

## **This Planet We Call Home**

All songs by Dan Berggren  
Berggren Music - BMI  
except Only Remembered (trad.)

### **1 - Seek and Find © 2015**

I am on a journey  
Already out the door  
Don't know where I'm going  
But I'm ready to explore

There will be disappointment  
And answers I don't know  
Yes, there will be trouble  
But still I will grow

*\*With an open heart and open mind  
I will seek, I will find  
With an open heart and open mind  
I will seek, I will find*

I will sweat and labor  
And do what it takes  
I will help my neighbor  
And learn from my mistakes

\*

I am not a pilgrim  
Searching for a sacred place  
Each step along the journey  
Can be filled with love and grace

\*

Thought I had all the answers  
When I was in my youth  
Now all I want are good questions  
That will lead me toward the truth

\*

With eyes and ears wide open  
As the boat leaves the shore  
Join the adventure  
Get ready to explore

\*

### **2 - Where Did They Go © 2017**

There were days when time was told by the sun  
Star-filled nights let imaginations run  
Work was measured in sweat and tears  
And love united the years

*\*Where did they go when I wasn't listening?*

*Where did they go  
when I was thinking of myself?*

*Where did they go  
when I didn't pay attention?*

*Where did those days/folks/stories/songs go?*

*Where did they go?*

There were folks who were  
known for their deeds  
Those who used only what they'd need  
"Do unto others" performed as an art  
Living life with a generous heart

\*

There were stories for each season of year  
Shared with loved ones, learned by ear  
Swelling the heart, engaging the brain  
Each one, a link in the chain

\*

There were songs sung by everyone  
The old would teach them to the young  
Sung anytime of the night or day  
With rhythms of work and play

\*

### **3 - Chickens and Crows © 2014**

Crows in the meadow, chickens in the yard  
Who's to say life's easy, who's to say it's hard  
Crows in the meadow, chickens in the yard  
Who's to say life's easy or hard

*\*Life has limitations,  
everybody knows*

*We do the best we can  
like the chickens and the crows*

*Sing away trouble, troubles and woes  
Sing about the chickens and crows*

Chicken's given shelter, chicken's given feed  
Farmer gives the chicken, everything it needs  
Chicken's given shelter, chicken's given feed  
Farmer gives the chicken what it needs

Sometimes crow is hungry,  
sometimes crow is wet  
But crow is free to come and go,  
owes no one a debt  
Sometimes crow is hungry,  
sometimes crow is wet  
But crow owes no one debt

\*

Chicken's in the barnyard, crow's in the tree  
Chicken tries to fly the coop, crow's already free  
Chicken's in the barnyard, crow's in the tree  
Chicken tries to fly and be free

### **4 - No More Walls © 2017**

There is trouble in the family  
It's tearing things apart  
There is trouble in the neighborhood  
And it breaks my heart

*\*No more walls, no more walls  
We'll build bridges between our differences  
No more walls*

There is trouble and it's spreading  
Like twilight turns to night  
The only way out of darkness  
Is to do what's right

\*

There is trouble on this planet  
The one home we all share  
Seven billion sisters and brothers  
Need the same water and air

\*

When there's trouble in this world  
And it's got us by the throat  
There can be strength in numbers  
In voices and in votes

\*

## 5 - Climbing © 2015

There are secrets among these  
ancient rock formations

Winds whisper, trees confess

At home on the trail with  
each step of elevation

In deep wilderness

*\*I'm climbing - never thought that I would*

*Climbing - but knew that I should*

*Climbing - didn't think that I could*

*And now that I've made it, it sure feels good*

Mind and muscle are working together

Renewing my soul

Who I am is stronger than ever

And makes me feel whole

\*

Prepared, determined, you approach each peak

Will power is strong

The spirit is lifted by some alpine mystique

Your heart's filled with song

*You're climbing . . .*

## 6 - Let's Do What We Can © 2017

Nature's balance is askew

There's way too much CO2

Climate's changing - yes, it's true

What'll we do? What'll we do?

