

Nine More Minutes

The first two stanzas of this song were written as a poetic exercise many years ago. I picked up the guitar one day and fitted the words to a finger style composition and this song was the result.

*Halfway inside of rest and rise
And prone upon my bed,
I'm in a world within a world
Where passion, love, and dread
Combine to form a quilt of thoughts
Appearing to be led
By a greater, guiding influence,
Directing what's ahead.*

*Lost in this land of in-between
I float in and out of view,
Seeing faces, hearing voices
Both familiar and new.
Casting doubt on what is certain,
And knowing lies infest what's true,
I reach out and tap the button;
For nine more minutes in the blue.*

*Moving back into the ether
I am once again a king.
The ruler of this dreamland
Just before awakening.
In comfort, in oblivion,
No alarm or inkling
Of the pending daily journey
And just what it might bring.*

*A noise from the present
Joins the matrix with a clue,
Giving voice to the awakened
Reminding me there's work to do,
Annoyed by the intrusion,
And realizing nothing's new,
I reach out and tap the button
For nine more minutes in the blue.*

*I reach out and tap the button;
Nine more minutes in the blue.*

Acoustic Guitar and Vocals: Mike
Harmonica: James Bass: Tyler

Lock-keeper

Stan Rogers has influenced me the most as a song writer. This composition of his is my favourite song.

*You say, "Well-met again, Lock-keeper!
We're laden even deeper than the time before,
Oriental oils and tea
brought down from Singapore."
As I wait for my lock to cycle
I say, "My wife has just given me a son."
"A Son!" you cry, "Is that all that you've done?"*

*She wears bougainvillea blossoms.
And you pluck 'em from her hair
and toss 'em in the tide,
Sweep her in your arms and carry her inside.
Her sighs catch on your shoulder;
And her moonlight eyes grow bold
and wiser through her tears
And I say, "How could you stand
to leave her for a year?"*

*"Then come with me" you say,
"to where the Southern Cross
rides high upon your shoulder."
"Come with me" you cry,
"Each day you tend this lock, you're one day older,
While your blood grows colder."
But that anchor chain's a fetter
And with it you are tethered to the foam,
And I wouldn't trade your life for an hour of home.*

*Sure, I'm stuck here on the Seaway
While you compensate for leeway through the Trades;
And you shoot the stars to see the miles you've made.
And you laugh at hearts you've given,
But which of these has given us more love or life,
You, your tropic maids, or me, my wife.*

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Acoustic Guitar and Vocals: Mike
Acoustic Guitar: Jason Whistle: James
Concertina: Ian Bass: Tyler

Welcome Mat

Bits and pieces of these lyrics started rattling round my brain over the summer of 2003. Following a fine tradition, I decided to 'borrow' and modify a traditional folk tune to complete this song later that year.

*I said "Take care", You said "I'll see you later"
You walked away looked back and waved goodbye
I sat and watched the train depart the station
And felt the tears begin to fill my eyes*

*Just seventeen, too young to leave his family
But things get said, and it's hard to take them back
So while we're on a path that's freely taken
I'll keep an open door and a welcome mat.*

*I hope you know that you are always welcome here
And though your dreams may take you where you'll be
I will be here to listen to your stories
And sing a song or two in memory*

*There was a time when we were both much younger
When the world seemed filled with energy
You found it hard to cope with all life's challenges
And I would wonder who or what you'd be*

*But time moves on and children grow up quicker now
Some of them have greater wants and needs
I found it hard to cope with all the challenging
But music found a space where we agreed*

*I hope you know that you are always welcome here
And though your dreams may take you where you'll be
I will be here to listen to your stories
And sing a song or two in memory*

*When you have grown and fathered your own babies
And parenting seems like a mystery
Hopefully you'll learn thru all life brings to you
And the music will bring kinder thoughts of me*

Acoustic Guitar and Vocals: Mike
Acoustic Guitar: Jason Percussion: James

Turtle Island

Inspired by the Idle No More movement, this song is sung to the tune of Ho, Ho Watanay, a traditional Iroquois lullaby which forms the chorus.

