompanied by a bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined. Chord symbols (C, F, G) are placed above the staff at various points. The score is divided into two systems, with the first system starting with a '1' in the left margin.

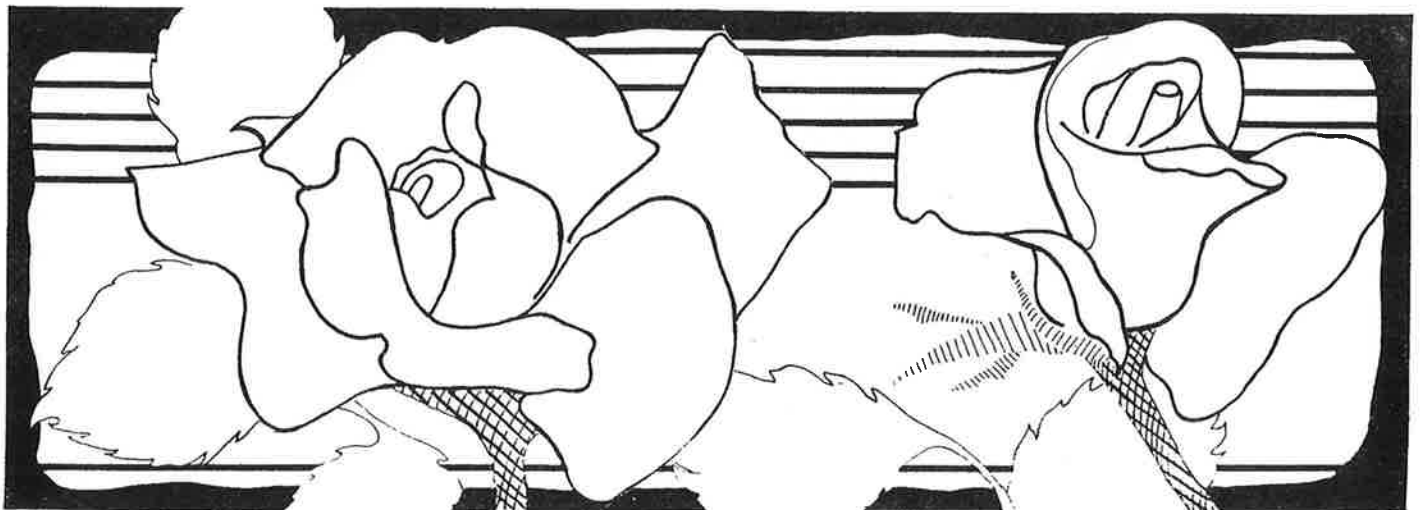
1 Peace is the feel-ing — you have — when you're hugged — then you turn —
 and hug — some-one and the feel-ing — is — love, — When the
 whole-world is hugg-ing, — oh, — won't — that be — fine — there'll be —
 peace for all hu--man kind

2 Peace is the feeling you have when you share
 tho' it's hard letting go, there's so much we can spare,
 When the whole world is sharing, oh, won't that be fine
 there'll be peace for all human-kind.

3 Peace is the feeling you have when you care
 about strangers in trouble, about people everywhere,
 When the whole world is caring, oh, won't that be fine,
 there'll be peace for all humankind.

4 Peace is the feeling when you learn not to hit,
 tho' it's hard when you're angry to use words instead
 When the whole world stops hitting, oh, won't that be fine
 there'll be peace for all humankind.

5 Peace is the quiet you feel deep inside
 it's the small voice you hear that says everything's all right
 When the whole world is quiet, oh, won't that be fine,
 there'll be peace for all humankind.



On Hunger

words & music © Linda Allen 1982

Verse A E/G# F#m A D D/A D /

1. I'm up in the mor-nin' the ba~ by is cry-in' for milk I
 3. I stand in our gar-den I feel the good earth through my toes. Didnt

nurse her & then take the ba~ by food down from the shelf. I
 get to the bears & they're rott~ ing but that's how it goes No

no~ tice the brand meant to boy-cott that one, but the ba by is hun-gry, guess the da~ mage is done &
 time to make lunch-too cra~zy a day I pick up some burgers get the kids on the way &

Chorus / F#m /

Oh what a hard thing is life
 Oh what a hard thing is life 4. South A~

2. Af~ ri-can mo-ther she rocks the small babe in her arms. The ba-
 me~ ri-can mo-ther she works in her gar~ den a~ lone. She takes

~ by wont wa-ken, she knows that a~ no-ther child's gone The nurse
 ~ what she can for to~ mo~ row shell have to move on Her



gave her pills so the milk would not flow, but for-mu-la mo-ney ran out— long a-go— And
 gar-dens been sold to a big cattle ranch for A-me-ri-can Ham-bur-gers' North west em-branch &

Oh ——— how pre-cious is life ———
 Oh ——— how fra-gile is life ———

And oh ——— what a hard thing is life ———

5. The house seems too small when the children are noisy, like this.
 Big house in the country, room just to run would be bliss.
 But for now I'll fix supper, don't waste any girls,
 Remember the hungry young ones of the world

ch. And Oh what a hard thing is life.