Glaciers melting, oceans rise

Science doesn't compromise

Eaarth is changing before our eyes

What'll we do? What'll we do?

*\*Let's do what we can*

*Every woman, child and man*

*Use our voices, take a stand*

*Leave this world in better hands*

Fracking only makes things worse

Poisons water, that's perverse

It's no solution, just a curse

What'll we do? What'll we do?

Our children's children will have to face

Choices we've made for this place

Affecting all of the human race

What we'll do? What'll we do?

\*

Reduce, recycle and reuse

How long has this been in the news?

How will our leaders change their views?

What'll we do? What'll we do?

Change our habits - that's what we'll do

Build community - that's what we'll do

Vote our conscience - that's what we'll do

That's what we'll do. That's what we'll do.

\*

## 7 - This Planet We Call Home © 2016

How long ago did *John Muir* say:

*Take care of this planet you roam*

*Care for the land, the water and the air*

*Care for this place we call home*

*Take care of this planet we call home*

The mountains of earth are grand

Withstanding geologic power

The mountains of earth know time

Using centuries, instead of hours

How long ago did *Rachel Carson* say:

*Take care of this planet . . .*

The forests of earth are alive

The same elements are within us

The forests of earth know time

Using decades, instead of minutes

How long ago did *Bill McKibben* say:

*Take care of this planet . . .*

The rivers of earth give us life

Each spring they rise and beckon

The rivers of earth know time

Using seasons, instead of seconds

How long ago did *my conscience* say

*Take care of this planet . . .*

## 8 - Seeds © 2007

Seeds scattered by hand

Dirt, water, sun, mystery

Farmer faith and sweat

Deeds performed daily

Grow out of service, love, dreams

Thoughts become action

Weeds also take root

Teaching us of endurance

Plant, learn, plant again

Seeds by word of mouth

Elders sow nouns, verbs, lessons

We harvest their truth

## 9 - Only Remembered trad.

Up and away like the dew of the morning,

Soaring from earth to its heavenly home,

Thus would I leave from this world and its toiling:

Only remembered for what I have done.

*Only remembered, Only remembered,*

*Only remembered for what I have done;*

*Only remembered, Only remembered,*

*Only remembered for what we have done.*

Shall we be missed when others succeed us,

Reaping the fields we in spring time have sown?

Nay, for the sower shall pass from his labor,

Only remembered for what he has done.

\*

Only the truth that in life we have spoken,

Only the seeds that on Earth we have sown,

These shall pass onward while we are forgotten,

Only remembered for what we have done.

\*

10 - **Mayor of Irishtown** © 2014

Was it just yesterday in mid-afternoon  
We told stories and sang the old tunes  
Remembering days when we were green  
Two happier lads you've never seen  
*\*Here's to the Mayor of Irishtown  
Sing to his honor - yes, ring out the sound  
Respecting, protecting this holy ground  
Here's to the Mayor of Irishtown*

When we were younger, a lifetime ago  
Spending the day in sun or in snow  
Sharing a sandwich beneath a white pine  
Searching for boundaries and walking the line  
\*

When black flies were biting,  
there was no complaint  
While teaching this novice, you were a saint  
After missions of mercy, helping out friends  
We'd lift a pint and toast the day's end  
\*

There was no hesitation  
when speaking your mind  
But a more gentle soul would be hard to find  
Citizen, veteran, husband and dad  
Sharing the good times, weathering the bad  
\*

From the shamrock shores our ancestors came  
Hard working farmers with no wealth or fame  
They raised potatoes,  
raised daughters and sons  
We were their dreams - yes, we were the ones  
\*

11 - **Fire of '21** © 1997

Come listen to my story  
The truth to you I'll tell  
About the fire of '21  
When fourteen buildings fell,  
Fourteen buildings fell.

On the sixteenth of November  
Snow lay on the ground;  
As children walked to school that day  
It was peaceful in the town,  
Peaceful in the town.

At Tripp's Garage 'round 8 o'clock,  
That's where the fire began.  
A cry went out above the roar:  
"Fire! Come lend a hand,  
Fire! Come lend a hand."