*"I pledge allegiance to the soil of Turtle Island, and to the
beings who therein dwell; One ecosystem, in diversity,
under the sun, with joyful interpenetration for all."
Gary Snyder*

Intro Chant: Hi ee yay, aye eye oh oh

*White men came and claimed a home
in a land that our people roamed
Longhouses where we lived and died
are no longer occupied*

Ch: Ho, ho, watanay, Ho, ho, watanay
Ho, ho, watanay, Ki yo ke na, Ki yo ke na

*Turtle Island is our home,
It's yours too and it has grown.
To the north, south, west and east,
is Turtle Island now at peace?*

*We signed a treaty in good faith
with a government that granted space
We're now with you in this land.
Six nations on the river Grand*

*When treaties become ignored,
we can't be idle any more.
While Turtle Island is alive
sacred places must survive.*

*At night our children rest in sleep.
In their dreams the future keeps.
Don't pass on what has been done.
Join with them. Protect as one.*

Ending Chant: same as Intro

Acoustic 12 String Guitar and Vocals: Mike
Vocals: Maple Grove Church Children's Chorus
Bass: Tyler Whistle: James
Drums and Electric Guitar: Joel

The Jennie King

There is an entry in Edith Folkes book "Folklore of Canada" regarding a song fragment from the last surviving lighthouse keeper in Bronte Harbour. It describes the journeys of a timber drover, the Jennie P. King. I decided to finish it as a tavern song and made Bronte the sailor's home.

*Have a seat beside me and I'll sing you a song
And if it doesn't please you, I'll not detain you long
I shipped from Tonawanda,
some timber for to bring
From Toledo at a buck a day, on the Jennie King*

*I've been away from Bronte,
a home there I've found,
A few miles from Oakville, a place of some renown
12 miles east from the bay at Burlington
A future port of call, of the Jennie King*

*The crew jumped in the riggin', and up aloft did run
To see the halyards down, work turned into fun
Working with a will, we soon spread our wings
And beat the schooner "Dispatch",
on the Jennie King*

*Hurray Boys! Hurray Boys! Gather round and sing
Fill your glass and give a cheer
for Captain and King
Hurray Boys! Hurray Boys! Let your voices ring
To the health of Captain Ned
and the crew of the Jennie King*

*Under Captain Ned's orders we had a curious crew
Uncle Sam's fighters, and Garibaldi's too
An Irishman from nowhere; he could dance and sing
And more from cross the ocean, on the Jennie King*

*On this timber drover, Canadians too
Dutch from Tonawanda,
who drank themselves blue
Men from many countries, they like to take a fling
A jolly crew assembled, on the Jennie King*

*The lad who tended horses, he jabbered all the day
And whether man or monkey, well no one could say
Our cook came from the "Erie",
we thought her quite the thing
She fed the crew and officers, on the Jennie King*

*Hurray Boys! Hurray Boys! Gather round and sing
Fill your glass and give a cheer
for Captain and King
Hurray Boys! Hurray Boys! Let your voices ring
To the health of Captain Ned
and the crew of the Jennie King*

*We're well down Erie, of Long Point we're clear
Our bowsprit points to Morgan's Point,
Toledo's to the rear
Soon we'll make Port Colborne,
and through the locks we'll bring
Our timber for shipment, on the Jennie King*

*Pulled thru to Port Dalhousie, under watchful stare
For we filled the whole canal
with a few yards to spare
We made it through there, without a dent or ding
The Welland now astern, on the Jennie King*

*When wanting of provisions,
we stop along the way
And when the port of call is Burlington Bay
I'll take my leave and to my home I'll bring
What's left of the 'buck a day', from the Jennie King*

*Hurray Boys! Hurray Boys! Gather round and sing
Fill your glass and give a cheer
for Captain and King
Hurray Boys! Hurray Boys! Let your voices ring
To the health of Captain Ned
and the crew of the Jennie King*

Acoustic 12 String Guitar and Vocals: Mike
Violin: Andrew
Drums and Bass: Joel
Concertina, Mandolin, and Jaw Harp: Ian

Cycle Town

The result of a Bob Franke song writing class, my assignment was to write a song with my son Andrew in mind, first verse age 5, second verse age 10, third verse age 15.

*Hey there son, you're growing tall
That tricycle of yours is way too small
Let's go down to Cycle Town
You can ride a bike to school this fall*

*There's excitement in his eyes
And the world that seems so big and wide
It shrinks as he discovers who he'll be
As he rides his bike farther away from me*

*Hey there son, you've grown so fast
And that little bike's usefulness has passed
So let's go down to Cycle Town
You could use a bike that's built to last*

There's excitement ...