6. Refugee mother she sits on the dirt that's her floor.
 And eight thousand more people live just outside her back door.
 Her daughters are silent strange silences to bear,
 Their round little bellies, their hollow-eyed stare

ch. And Oh how cruel is life, and Oh what a hard thing is life

Kiana Wedding: 1985

Words & music © Linda Allen 1985.

Tuning: D A D⁶ B E

1. Love is a sha-dow in the night— Some-times
 2. Love is a sha-dow in the night— It is a

grey & some-times white, it is a burn- ing, It's a light that will not
 pas- sion burn- ing bright, it will not fade into— the light, It will not

leave you— It's a bur- den, it's a friend, It is a
 harm you— So be you lo- vers, be you friends, It is a

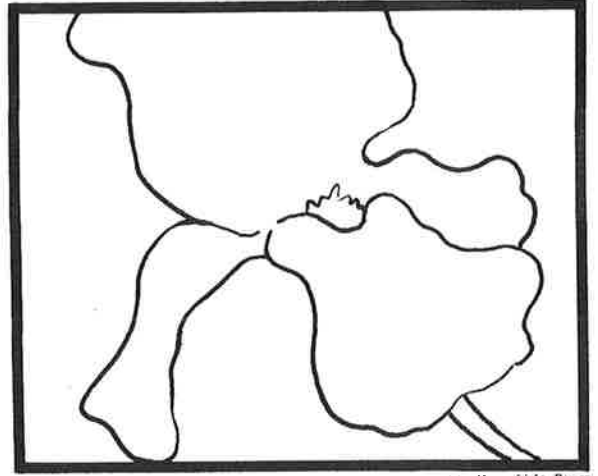
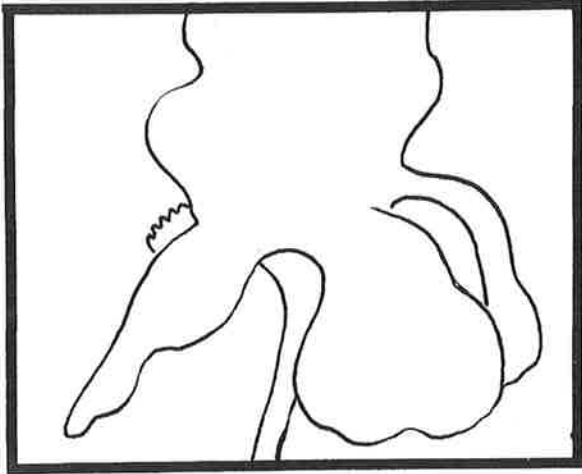
jour-ney with-out end And as the ri- tu- al be-gins— we will re-mem-
 so- ng that ne- ver ends The ce- le- bra- tion now be-gins We will re- mem-

ber— In ev- ery heart there is a
 ber—

space Where we re- mem- ber— ev- ery face— Of ev- ery love— we've ev- er known

Chords: D, C^{add9}, G/B, A

Markings: FINE, 7



Iris: Hope, Light, Power

Our me-mories bind us And as we ga ~ ther in this plac

We are a wit ~ ness to the Grace of love of fa ~ mi ~ ly, & friend

Our hearts re-mind us La-la ~ la La ~

la ~ la ~ la ~ la La ~

la ~ la ~ la la-la-la La.

Da Capo al FINE

The musical score consists of five staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (D, G/B, A, C add9) are placed above the staff lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'Da Capo al FINE'.

Just Friends

Words & Music © Linda Allen 1984

1. We were such good friends ————— How we smiled the day — a — way shared Al — lies through the
 2. Con-ver-sa-tions ————— All the se-crets that we shared through the

to the end good times and the bad — times but some-thing changed to-day — there for I I just —
 You were al-ways there for Now I just —

looked in — your face so — fam- i — liar and so dear — and I
 Smile a quick hel-lo so — a — fraid some how you'll know — then I

had to turn a — way be — fore my — heart — gave — me — a —
 turn and won-der can we e- ver my be — just — friends — a —

way gain — for we are are Just — friends and that his
 for for we are are Just — friends and I can't

been let a gift to — me show — we are are just — friends and that is
 let these fee- lings G show — we are are F just — friends and that still is

all that for we can be know — but what my — heart — wants to dance — wants to fly —
 A7 long that for you to know — but what my heart heart cant de-ny why I'm sud —

and take a chance — and see what — Just — friends good — can
 den-ly so shy If we are are Just — friends good — can

mean friends — Last time at CODA

We were such — good — friends — how we — smiled — the —
 day — a — way —

Workin' It Out

WORDS & MUSIC © LINDA ALLEN 1981

Slow Ballad

C G^{7#5} C G^{7#5} C G^{7#5} C G⁷

We're wor-kin' it

C G⁷ C F^{#7} F F^{m7} B^b

1. out through the sad times the tears — and the doubts — — — — Through the bad times we
 2. out try - in' hard to be friends — a - gain — — — — Wond-er-in' when all the
 3. out just a start-but we're feelin' a - gain — — — — This old hearts on the (cod)

