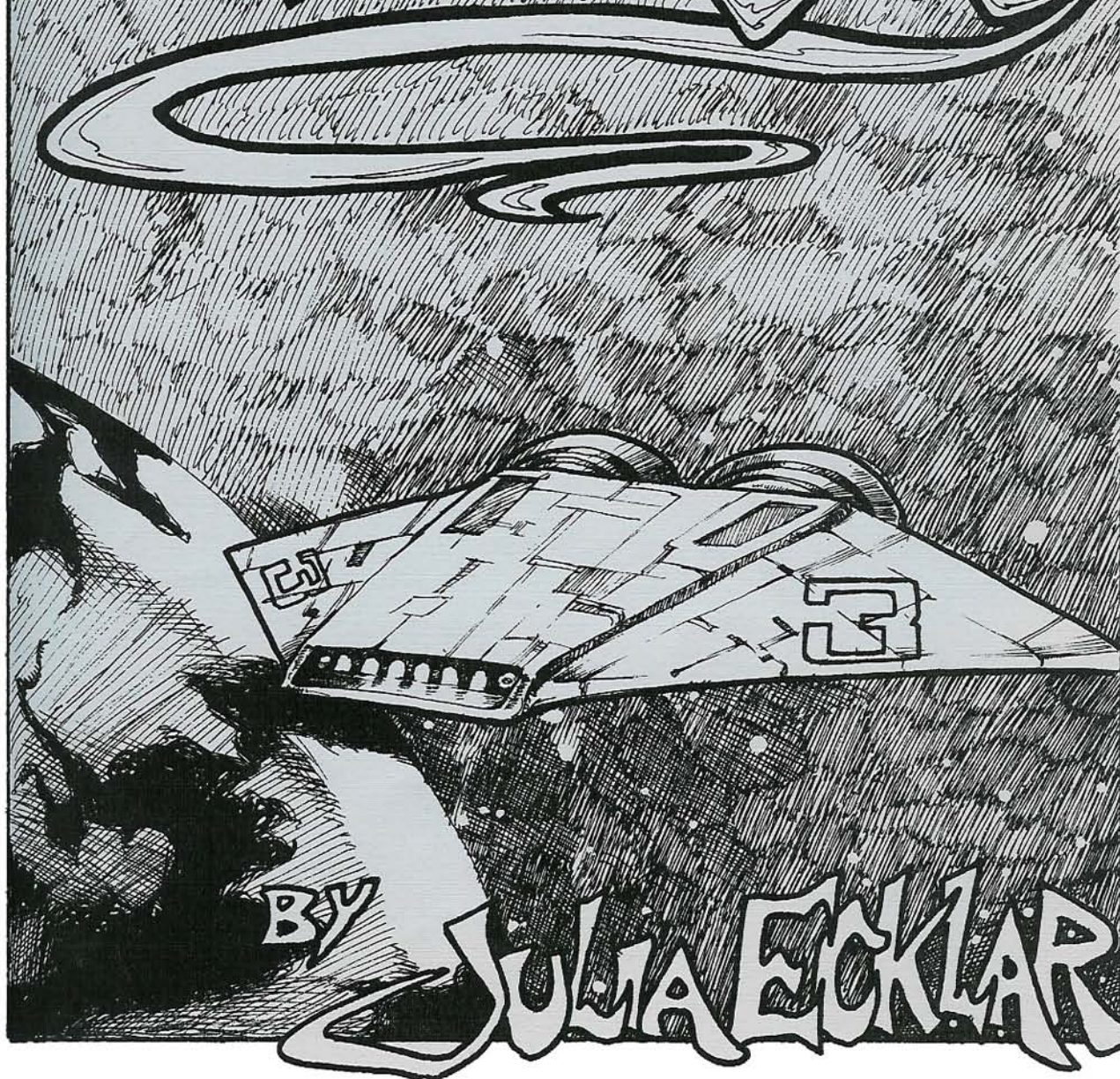


THE TRAVELER SONGBOOK



The Traveller
The Songbook

by

Julia Ecklar

© 1981 *Julia M Ecklar*

SPECIAL THANKS!

Thanks to Nan, Marj, Pete, Kris, Gwyn, Clyde, Karen, Mary Jean, and all the weyrlings and riders from my home at Fort Weyr for all the help and support that all of you have given me ever since we first decided to record the original tape. Without you all, I would have died long ago.

Thank you, Todd for dragging me, kicking and screaming, up on stage for that very first time. Only you could know how much I would learn to love it as soon as I heard the applause.

And a very special thanks to Joe Ellis for penning out all the little dots on all these little lines. I'm sure they mean something to somebody!

All songs as they appear on the tape The Traveller and this songbook are original fannish works and are not intended to in any way infringe upon the copyrights held by Gene Roddenberry, Glen Larson, Anne McCaffrey, Universal Studios, Paramount Studios, or Bantam Books.

CONTENTS

<u>Title</u>	<u>Page</u>
Introduction.....	1
"A Note From the Filker"	
The Traveller.....	3
Art By Todd Hamilton	
Song for Petiron.....	8
Art by Marj Ihssen	
Tribbles.....	11
Art By Ben Thomas and Marj Ihssen	
The Spaceman's Prayer.....	15
Art By Todd Hamilton	
A Last Evenings Dream.....	19
Art By Barb Fister-Liltz and Marj Ihssen	
Gambler's Lament.....	23
Art By Marj Ihssen	
Eulogy.....	27
Art By Marj Ihssen and Edwin Zamora	
The Light that Died.....	30
Art By Marj Ihssen	
Homecoming.....	33
Art by Marj Ihssen	
The Purple and Orange Conspiracy.....	37
Art By Barb Fister-Liltz and Marj Ihssen	
Brekke's Lament.....	42
Art By Marj Ihssen	
The Southern Land.....	44
Art By Ben Thomas and Marj Ihssen	
When Love is Lost.....	48
Art By Barb Fister-Liltz and Marj Ihssen	
"He's Dead, Jim".....	51
Art By Todd Hamilton	
Song to a Stranded Warrior.....	54
A Memorial Art By Barb Fister-Liltz and Marj Ihssen	
Christmastime in Sector Five.....	58
Art By Todd Hamilton, Ed Zamora, & Marj Ihssen	
Ballad to a Spaceman.....	66
Art By Ed Zamora	
Thoughts of a Homeless Alien.....	70
The Traveller: Part II	
Art By Barb Fister-Liltz	

Cover By Todd Hamilton

With special thanks to all those people whose last minute efforts enabled us to get this done in time for MediaWest, 1982.

Marj Ihssen

A Note From the Filker!

Ah, what the Hell!

Trust me -- it may be another cold day in Hell before I ever do another songbook (and, after the weather we've had this January, if it wasn't cold in Hell, then that was the only place!). Don't get me wrong; I like songbooks! I discovered filking through a songbook! And I like having my ego petted (almost more than I like filking -- but just almost), but I hate transcribing music, and I've discovered that some of the chords that I've made up over the years simply fail to exist. So this was, to say the very least, a labor.

But nothing good comes without labor (Doctor McCoy and I both agree on that), and labor or no, I wouldn't have taken the time to put together a Traveller songbook if I didn't want to. While I admit that some of my incentive has been egotistical in nature (study it sometime -- all incentive has some egotistical basis), there is another quality at play that I don't even know the name for. But it is very real, and it has existed for centuries.

Why do writers write? Or filkers filk? Or artists paint? What is it in the Human being that loves to create? One could say that it is the soul, but I don't really want to get into any kind of theological discussion here. Still, the fact remains that even if a Human being lives in total seclusion, he creates. People plant gardens, paint pictures, and even construct homes that may never be seen by anyone but themselves, and they still do it! How many fan writers do you know that spend hours on a story that never makes it past the top desk drawer? You might be surprised how many there are. There is an undying something inside the Human beast that finds it necessary to express emotion. The Vulcans may not approve, but it is certainly one of the wonders of our being Human.

The next step after initial creation is wanting to share what we have created. I suppose that if you thought about that, you might be able to explain that away to conceit, but I think the base goes even beyond that. Songs (since that is where we started) are written because the composer feels he has something to say. Whether that something be, "Aw, I can write a better song than that!" or "This book really moved me," there is something that the artist wants the audience to feel. Putting the words and the music down on paper is creating; singing the song so that others can feel it, too, is communicating. And communicating is very important! Communicating is what brought people together millenia ago, and communicating is what draws thousands of fans across the U.S. every year to attend conventions and film shows. That communicating may be a bit more bizarre than the drums and smoke signals that preluded TV, but the fact that it is communicating is all that really matters.

After communication comes ego, and while I joke profusely about my own, I hope that I never get so conceited that I can't joke about it anymore. There's nothing wrong with liking your own music, or in having

I want this songbook -- like the tape whose name it bears -- to communicate to you not only my love of science-fiction, but my love of music. I want people who have never read a single Pern book to say, "I like that song." I want the Star Trek fans who still have faith to listen to "Homecoming" and feel again that immense joy at seeing the Enterprise waiting for us (before we saw the rest of the movie and discovered that that was all the better it got). I want the mugato to lie down with the daqqit, so that fans of every faction can realize that it doesn't matter what the song was written about, the idea is universal, and it's all right to like the song anyway. I'm talking (singing?) about the unity and brotherhood that we started out talking about some fourteen years ago. Back before somebody decided that Star Trek fans and 1999 fans couldn't get along, and the brotherhood got mislaid along the way. I hope I succeed in this, even if only for a little while. Because the Traveller is a musician, who comes to tell the world about the things yet to come. His only weapon is his music, and whether we sing with him or turn away is no one's choice but our own.

-- Julia Ecklar
January 21, 1990

The Traveller

When the idea was first brought up that I should do a tape, there was never any doubt in my mind that "The Traveller" would be the title song. And no one questioned my choice, which I think also says something about this piece.

"The Traveller" was written about two days before Rivercon 5 in 1980, and I played it there for the very first time. That was not actually an official filksing; I still hadn't gotten up the courage to sing in front of hoards of people, so I held my own filksing in the hallway in front of the elevators. It was the success of that tiny filksing (as well as some friends with a handful of bamboo shoots) that encouraged me to take the stage at Capricon in February of 1981. And it was the beautiful reception to "The Traveller" there that gave me the courage to get up and sing at Windycon later that same year.

It pleases me that this song is as popular as it is; to me, "The Traveller" says everything that science-fiction fans have been trying to say for years. I wrote it when I was in a bummed mood (of all times), but the longer it hangs around, the less depressing it seems to be. It isn't a morbid song, but it is something of an admission of hopelessness. And the fact that it has been admitted and accepted by so many others makes the hopelessness a little more bearable.

#

While a long-time student of classical music, I will admit that my knowledge of guitar chord names is sometimes lacking. Such is the case with several of the songs to follow, "The Traveller" being one of them. The chord marked C[#]m/E is one that shows up fairly frequently in my music, and depending who I ask, I get a different name for it. I always called it an A^o? chord, because it looked like a D[?] moved over one string (I have a very simple mind). Anyway, when Joe the Transcriber wrote out the final draft music to "The Traveller," he wrote that awful C[#]m/E thing, so, since this is the first song, that's what I'll stick with. I'm sure there is some music theory major out there cringing -- but forgive me, okay?

♩ = 120

The Traveller

Not too slowly

There's some-thing that I feel at night that

some-times lasts 'till dawn. I don't un-der-stand what it

does to me to make me feel so wrong. But it

has to do with when I live and the peo-ple I'm s'posed to know,

and why I feel so all a-lone and why I

feel that I must go. But no be-yond me in a

fu-ture I'll not see. But for what rea-sons am I lost and

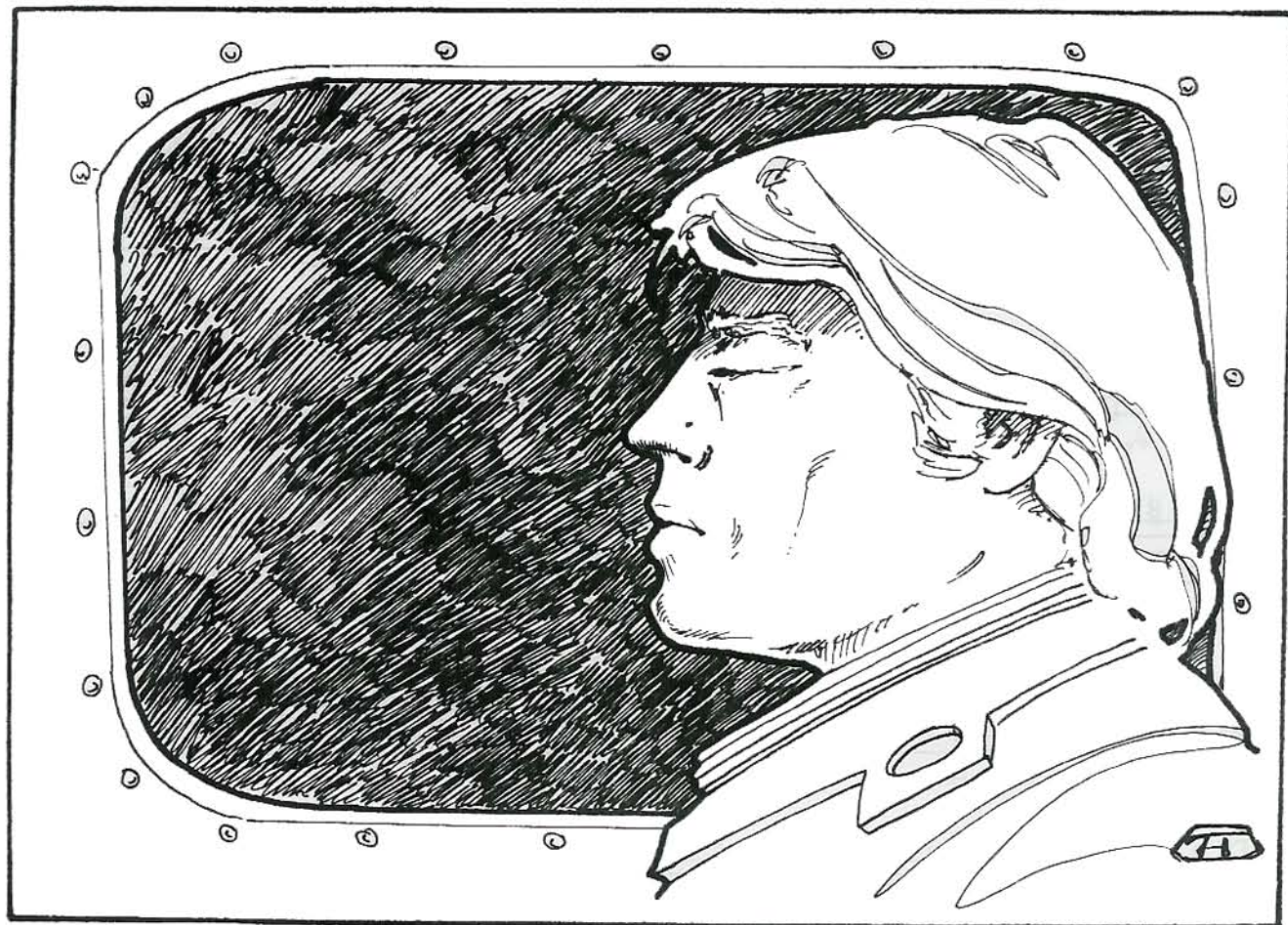
for'd to live a-lone in a Time three hun-dred years

be-fore I'll know and see my home. No

mem'-ry brings it back to me on some cold, cold, lone-ly night,

Handwritten musical score in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "For the Time in which my heart be- longs was nev- er in my sight. fu- ture nights when, home a- gain, they nev- er have to cry." The score includes four staves of music with lyrics written below. Chord symbols (A, D, E) are written above the notes. The second staff ends with "D.S. al Coda".

