

Lyrics for the Album "Never Go Back" by SeaStar

01 The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry – Traditional

An earthly nourris sits and sings,
And aye she sings, "Ba lily wean,"
Sayin', "Little ken I for my bairn's father,
Far less the land that he sleeps in."
Then he steps to her bedside,
And a grumbly guest I'm sure was he,
Saying "Here am I, your bairn's father,
Although I am not comely be."

Chorus

I am a man upon the land,
and I am a silkie in the sea,
And when I'm far, far frae the strand,
My dwelling is in Sule Skerry.

Then he has taken his purse of gold
and he has placed it upon her knee
sayin, "Gie to me your wee, young son.
And kindly take your nurse's fee.
And it shall come to pass on a summer's day
when the sun shines bright on every stone,
it's then I will take my wee, young son
and teach him how to swim in the foam."

Chorus

"And ye shall marry a proud gunner.
And a proud gunner I'm sure he'll be.
And the very first shot, that ere he takes
will kill both your wee son and me."
"Alas, alas," the young maiden did cry.
"This weary fate's been laid on me."
And then she said, and then she said,
"I'll drown myself in Sule Skerry.
For you are a man upon the land
and you are a silkie in the sea.
And when you are far, far frae the strand
your dwelling is in Sule Skerry."

Chorus

02 Hjarta og Eldur/ The Orkney Snow – Words and music by Fae Wiedenhoeft, ASCAP

Oh, the wars hold on and the stars are dressed in red.
And the winds of winter do blow and blanket our dead.

Oh the gold, gold glow of our fire holds our souls
as we wait in the snow to find the dragon's smoldering breath.

We have traveled far from the shores I call my home
to find the creature who has turned my heart to stone.
Oh the green, green glow of my true love's eyes are closed
and I will fight like hell to slay the cruel and deadly orm.

Chorus
Hjarta og Eldur!
Hear my ancestors' roar!
And though the shadows hide you now
By my sword you will fall.

And this night our swords were raised in battle again.
And we drank and sang to our fathers, heroes, and kings.
Oh the blue, blue walls of Valhalla's halls grow near;
but, my soul won't rest until the cruel dragon is slain.

Chorus

03 The Little Western – Words and music by Fae Wiedenhoeft, ASCAP

It was the 12th of June 1880,
from Gloucester, Mass. we board a 16' dory.
We had provisions for coffee twice a day;
to cross the Atlantic was impossible they say.

Chorus
Yet we tossed off the dock lines that day.
Raised the sail, we're on our way!
We're bound for England and don't you forget:
it's a long, long way from home.

We traveled forth, 60 miles a day.
At times, we met other ships along the way.
A British Steamer cried, "Boys! Are you wrecked!?" No!
The Little Western's the smallest boat to cross this ocean yet!

Chorus

And the winds began to blow!
And the seas rose below.
And the skies open wide with disdain.
We were tossed up and over and twice down again.
And we lost our course in the waves and the rain and

The Little Western sailed for her life and not her fame.

The morning after we soaked in the sun,
bailed the water, and managed the undone.
We sipped our coffee as the fog lifted slow
and there unfolded the banks of England. Land Ho!

Chorus

04 Austin – Words and music by Fae Wiedenhoft, ASCAP

Oh, the fall winds blow
with a dark hello
through the trees where I once tread.

And your voice I hear
when the cardinal's near,
just a memory holding on by a thread.

Time rolls slow,
all these years and tears,
so long since you've been away.

As the sweet bird sings,
thoughts of you begin,
holding close to the dying of day.

05 Never Go Back – Words and music by Fae Wiedenhoft, ASCAP

I was raised on a road that foretold of a world that was waiting,
it was waiting there for me.
And I sang old songs about places and dreams that were coming,
they were coming I could see.
And I knew the time was nigh, all the places that I'd fly.
And something said to me.

Chorus

Kick up your heels, oh Lord.
Just dry your eyes, uh huh.
Shake out your memories.
You can never go back.
You can never go back, no, no.

And for years I roved on with not more than a song in my pocket,
oh, my pockets were so lean.
And the faces I met fed my soul full of stories and magic,
oh, the magic I have seen.

And I think of my family's home,
miss my daddy, and the road where I've grown.
And something says to me.

Chorus

06 Along the Tay – Words and music by Michael Falcone

In the 14th century along the banks of bonny Tay.
A young lad drew his sword too late and on that bank he lies today.
We are driving north from Edinburgh.
The boot's all laid with music gear.
Up to Dunkeld town for beer
and a tune or two for those who'll hear.

And we will stay there. And we will play their fair.
From our land and loved ones 'cross the pond
to a town we've not laid eyes upon.

Beneath the town's a cobbled street
that led up to a castle wall.
Many Picts and Jacobites did fall
and their gravestones ring the ruined hall.
We are met by violins at chins,
played by masters half our age.
With a pint and grin we all join in
'cause every pub's a common stage.

And we will play there. And we will play their fair.
From our land and loved ones 'cross the pond
to a town we've just laid eyes upon.