*Hey there son, we're eye to eye
And pretty soon you will pass me by
But let's go down to Cycle Town
For one more bike until you say goodbye*

Acoustic Guitar and Vocals: Mike
Acoustic Guitar: Jason Bass: Tyler
Drums: Joel Percussion: James

Big Girl Lullaby

*There are photos on the wall,
but of her there are far fewer
Photographs, from her past,
are not hung there to see.
But history's in it all. We too are no exception
There's other ways that I can say
just what she means to me*

Ch: You never were my little girl
No lullabies by me were sung
You never were my little girl
My big girl you've become

*She's away at college, and graduation's coming
She visits less, her room's a mess
but that's the norm 'round here
But she's happy when she's here.
I often hear her humming.
It's a welcome sign, that for now she's fine.
It's been a better year*

*She tells me that her boyfriend,
sometimes finds me scary
I smile and say, "That's OK.
A little fear is good"
But he is good for her.
He lightens some of her burden
He helps the past, be the past,
and the future shine as it should.*

Acoustic Guitar and Vocals: Mike
Acoustic Guitar: Jason Bass: Tyler

Bear Their Burden

Inspired by Matthew 4:1-11,
Lyrics by Andrew King

*He will not bid the stones
turn in to bread today
easing his pressing hunger.*

*for the hungry and the poor
of the world cannot,
and he is in the world
to bear their burden.*

*He will not circumvent
frail humanness today,
denying his mortality:*

*for even the mighty
of the world cannot,
and he is in the world
to bear their burden.*

Sawdust Memories

Originally conceived at WinterSongs 2002, this song was completely re-written in late 2013. It is inspired by a chapter in Roy MacGregor's book, "The Seven A.M. Practice: Stories of Family Life." Roy's grandfather was the chief ranger in Algonquin Park in a time when parks had chief rangers.

*I walk along the familiar trail to another time and place
This lonely lake in Algonquin Park
was Grandpa's summer base
The old park ranger is long since gone
The image of his cabin lingers on
And in the mist I almost see his face*

*My grandpa made the park a home
and there he would provide
A lifetime of his service. Then one day they decide
To tender out the ranger's work
And chainsaw down his handiwork
Leaving sawdust where a sign post now resides*

*Sawdust now reminds me
Where my grandpa's cabin stood
The legend of the ranger
Rests within the woods*

*I came here every summer on the day that school let out
For two months I would live here
and fish for bass and trout
On the many trails that he had marked
We explored and we hiked deep in the park
Unt older now but still the ranger's scout*

*Sawdust now reminds me
Where my grandpa's cabin stood
The legend of the ranger
Rests within the woods*

*I come here with my children who grumble and complain
That I drag them here each summer, even in the rain
To stand once more with the withered pine
And see if among them I still find
Some sawdust for my memories again*

*Sawdust now is fading
Where my grandpa's cabin stood
But the legend of the ranger
Emerges from the woods*

*Sawdust memories
Come alive when put to pen
They're freed from the forest now
For family and friend*

Acoustic Guitar and Vocals: Mike
Acoustic Guitar: Jason
Bass: Tyler
Additional Vocals: James



Mike Beauchamp
Welcome Mat

Eric's Way

Eric and Debbie have a Carver 355 motor yacht named Seaclusion. This song was written at various shared anchorages in early August 2014. Hint: The 'I' in D.S.I. is 'island' and Miss Penny is a small white Havanese.

*Eric is a boater who charts the safer way
And when there's deviation, he'll tell you you're astray
He'll help you with your anchor,
and tell you 'bout the wind
He will explore new anchorage when others lead him in*

*Weeds on props are better than props on rocks he's found
But neither is desired. It's sign of foul ground
He has a hose he uses. Keeps chain and anchor clean
Only photos show the evidence
of where Seaclusion's been*

*Clr: When you're in confusion, radio Seaclusion
Advice will be provided, all throughout the day
But when pajamas are provisioned,
ending all decisions
Save it till tomorrow. That is Eric's way*

*When secure at anchor there's a trip to D S I
With pleading and encouragement
Miss Penny might provide
The fog is slowly lifting. There'll be no more trouble
Miss Penny has returned. She's had a double-double*

*Ports of call require that Eric takes a walk
Chatting up the locals, noting them to talk
Eric is a boater it's good to call a friend
He'll share a beer and with you cheer your health
til almost Ten*

Clr: When you're in confusion...