For the Time in which my heart be- longs was
nev- er in my sight. D.S. al Coda
fu- ture nights when, home a- gain, they
nev- er have to cry.



The Traveller
by Julia Ecklar

There's ^A something that I feel at night ^{C#m/E}
That ^D sometimes lasts till dawn. ^A
I don't understand what it does to me ^{C#m/E}
To make me feel so wrong. ^D ^{E - E7}
But it has to do with when I live ^A ^{C#m/E}
And the ^D people I'm supposed to know, ^A
And why I feel so all alone ^D ^A
And why I feel that I must go. ^D ^E ^A

But no journey here can take me
To the place where I belong.
The end of my road is another Time,
So far away and long.
And I left Time not behind me,
But before me yet to be.
Still my Time is far beyond me
In a future I'll not see.

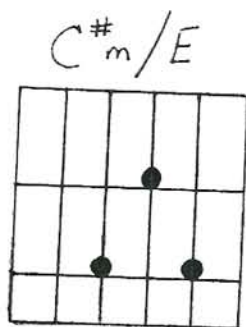
But for what reasons ^A am I lost ^E
And forced to live alone ^D ^A
In a Time three hundred years before ^E
I'll know and see my home? ^D ^{E - E7}
No memory brings it back to me ^A ^{C#m/E}
On some cold, cold long night, ^D ^A
For the Time in which my heart belongs ^D ^A
Was never in my sight. ^D ^E ^A

Still I sense a friend who's far away
From where I live and be.
And I wonder, though I am without him,
Will he live without me?

For though I'm here for reasons
 I may never understand,
 In some future life, may I return
 To my unknown homeland?

When I am gone, the mark I leave
 Must push us one step more.
 For, but for those of us lost in Time,
 This world would be so poor.
 Oh, future dreams from future minds
 Are the only thing that lets us fly.

$\begin{matrix} & D & & & A & \\ \text{But future minds dreams of future nights,} & & & & & \\ & D & & E & & D & & E & & A & \\ \text{When, home again, they never have to cry.} & & & & & & & & & & \end{matrix}$



(I'm a singer -
 not an artist!)

Song for Petiron

(Words by Anne McCaffrey)

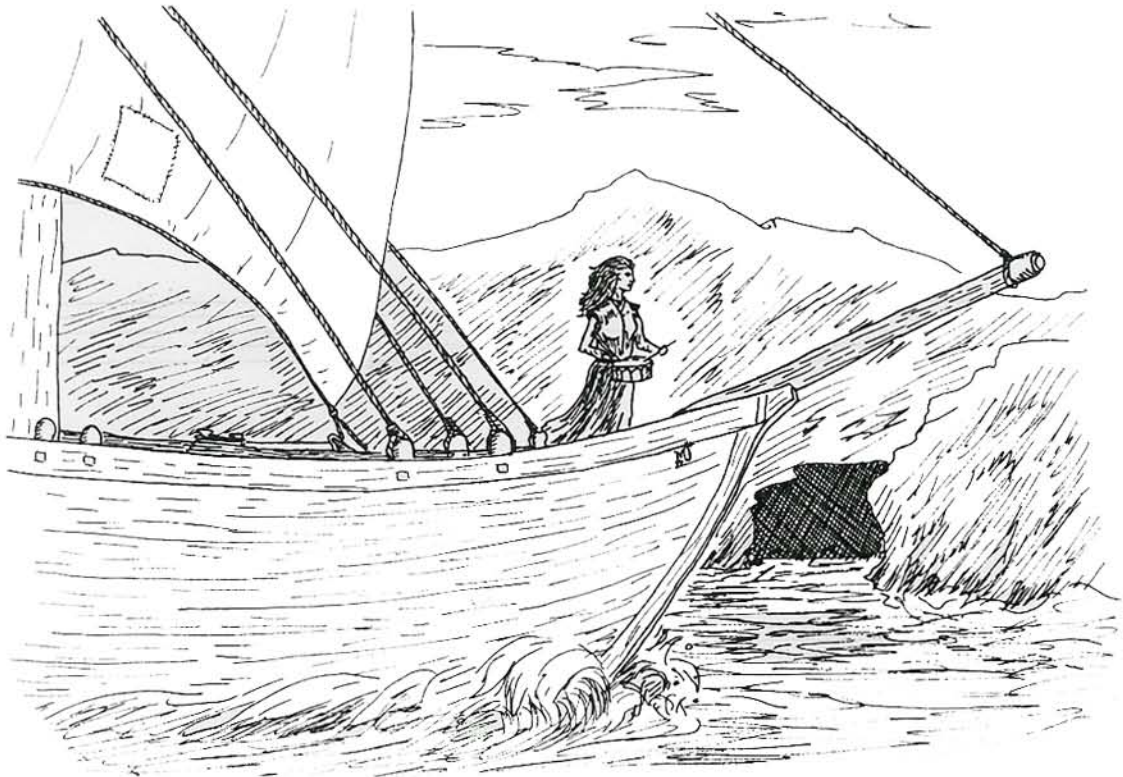
Very few books have touched me like Anne McCaffrey's Dragonrider/Harperhall series; I have never cried so much over a book, and then felt good when I was finished! I'm an old dragon-fan (I could sing "Puff, the Magic Dragon" before I could tie my shoes), and the books were given to me as a birthday present from a good friend. It took me a year to get around to reading them, and I really regret the wasted time.

I was still riding on a Dragonrider high (I read all six books in a month) when Rivercon rolled around, and I had put together a Weyrsinger outfit to wear for when I sang. I decided that a Weyrsinger has got to have a couple of Dragonrider songs, so I penned out the music to "Song for Petiron" about two weeks before I left. It remains one of my favorite pieces to this day.

The word "ose" is filker terminology that I have picked up somewhere along the line during my short career. It means exactly what you'd think it means -- depressing. As in "ose, ose and more ose." Joe, my transcriber, added it to this piece of music with the indignant explanation, "Well, it is!" He's right, so we left it on. (Chalk one up for his side.)

#

For the sake of fitting the words between the lines, "Song for Petiron" is given here in tenor cleft. That means you sing it an octave lower than it is written. You don't have to (it gets very low), but that's the way I sing it, and that's how it is on the tape. So anytime you see that little 8 underneath the cleft sign from now on, that's what it means.



Song For Petron

$\text{♩} = 84$

Slowly ("ose")

The musical score is written on a single staff in 8/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Slowly ("ose")'. The score consists of seven lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: Am, C, Dm, Am, C, Dm, Am, E, Am, E, Am, E, E7, Am, C, Dm, Am, C, E, Am. The lyrics are: 'The tears I feel to-day I'll wait to shed to-mor-row. Tho' I'll not sleep this night, nor And sur-cease from sor-row. My eyes must keep their sight; I dare not be tear-blind-ed. I must be free to talk, not choked with grief, clear-mind-ed. My mouth can-not be-tray the an-guish that I know. Yes, I'll keep my tears for la-ter; but my grief will ne-ver go.'

Song for Petiron

music by Julia Ecklar

from the words printed in Anne McCaffrey's Dragonsinger, © Bantam Books

Intro: Am C Dm Am

The ^{Am} tears I ^C feel today

I'll ^{Dm} wait to shed ^{Am} tomorrow.

Though I'll not sleep this night ^C

Nor find ^{Dm} surcease from ^{Am} sorrow.

My ^E eyes must keep their ^{Am} sight;

I ^E dare not be ^{Am} tear-blinded.

I ^E must be free to ^{Am} talk

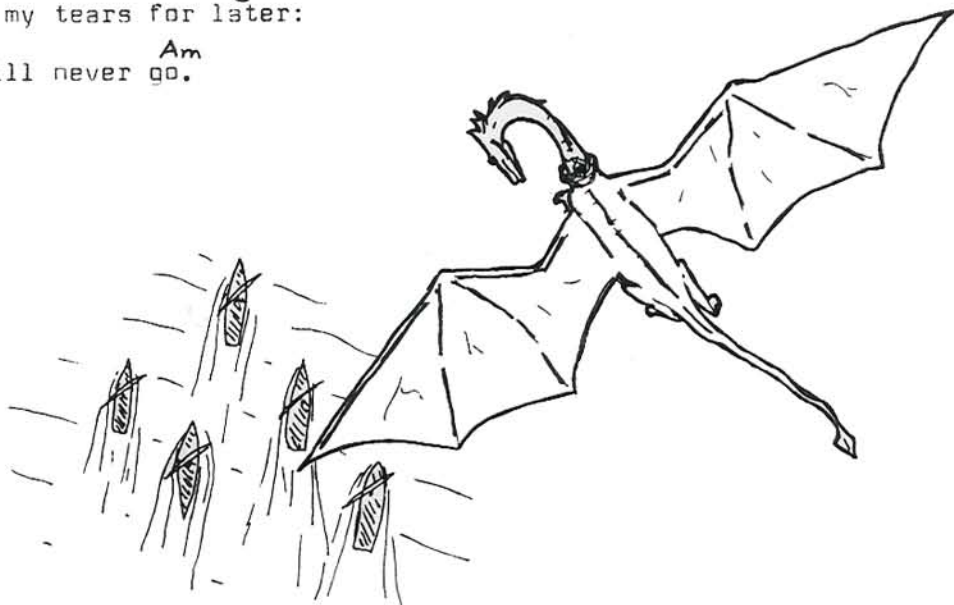
Not ^E choked with grief, clear-minded. ^{E7}

My ^{Am} mouth cannot ^C betray

The ^{Dm} anguish that I ^{Am} know.

Yes, I'll ^{Am} keep my tears for ^C later:

But my ^E grief will never ^{Am} go.



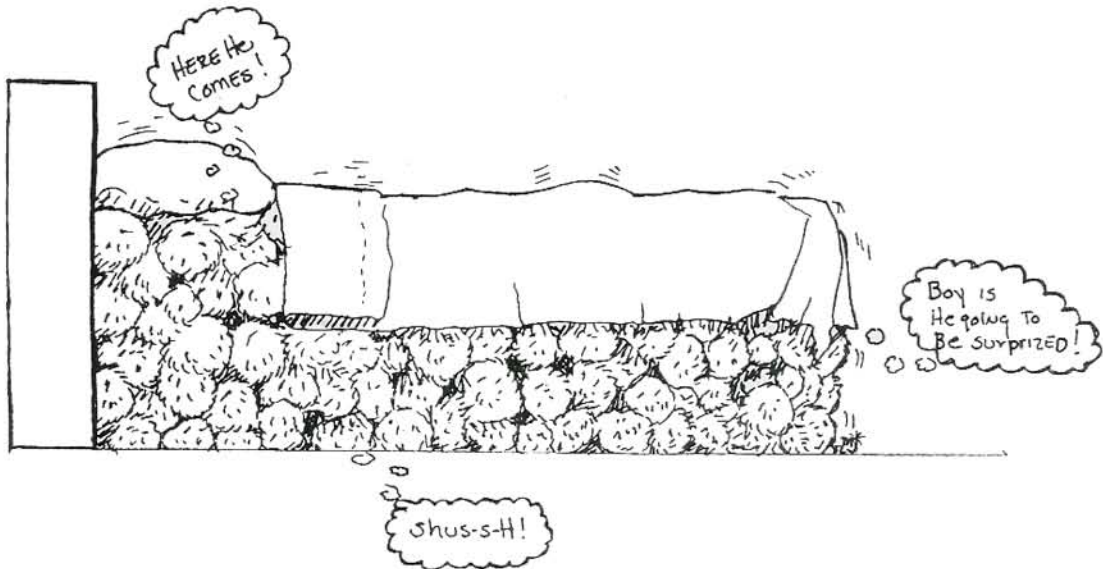
Tribbles

This proves that even a filker can be ludicrous sometimes. Most of the time, in fact, but it only bleeds over into the music every now and then. I don't know when I wrote this song -- I'm not even sure why I wrote it! -- but it exists, and it is fun enough that I can sing it without feeling too intensely warped. (The warped tribble song isn't written yet, but it was inspired by this one. "Dead tribbles...Dead tribbles...Dead tribbles are such fuuun!" Tentatively entitled "The Klingon Fan Song.")

#

A brief comment about the tempo change: When we were doing these, Joe and I made an effort to be musically correct (for the sake of the music students out there) while still keeping everything in words and notations that just-plain-folks can follow. "Tribbles" starts out slowly because that's sort of an attempt to fool people into thinking it's a serious song. After the tempo speeds up, however, it stays fast until the end. Also, there is no particular reason why the beginning of the second verse only has one stanza (the part that begins, "As Captain I am quite obliged...") -- it just came out that way. Just play through the first part and take the second ending; it should fit.

'Salright? 'Salright! (purrrrrrrrr!)



Tribbles

♩ = 120

The si-lent nites get lone-ly, the day-dreams go a-way.
 I'm left with on-ly nite-dreams and
 lit-tle left to say. My in
 trib-bles ev'-ry place but here; their voi-ces fill the air! Their
 lit-tle fur-ry fa-ces gaze at you from ev'-ry-where. So
 far they've caus'd a ma-jor brawl, a Trad-er's su-i-side; the
 Kling-ons clear'd this qua-drant fast be-cause they're on our side. D.S. al Coda
 Coda hear the tell tale purr of trib-bles! will they-e-ver leave? oh,
 can we ev-er win? It's real-ly just be-gin-ing when I
 thought it was the end.

Tribbles
by Julia Ecklar

Intro: Em

The ^{Em} silent nights get ^D lonely,
The ^{Em} daydreams go ^D away.
I'm ^{Em} left with only ^D night dreams
^{B7}
And little left to say.