Won't you come sit a while? Yes, let's come sit a while.
Won't you come sit a while and play?
Won't you come sit a while? Yes, let's come sit a while and play.

Back in the 14th century fair Dunkeld town did come to be.
And it grew 'til folks lived comfortably
to the point where they cheer company.
We are packed before we want to be.
The car is due back at half-three.
We subside a little with each street
that takes us from those souls we'd meet.

If we could stay there. If we still played their fair;

but, our land and dear ones 'cross the pond
are the loves we first laid eyes upon.

07 Nineteen – Words and music by Fae Wiedenhoeft, ASCAP

Every night when the moon is shining,
following me down that old road,
I hear the cries from the lonely ghosts
coming from the tracks near Dillsboro.
Back in the days of the old chain gangs,
amidst the cold December snow,
the winds of fate crossed the mighty Tuck
and took the lives of nineteen souls.

Chorus

And oh, you hear them cry as the train pulls by.
See the tears flow down the tunnel walls
as you hear the wails of nineteen souls
who spent their last days building the rails for the Cowee Train.

No man or mountain can stop ambition
and danger to some is just a word,
but the tink of axes built a chorus
that laid the track for the hairpin turn.
And every morning they crossed the river;
a twenty-man gang in irons strong.
The river rushed and snapped the boat
and all but one was left to drown.

Chorus

They buried the bodies in an unmarked grave
near the end of that tunnel wall.
They say a man's got only his name
but that too was lost in this sad tale.
And to this day you can take that train,
through the tunnel, down, and back again.
You'll hear the chains and the rush of water
and the echoes of those nineteen men.

Chorus

08 Luaidh Mo Chèile - Words and music by Fae Wiedenhoeft, ASCAP

It was on a bright snow moon when she heard the starlings' cry.
It was night when wings are still yet in the sky, a thousand did fly.
She sang so sweetly back to them. She knew it was a sign.

By the pull of the new moon, her true love would sail nigh.

He was born from sea and scorn yet raised by wing and song.
And a curse kept him from land, forever sailing the storms.
Until the day he heard a tune more beautiful than the lark's.
An anchor wrapped around his heart, he'd return where he was caught.

On the black of the new moon, from the rocks the lady did wait.
And he came from the North winds on the waves that held their fate.
He reached his hand to pull his love upon the three mast craft and,
as she reached, the waves swelled high, to the sea she fell so fast.

With the rush he leapt to the deep for to save his lady fair.
And the waves forged on so fast like a hundred of Neptune's mares.
He pulled her near and swam ashore. Her pale body did lie.
And he held her, oh, so close as she slowly opened her eyes.

"Oh, my love you've saved my life and on the land you lie with me."
And she kissed him, oh, so soft for she knew this could not be.
With the words "I love you so", a rush of wings did sound
and he was gone with starlings' cries to the sea forever bound.

On the night of the snow moon you may hear a thousand wings.
With the cold night's golden stars, a lady's voice will sing,
"Luaidh mo chèile. Faigh dòigh air an Uaimh Bhinn.
Come, my love, unto the rocks and hear my heart take wing."

09 If It'd Rain – Words and music by Fae Wiedenhoft, ASCAP

Oh, I know that life is how you live.
Go to church, work hard, do good, and forgive.
We had our house, our fields, and friends.
And you never know how life's gonna bend.

Oh, the drought was hard in '32
and our crops they dried and never grew.
And the storms of dust rolled in,
burned our eyes, stole the songs that we'd sing.

Chorus

If it'd rain, it'd wash away the tears.
If it'd rain, it'd mend this broken year.
And this dusty scene is a bad dream
that needs to blow away, if it'd only rain today.

We lost the cows and hogs in '33.

Those wind just came and stole the land wildly.
And some friends they moved away.
We wished them well, swept the dust, and we stayed.

And I wrung my hands in '34
as those dunes they gathered at my front door.
Every plate and spoon held gray
and I looked out with the baby on the way, praying.

Chorus

Oh, there was a cry in '35
and my baby came with a kick to survive.
How she felt like meadows green.
She gave us hope in a place of droughted dreams.

It was shirtsleeve warm on Palm Sunday,
not a lick of wind to get in our way.
But over yon came rolling wave,
o'er a mountain wide and midnight grave.

A thousand furies black and howling
tore at the earth and whipped it to the ground.
We ran so fast, our eyes and lungs burning.
And it stole the sun, rose the roof,
broke the glass, and shook our very souls.

Oh, we did survive that frightful day,
though many died, were left blind, they had nowhere to stay.
We helped ourselves and neighbors mend
by singing songs and harbouring friends.

And by '38 we knew the score,
either sink or swim in this dusty shore.
Our weathered hearts and hands held strong
for you never know how life will move along.

And it rained. It washed away the tears.
And it rained. It mend some broken years.
And this dusty scene, that long bad dream, began to slip away.
And it rained and rained today.

10 Galway Bay – words by F. Fahy; music Traditional

Tis far away I am today from scenes I roamed a boy
And long ago the hour, I know I first saw Illinois

Nor time or tide nor waters wide could wean my heart away
For it's ever true it flies to you, my dear old Galway Bay.