To save a house or barn some used  
Wet blankets or wet sheets.  
The fire burned so blistering hot,  
Paint peeled across the street,  
Paint peeled across the street.

Flames licked and kicked the dance hall down  
And the hotel, every room.  
Fire fighters slipped in mud,  
Swinging shovels and brooms,  
Swinging shovels and brooms.

Water squeezed from every pump,  
Buckets passed from hand to hand  
Amidst the smoke and soot and snow.  
It was more than they had planned,  
More than they and planned.

Five families now were homeless.  
How many families more?  
Then someone said: "To stop the fire,  
Let's sacrifice the store,  
Sacrifice the store."

So Nelson Ste. Marie agreed,  
There was nothing left to lose.  
Jack Burgey placed the dynamite,  
Matt Johnson lit the fuse,  
Matt Johnson lit the fuse.

The force of that explosion,  
I tell to you the truth,  
Sent the shears of Mattie Ste. Marie  
Into Bill McCane's store roof,  
Bill McCane's store roof.

The spirit of community  
Is what kept the town alive.  
Neighbors working side by side,  
That's how Indian Lake survived,  
Indian Lake survived.

12 - **Raquettes** © 2010  
[based on a poem by Wanda Burch]

Snow lies deep across the mountains  
We're on our way to a new land  
Not by choice, not by design  
Families torn, many dead

*\*Raquettes  
Like bones bleached cold and white  
In the frozen ground  
Mark a promise  
Ripped apart, left like ruins  
Without a sound  
Raquettes, a lake  
A namesake for broken hearts*

The men are gone, the women weeping  
Children keep their fear inside  
Mountain trek, days into months  
Who can count what's left behind  
\*

Some of the sons, some of the daughters  
Held on to life a day at a time  
Memories, became stories  
Of surviving broken hearts.

*Raquettes  
Comme les os toutes blanches et froides  
Dans une terre gelee  
Faites une promis  
Dechiree oubliees comme les ruins  
Sans une bruit  
Raquettes, une lac  
Un nom pour les coeurs brisees*

13 - Indian Lake Dam © 1998

The first dam built on Indian Lake,  
When no one here was alive,  
It was made of logs they cut back in 1845.  
A river highway was needed then  
To send logs from the hills  
Way down river to Glens Falls  
To the Big Boom and the mills.

The lake got longer, higher, too.  
That's what a good dam does.  
Then the Indian River Company  
Built where the old dam was.  
Some thought it was a waste to make  
A down state reservoir;  
Others saw a bigger lake  
Bringing folks from near and far.

*\*Broad at the bottom and narrow at the top  
Telling water when to go and when to stop  
Ever since 1898  
It's the dam at the foot of Indian Lake*

*Men cut and burned a thousand acres  
Where they'd flood the lake,  
Just to make an unspoiled view  
For the summer visitors' sake.  
Granite was quarried nearby,  
Sand came from upstream.  
Cement by rail to North Creek,  
Then hauled 20 miles by a team.*

Take a good look at the dam,  
Forty-seven feet high it stands.  
Seven months work a century ago  
Built on rock and hardpan.  
To make this lake what it is today  
Took sweat and imagination.  
To build a thing that lasts you need  
To start with a strong foundation.

\*

14 - Whallonsburg Grange © 2015

Once upon a farm life was lonely,  
families lived off the land  
Receiving a yield from their own fields,  
what they didn't eat fresh they canned  
Sharing ideas or produce was hard  
People lived so far apart  
So they built a place, a common space  
To nourish the mind and heart

*\*Thanks for the Grange,  
The Whallonsburg Grange  
Three cheers for all of these years  
One for yesterday, one for today  
And one for tomorrow's Whallonsburg Grange*

Neighbors gathered and cleared the land  
They built a place for their dreams  
Together they formed a firm foundation  
Together they raised up the beams  
They cared for the land, cared for the stock  
Cared for the families they'd raise  
Shared what they had, or did without  
Then gathered to sing their praise