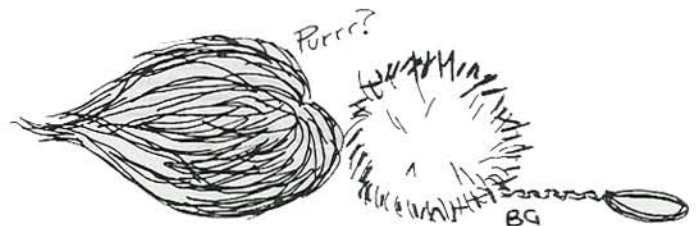
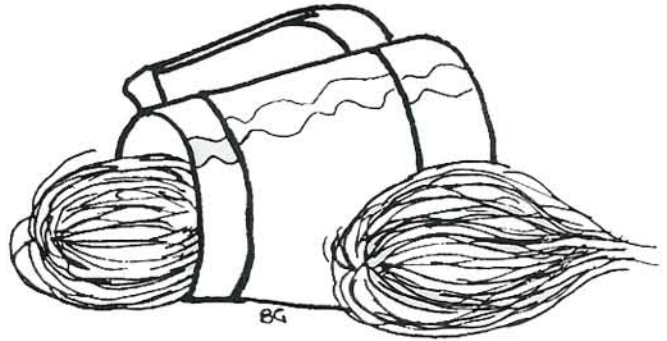
My ^{Em} quarters, dark and ^D empty,
A ^{Em} fortress made of ^D glass,
Seems ^{Em} shattered all too ^D gently,
^{B7}
For I'm up to my ass in

^C
Tribbles everyplace but here;
Their ^G voices fill the air!
^D
Their little furry faces gaze
^{Em} ^{E7}
At you from everywhere.

^C
So far they've caused a major brawl,
^G
A Trader's suicide;
^D
The Klingons cleared this quadrant fast
^{Em}
Because they're on our side.

Now as Captain, I am quite obliged
To suffer this with cheer,
But after just one baby-boom
The bridge is never clear of

Tribbles in the engine room --



Poor Scotty's at wits end.
Just when we think we've found the last,
They reproduce again!

They're eating all our food, our clothes,
Cosmetics, lubricants.
The turbo-lifts are choked with
Little uncles, little aunts.

There's nowhere we can run to
That isn't overrun;
They always come in families --
There's no such things as one!

Now Spock is trying very hard
To study them his best.
He keeps requesting more
When all we want are less

Tribbles in our toiletries
(In our toilets as well).
And if I had God's power
I would damn the lot to...well...

A life of sweet sterility
As key chains, powder puffs,
As doorknob warmers, cat nip toys,
Pin cushions, false fur cuffs.

But life is back at half-lightspeed,
We're back on normal course.
The tribbles have been mailed away
(To the Klingons' great remorse).

But 'neath my pillow, late at night
I feel a tuft of fur.
Just as I think, "Oh, God! It can't be!"
I hear the tell tale purr of

Tribbles! Will they ever leave?
Oh, can we ever win?
It's really just beginning

When I thought it was the ⁶⁺end. ^{Em}



The Spaceman's Prayer

This is another of my favorite songs (I don't know whether or not it is proper to have favorite songs of your own composition, but I do). "The Spaceman's Prayer" is an example of a song that I wrote after having been inspired by another song. I truly liked the idea behind "The Green Hills of Earth," but I couldn't help feeling that it was somehow incomplete, that it didn't say enough. So I set about "rewriting" it.

Obviously what an artist intends to create and what he ends up with are two very different things, but that's what inspiration is all about. I still think "The Spaceman's Prayer" says what it should, though, and, for the sake of sentimentality, I left in the last lines.

#

This is a song that I sing with a capo on the tape. Now, I'm beginning to discover that I use a capo a little bit differently than most people, so let me take this time to explain how I make use of one; then, when later songs say "Capo on 4," you'll know what I mean.

"The Spaceman's Prayer" is sung with the capo on the second fret (also written "Capo on 2"), but the music on the following pages isn't written that way -- the music is written for a guitar without a capo. Now -- to play it with the capo, just strap your capo on the second fret, then finger the chords just as if the capo were the nut, the third fret now acting as the first fret, the fourth serving as the second fret, and so on. Does that make sense? Evidently some people go through the whole rigamarole about the chord names changing and the key changing, but good ol' simple-minded Julia just writes them all for open-fret guitar and then shoves a capo on as far up the neck as she has to to get it into a comfortable key. Disgraceful, ain't it?



The Spaceman's Prayer

$\text{♩} = 84$

"ose" Em B^7 Em

I still re-mem-ber when I left her so man-y stars a-

Am C Em

go; all mar-bled o'er with blue and white, all

Am B^7 Em B^7

o-ver-shone with gold. She hold-dled in her black-ened veil of

Em Am C Em

glor-y and of pain, then Sol a-rose be-hind her and I

Am C Em Em Am

saw her not a-gain. Oh, see. I've felt so man-y

D Em

pas-sions in my years a-way from you! The hor.

Am D Em E^7

i-zon that I chase dis-solves Per-ev-er when I move. I've

Am D G Em

found so man-y won-ders that I nev-er dream'd be-fore, but

Am Em Am

none can match the love I feel For your sweet, ring-ing shores.

B^7 D.S. al Coda

I



The Spaceman's Prayer

Capo on 2

by Julia Ecklar

^{Em} I still remember when I left her
^{B7}
^{Em} So many stars ago;
^{Am}
^C All marbled o'er with blue and white,
^{Em}
^{Am} All over-shone with gold.
^{B7}
^{Em} She huddled in her blackened veil
^{B7}
^{Em} Of glory and of pain,
^{Am}
^C Then Sol arose behind her
^{Em}
^{Am} And I saw her not again.
^C ^{Em}

Oh, Mother Earth, of years long past,
 Forgive your foolish child
 who left your love and warmth behind
 To travel free and wild.
 I've wandered farther than was wise;
 A starman lost at sea.
 But now I've lost your tenderness;
 Your sun-sets I'll not see.

^{Am} I've felt so many ^D passions
^{Em} In my years away from you!
^{Am} The horizon that I ^D chase dissolves
^{Em} Forever when I ^{E7} move.
^{Am} I've found so many ^D wonders
 That I ^G never dreamed before, ^{Em}
^{Am} But none can match the love I feel ^{Em}
^{Am} For your sweet, ringing shores. ^{B7}

I left a woman in my wake
 Who thought she'd be my bride,
 And when I think too much on her
 I lay at night and cry.
 I can't return to right the wrongs --
 I'm caught in Time's cruel tide.
 I'll never see my Earth again,
 And so, alone, I'll die.

My time is short. My years were long,
 'Though empty were my days.
 If I could live it all again...
 But no...Dear God, I pray...
 I long to set my feet once more
 Upon my globe of birth,
 And rest my weary mind and eyes
^{Am} On the cool, green ^C hills of ^{Em} Earth.
^{Am} I only pray that I could die ^{Em}
^{Am} On the cool, green ^C hills of ^{Em} Earth.

A Last Evening's Dream

"A Last Evening's Dream" is one of the first Galactica filk-songs that I ever penned (the fourth, I believe), yet there still remains a great deal of controversy concerning who the song was written for. Let the final word be said here: it's for Starbuck. And I won't argue about it -- I'm the composer, I should know.

Although "Gambler's Lament" was the first song I ever wrote, I've always been very fond of the Starbuck character, and I've felt there was more to the character than the side that is emphasized in "Gambler's Lament." "A Last Evening's Dream" was my attempt to bring some insight into that side.

If you don't agree that the song fits Starbuck, so be it (if everybody liked the same music, there would be no art involved), but I've played the song for some mundane audiences who have liked it without even knowing it was science-fiction. Maybe a universal idea (like the loneliness of a sleepless night) speaks beyond the medium.

#



A Last Evening's Dream

$\text{♩} = 94$

Distantly

The eve-ning hours fade in-to dawn, but I don't feel them
go-ing; I've found a bright star in the sky, all night I've watched it
glow-ing. A bove me the up-per bunk an-
oth-er fel-low's snor-ing. Am I the on-ly
one a-wake to greet an ear-ly morn-ing?
A Trapp'd with-out a past B in a race that has no fu-ture. Where
A ev-ry dream is B lost and gone and new ones can't be found. My
A last dreams fell to ground, B wound-ed by E an old man's
A play-ing. And now my nights are spent on A 6/9 an-pty dreams that
B have no room to fly E

A Last Evening's Dream
by Julia Ecklar

Intro: E B A E

The ^E evening hours ^B fade into dawn,
^E But I don't feel them going;
^A I've found a bright star in the sky,
^E All night I've watched it glowing.

Above me in the ^B upper bunk
^E Another fellow's snoring.
^A Am I the only one awake
^B To greet an early morning?

^A Trapped without a ^B past
^E In a race that has no future
^A Where every dream is lost and gone
And new ones can't be found. ^B
^A My last dreams fell to ground, ^B
^E Wounded by an old man's playing.
^A And now my nights are spent
^{A♭/9} On empty dreams
^B That have no room to fly. ^E

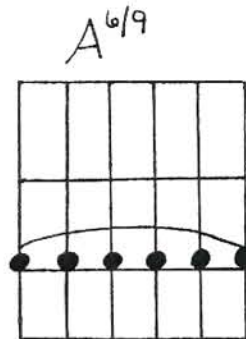
But daylight brings revision
Of the life to which we're tied.
We play our parts throughout the day,
To live again...Or die.

When evening comes we drift away
And try reclaiming dreams.

But dreams are just refracted light
That isn't what it seems.

Lost among my pain,
A disillusioned dreamer.
My life without all home or love
Through no fault of my own.
I search horizons lost
For a dream I can't stop dreaming.
But my nights are spent
On empty dreams
That have no room to fly.

The evening hours fade into dawn,
But I don't feel them going...

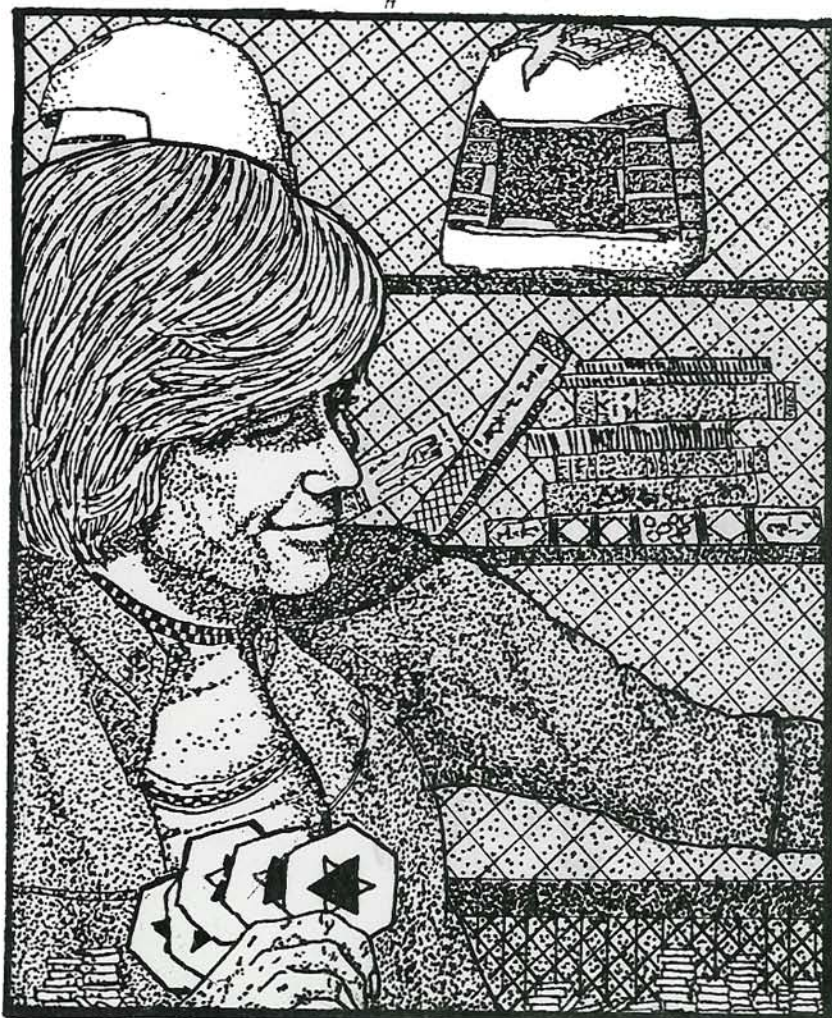


Gambler's Lament

So, of course, "Gambler's Lament" comes next. What can I say -- I can't use you out all the time! As I mentioned, "Gambler's Lament" was the first song I wrote, back in 1979, after my first con. And the first time I played it, it was about as well received as Cylons on Caprica. About a year later, though, I played it at a con and got happy reviews, so I tried it again at home. The homebodies swore they'd never heard it before and that they loved it (the slime!). It's been well-received by nearly everyone ever since (the "damn red alert" part catches on quickly and turns into a nifty sing-a-long, and Dixieland seems to bring out the best in people, no matter where you are).

Also, this song is my revenge to Joe the Transcriber: every-time I sang it, it was different. We had a Hell of a time transcribing it! So chalk one up for me!

(Anybody wanna play cards?)



Gambler's Lament

$\text{♩} = 144$

Dixieland

C *A* *D* *G*

C' - mon, this can't be true! It cer-tain-ly is a shame.

C *A*

They al-ways call out my squad-ron in the

D *G* *G⁷* *C*

mid-dle of my best game. I'm gon-na wipe out half the pi-

A *D* *G* *C*

lots, and win this whole damn pile. Can't you just al-low me this

A *D* *G* *G⁷* //

sim-ple, pleas-ure once in a great, great while? Be-fore that

C *Am⁷* *A* *D* *G* *C*

next damn red a-ler't (that's gon-na) call(s) us to the chutes. Save that

C *Am⁷* *A* *D* *G* *G⁷*

next damn red a-ler't and let me smoke just one last che-root Here I

C *A* *D*

sit on my last bid -- ah look in at a per-fect pyr-a-mid -- Save that

C *Am⁷* *A* *D* *G*

next damn red a-ler't un - til I can close this

C D.S. al Coda

bid.

Coda

red a-lert — ah, can't you see how much this is gon-na hurt? — Please

save that next damn red a-lert un-til I can close this —

please let me close it! — hard, I got-ta close this bird.

Gambler's Lament
by Julia Ecklar

Intro: C A D G C A D G-G⁷

C A
C'mon, this can't be true!

D G C
It certainly is a shame;

A
They always call out my squadron

D G-G⁷
In the middle of my best game.

C A
I'm gonna wipe out half the pilots

D G C
And win this whole damn pile.

A
Can't you just allow me this simple pleasure

D G-G⁷
Once in a great, great while?

Before that next damn red alert

Calls us to the chutes.

Save that next damn red alert

And let me smoke just one last cheroot.

Here I sit on my last bid --

Ah, lookin' at a perfect pyramid --

Save that next damn red alert

Until I can close this bid.