* CODA C A^m A^{b7} G⁷ C A^m D^{m7} G⁷

both — wan-ted out — but now — we're wor-kin' it out — — — — We're work-in' it
 hard times will end — but then — we're wor-kin' it — (2nd ending)

2. C A^m A^{b7} C⁷ G^m C⁷ G^{m7} C⁷ F^{#7}

out All the times when you need me too much — — — — All the times — when I

F^Δ A^{m7b5} B⁷ E^m B^{sus4} B⁷ E^m D^m

turn from your touch — — — — lone-ly times — — — — when I'm go - - in' no - where — — — — Then I turn — — — — and you're

G⁷ G^{7#5} D⁷ al CODA

there — — — — you care — — — — So we're wor-kin' it

* CODA C A^m A^{b7} G⁷ C A^m A^{b7} G^{7#5}

mend — — — — a - gain, So now — — — — we're wor kin' it out — — — — we're wor-kin' it

C A^m A^{b7} G^{7#5} C

out — — — — we're wor-kin- it out — — — —

Here's To The Women!

words & music © Linda Allen 1982

A 2
 1. Hist - ory books give us Hist - or i - cal
 wil - der - ness held you in the palm of her
 down at the fac - tory, its out on the
 2. The
 3. It's

facts hand line Of sol - diers & sail - ors & men with their
 It took more than is mus - cle to set - tle this
 A wo - man work - ing from morn - ing 'till

a - xes land night Out who filled their bel - lies, & who washed their
 Her mind on the chil - dren, her set straight to the
 A

clothes? Who raised up their chil - dren, who nur - tured their
 task frame If the schools & li - in bra - ries; a - ct - ty at —
 A If the kids get in trou - ble it's she who is —

souls? last blamed. **Chorus** With ~

out all the wo - men now where would we be?—



Work~ing and car~ing throughout hist~or~y Their
 hands on the plow but their sto~ries un~told So
 here's to the wo~men who shoul~dered the load

4 Then it's back home again to supper & chores
 Canning & mending & scrubbing the floors
 Scarce see the children before they're in bed
 Hard life to follow for beans & dry bread.

5 In hard times & good times the women would share
 Their songs & their stories, their loves & their fears
 * And their history's recorded, the song never ends
 In the memory of mothers & sisters & friends

Halley's Comet

words & music © Linda Allen '85

A A^{add 4} A A^{5 4 5 4} A

v.1 I was nine years old that aw-ful year in
 Nine-teen hun-dred ten, Li-vin' in Chi-ca-go, in a brown-
 stone te-ne-ment, At night, we'd sit out on the stoop, we'd
 won-der and we'd pray, Watch-in' for the co-met - a
 mill-ion miles a-way It was Hall-cys Co-met
 Bla-zin' through the sky Like a heaven-ly an-gel
 Ta-kin' us to die Some thought the Lord would save us,
 Oth-ers on-ly cried Me, I prayed that com-et would pass
 by

Chorus

v.2 We'd

2
 We'd heard the French astronomer Camille Flammarion,
 Had said the comet's tail was deadly gas, cyanogen,
 On May 18th, through Halley's tail, the Earth would surely pass,
 And every living thing on earth would be killed by the gas.
 CHORUS

3
 My mother stuffed the cracks in all the windows & the doors,
 We bought up lots of groceries down at the corner store,
 My aunt, she had hysterics, she cried & cried for days,
 A neighbor tried to hang himself to cheat us deadly rays.
 CHORUS

4
 Well, we were kind of disappointed ~ nothing happened after all,
 And we all went back to livin' ~ havin' wars and playin' ball,
 But for a while we all were neighbors on this little planet Earth,
 When you think you just might lose it all, you learn how much it's worth,
 CHORUS

5
 I have a grandchild now, you know it makes me kind of sad,
 She worries 'bout the bomb she has the same nightmares I had,
 We couldn't do too much to stop a comet way back then,
 But not to stop this awful bomb would be a moral sin.
 CHORUS

Overland, 1852

words & music © (R) Linda Allen '84

My name is Em-ma Lo - - - gan and I come — from Ten-nes - - - see — and
 there I — spent my child - - - hood with my — friends and fam-i - - - ly — I
 mar-ried young John — Lo - - - gan Back in eight - - - een for - - - ty four — That
 day he pro - - - mised Pa — we'd ne - - - ver go — far - - - from his — door —

Chords: Bm, F#m, Bm, Bm/A, B7/G#, Bm, D, E, F#sus (Bm)

²
 The children came so quickly, but my ma was so close by
 she'd help out with the births and then she'd hold 'em when they'd cry
 I thought my life was settled 'til the day John said to me,
 Pack the wagon woman we are leaving Tennessee