*Most Georgian Bay dinghies fill Mercury with fuel
Eric's got a Johnson. It's by far his favoured tool
He's never caught a fish with it. In fact, he's never tried
Advice was sought from Beaujolais
attached on the port side*

Clr: When you're in confusion...

Acoustic Guitar and Vocals: Mike
Penny Whistle, Percussion and Vocals: James
Bass: Sandy

Crying In The Night

This song was written for the Moderator's Day of Justice, a Sunday in late 2001 designated as a day of reflection and healing for the role of the United Church of Canada in the Residential Schools program.

*In the name of God
They took them from their homes
Made them go to school
And left them on their own
Though it may be true
That they were clothed and fed
And while they were at school
They had a room and a bed*

*Too high a cost, the innocence lost
How could we allow it to occur?*

*Evil was done
By misguided ones
Its time to ask ourselves
What can be done?*

*They're crying in the night. Crying for their rights
Crying in the night. Can you hear them crying?
Crying in the night. Crying for what's right
Crying in the night. Can you hear them crying?*

*It's no act of God
The cruel acts of men
But with the help of God
There can be justice in the end
With prayer, faith and hope
We can start to make amends
The past can't be undone
But we can pledge "Never again"*

Acoustic Guitar and Lead Vocals: Mike
Lead Vocals: Bronwen
Violin and Vocals: Andrew
Electric Guitar and Drums: Joel
Bass: Tyler

I Heard The Voice

This is my arrangement of a popular hymn. The tune is a traditional melody known as Kingsfold and appears in folk songs such as Star of the County Down and Dives & Lazarus. The arrangement most well-known for hymn use is from Ralph Vaughan Williams. Mine is quite different being in 6/8 time.

*I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
lay down, O weary one, lay down
your head upon my breast."*

*I came to Jesus as I was,
weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting place,
and he has made me glad.*

*I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
the living water; thirsty one,
stoop down, and drink, and live."*

*I came to Jesus, and I drank
of that life-giving stream;
my thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
and now I live in him.*

*I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
look unto me, your mourn shall rise,
and all your day be bright."*

*I looked to Jesus, and I found
in him my star, my sun;
and in that light of life I'll walk
till travelling days are done.*

Acoustic Guitar and Vocals: Mike
Acoustic Guitar: Jason
Bass: Tyler

I'm Staying

For my wife, Ruth. I wrote this song in 2008 at a weekend song writing workshop hosted by James Gordon and Katherine Wheatley. The assignment chosen was to write a song that started with the words "If I were..."

*If I were younger again
Would I make the same choices?
Would there be different voices
that mentor and care?
If I could do it all over
Would my life be better?
Would all those things that fetter me
still be there?*

*As I watch her swim towards me
From the island to the shore
These frankly silly questions
Aren't important anymore*

*I'm staying
It doesn't matter where we've been heading
I'm staying
I've got all I want here with you*

*When I am older than now
Will I feel any wiser?
Will I still surprise her every now and then?
Still I worry 'bout the future
Will I still provide?
Will I keep her by my side
as a lover, as a friend?*

*As I stand here with her towel
I can't stop myself from grinning
I just need to be with her
And the worrying stops winning*

*I'm staying
It doesn't matter where we are heading
I'm staying
I've got all I want here with you*

I'm hopelessly in love with you

Acoustic Guitar and Vocals: Mike
Bass: Tyler
Whistle and Vocals: James

What Child Is This?

Traditional carol

*What child is this, who laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping,
Whom angels greet, with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping?
This! This is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing
Haste! Haste to bring Him laud,
The babe, the son of Mary.*

*Why lies He in such mean estate
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear, for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading.
Nails! Spear shall pierce him through,
The Cross be borne for me, for you;
Hail! Hail the word made flesh,
The babe, the son of Mary.*

*So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh;
Come, peasant, king, to own Him.
The King of Kings salvation brings,
Let loving hearts enthron Him.
Raise! Raise the song on high,
The virgin sings her lullaby.
Joy! Joy for Christ is born,
The babe, the son of Mary.*

Acoustic Guitar and Vocals: Mike
12 String Guitar and Vocals: Rob
Whistle: James Bass: Tyler

Eternal Spirit

These lyrics are based on a paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer written by Jim Cotter and published in Voices United, the hymnal of the United Church of Canada. The song is dedicated to the ministry of Rev. Roz Vincent-Haven who introduced it to me.

