

Two Songs By Graham Jones

I knew the late Graham Jones (1946-96) as a familiar face in Calgary folk music circles, member of The Wild Colonial Boys, studio musician and owner and all-around fine fellow. (His eulogy appears in the Bulletin, 30.3 (September 1996), p. 29.) I had heard that Graham wrote fine songs as well, but I hadn't had occasion to hear any of them until Dave Foster included "Nancy's to the Lambing Gone" on his CD Amanda's Requests. After Graham's death, a CD of his songs, taken from various live performances and studio sessions, was released by his friends. "Raise A Glass" was a song I found particularly inspiring from that program. Here then are two songs from the pen of Graham Jones. [JL]

Nancy's to the Lambing Gone

Graham Jones, © Oeeski Publishing, SOCAN

Every year, Graham's wife Nancy would receive an urgent call from her sister to help with the lambing on her Alberta sheep farm. During Nancy's absence, Graham would have his friends over to make music and carouse.

Chorus:

Nancy's to the lambing gone,
She won't be back before the dawn,
So we will fill the air with song,
Fill the air with song;

Verse:

- 1: Nancy's to the lambing gone,
Nancy's to the lambing gone;
If everyone will sing along,
We'll fill the air with song.
- 2: The winter winds begin to howl,
The snow it swirls again;
Jack Frost he leaves his handiwork,
On every window pane;
- 3: The spring seems such a world away,
That we can scarce recall,
The joy she brings within our hearts,
Will gladden one and all.
- 4: When sisters call, they will away,
They will not wait till morning,

They'll take the road, they'll seize the day;
The lambs they are a-borning;

- 5: When sisters spring upon the earth,
To revel in its glow,
The winter wind can't chill their hearts,
However strong it blows.
- 6: When winter starts to lose its grip,
The sisters take its measure;
They mean to soon give it the slip,
And return the earth to pleasure,
- 7: And watch the rising of the moon,
The changing of the seasons;
Their learning goes around too soon,
And no one asks for reasons.
- 8: The river ice begins to crack,
The geese are homeward winging;
The sisters' blood is all astir,
You can hear it in their singing;
- 9: Winter puts away its knives,
Jack Frost he throws his brushes;
So let spring madness through our lives,
Like warblers, larks and thrushes.