⁴
 'Twas in the spring of '52 that we left Tennessee
 Leaving my dear Mother who I never more will see,
 And my friends, I thought my heart would break to leave them all behind
 For my husband's great adventure, his fortune for to find

⁶
 The baby came in August, in a cold sierra storm,
 We huddled in the cold and wet and waited 'til the morn
 How I longed for women's company, or woman's tender care
 Next morning, early, we moved out; to rest we did not dare

⁸
 Half my children gone, and the winter comin' on
 We came to California, nearly starved our money gone
 John went to pan for gold, and soon forgot the kids and me
 And now I take in washing, and I curse his memory

³
 He had a notion to go West, he was the restless sort
 And lord knows land was scarce, and our money always short
 Still I cried the day he told me, and I begged for us to stay
 He only said "We're goin' - it's best we don't delay."

⁵
 For two months we had travelled, and half our oxen dead,
 Our wagon being slow, the others chose to go ahead,
 I measured each days progress by the miles and by the graves
 And the fear that gripped my heart I will remember all my days

⁷
 My sweet baby, Sierra, was the first child that did die
 We laid her in the hard baked earth, and I too weak to cry,
 Then cholera took my oldest boy, his sister Annabelle,
 Fell out of the wagon, and was crushed beneath the wheels

⁹
 Now if your husband tells you, load the wagon, you must go
 To seek your fortune in the West, my dear, you must not go
 But remember what I've told you, lest your fate be like my own
 Make your own choice, let him go, you're better off alone.



Ballad of Laura Law

words & music © LINDA ALLEN 1986

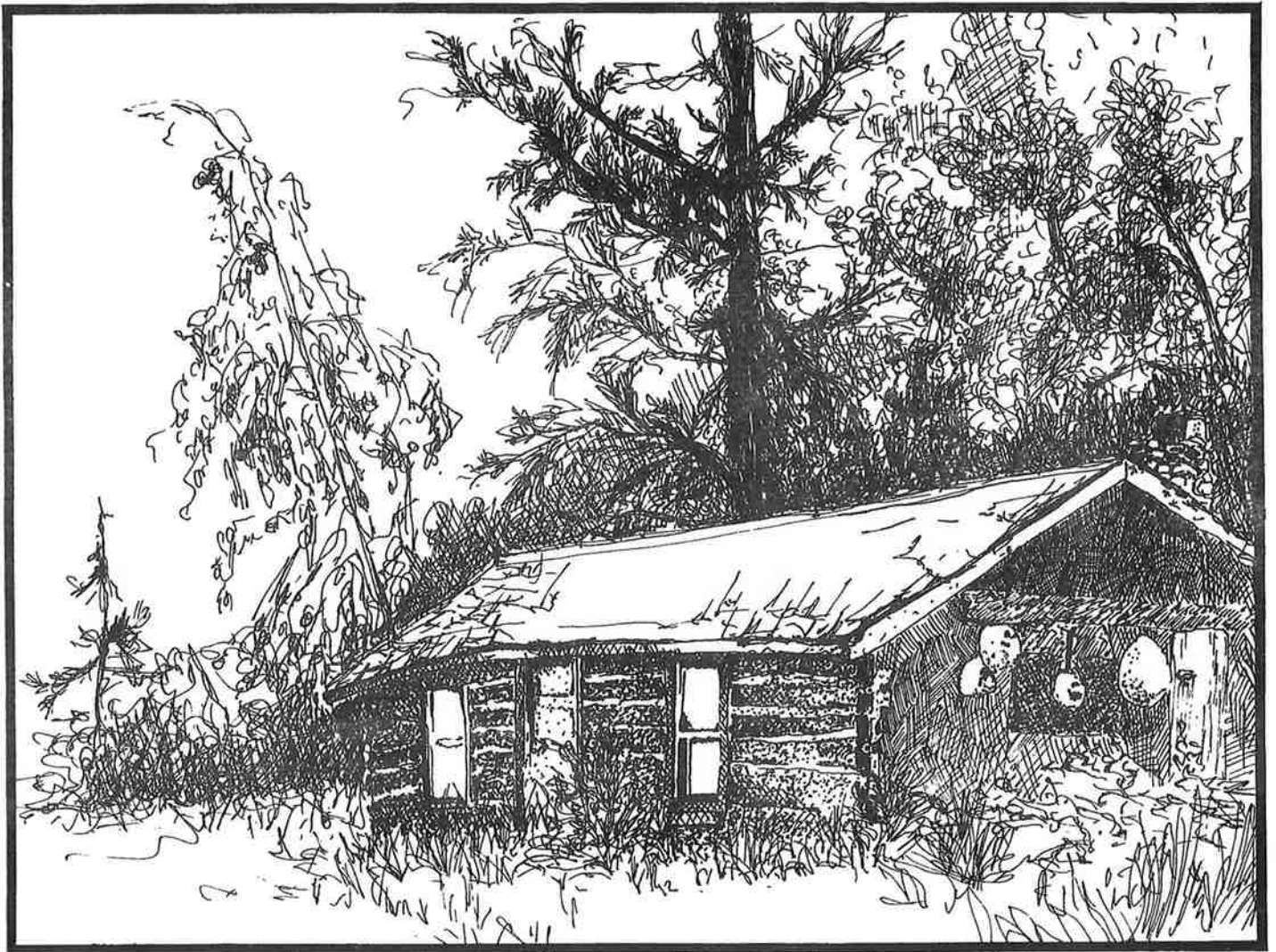
Gtr. Tuning $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} D \\ G \\ C \\ G \\ D \end{array} \right.$