Just one more fold or two
And everything is gonna be all right.
Lord, in the morning I'll do what you want me to,
Just don't call an alert tonight!

But as the judgement moment nears us
You know it never fails;
Above the clinking of cubits gold,
That goddamned siren wails.

Please save that next damn red alert

That's gonna call us to the chutes.

Save that next damn red alert

And let me smoke just one last cheroot.

Here I sit on my last bid --

Looking at a perfect pyramid --

Save that next damn red alert --

Ah, can't you see how much this is gonna hurt? --

Please save that next damn red alert

Until I can close this --

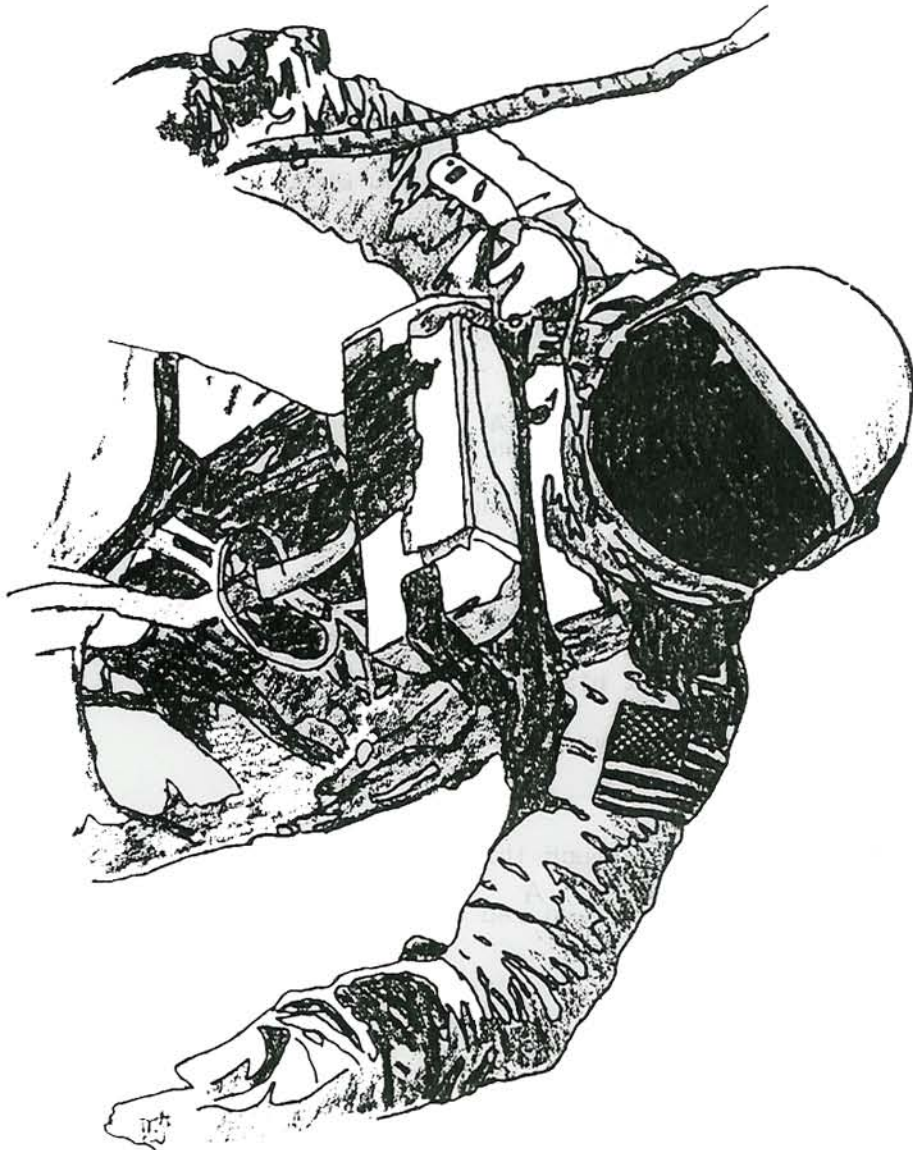
Please let me close it! --

Lord, I gotta close this bid!

Eulogy

This song is definately mellow; it isn't ose, but it certainly isn't spritely. Still, it leaves me feeling good when I'm finished singing it.

At the time the tape came out, we weren't sure which Apollo capsule burned on the launchpad, and I have found out since then that it was a simulation run for Apollo IV. Marj Ihssen wrote the poem "Spaceman's Prayer" just after that tragedy, and, as far as I know, the poem wasn't seen again until Pete Suffredin and I found it one evening in June of '81. Further than that. I couldn't tell you who wrote what in this song; Pete, an excellent musician, and I get along great, and the song just came out. I love it a great deal, and I want to thank Pete and Marj for giving me permission to use it both on the tape and here. I never fail to find it amazing that something written by three people comes out sounding like the effort of only one!



Eulogy

$\text{♩} = 72$

Handwritten musical score for "Eulogy". The score is written on six staves in D major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked as $\text{♩} = 72$. The lyrics are: "If I should die a-way from home, from the green hills and blue waters, then let me lie a-mong the stars that I a-lone saw first. Ah". The score includes guitar chords (Em, D, C, F) and a Coda section. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Editor's Note: I wrote this thing? - or - don't let your friends read the stuff you wrote in high school.

The origins of this song are hazed in the memories of a very good party in June of '81. Julia was there and Pete Suffredin, and I don't remember why I hauled out the old poem. But they owed and awed and the next thing I knew Pete had his mandolin out and had started building the melody. But as beautiful as it sounds on the Traveller tape (which was made the next day), I have something better. A copy of Eulogy with Julia singing and playing the guitar, and Pete's mandolin singing the songs of the stars in harmony. It is something I will always treasure.

Maj

Eulogy

Capo on 4

Lyrics by Marj Ihssen; music by Pete Suffredin

Intro: Em

Em
If I should die away from home,
From the ^Dgreen hills and blue ^{Em}waters,

Then let me lie among the stars

^C That I ^Dalone ^{Em}saw first.

^C Ahhhh.... ^D ^{Em}

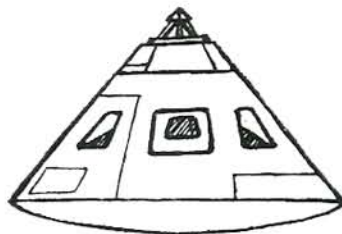
^C Ahhhh.... ^D ^{Em}

Do not shackle what remains
To dust and dirt and grime;
Let me float through boundless space
Until the end of Time.
Ahhhh...
Ahhhh...

I wish no stone, oh Sexton,
To head my resting place;
The comet's tail shall mark my grave,
The asteroids lend it grace.
Ahhhh....
Ahhhh....

^F Ahhhh.... ^C ^{Em}

^F Ahhhh....! ^C ^{Em}



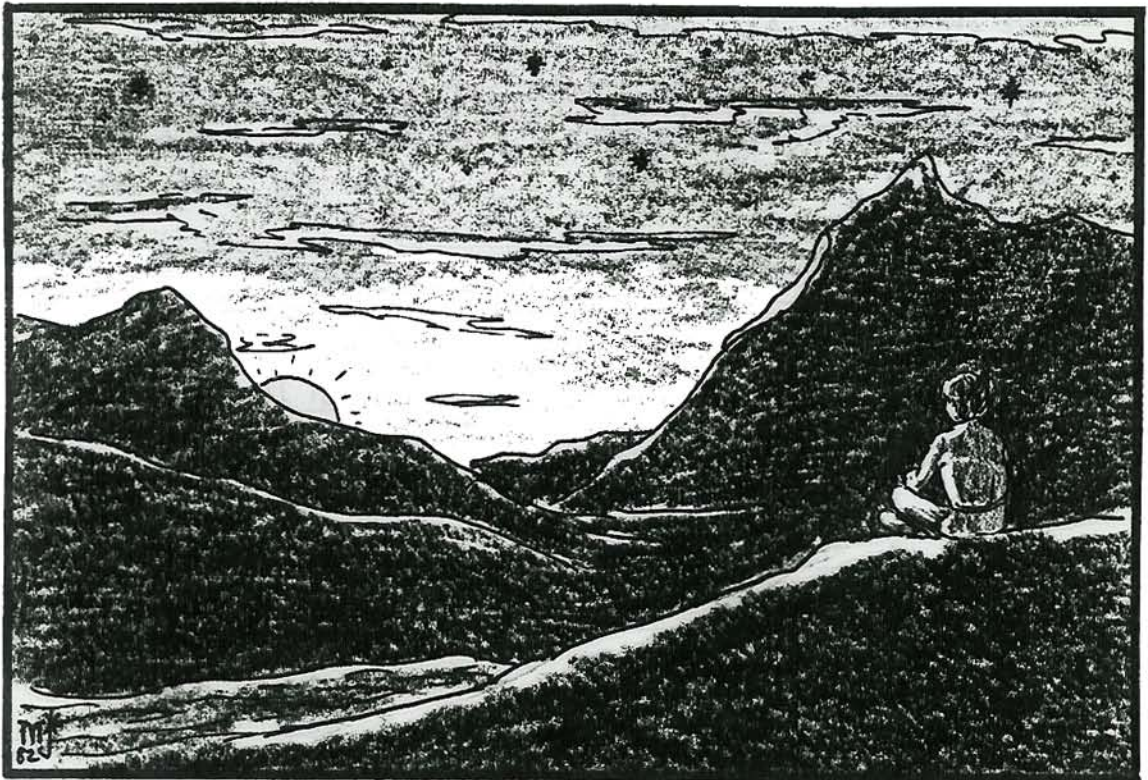
2/2

The Light That Died

As my friend Clyde would say, "Ah! Another cheerful Russian song!" It isn't cheerful, but it is certainly Russian (in fact, if you can sing it with a Russian accent, so much the better -- I didn't roll those r's on the tape by accident!). I don't do this song at cons much because it takes more time to explain than it does to sing, and, to be quite truthful, I was rather reluctant to include it on the tape. But several friends assured me that it would be all right, and I realized that if it wasn't, I could blame it on them! So I recorded it anyway, and Clyde the Tape Technician got to make his immortal comment.

"The Light That Died" is written around the story Leading Them Home, an attempt on my part to explain what became of Chekov between the Series and the Movie (in fact, it was supposed to be the first in a series of stories to explain what happened to all the characters -- an idea that I have since scrapped). During the first third of the story (it got rather lengthy -- three years is a long time!), Chekov makes the decision to resign from Starfleet and live at home. Bad choice on his part, and after about nine months, circumstances force him to realize that this isn't the type of life he wants. "The Light That Died" is that proverbial borderline where he finally decides that he's got to return to the life he had in Starfleet before it's too late to change his mind.

#



The Light That Died

♩ = 72

ose $\frac{5}{4}$ Dm Gm

The mor-nig stars still light the sky; it's ho-urs yet till

dawn. No clouds are there to hide them, I see them, ev-ry

one. The night-time past me while I stood: I

ne-ver felt it go. But now it's mor-nig,

here stand I, A - wake and all a - lone. I

left my life be - hind me; I swore I'd not turn

'round. Now I've no life to find me - I

lost it on the ground. A D.S. al fine

The Light That Died

Capo on 4

by Julia Ecklar

Intro: Dm Om Gm Gm E E A A⁷

Om
The morning stars still light the sky;

Gm Om
It's hours yet till dawn.

Gm
No clouds are there to hide them, I

Om E A-A⁷
See them, every one.

Om
The nighttime passed me while I stood:

Gm Om
I never felt it go.

Gm
But now it's morning, here stand I,

A A⁷ Om
Awake and all alone.

A Om
I left my life behind me;

A Om
I swore I'd not turn 'round.

A Om
Now I've no life to find me --

E A-A⁷
I lost it on the ground.

A shooting star that falls to Earth
Shines only in the sky.

Once fallen, it can live no more;
It's light will gently die.

I fell to Earth before I knew --

I looked, but did not see

That once on Earth, the light that died
Would be the life of me.

Homecoming

I don't want to say much about "Homecoming" except that it remains my all-time Favorite among my Star Trek songs; I can still cry when I sing it. I knew I was going to write it as soon as I saw Kirk's face when he spied the Enterprise in dry dock, and that was the first thing I did when I got home.

Later, the initial euphoria of the film wore off, and I realized how disappointed I was, but my joy at seeing Kirk's lady again has never faded. And I don't believe it ever will. This song was not written for the Movie: it was written for Kirk, and he has held up despite the Movie and a dozen bad episodes. "Homecoming" is entirely from his point of view, and you have to put yourself entirely in his frame of mind to sing it correctly -- and that's how you end up crying.

Remember the feeling when you first saw the Enterprise? That's what this song is for; not for what the Movie was, but what it should have been! And, God, what a movie it might have been...!

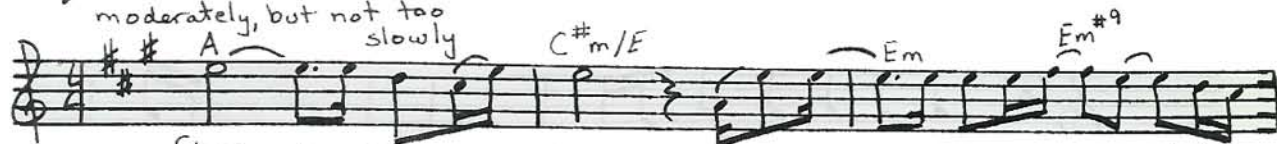
#



Homecoming

♩ = 52

moderately, but not too slowly



Stars be-fore my eyes; they stir a chord with-in me that I



thought had died. Be-low me sleeps a plan-et that



I call'd home for years. It fades from view a-mid my tears of joy.



Love, I see my love. Her song of free-don tow-ds me and



I re-turn her call. Her star-dry beau-ty tells a-tale of



cour-age and of tears. I'm com-ing home a-gain, from years a-



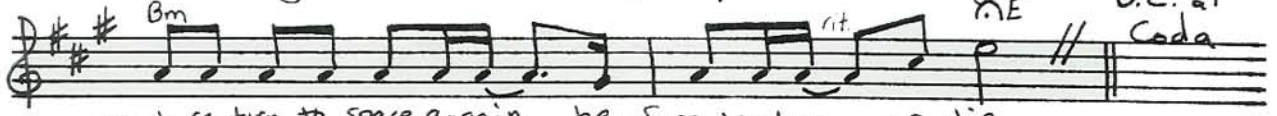
lone. But why this fear in-side of me of what I'll see and say? The



past three years I've lived each mo-ment for this day. The



call's so strong it wakes me from my sleep and makes me cry;



must re-turn to space a-gain be-fore too long or die.

Coda

sail our sea e-ter-nal-ly, my
star-dry love and I.

