

See My Gold Again

Barry Luft

Barry Luft retired from the Calgary Board of Education this year. We trust that education's loss will be culture's gain—the boy's too young for the rocking chair! Among many other positions in the system, he worked as a counsellor for the various adult, special needs, and immigrant education programs at Calgary's

Viscount Bennett Centre, which is obviously the source of this fine song, which quietly warns us to be careful with our financial shears.

Barry plays this in the key of B, working out of the G position, capoed to the 4th fret.

G D C G C D G Am G
I am Li-sa A-dam, that's my mai-den name you know, A sin-gle mum with three young sons and a
Am D Em C D
past that's full of woe. My par-ents drank and I quit school; and there's lots of crap I chose,
G D C G C D G Em
Just your ty-pi-cal sha-ky a-dult child I sup-pose. My aim is to the den-tal field,
D G D C G C D G
though I'm kind of scared, But now the chains are fal-ling thanks to me and those who cared (to Chorus)
C G C
Chorus
I'm wak-ing to my pow-er now with help of book and pen, I'm look-ing to my fin-est hour to
D
see my gold a-gain. D C

I am Lisa Adam, that's my maiden name, you know.
A single mum with three young sons and a past that full of woe.
My parents drank and I quit school; there's lots of crap I chose.
Just your typical shaky, adult child, I suppose.
My aim is to the dental field, though I'm kind of scared,
But now the chains are falling, thanks to me and those who cared.

Chorus:

I'm waking to my power now with help of book and pen;
I'm looking to my finest hour to see my gold again.

I am Freddy Poland, and I've worked hard all my life.
A drilling rig slapped me down and caused me pain and strife.
It broke my back, crushed my legs, I can hardly walk or bend,
And I hope my wife can keep her job while I'm on the mend.
For other work I must return and fight the W.C.B.
Graduation is my goal, a diploma just for me.

I am Ruby Leong and speak English not too well.
I did flee my own country when the leaders fell.
My dear brother lose his life and many time I cried
When I think about the boat and how I maybe died.
I was nurse in hospital before the sound of gun;
Again I learn to speak and write and no more have to

And who am I with my own grief to hear their painful plea?
Where is the place that I may fit into their mystery?
How do these souls still temper me when I am, too, in need,
And can I let my flower grow with old and newer seed?
Now I know that life is gift, a song to you and me,
And as I travel my own road, I heed the call to be.