1. She was born in Fin ~ land in nine ~ teen four ~ teen Then she
came to A ~ meri ~ ca - to the town of A ~ ber ~ deen Where the
log - ging was good - and the tim ~ ber boss, king And be -
ware to those who op ~ pose them.

Chords: D, Cadd9, D, Cadd9, D, Am7, Cadd9, D

2. In this Washington town, Laura lived, and she grew
For a seeker of justice, there was much work to do
And she married Dick Law - a trade unionist who
Some called commie - a red - & a traitor.
3. For in Grays Harbor county - a war was declared
Between bosses & labor - & any who dared
Take a stand were called fascists or commies, & fear
Was the one thing the town held in common.
4. Laura's neighbor recalled the sweet smile in her voice
As she talked of her son - her three year old boy
How she organised marches of the unemployed
To the steps of the city hall.
5. The reporter then asked, "But was she a red?"
"She cared little for politics," her neighbor said,
"But she thought that the poor folks should have enough bread
No, she wasn't a red - just a Baptist."
6. In nineteen & forty - a cold winter's night
Laura sat with her needlework next to the light
When a shadow fell over the linen so white
And terror & death filled the room

7. Her mother found Laura - her screams filled the air
As she held Laura's body, once gentle & fair
With papers all scattered, & blood everywhere
"Dear God, what has happened here?"
8. Who killed Laura Law? Our ally - our friend?
Some blamed fascists or reds - no one knew in the end
When suspicion & hatred are sown to the wind
The harvest is riot & murder.
9. In Aberdeen town the house still remains
All boarded & still in the cool, cleansing rain
Some walk by and remember the grief & the shame
And still wonder, who killed Laura Law?



Rosy, The Riveter — Revisited

WORDS & MUSIC © LINDA ALLEN '85

Freely CHORUS



My strong right arm built the ship, built the ship that sailed to-war.



My strong right arm built the ship, built the ship & what was that all

Verse



for? 1. In Nine-teen for-ty one the war had just be-gun. Jim was so young, but soon was



off to hold a gun. I was nine-teen, our child was on-ly three when the pa-pers said the shipyards nec-eded



me. 2. I

And the day the war ended, every woman in there GOT IT. Leadman came 'round and says, "Frances, tonight you can hang your torch up, your job's done; the war is over." And on that day, I picked up a piece of scrap iron and lit my torch and wrote my name on it. That was in 1945. This is my proof for my grandchildren and great-grandchildren that I really was a burner in the wartime.

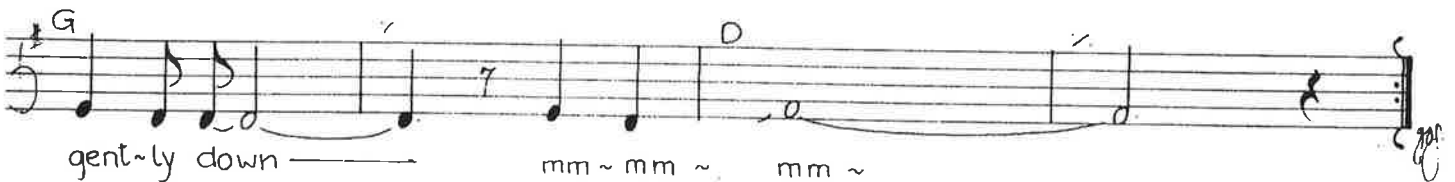
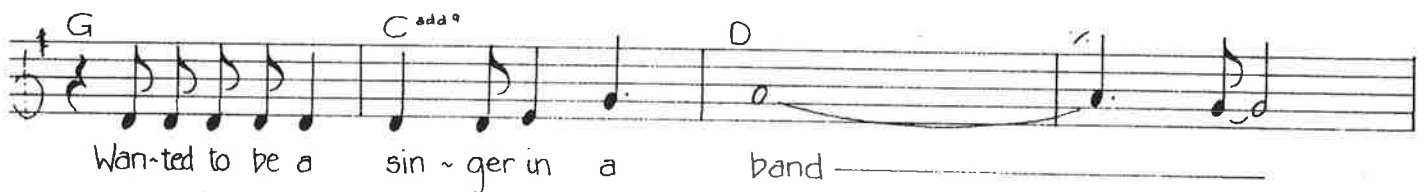
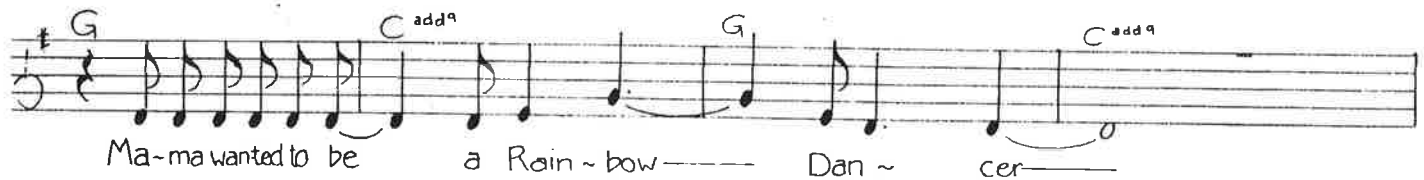
Washington Women's Heritage Project
Oral Interview