Grey and bleak, by shore and creek, the rugged rocks abound,
But sweet and green the grass between that grows on Irish ground,
Where friendship fond and wealth abound, and love that lives always,
Bless each poor home beside your foam, my dear old Galway Bay.

Had I youth's blood and cheerful mood and heart of fire once more,
For all the gold the world might hold I'd never leave your shores,
I'd be content with whate'er God sent would never go away
And I'd lay my bones, 'neath churchyard stones, beside you, Galway Bay.

The blessings of a poor old man be with you night and day
The blessings of a lonely man whose heart will soon be clay
It's all of heaven I'll ask of God upon my dying day
My soul would soar forever more above you Galway Bay.

11 Giant – Words and music by Stan Rogers; arranged by SeaStar

Cold wind on the harbour and rains on the road
Wet promise of winter brings recourse to coal
There's fire in the blood and a fog on Bras d'Or
The giant will rise with the moon.

'Twas the same ancient fever in the Isles of the Blest
That our fathers brought with them when they "went West"
It's the blood of the Druids that never will rest
The giant will rise with the moon.

Chorus

So crash the glass down! move with the tides!
Young friends and old whiskey are burning inside.
Crash the glass down! Fingal will rise
With the moon.

In inclement weather the people are fey
Three thousand year stories as the night slips away
Remembering Fingal feels not far away
The giant will rise with the moon.

The wind's in the north, there be new moon tonight
And we have no circle to dance in it's sight
So light a torch, bring the bottle and build the fire bright
The giant will rise with the moon.

Chorus

Cold wind on the harbour and rains on the road
Wet promise of winter brings recourse to coal
There's fire in the blood and a fog on Bras d'Or
The giant will rise with the moon.

12 Little Blue Boat – Words and music by Fae Wiedenhoef, ASCAP

Chorus

Oh, Little Blue Boat won't you take me to sea.
Take me to the waters so free. Sail me to my dreams.
Oh, Little Blue Boat won't you take me to sea.
Take me to the waters so free. Sail me, Sail me home.

It was on the 24th of May we sailed for Amerikay.
A better life we chose but only heaven knows
if we'd be back some day.
The boat was strong, over 40 feet long and the crew a motley sight,
the cabins small, people wall to wall,
but my dreams kept me strong at night.

Chorus

The nights were long and I missed my home
for I left my one true love.
She told me not to wait as she held my face;
I'd send for her when work was found.
The seas were rough and many men were lost
as typhoid fever did spread.
The condition's poor, who could take much more,
then we saw New York ahead.

Chorus

The city was cold but my spirit ran bold
even with the signs "No Irish need apply".
But I stood my ground and I quickly found
that whiskey would save my life.
Oh, gather up the corn and heed the scorn
of that crazy game called fate.
In a year and three months, Prohibition went nuts
and I was back at the starting gate.

Chorus

So it's on a boat that I harbour hope
that I'll find my one true love.

No fishing here, though our catch is clear,
bottles of gold we haul away.
For in the hulls would but fill your gullet
full of that fire drink of life. And the money's good,
another voyage should bring my true love home to be my wife.

Chorus

13. Highland Mary – Words by R. Burns; Music by M. Benbow; arranged by SeaStar

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around the castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers, Your waters never drumlie!
It's there Simmer first unfald her robes, and there the langest tarry:
For it's there I took the last Fareweel of my sweet Highland Mary.
Oh my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk, how rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade, I held her to my bosom!
The golden Hours, on angel wings, flew o'er me and my Dearie;
For dear to me as light to life was my sweet Highland Mary.
Oh my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace, our parting was fu'tender;
And pledging aft tae meet again, we tore ousels asunder:
But Oh, fell Death's untimely frost, that nipt my Flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, that wraps my Highland Mary!
Oh my sweet Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips that I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance, that dwalt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust, the heart that lo'ed me dearly!
Yet still within my bosom's core shall live my Highland Mary.
Oh my sweet Highland Mary.

14 Arrow – Words and music by Fae Wiedenhoeft, ASCAP

I saw my breath. It hung in night.
I felt the arrow's thirst for flight.
I heard a cry caught in wild twilight.
I trudged the path, it's boggy steam.
I held the bow, the shaft, and seam.
I startled birds and bats waking a dream.

Chorus

Pull back, pull back and let fly.
Pull back, pull back and let fly.

I had too much of hearing “no”
and let the road show where to go,
shedding twigs and leaves of what I had known.
I heard stars echo the past
and still we wish, some cosmic laugh.
And something screams and flies up from the ash.

Chorus

I saw the spark behind my eyes.
I knew that birth breathes death’s goodbyes.
I felt the cold and the pain in my mother's eyes.
I hear the call and raise my aim
and through the site your face remains.
Five years gone and I'm still crying out your name

Chorus

I saw my breath hang in the night.
I felt the arrow's thirst for flight.
I sought a dream....

Chorus