\*

*The Grange is the place  
Where we dance and sing  
The place where all ages  
Can share everything  
From movies and theater,  
To lectures and art  
It's more than a building, it is our heart*

Plow and sow, plant and grow,  
Gather the sap, boil it down  
Shear the wool, card and spin,  
Bring your goods into town  
Thanks for the crops throughout the year  
And farmers who keep us all fed  
Thanks for recipes passed down  
through time  
Thanks for the earth  
for our daily bread

\*

15 - Don't Forget to Thank Harold © 1992

On the twentieth of May in 1892,  
The Adirondack Park was brand-spanking-new.  
So was Harold Hochschild,  
that's his birthday, too  
And he left a lot of presents for me and you.

When you see how a basket  
or snowshoe is made,  
How a banjo or guitar can be played,  
Or how carefully the squares in a quilt are laid,  
Don't forget to thank Harold.  
*\*The lessons you receive each & every day,  
Pass them along in the very same way.  
'Cause the best gift that you could ever give  
Is to turn what you've learned  
into what you live.*

When you're sitting in the schoolhouse,  
writing on a slate,  
Or listening to a guide tell you  
how to choose your bait,  
Or you're dancing to a fiddle playing  
"Swinging On A Gate,"  
Don't forget to thank Harold.

When you learn to carve some wood  
and make a toy or two,  
Sing an old logging song or write one that's new,  
Or you hear some tall tales and you tell one, too,  
Don't forget to thank Harold.

\*

When you learn about the ways  
of preparing the soil,  
Canning fruits and vegetables  
so they won't spoil,  
Or turning sap to syrup: let it boil, boil, boil,  
Don't forget to thank Harold.

On the twentieth of May in 1892,  
The Adirondack Park was brand-spanking-new,  
So was Harold Hochschild,  
that's his birthday, too.  
He left a lot of presents for me and you  
So don't forget to thank Harold.

16 - **Two Little Girls from Leonardsville** © 2017

Two little girls from Leonardsville  
Their families full of boys  
Flora and Virginia were  
Their parents' pride and joy

Two little girls from Leonardsville  
With a Sleeping Giant view  
They were born on Trout Brook Road  
Their fathers born there, too

The Wilsons and the Wamsleys  
Came from Ireland  
The Wilsons and the Wamsleys  
Neighbors to the end

Two little girls from Leonardsville  
Took pails up the hill  
Picked wild berries all day long  
Careful not to spill

Two little girls from Leonardsville  
Their school was down the hill  
A one-room building by the brook  
Not far from the mill

The Wilsons and the Wamsleys  
Came from Ireland  
The Wilsons and the Wamsleys  
Neighbors to the end

Two little girls from Leonardsville  
Friends, they were the best  
And in the year of 2016  
They were laid to rest

17 - **Minerva, My Hometown** © 2008

People who grew up here  
Have many stories to tell  
About life in the old days  
Carrying water from the well  
Working in the woods  
Skidding logs with a team  
Building a farm house  
Using hand-hewn beams

*\*Give me an **M** - for memories that were dreams  
Give me an **I** - the Irish settled by the stream  
Give me an **N** - for my neighbors  
Give me an **E** - for the evergreens  
Give me an **R** - for the roots that support me  
and go way deep down like a tree  
Give me a **V** - for vision to learn  
Give me an **A** - 'cause I'll always return  
What does it spell? - My hometown  
Minerva, my hometown*

The museum used to be a church  
The town hall was a school  
Murdies once was Jones' store  
And walking was the rule  
Skating at the dam  
Hunting for some game  
Then telling friends a tall tale  
Some things stay the same

\*

Olmstead had a tannery  
We still bear his name  
Compared to those hard times  
Today may seem tame  
The rivers and the mountains  
The bear and the deer  
Our friends and our families  
That's why we're living here

18 - **Mayor of Irishtown** © 2014 (instrumental)

Thank you for giving *This Planet We Call Home*  
a listen. Questions are welcome at  
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