2. I moved to Bremerton in 1942.
I learned to weld, I was the best one on our crew.
The work was hard, the heat would burn my lungs all day,
But when the paycheck came we girls would feel O.K.
3. In 1943 in August 8 a.m.
I'd not been sleepin' well, my mind was full of Jim,
There was a knock, a man in uniform stood there.
He said my Jim was dead. I hadn't seen him in two years.
4. In 1945 the war came to an end,
And on that very day the big boss, he came in.
He smiled & said, "My girls, the boys are comin' home.
You've earned a rest. Go home. Your work here now is done."
5. Picked up a scrap of metal and I carved my name full bore
So my child would know I was a welder in the war.
No place to go, I was a widow with a child,
So I waitressed & I cooked & I married in a while.
6. Sometimes I see that scrap with my name carved in so deep
And I recall the day the boss told me to leave.
How I felt like some old rag they'd tossed aside.
As useless as my patriotic pride. CHORUS

* $\frac{1}{4}$ where needed.

Mama Wanted To Be A Rainbow Dancer

Words & music © LINDA ALLEN 1982



2. Mama came to see me at the tavern
 Came to hear me singin' with the band
 Her eyes were full & shining
 I could see the dream reflected in her eyes
 In her eyes.

3. Mama could have been a Rainbow Dancer
 But a woman's dreams are hard to hold
 So she raised up four strong children
 And she placed the rainbow deep within my soul
 In my soul.

4. Now I sing songs about the rainbow
 And it always ends at Mama's door
 And I see a young girl dancing
 And I hear her singing deep within my soul
 In my soul.



Courage Is The Letting Go

© LINDA ALLEN 1985

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and features a melody line with lyrics and a guitar accompaniment line with chords. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The score includes a 'VERSE' section and a 'CHORUS' section. The lyrics are as follows:

1. So it's "Take a let - - ter, la - - - dy and
bring me my cof - - fee"
He has a meet - - ing
at
quarter to two and I've done his re - port
he just has to read it And he'll take the cre - dit but I
may as well for get it Ah with two kids to sup - port what else
can I do? Courage is the let - ting go of
things that are fa - mi - liar Choosing paths where no one else has
gone And though the fear can freeze your soul you
know the on - ly way to grow is let - ting go to give up the fa - mi -
liar

2. So he's coming home drunk - throws up in the hallway
And he expects me to clean it - and I usually do
And I just have to tell you, it ain't much of a life
All these sad empty years of being his wife,
And I think about leaving, but what would I do?

CHORUS

3. Sometimes I sit on a stool in the kitchen
And I stare at the curtains I made long ago
And I think how I loved them, the small yellow roses
But the roses are faded - you know, the door never closes
And I think that a change is comin' round soon -

CHORUS

The Way Of Men

Words & music © Linda Allen 1982

1. Well, it's hard times most ev'ry where,
 3. He beat me bad the day we wed.

I think I've had more than my share,
 Just thought the beer went to his head.

That man of mine so hard to please
 He cried & loved me so gent-ly then

he's dri-vin' me right to my knees
 My ma-ma told me it's the way of men,

2. We ma-ried young, I was a child.
 4. But then- my ba-by inside me lay

Guess he grew up some kind of wild
 And he got mad at me one day

Chords: D, G, A, D



His dad- dy beat him ————— till he was grown. —————
 He swung his fist ————— the sheets turned red —————

It's the on-ly life ————— he's ev- er ——— known —————
 And later that night ————— she was born ——— dead —————

CHORUS
 The way of men ————— It's a hard one friends ————— the hearts of wo-men —————
 so hard ——— to mend —————

(Last x.)
 D

5. It isn't love that keeps me here,
 somehow he'd find me anywhere
 He said he'd kill me if I go away
 May the devil in Hell take him to-day

6. If I had wings like a turtledove
 I'd fly away from the man I loved,
 I'd fly so high, I'd fly so free
 That the way of men would not touch me

Spirit Keeper

Words & Music © Linda Allen 1984

CHORUS

Lit - tle spi - rit keep - er, Lit - tle child of won - der

Ma - ny years have come — and gone —

Trem - ling lit - tle shoul - ders - called to be — much old - er

How can I reach you with my song?