Homecoming
by Julia Ecklar

Intro: A C[#]m/E E_m E_m^{#9} D E A

A
Stars

Before my eyes;
C[#]m/E

They stir a chord within me that I thought had died.
E_m E_m^{#9} D

Below me sleeps a planet
B_m

That I called home for years.
E A

It fades from view
B_m

Amid my tears of joy.
E E⁷

A
Love,

I see my love.
C[#]m/E

Her song of freedom touches me, and I return her call.
E_m E_m^{#9} D

Her star-dry beauty tells a tale
B_m

Of courage and of tears.
E A

I'm coming home again
B_m E

From years alone.
A

B_m E
 But why this fear inside of me
 A A^7
 Of what I'll see and say?
 B_m E
 The past three years I've lived
 A A^7
 Each moment for this day.
 B_m
 The call's so strong it wakes me
 E A
 From my sleep and makes me cry.
 B_m E
 I must return to space again before too long or die.

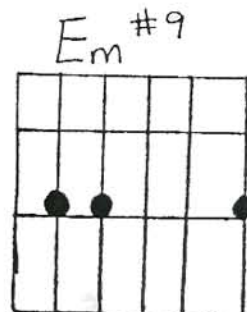
Home,
 I have come home.
 The faces here, though different, are the same as long before.
 The power swells beneath me
 As the years all fall away.
 And for moments, there is nothing we can say.

And stars
 Before my eyes.
 A single more year Earthbound, and I'm sure I would have died.
 I'll call no planet home again
 For it would be a lie.

B_m
 We'll sail our sea eternally,
 E A
 My star-dry love and I.

$C^{\#}_m/E$

(see "The Traveller")



The Purple and Orange Conspiracy

Let's put it this way -- "Purple and Orange" is funny at 3:00 a.m. when you're riding on a convention high 300 miles away from home.

I realize that "Purple and Orange?" is also the name of a zine of much repute in the Chicago area, and I would like to state for the record that this song has nothing whatsoever to do with that magazine; it was written nearly two years before I had any knowledge of the magazine's existence, and I would like to apologize for any confusion that may have arisen since then. Any similarity between anything appearing in that zine and anything mentioned in this song is by coincidence only.

The basic gist of "The Purple and Orange Conspiracy" came about as a result of someone's innocent comment, "I can't find anything resemblant of a squadron insignia on the Galactica uniforms. How can you tell what squadron a guy is from?"

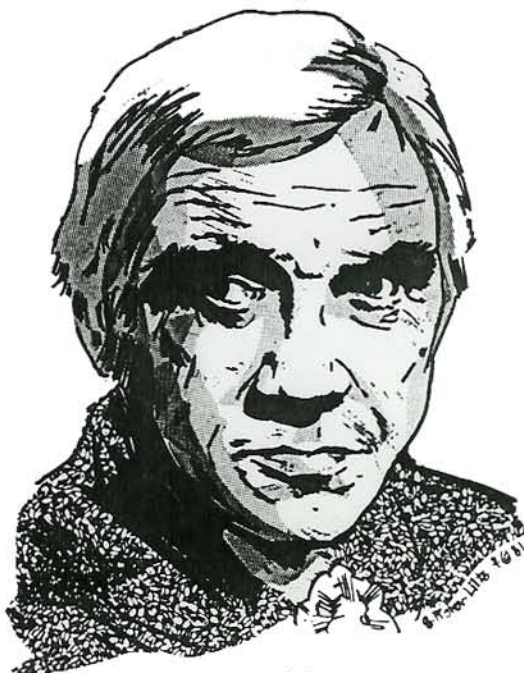
"Why, by the color of his socks, of course."

At 3:00 a.m., it was hysterically funny.

And that led to numerous "ha ha"s, several bad puns, a pair of purple and orange socks for Christmas (I still have them, and they are gross) and a bright purple T-shirt with orange lettering that proclaimed me as a member of the Purple and Orange Squadrons, with a name and a rank to match. It is equally icky. If you want to understand the comment about purple and orange underwear, just wash your T-shirt with the white clothes...You'll learn fast...

I guess the song is okay without the explanation (people laugh), but for the sake of my own conscience (I sometimes wonder if people do understand this song), and editor Joy Harrison's peace of mind, I thought it best to clear the air now while I had the chance.

#



The Purple & Orange Conspiracy

slowly

I think sus-pi-cion start-ed at that roll two months a-go,

when a cer-tain group of war-iors quite po-

lite-ly did-n't show. A- dam-a does-n't know a thing- Crew,

let's keep it that way. But some-how the si-lence gets hard-er each

day! There's a Purp-le and Or-ange Con-spir-a-cy go-ing on

be-neat my nose. We're run-ning a-round like a

bunch of fools mak-ing sure that no one knows, but the

lawn-dry comes back with purp-le and or-ange un-der-wear each

week. And Star-buck spends cen-tares with Cas-sie ex-plain-ing his

purp-le socks (the sneak!) There are

know. But I could calm-ly rit. tell the Or-ange
 Squa-dron where to go. slowly On top of Star-buck's
 bet-ting, on top of Giles' nerve, there's
 Box-ey, who's bed-wet-ting, and there's Muf-fit's pesk-y
 whirr. On top of soc-ial-a-tors, who make
 nites for war-riors la-zy, If Corn-
 man-der A-dam-a finds out a-bout this, it's going to drive him cra-zy!
 D.S. al Coda

So the
 Coda
 -way, hey, hey ———! I ain't
 seen no purp-le knee socks to-day!

The Purple and Orange Conspiracy
by Julia Ecklar

^A
I think suspicion started

^D
At that roll two months ago,

^E
When a certain group of warriors

^E ^A
Quite politely didn't show.

Adama doesn't know a thing --

^D
Crew, let's keep it that way.

^E ^E
But somehow the silence gets harder each day!

^A
There's a Purple and Orange Conspiracy

^E
Going on beneath my nose.

^D ^E
We're running around like a bunch of fools

^A ^A
Making sure that no one knows, but

^D
The laundry comes back with

^E ^A ^D
Purple and orange underwear each week.

^D
And Starbuck spends centares with Cassie

^E ^E
Explaining his purple socks (the sneak!).

There are Purple and Orange vipers
Hidden in the Alpha Landing bay.

And every week I'm signing checks
For the Purple Squadron's pay.

Who's paying Orange Squadron?

I'm not sure I want to know.

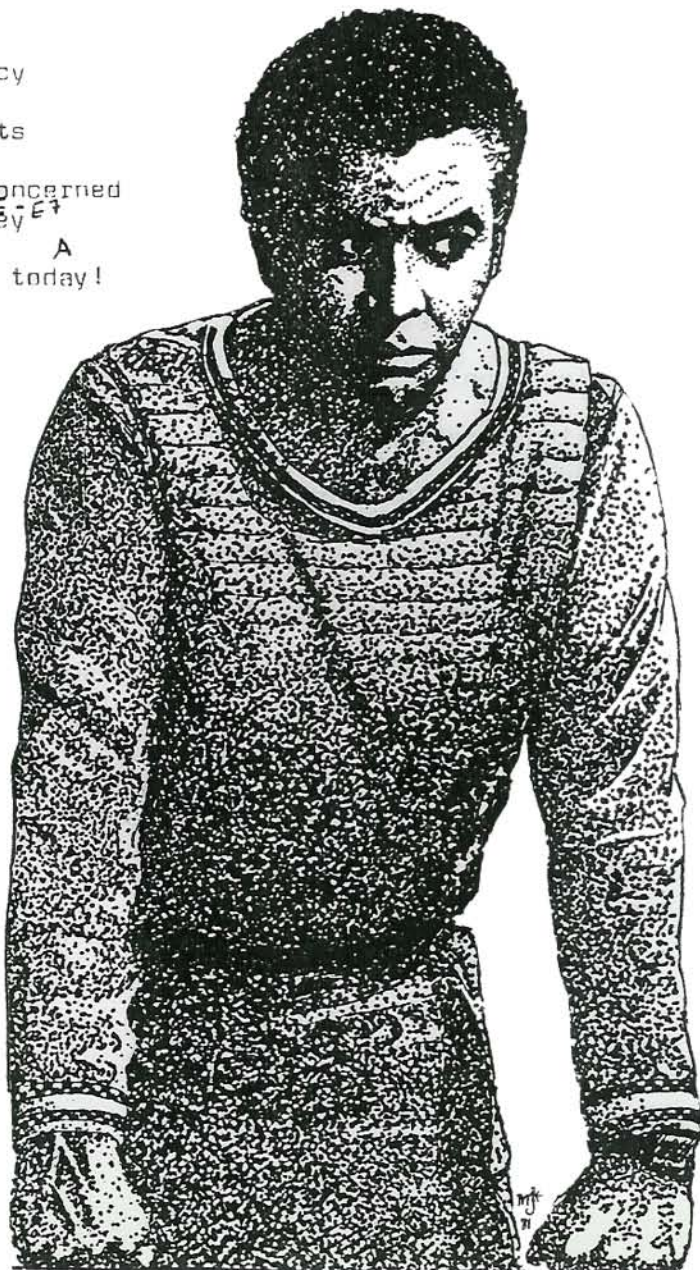
But I could calmly tell the Orange Squadron
where to go.

^F ^E
On top of Starbuck's betting,

^F ^E
On top of Giles' nerve,

^{B7}
 There's Boxey, who's bed-wetting, ^E
 And there's Muffit's pesky whirr. ^{B7} ^E
 On top of socialators, ^{Bm} ^E
 Who make nights for warriors lazy, ^{Bm} ^E
 If Commander Adama finds out about this, ^E ^{E7}
 It's going to drive him crazy! ^{Bm} ^D ^E

So the Purple and Orange Conspiracy
 Doesn't go a step higher than me;
 A Colonel can keep military secrets
 Of his own occasionally.
 And as far as Commander Adama's concerned ^{E-E7}
 I have turned my face away, hey hey ^{E-E7}
 I ain't seen no purple knee socks today! ^D ^E ^A



Brekke's Lament

(Words from Dragonsinger)

"Brekke's Lament" is from the same crop as "Song for Petiron;" the little group that got written just before Rivercon V. Just like "Song for Petiron," the Dragonrider people love it, and I'm rather fond of it, and that's why it's in this collection.

About four months before we did the tape, a friend of mine, Gwyn Hunt, wrote harmonies to both "Song for Petiron" and "Brekke's Lament," and it is her harmony that is sung to "Petiron" on the tape (although I probably should have mentioned that there). I wanted very much to do the "Brekke's Lament" harmony, but I didn't know it well enough, so we decided to leave it out rather than mess it up. Which is too bad -- it really makes the piece sound heart-wrenching.

#

Interesting -- this is my only Dragonrider song not in tenor cleft!

Brekke's Lament

Handwritten musical score for "Brekke's Lament" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: Dm, Gm, C, and Dm.

Don't leave me a-lone! The cry in the night of
heart-strik-ing an-guish, of soul-kill-ing bright.
I live for my li-ving or else I must die. Don't
leave me a-lone! A world heard that cry.

Brekke's Lament

by Julia Ecklar

from the words given in Anne McCaffrey's Dragonsinger, © Bantam Books

Intro: Dm Gm Dm

^{Dm}
"Don't leave me alone!"

^{Gm} ^{Dm}
The cry in the night

^C
Of heart-striking anguish,

^{Dm}
Of soul-killing fright.

^C ^{Dm}
"Live for my living,

^C ^{Dm}
Or else I must die.

Don't leave me alone!"

^{Gm} ^{Dm}
A world heard that cry.

"My world torn from me
While hope flew so high.
It vanished between,
Leaving me half-alive.

I'd will life to end,
But for you, my love fair;
You stayed by my side,
And I knew you were there.

Don't leave me alone!
Return from your flight.
Don't leave me to cry
Through the long, lonesome nights.

Please, live for my living,
Or else I will die.
Don't leave me alone!"
A world heard that cry.



The Southern Land

I don't know...This song always kind of reminded me of Florida...

This is the first of my Dragonrider songs that wasn't taken at least in part from the McCaffrey books; since "The Southern Land" I've fallen madly in love with two other original Dragonrider filks, "Beasts of Song" and "Menolly's Melody," which I intend to introduce at a con as soon as possible. The poem "The Southern Land" was written by Kris Seng (Arawen, green Rayanth's rider at Fort Weyr), and she asked me to put it to music after we met at Rivercon 5. That proved not to be difficult at all -- the little poem carried a tune all its own. It seems like just the type of song any Weyrsinger or weary rider would be glad to hear after a long Threadfall, and it's certainly more cheerful than either "Song for Petiron" or "Brekke's Lament!" What can I say; I think it's cute!

#

Doops! There's that tenor cleft again!



The Southern Land

♩ = 120

lightly

Har - per, tell me of the land that lies be - yond the sea.

There dra - gon men have vis - i - ted, now

bring the news to me. The pro - duce there is

lar - ger still than an - y in the North, and

fault - less are the grow - ing things the South - ern land brings

forth. Red fruits, ripe and hang - ing, are

al - ways with - in reach. And wide coves, right for dra - gon - baths, each

rim'd by san - dy beach.

The Southern Land
words by Kris Seng
music by Julia Ecklar

Intro: A O E A

A
Harper, tell me of the land

O E
That lies beyond the sea.

A
There dragonmen have visited,

O E A
Now bring the news to me.

The land is lush and green for miles

O E
As far as dragons fly.

A
The scars of Thread are seldom seen

O E A
On plains or mountains high.

O E
The produce there is larger still

A O
Than any in the North,

O E
And faultless are the growing things

A A⁷
The Southern Land brings forth.

O E
Red-fruits, ripe and hanging,

A O
Are always within reach.

E
And wide coves, right for dragon-baths,

E⁷ A
Each rimmed by sandy beach.