*Eternal Spirit,
Maker of the Earth
Pain-bearer, Life-giver,
Source of all that is and shall be*

*Our Father, and Our Mother,
Lord of us all
Loving God, Caring God,
Here with us on earth and heaven*

*The glory of your name
Echoes through the universe
The justice of your way
Is followed by us here on Earth
Thy will be done,
By everyone
Peace and freedom will prevail*

*Give us today Lord,
Bread that sustains
In the hurting of each other,
Let us forgive and be forgiven*

*When tested, or tempted,
Strengthen our resolve
Let pain be removed,
And free us from all that is evil*

*The glory of your name
Echoes through the universe
The justice of your way
Is followed by us here on Earth
As you reign in glory,
With the power of love
Now and always,*

Amen

Acoustic Guitar and Vocals: Mike
Bass: Tyler



Isn't It Strange?

I wrote this during my second visit to SummerSongs in 2000. I took my morning coffee and my notepad to an outdoor covered patio and it started to rain.

*Isn't it strange
How sitting in the woods
Can honour your soul and feel so good?
Being near a tree,
makes the galaxy
Seem closer to me
Sweet lunacy*

*Isn't it strange
When we take things seriously
And laughing at life seems blasphemy?
Seeing children play,
can turn around your day
Make work a holiday
Removing grey*

*When someone says they've touched the
hand of God,
I can't help but think it's rather odd
But when I hear the sound of the rain
There's a million angels in refrain
And I'm in awe*

*Isn't it strange?
Love is written in the stars
If she's from Venus, well I'm from Mars
But still we find
that planets do align
It's another fitting sign
Of his design*

*When someone says they've touched the
hand of God
I can't help but think it's rather odd
But when I hear the sound of the rain
There's a million angels in refrain
And I'm in awe*

*Isn't it strange?
Isn't life strange?*

Acoustic Guitar and Vocals: Mike
Resophonic Guitar: Jason
Bass: Tyler
Harmonica: Ian

*When you take 15 years to record a follow-up project, there are too many people to list. Special thanks for this project are extended here:
- All the fine musicians who contributed on this project. I'm very grateful to have each of your talents reflected here.
- Maple Grove United Church. Their music ministry is a joyful inspiration. My involvement in the United Church of Canada has led to a variety of arrangements and compositions over the years. A few have been selected here.
- Andrew King. Andy's weblog, "A Poetic Kind Of Place", contains his interpretations and observations of the United Church lectionary and has become a valued resource for many worship planners. It also led to a collaboration for this project.
- Tony Karol. Instrument maker extraordinaire. I have two Karol guitars. They sound awesome and were both used in this recording.
- James Gordon. Once again, way more than a producer. A composition of his inspired me to write Turtle Island and in no small way, pointed me back to Pipe Street Studios.
- My children Joel, Bronwen, and Andrew. Each of them inspire me and they have grown up to become fine musicians in their own right.
- And most of all to Ruth. We grow together. Thanks for encouraging me (and permitting me) to once again get this stuff out of my system.*

Mike

Mike Beauchamp: Acoustic 6 and 12 string Guitar, Vocals
Andrew Beauchamp: Violin, Additional Vocals
Joel Beauchamp: Drums, Bass Guitar, Electric Guitar
Bronwen Fitzsimons: Additional Vocals
Jason Fowler: Acoustic and Resophonic Guitar
Ian Bell: Mandolin, Harmonica, Concertina,
Jaw Harp

Tyler Wagler: Stand-up Bass, Bass Guitar
Sandy Horne: Bass Guitar
Rob Anderson : 12 string Guitar, Vocals
James Gordon: Penny Whistle, Harmonica, Bodhran,
Recorder, Additional Vocals

Maple Grove United Church Children's Chorus

All songs Mike Beauchamp (SOCAN), © Mike Beauchamp except "Lock-keeper", by Stan Rogers (SOCAN), © Fogarty's Cove Music; "Bear Their Burden", words by Andrew King, music by Mike Beauchamp (SOCAN); "What Child Is This?" and "I Heard The Voice", traditional, arranged by Mike Beauchamp

Produced and Engineered by James Gordon
Mastered by Karl-Machat at Mister's Mastering House
Design and Photography by Ruth Gray-Beauchamp
Recorded at Pipe Street Studios, Guelph, Ontario, 2014

Please visit my website at mikebeauchampmusic.com

"Anyone who welcomes you welcomes me, and anyone who welcomes me welcomes the one who sent me" - Matthew 10:40

Mike Beauchamp
Welcome Mat