VERSE

1. You were four - years old & the - sto - ries an old - one
2. Then you were se - ven — & your - fa - ther's game con - tin - ued

Your fa - ther touched you, made you pro - mise not — to tell
Dought you - pretty things, but he hurt you just — the same

No - bo - dy told - you that your do - dy's all your - own
How can I tell - you there are those a - round whod - help

Ti - ny girl — so a - lone
Lit - tle girl — so a - lone

- When you were 9 years old, your secret weighed so heavy. Tried to be perfect, just to hide your secret shame He called you little tease, but child, you're not to blame Precious child ~ so alone.
- You were eleven, how you longed to tell your mother, You thought shed hate you, for she loved your father so Cut off from her, and you couldn't risk close friends Silent child - so alone.
- At sixteen years you finally lifted up your head Said you'd call the cops, & you threw him from your bed Thought it was all over - but a sister was still home Another child - all alone.
- Now many years have passed, & the shadows linger on All the midnight lovers, all the heartaches with the dawn Can we heal each other, little girl & woman grown Frightened children you & I.

Circle Me, Sisters

Words & music © Linda Allen 1982

CHORUS
 Cir - cle me - Sis ~ ters, Drink the cool
 wa ~ ters - Sing me down, soft ~
 ly Let me go - home -
 Some - times I'm hap - py
 Some - times I'm free - Some - times I
 can't - break these chains - a - round me -
 Sing me down, soft - ly - Let me go home -

2. If I had the strength, Lord,
 If I had the time
 I'd learn how to sing my Lord,
 And I'd learn how to fly.

Chorus

3. But I don't feel like singin'
 I got no wings to fly
 But if you circle me, Sisters,
 I'll learn bye & bye

2 choruses to CODA.

Wouldn't It Be Nice?

Words & music © Linda Allen 1982

Chorus D

Wouldn't it be nice if the next Je - sus Christ came

A D

down, came down as a wo - man? Now

G

what would peo - ple say if it hap - pened that way? Could

A D Verse

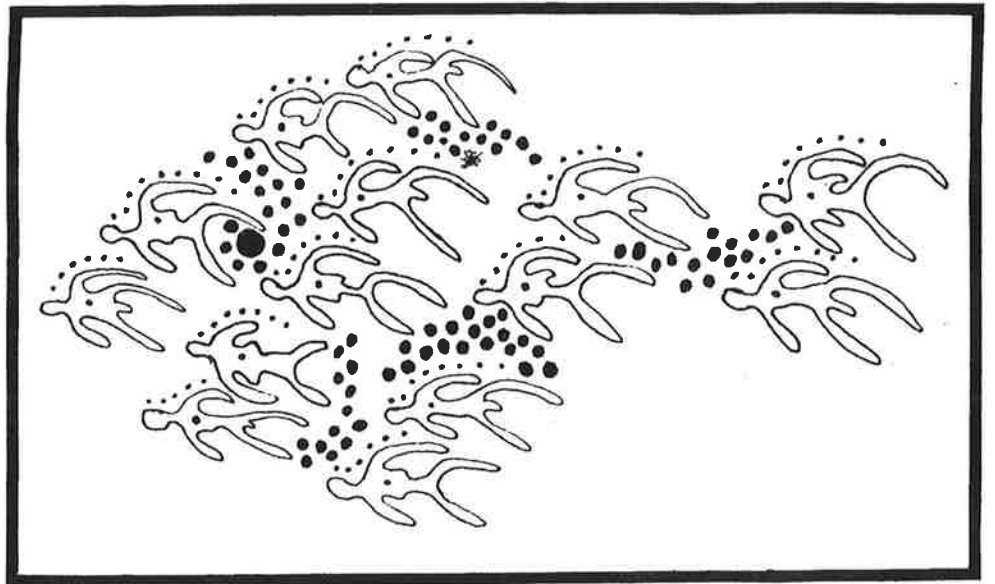
man - kind be saved by a wo - man? 1. Well, a wo -
2. Now don't -

A

~ man is un clean, why, she's down ~ right ob ~ scene ~ It's
the Bi ~ ble say that a wo - man's got to pay for

E A

up to Man her fu ~ ture to de - ter ~ mine Don't
gi - ving that bad app - le to poor A ~ dam? So we'll



let 'em talk in church or we'll all be in a lurch Next
 knock up all the lad~ies & they'll have to have the babies And

thing, you know she'll want to preach a ser~mon.
 that~ll keep 'em home like God would have 'em.

3. Now I've always felt it fittin' that a woman be submittin'
 To her husband, for that surely is God's plan
 And it's plain unfair to say that the law's laid out that way
 'Cause it was written, judged, and sermonized by Man.

4. Now I know you may have seen it, but the Bible didn't mean it
 When it said that male & female are all one,
 Why, the next thing on the way would be the ERA
 And you'd be standing by your mother in the john!