Fire lizards, too, dwell there;

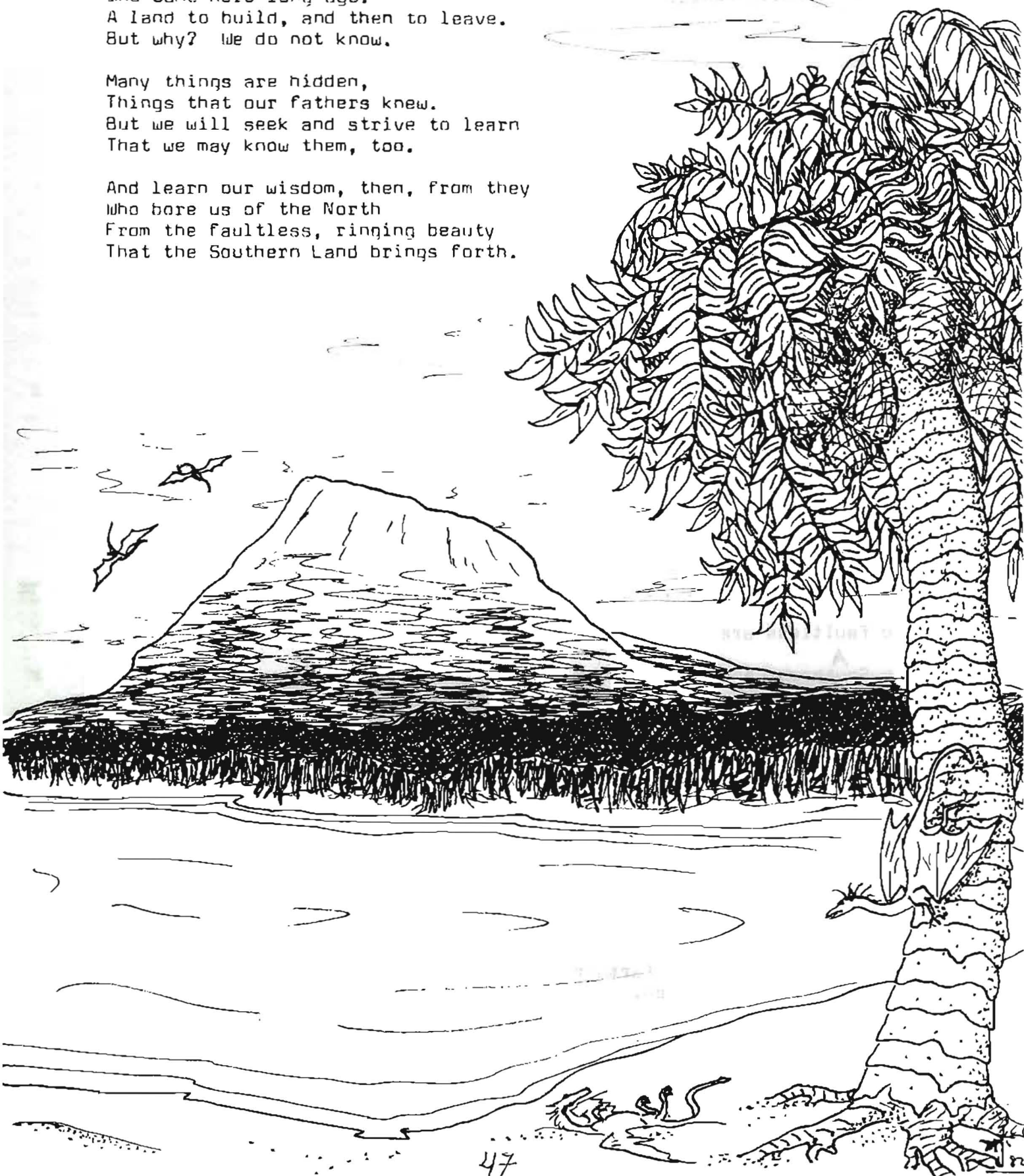
The tiny dragon-kin.

Their memories stretch farther back
Than man's has ever been.

They can recall our fathers
Who came here long ago.
A land to build, and then to leave.
But why? We do not know.

Many things are hidden,
Things that our fathers knew.
But we will seek and strive to learn
That we may know them, too.

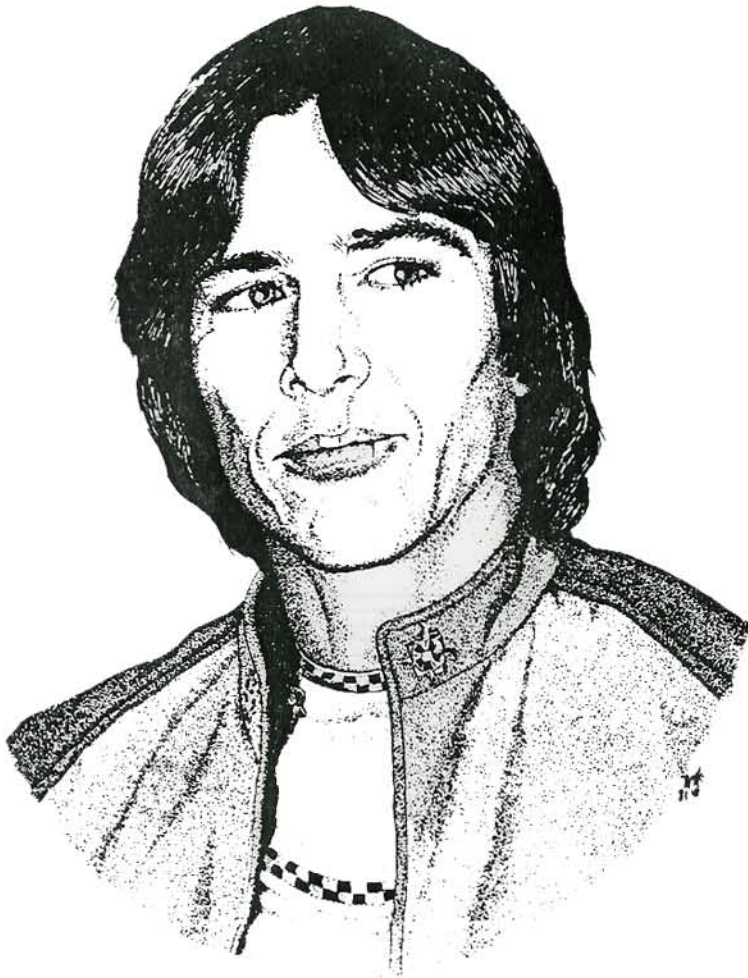
And learn our wisdom, then, from they
Who bore us of the North
From the faultless, ringing beauty
That the Southern Land brings forth.



When Love is Lost

"When Love is Lost" was my second Galactica song, written on request for a friend who wanted to hear a song for Captain Apollo. I probably shouldn't say this, but I sometimes have trouble understanding why people love this song so much. I mean, I do like the song, but I can see so much in it that I would change if I could write it again today; it's good, but not brilliant. How come people are always in love with your good songs, but indifferent to your brilliant ones?

#



When Love Is Lost

♩ = 96

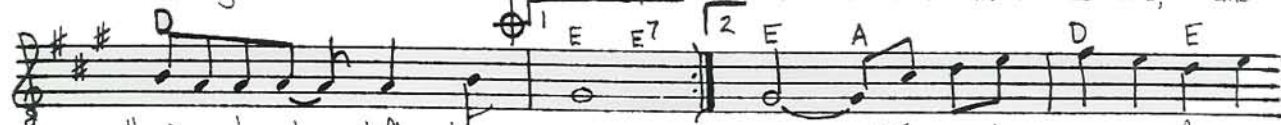
Moderate Folk-rock



One young man, a - lone in his pain. He's fighting the dark - ness as he's



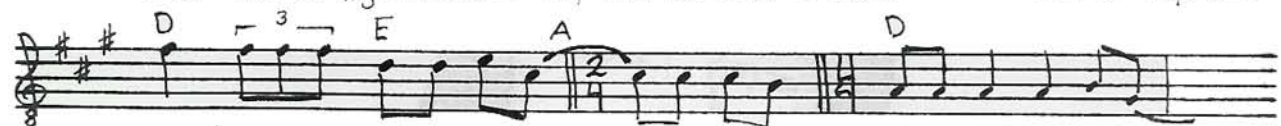
Right-ing the shame. There's no hope be - fore him and he's lost what's be - hind, and



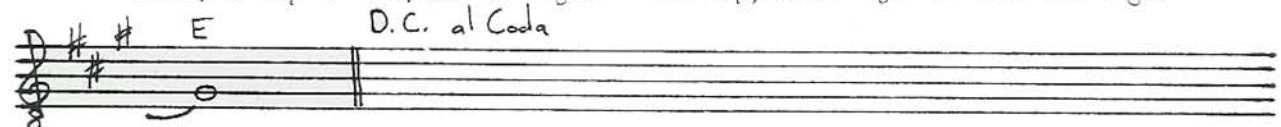
there's no - where else left to go. grow, "Come on - to me my wife, my



love. The ev'ning's ro - mant - ic, there are stars a - bove." "There al - ways are.



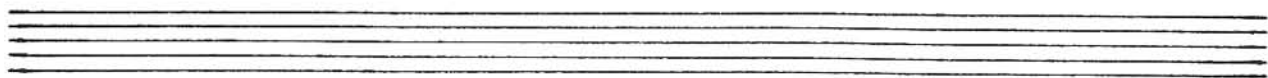
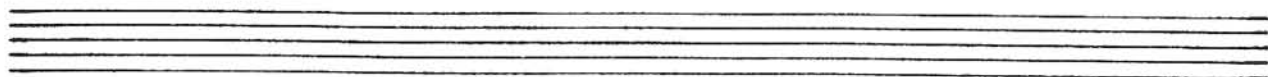
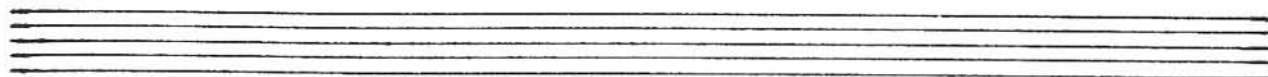
stars, "she says to him, and he laughs. He says, "We've got our whole lives to go."



D.C. al Coda



So ... Come on, son, it's time to go home."



When Love is Lost
by Julia Ecklar



Intro: A D E A D E A

A D E A
One young man, alone in his pain,
He is fighting the darkness as he's fighting the shame.
There's no hope before him and he's lost what's behind
And there's nowhere else left to go.

A O E A
One young girl who's a woman inside;
Her spirit unbroken, though her people have died.
She and the young man, they take the same name
And there's still time for love to grow.

A D E A
"Come unto me, my wife, my love.
The evening's romantic, there are stars above."
"There always are stars," she says to him, and he laughs.
He says, "We've got our whole lives to go."

One young man, alone in his pain;
The woman has left life and life's bitter strain.
There's nothing to live for now the woman has died,
To no one else can he go.

But there is one young boy, a child in size;
He says with his heart what you can read in his eyes.
The young man can hold him and not want to let go,
He says, "Child, I love you so...
Come on, son, it's time to go home."

"He's Dead, Jim"

Would you believe this song won The Most Retarded Song of The Year award?

Well, if the award existed, it would have won it. Like the rest of Star Trek fandom, the line "He's dead, Jim" was a kind of catch-all punch line for my friend Laura and I. It didn't matter what the situation, if somebody said "He's dead, Jim" we would both crack up until we were crying. So one night I was downstairs in her room with my guitar, goofing off, and I happened to hit the Am-G chord combination that makes up the first part of the refrain. It sounded neat, we had both just broken our tailbones trying to dance to Fiddler on the Roof, and, feeling silly, I started singing words off the top of my head: "He's dead, Jim... He's gone and died...He's croaked off...I don't know why!" Anything that would rhyme. The dorm mother found us in there laughing and thought we were both having fits!

So a couple of days later, I jokingly wrote the rest of the song. It's almost horrifying that it goes over so big at cons! But it does, and I'm guilty of singing, and here it is. Enjoy!

#

Over both the music and the words are chords and little slash marks (/). For the sake of melodrama, I play a strange guitar part to this piece. Therefore, the only time you strike a chord is where it is marked, then again on a slash. You get the opening notes (the beginning of "Taps," for anyone who hasn't noticed) by fingering an Am and then hitting the low E (the sixth string) twice, strumming twice, and then switching to the G and strumming it twice, then strum E once, E⁷ once, and play the "Taps"/Am combination again. Got it?

God, this is a disgusting song...

"He's Dead, Jim"

Recitative

Handwritten musical score for the song "He's Dead, Jim". The score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The tempo/style is marked "Recitative" and "Rubato". The lyrics are written below the notes, and chords are indicated above the staff.

Lyrics: The ep-i-taph for any man is oft de-void of joy. This ep-i-taph fit man-y men, some old, some yet mere boys. "He's dead, Jim. He's gone and died. He's croak'd off, I don't know why. Some weird di-sease we've found has put him six feet down. Cre-ma-tion has claim'd him. He's dead, Jim"

Chords: D, Am, F, E, Am, F, E, Am, G, Am, G, F, E, Am, E7, Am.



"He's Dead, Jim"
by Julia Ecklar

Intro: Am G E E⁷ Am

Am /
The epitaph for any man

F E
Is oft devoid of joy.

Am /
This epitaph fit many men,

F E
Some old, some yet mere boys.

Am /
"He's dead, Jim.

G /
He's gone and died.

Am /
He's croaked off,

G /
I don't know why.

F /
Some weird disease we've found

E Am
Has put him six feet down.

E
Cremation

E⁷
Has claimed him.

Am
He's dead, Jim."

So, spacemen, fear this sentence well;
Bones hasn't missed one yet.
The day these words sound as your knell,
There's a day you won't forget.

"He's dead, Jim.

He's lost and gone.

He punched out

That Klingon wrong.

Life's feeble flutter flew

And left his bod with you.

Despace him,

Replace him.

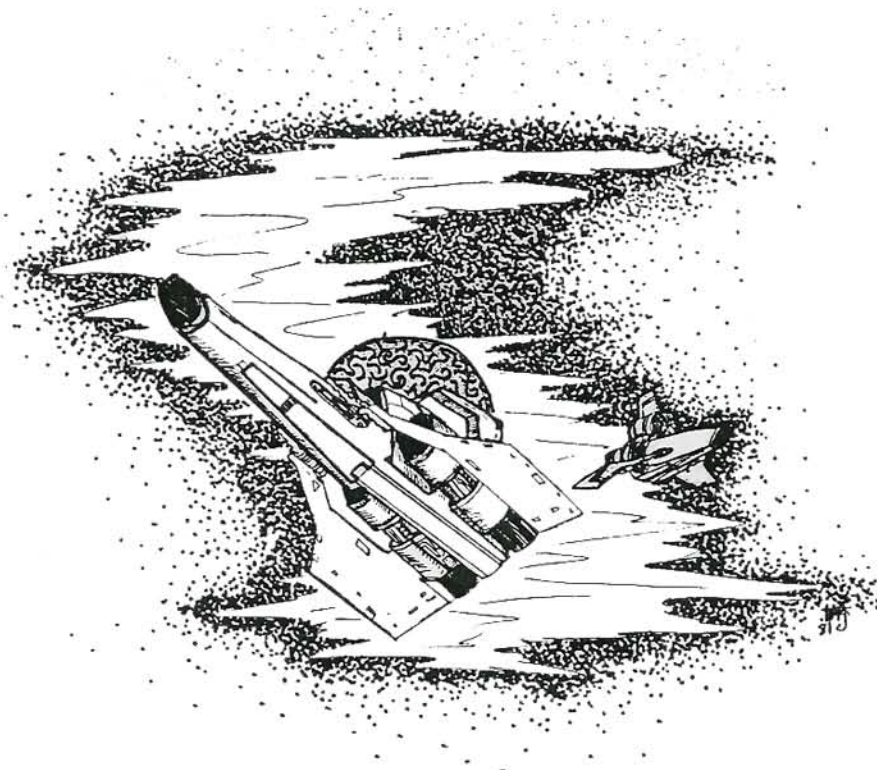
He's dead, Jim."