Hard Work To Do

words & music © Linda Allen 1986

Freely

1. Well, peo-ple these are hard times 'Bout the hard-est I have known And the head-lines in the pa-per some-times
 2. Well, some are gon-na tell- you They've got the an-swer to your pain Just sign the dot-red line my friend &

chill me to the bone- you'll never have to think a-gain And we look for ea-sy an-swers some new words to see us through
 But be-ware of po-li-ti-cians, Bi-ble huck-sters or Gu-rus

allegro

But it's a thin dis-guise 'til we re-cog-nize That there's hard work to do—
 Don't give your power a-way Let your heart lead the way Cause there's hard work to do—

CHORUS

You can be-ieve in Je-sus, or God on high Be-ieve in me as I be-

lieve in you Be-ieve— in the light at the end of the tun-nel, but there's Hard work to do—

Hard work to do

Hard work to do —

Put your faith in the fu-ture but your hand on the plow Cause there's hard work to do —

FINE

Now we've tried re-li-gion - (hard work!) in - de - ci - sion

(hard work!)

me - di - ta - tion

(Hard work!) ant - i - ci - pa - tion

(hard work!) po ~ ti ~ cians (hard work!) nu ~ cle-ar fis-sion

(hard work!) a new lo ~ ver (hard work!) Dad & Mo ~ ther

Dal. Segno al Fine

(hard work!) You can be ~



Song Notes

Why Don't You Sing In The Chorus?

Probably the most autobiographical song I sing!

Sally's Quiche

To Sally Kintner, who brought me quiche, wine, and friendship.

October Roses

Written as an affirmation of aging — for those of us who live in a society which spends millions to convince its women to remove grey hair, wrinkles, and any possible evidence of a graceful and wondrous process.

If Hope Is A Flower

For single parents — and for “hope which triumphs over experience”.

I'm A Mother, I'm A Writer

Inspired by the book, *Mama*, by Alta. In it, this single mother of two says, “I am a mother. I am a writer. Will I ever be able to really believe both those statements?”

Jennifer's Lullabye

For my first-born daughter, Jennifer, with love.

Adopt Me!

I did a little calculating during the height of the Cabbage Patch craziness: One could “adopt” a real child (through sending monthly donations to Christian Children's Fund, Save the Children, etc.) for less than it can take to maintain a Cabbage Patch Kid for a year!

Peace is the Feeling

My vision of what that sadly overused and misunderstood word — peace — means. It was written for children.

On Hunger

An attempt to bring an overwhelming tragedy closer to home — to look at our own responsibility.

Kiana Wedding: 1985

For Judy Zito and Guy Kramer, and an unforgettable wedding celebration at Kiana Lodge.

Just Friends

A love song to a friend.

Workin' It Out

Redefining love as process.

Here's To The Women!

A celebration of who we are and where we've come from.

Halley's Comet

Based on true stories of the last time the comet came around.

Overland, 1852

Inspired by the journals and diaries of women who traveled overland, by wagon train, at the height of the westward migration (between the 1840's and the 1870's).

Ballad of Laura Law

A true story of an ordinary woman who became involved. The mystery remains unsolved.

Rosy, the Riveter — Revisited

A fictional story based on the experiences of women during World War II who entered non-traditional jobs as part of the war effort — only to lose them at the end of the war.

Mama Wanted To Be A Rainbow Dancer

For those of us who have a chance to live out our mother's dreams.

Courage Is The Letting Go

Inspired by a poster I saw in an office set up to serve the needs of older women at a community college: "Courage: The power to let go of the familiar".

The Way of Men

Written from the perspective of a woman trapped in the web of a battering relationship.

Spirit Keeper

A story of an incest survivor.

Circle Me, Sisters

A song for circling . . . for holding . . . for healing.

Wouldn't It Be Nice?

I think God wanted me to write this one . . . She thought it was time.

Hard Work To Do

Here's to the muscle in our arm, and the courage to use it!

Biographies

Linda Allen is a songwriter whose deceptively gentle style offers new perspectives on parenting, politics, and women's lives, a style which transcends age, sex, or political differences. She has performed since 1969, with recent appearances including the Studs Terkel show, the Vancouver Folk Festival, and the National NOW Conference. Her songs have appeared in both Sing Out! and Broadside Magazines. A Washington native, she currently lives in Bellingham with her two daughters, dog, cat, and five kittens.

Rebecca Meloy is a free-lance artist who has received recognition and awards for her drawings and paintings throughout the Pacific Northwest. Most of her current works consist of commissioned portraits in colored pencil and gouache, and of abstract diptych paintings. Persons interested in her work may write her at P.O. Box 572, Bellingham, WA 98227.

Julian Smedley is a free-lance producer, composer, and arranger living in the San Francisco Bay area. He has worked with various artists in the Northwest, and is currently writing musical scores for multi-media presentations. He received his training at the University of East Anglia, in England. He may be reached at 2212 McGee Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94703.