Song to a Stranded Warrior
A Memorial

This was an especially painful song to write. I'm not the type who gets emotional very often during films or books: after more than ten years of waiting, I got emotional over the beginning of the Star Trek movie (ala "Homecoming"), and The Dragonriders of Pern did more to me than I can express when poor Menolly had her music taken away. But that particular move on the part of Glen Larson and Company...

It wasn't so much the losing of Starbuck (as a writer, I had already decided to disregard anything that occurred on Galactica after the "The Hand of God" episode), but how they got rid of him that was so raunchy. I'm rather gregarious myself, and I can't imagine being left -- just left! -- for what amounts to forever and ever amen without even a Cylon to play cards with. If they wanted to get rid of the character, why didn't they just kill him (the sadists)? To a character like Starbuck, what they did was a fate worse than death. I still shudder to think of it; for him, there isn't even the outlet of imminent death. Bummer.

#



Song to a Stranded Warrior

A Memorial

$\text{♩} = 84$

Sadly, not too slow



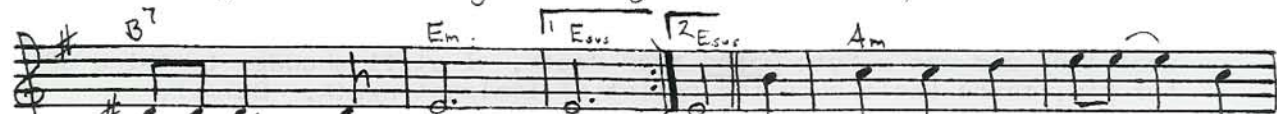
At - ter so long, guess I should-n't com-plain;



there's al-ways sun-shine, and not ev-er rain. There's



no neigh-bors shout-ing at night when I'm home, and I'm left con-



pletely a-lone.

Finé The night-time stars whis-per and



cry in their sleep. They want me to join them, and



share what they keep. They shine and they sparkle, and

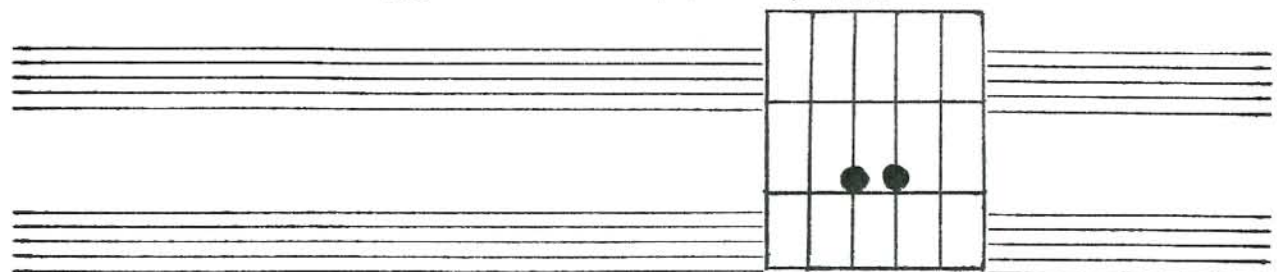


weep just for me. They call me to beck-on; I



know it can't be.

For *Esus*



Song to a Stranded Warrior
A Memorial
by Julia Ecklar

Intro: Em Esus Em Esus :||

Em Esus
After so long,
Guess I shouldn't complain; Em Esus
Em Esus
There's always sunshine,
Em Esus
And not ever rain.
Em
There's no neighbors shouting
Em
At night when I'm home,
Em Esus
And I'm left completely alone.

Em Esus
Silence is golden
Em Esus
When you're in a crowd,
Em Esus
But silent aloneness
Em Esus
Is silent out loud.
Em
Aloneness is cherished
Em
Where men can't run free,
Em
But no more aloneness for me.

Am
The nighttime stars whisper
Em
And cry in their sleep.
Am
They want me to join them,
Em
To share what they keep.
Am
They shine and they sparkle,
Em
And weep just for me.

Am
They call me to beckon;
Em G⁷
I know it can't be.

For, silently lonely,
No friend by my side,
No virtue to cling to,
Not even my pride,
I stand in the stars' light
And gaze toward my home.
Can a man die from being alone?



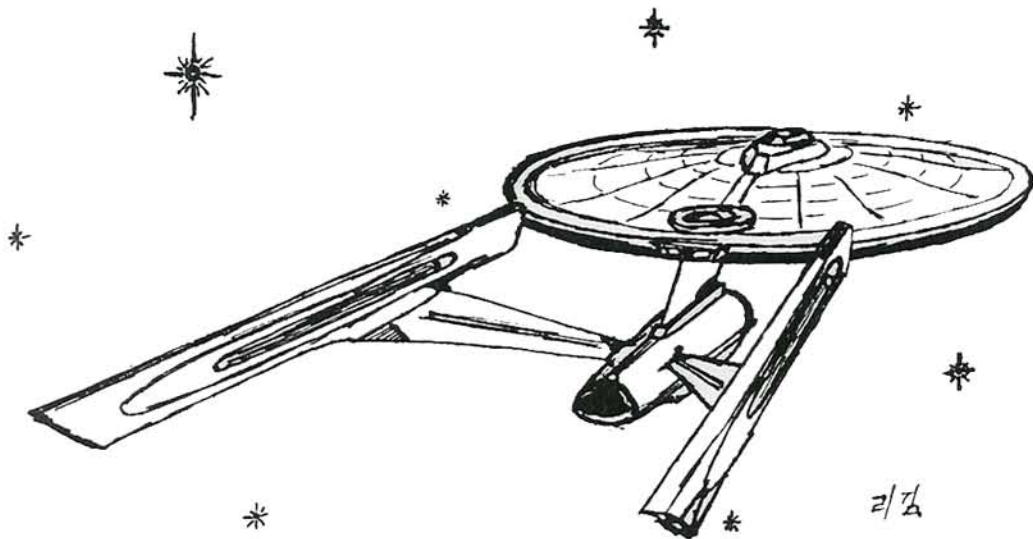
Christmastime in Sector Five

I had always wanted to write a long song, that took a long time to write, and that came out brilliant. Christmastime in Sector Five takes going on ten minutes to sing, it took me two months to write it (I worked on it on and off from October to December 24), and it must be brilliant because people are essentially indifferent towards it. But the ones who love it, really love it. Ah well!

So what follows is my version of "Banned from Argo," ala Saint Nick.

#

Joe and I didn't bother writing out the scores for the parts done to carolling tunes -- if you don't know them, you're the one who's deprived! Before each section, I give the timing (i.e., 4/4, 3/4, etc.) and the chords, so you shouldn't have any trouble with the transitions.



Christmastime in Sector 5

♩ = 120

Not too fast!

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and repetitive, using a limited range of notes (D, E, F#, G, A). Chords are indicated by letters A, D, and E above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

It's Christmas time in Sec-tor Five, at ev'-ry stop you hear a
flock of wor-ried ad-mirals thank-ing God it's once a year. Two
days a year all modes of space are out on On-Ship leave; there's
no-thing quite so bad as this, ex-cept for New Year's Eve. And
ev'-ry pla-net's dres-sing in hues of red and green. Each
mo-ther is out guess-ing her young son's Christ-mas dream. And
ev'-ry-one is sing-ing of a star that wise men led, and a-
round O-ri-ons mid-dle is a rib-bon paint-ed red.

Christmastime in Sector Five

by Julia Ecklar and assorted traditional composers

("Deck the Halls") 4/4

A E A
Deck the decks and halls with folly

E A O E A
Fa la la la la, la la, la la!

E A
Since Thanksgiving we've been jolly

E A O E A
Fa la la la la, la la, la la!

E A
Gespoin Seven doesn't claim us

O E E?
Fa la la, fa la la, la la la!

A E A
That's okay, we'll go to Janus

O E A E A
Fa la la la la, la la, la la!

A E
It's Christmastime in Sector Five,

O A
At every stop you hear

O A
A flock of worried admirals

O E
Thanking God it's once a year.

A E
Two days a year all modes of space

O A
Are out on On-Ship leave;

O A
There's nothing quite so bad as this

E A
Except for New Year's Eve.

O A
And every planet's dressing

E A
In hues of red and green.

O A
Each mother is out guessing

O E
Her young son's Christmas dream.

A E
And everyone is singing

O A
Of a star that wise men led,

O A
And around Orion's middle
 A E A
Is a ribbon painted red.

Into the celebration
A noble starship sped;
Her running lights that weren't green
Were blinking Christmas red.
Her course was quite erratic,
And all knew the reason why;
Not just the Christmas spirit,
But the crew, also, was high.

It started out politely --
Just a drink or two (or three) --
But when young boys feel sprightly
They'll share drinks happily.
So two days before Christmas,
Before all the clocks struck four,
They had satisfactorily sloshed the crews
From deck one to deck four.

The bridge crew of the Enterprise
Longed so to join the fun;
And they'd been squirming in their seats
Since quarter after one.
When six o'clock finally arrived
And they were free to go,
They took off for the rec room
With a lad or lass in tow.

The rec deck looked quite merry
All painted straight bright red.
The drunk boys from the second shift
Looked, oh, say six months dead.
But Sulu and Uhura
Never made it to the fun:
They were somehow lost together
Around deck twenty-one.

("The Little Drummer Boy") 4/4

 A
Come, they told me

Pa rum pa pum pum

A half-ton keg to see

Pa rum pa pum pum

^E I thought that they had lied

Pa rum pa pum pum

I saw that ^A keg and died

^D Pa rum pa pum pum, ^A rum pa pum pum, ^E rum pa pum pum

^A Took us half a week

To finish that beer.

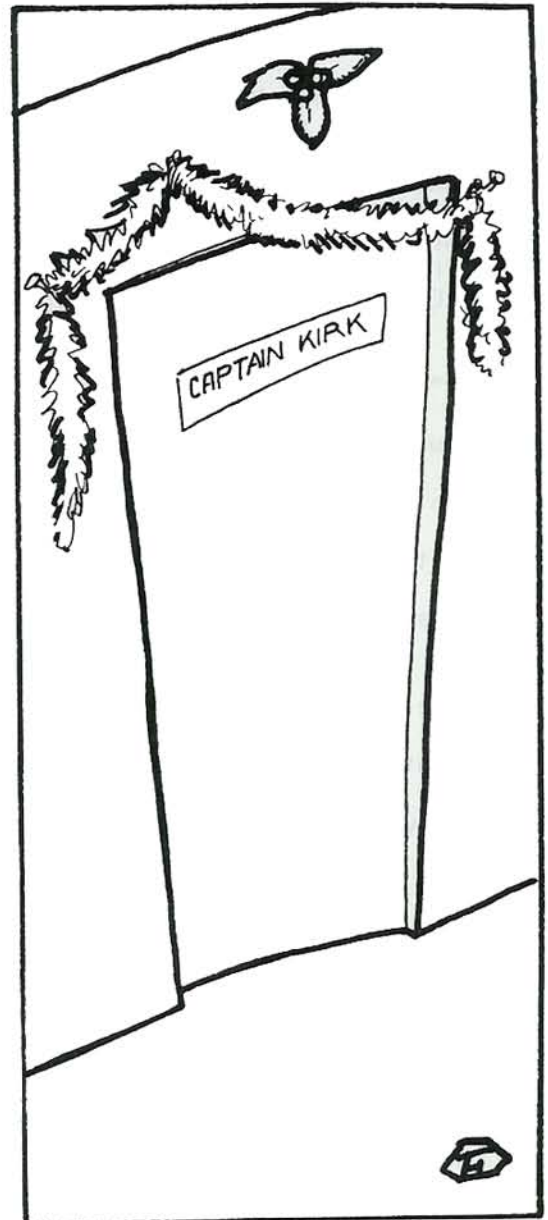
^E Been drunk for a ^A year.

The party lasted all that night
And most of the next day,
And somehow the egg nog was spiked
Twelve times along the way.
But still 'twas early when the bed
The Captain he did go,
A gal on either arm and one
On either leg also.

McCoy was in the hallways
Teaching anatomy.
And Yeoman Rand was helping him
"Put tab A in slot B."
The class dismissed quite early
And they disappeared in pairs.
They weren't seen again all evening
But they studied hard I hear.

"This whole thing is illogical,"
Our First Officer claimed.
And he refused to alter
The coldness for which he's famed.
And so he roamed the bright green halls
Appalled at what he'd see.
And smoke poured from the main lounge; ah!!
A problem here, indeed.

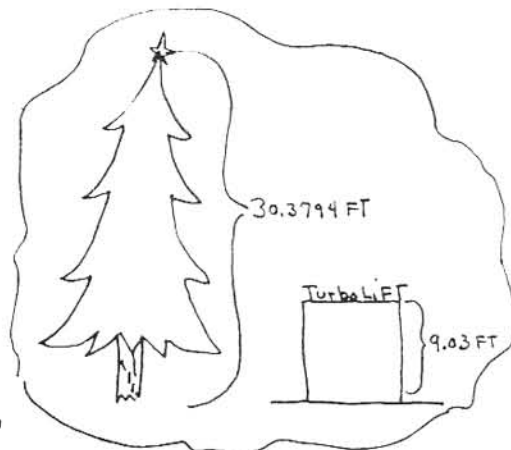
The room was filled with crewmen
And green smoke filled the air.
They all seemed very happy;
At least half the crew was there.



His logic circuits failed him
 (A pink pacaderm appeared)
 And he joined them then quite limply,
 Grinning dumbly ear-to-ear.

A thirty-foot tall Christmas tree
 Was sent up as a gift,
 But it was lost (as were four men)
 In a nine-foot turbo-lift.
 They scoured every corridor
 From deck one to deck nine
 But no more tree! A cactus
 Was the best that they could find.

And "Silent Night" was sung
 In seven languages and keys,
 And harmonizing with it
 Was the call of "Shut up, please!"
 They stopped at " 'round yon virgin,"
 Not singing anymore;
 They couldn't sing of virgins
 'Cause there wasn't one on board.



("Jingle Bells") 4/4

^A
 Twenty-seven men

In an elevator crammed,
 But if the booze will fit,
 They don't mind the jam.

The elevator stopped

Just underneath deck nine.

They weren't found then till Easter
 But they didn't seem to mind.

^A
 Jingle bells,

Jingle bells,

Jingle all the way!

^D We keep hearing ^A jingle bells



And there's not any sleigh!

^A
Thirty quarts

Beneath our belts

And twelve more on the way!

^O we'll just pass around the drinks

^E ^{E⁷} ^A
Till the jingles go away.

With rec rooms red and hallways green,
A cactus and no snow,
Christine the nurse looked up and cried,
"We've got no mistletoe!"
Since all spacemen have missile-toes,
From Scotty up to Spock,
To decorate the doorways
They just used somebody's socks.

And Riley's voice is ringing
Throughout the starship's halls.
"I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen!"
Gives way to "Deck the Halls!"
And Mister Scott and Chekov
Matched each other drink for drink,
Then they spent the evening dancing
(With each other, too, I think).

Young Teresa Bryant
Looked out a star window.
"At Christmastime on Earth," she said,
"There's almost always snow!"
"It's snowing now in Moscow,"
Chekov added with a sigh.
And Teresa Bryant sat down
And then began to cry.

"We've got no snow on Christmas!"
She sobbed lamentably.
"We've even got no misteltoe,
We haven't got a tree.
And why should we be merry
With no family, tree or snow?
Is Christmas even Christmas
Way out here?" she longed to know.

(chord break) O A E A

"A Christmas tree is but a plant,
 A shrub, to be precise.
 And mistletoe but fungus,
 Quite disgusting in my eyes.
 And it is where you find a certain
 Happiness and warmth
 That you will find the family
 That's most loved within your heart."

We turned about in silence
 To face the voice we heard.
 Teresa had stopped crying,
 Hanging on to every word.
 And Spock stood in the doorway,
 Gazing at us like children:
 He was stoned right off his ass from here
 To Albast 7-10.

(chord break)

"And so we have a Christmastime,"
 He said, quite strong and clear.
 "Although no tree, nor mold, nor snow,
 Our family is right here.
 And Christmas is for families,
 For, as you will all recall,
 The first Christmas child was born
 With just a family and a stall."

And now no one was crying;
 We let the thought sink it.
 Then, one by one, the bridge crew
 Began to slowly sing.
 And just as it turned Christmas
 We stood singing clear and bright,
 Being thankful for the Child
 Who was born on Christmas night.

("God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen") 4/4

^{Am}
 God rest our poor Commander;
^{Om} ^{Am}
 He can neither walk nor stand.

He mutters something meaningless

^{Om} ^{Am}
 About "One in the hand..."

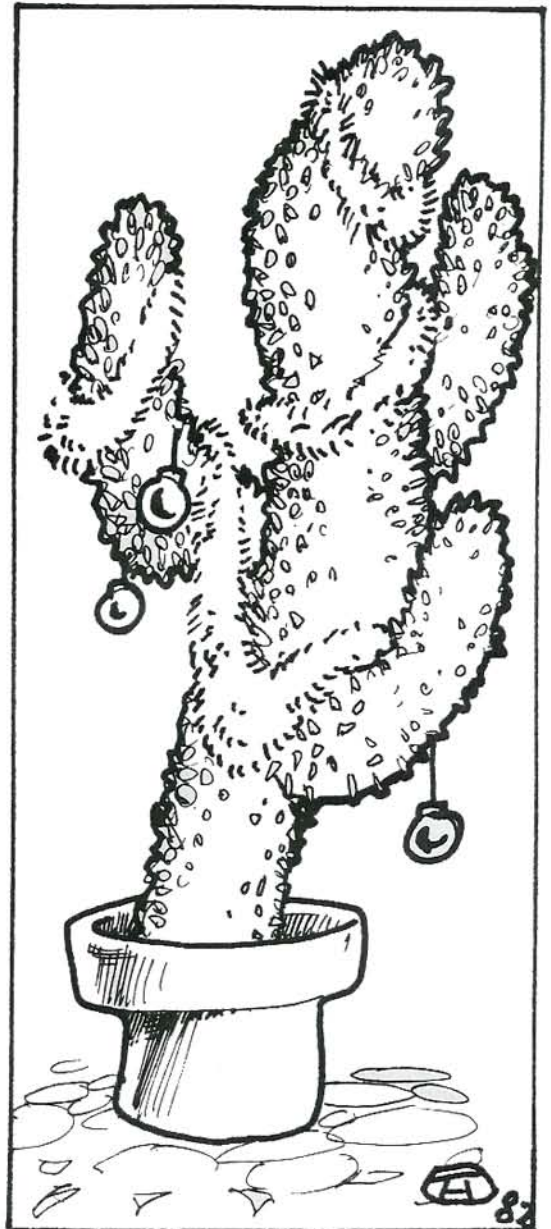
^F ^G
 He's been bow-legged for a week,

^{Am} ^{Om}
 But we all understand:

^{Am} ^{Om} ^E ^{Am}
 There's no comfort in laying more than four

^F ^{Om}
 (Three more than four),

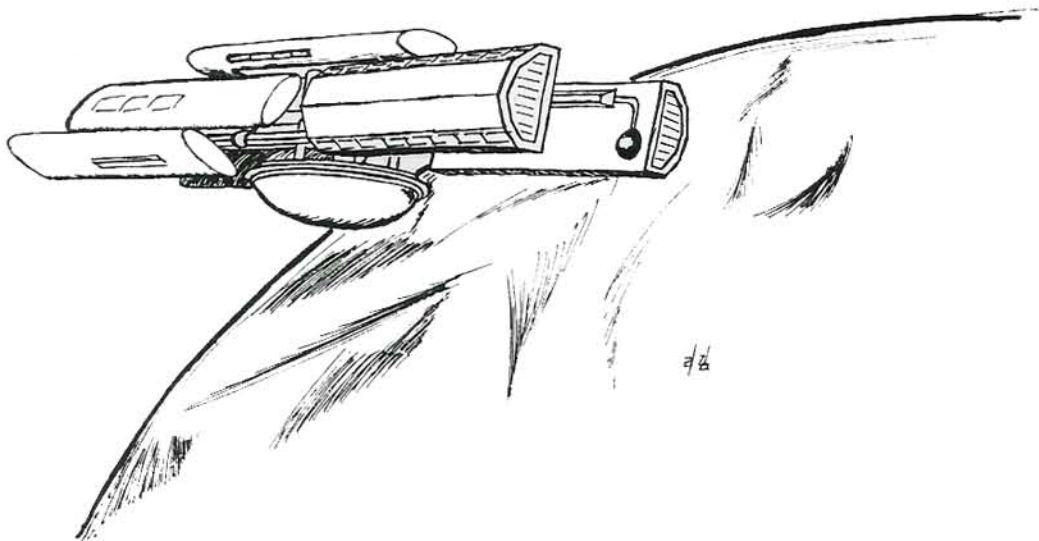
^{Am} ^{Om} ^E ^{Am}
 There's no comfort in laying more than four.



Ballad to a Spaceman

No, this is not in reference to Rhysling from Robert Heinlein's "The Green Hills of Earth," although I've heard that suggested several times since I first performed this song in public. In fact, I had not yet read "The Green Hills of Earth" when "Ballad" was first written. Since then, though, I must admit that I can see where people get the similarities, although they are unintentional. Still, I hope Rhysling approves of this new rendition of his tale.

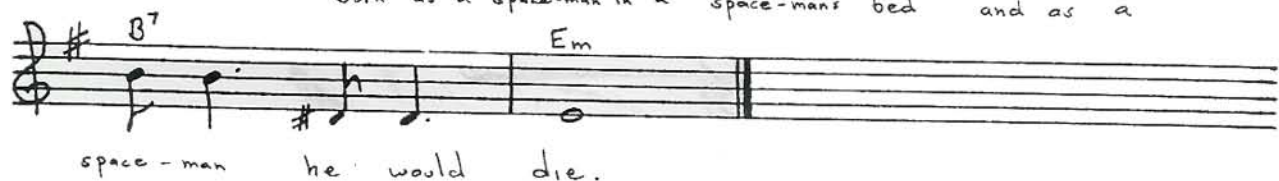
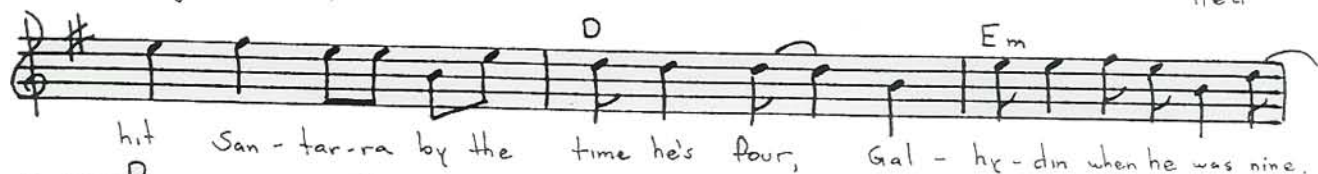
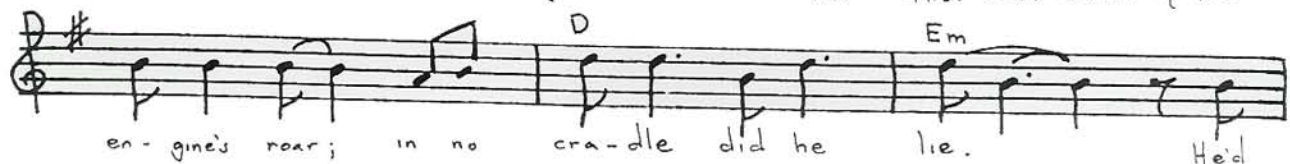
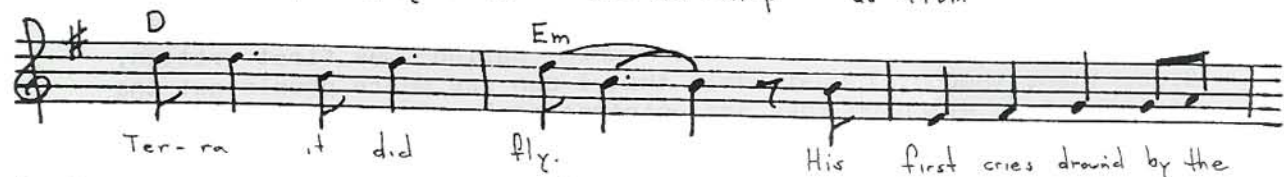
#



Ballad to a Spaceman

$\text{♩} = 168$

moderately, but kind
of bold



Ballad to a Spaceman
by Julia Ecklar

Intro: Em D Em

I

Em
Born in the belly of a rocketship
As from O Em
Terra it did fly.
His first cries drowned by the engine's roar;
In no O Em
cradle did he lie.
He'd hit Santarra by the time he's four, O
Em O
Galhydri when he was nine.
Em
Born as a spaceman in a spaceman's bed
O⁺ Em
And as a spaceman he would die.

II

He learned every course that a ship could take,
Found a few more on the side.
He learned new tricks every stop they'd make;
With the engines he would ride.
A spacer's pride was his swagger stick,
And his pride knew that he could survive.
He lived as a spaceman since the day he was born
And as a spaceman he would die.

III

They headed for Diversa in his trading years
When he'd just turned thirty-four.
The Captain planned on a mighty pay
After running a load of ore.
The engine room gave him all they had,
But the Captain ordered more.
They pumped 'em up to their hottest gain
Just to hear the rockets roar.

IV

Five hundred miles 'bove the planet's ground
The engines died away.

The Captain called, "We need power now
Or we'll all die today!"
The Spaceman said, "All the boy's are dead,
And I'm not far behind.
We've pulled much more than she's meant to take
And the baffles have blown wide."

V

The Captain said, "Well, do something, man!"
And the Spaceman smiled wide.
" 'Cept hold the plates down with my bare hand,
We can't do nothing but enjoy the ride."
But the ground flew up with destructive speed,
And the Spaceman knew his mind;
He couldn't sit in the engine room
And wait for his friends to die.

VI

So he turned and he put his hands inside
Where the engines used to glow.
He found the plates and he held 'em fast:
"To quit's no way to go!"
And the rocket shook with a mighty roar
And the engines they did cry,
And the Spaceman smiled in the engine's glow,
For as a spaceman he would die.

VII

They found the boys in the engine room;
By their stations they did lie.
The spaceman with his hand by a baffle plate
Was still sitting where he'd died.
They took them out, gave them to the stars;
Not a single spaceman cried.
For spacemen in the stars do live,
And in the stars they long to die.

The Spaceman's life for his men did give,
And the stars would let him lie.
He lived as a spaceman from the day he was born,
And as a spaceman, he did die.

Thoughts of a Homeless Alien
The Traveller: Part II

The last song on the tape, and a somewhat fitting one, too, I think. Even the last line of the song seems...well, like a last line on a theme tape ought to sound. I didn't intend to write a sequel to "The Traveller" when I began this song, but sometime during the writing I realized that, while the character in "The Traveller" is very different from the one spoken of in "Thoughts," they are indeed alike in some very important ways. Both, for whatever reason, are irrevocably removed from their homes, and both must move through their lives without solace from their peers. Because, for them, there are no peers. So when I read over the words when I was done, I tagged on the subtitle, thinking that there are, indeed, many types of Travellers in our world.

#



Thoughts of a Homeless Alien

$\text{♩} = 94$

The Traveller: Part 2

More *acc* Am G

I have tried to be so care-ful; I've not spo-ken from that

Am G Am 3

day that the Earth's sweet winds se-duced — me and

Dm E E⁷ Dm G

Sway'd me from my way. I've walk'd on-ly in the

E Am Dm E

sun's bright rays, and ban-ish'd all thought of my trav'-ler's ways. I

Am G E E⁷ Dm G

can't go Home, can no lon-ger fly 'mid the stars that are dim'd by an

E Am D.C. al Coda

Earth-ling sky.

Coda E Am

I wish on the stars I will ne-ver see:

Dm G E 3 Am

pray-ing no more will be lost like me.

Thoughts of a Homeless Alien
The Traveller: Part II
by Julia Ecklar

^{Am}
I have tried to be so careful;
^G ^{Am}
I've not spoken from that day
^G ^{Am}
That the Earth's sweet winds seduced me
^G ^{Om} ^{E-E⁷}
And swayed me from my way.
^{Om} ^G ^E ^{Am}
I've walked only in the sun's bright rays,
^{Om} ^E
And banished all thought of my traveller's ways.
^{Am} ^G ^E
I can't go Home, can no longer fly
^{E⁷} ^{Om} ^G ^E ^{Am}
'Mid the stars that are dimmed by an Earthling sky.

The stars at night, like angels,
Try to call me from my sleep,
And I long to draw the curtains back
And listen while they speak.
"Can you tell me if my world is well?
And sing me of that which you cannot tell.
And weep for the traveller who fell from space
To be trapped for all Time on this lonely place."

But the stars, they sing too strongly
Of the Home I'll no more know;
'Though I chose to make my visit here,
I want so to choose to go!
So I can't see the night, or the flames of space,
Or I wander the light with my tears on my face.
I'm sorry I roamed from my star of birth
To be lost, mute and cold, 'neath the skies of Earth.

^E ^{Am}
I wish on the stars I will never see:
^{Om} ^G ^E ^{Am}
Praying no more will be lost like me.

Finis!