

LYRICS – Fiddlefire! – Chris McKhool

<https://fiddlefire.com>

1. FiddleFire!

Music & lyrics Chris McKhool © 2008 (SOCAN)

FiddleFire! FiddleFire! FiddleFire! FiddleFire!
Welcome to our ragtag symphony
Clap along to the drums and keys
Add a fiddle and a bow and we'll make some noise
With the FiddleFire! girls and boys
FiddleFire! FiddleFire!

Let's hear some stride on the ivories
With rolling bass and a treble tease
Sing to the Tin Pan Alley rhyme
Oh, take us back in time
FiddleFire! FiddleFire!

Grab a pot, and a ladle too
Blow 'cross a bottle, bang some spoons
If you ain't got nothin', clap your hands
We'll make an old-time band
FiddleFire! FiddleFire!

C'mon drummer man, set the beat
And we'll get these folks up on their feet
Bang on the bass drum, add the toms
C'mon and clap along
FiddleFire! FiddleFire!

2. Everybody Loves To Drum

Music & lyrics Chris McKhool © 2008 (SOCAN)

Everybody loves to drum, all around the world
In every country, every land, all the boys and girls
And when we play together a new music takes birth
Feel the heartbeat of Mother Earth
In West Africa the hand drum rhythms take my breath away
It makes me want to dance when I hear that djembe play

Some drums have a head of skin, stretched over a frame
Made of wood, made of metal, they sound great all the same
Some drums you play with sticks, and some drums you play with hands
Clap along, and join our band
Adam has a drum kit with a high hat, kick and snare
Tom toms pitched both high and low, they make a perfect pair

The talking drum from Africa communicates and calls
Taiko drums from Japan can be up to eight feet tall
Cuban salsa with timbales always makes me want to move
While the congas set the Latin groove
Darbukas from the Middle East go snap, slap, bam
You make *tek* sounds with fingertips, and *doom* sounds with your hand

The Inuit qilaut is played for ajaaja songs
Haudenosaunee, People of the Longhouse, play the water drum
People of the Plains gave us the pow-wow drums so strong
Anishinaabe hand drums play sacred songs
My friend Thunderbird is Tsimshian from northern B.C.
She likes to sing her songs, when she drums along with me

In Peru they play Cajon, just a hollow wooden box
But slap it with your hands and that crate can really rock!

And steel drums, And Indian table, Brazilian cuica, An Irish bodhrán
Cuban congas, let's make a conga line!

If you don't have a real drum you can bang on pots and pans
Hit a stick on a washtub or a big old garbage can
You can use most anything to make a cool noise
And spread some musical joy
Beat a box, your own percussive recycled toy
Get out your pots and pans, and let's make some noise

Everybody loves to drum, all around the world
In every country, every land, all the boys and girls
And when we play together a new music takes birth
Feel the heartbeat of Mother Earth, Feel the heartbeat of Mother Earth

3. Mason's Apron/ Ste. Anne's Reel

Music traditional, arr. Ken Whiteley & Anne Lederman © 2008 (SOCAN)

4. Mandolin

Music & lyrics Ken Whiteley © 2001 (SOCAN)

It's just eight strings with some metal and wood
But this old mandolin can sure sound good
I pick it with a pick that I pick across the strings
And for every pluck hear my mandolin ring

Chorus:

Mandolin (mandolin), Mandolin (mandolin)
It's tuned like a fiddle or a violin
But it's not either it's a mandolin

There's mandolins from Russia and Italy too
From South America and Kalamazoo
Here's a little fact that I want you to know
Mine was made here in Ontario

Chorus

I can play it fast or I can play it slow
And sometimes I like to make a tremolo
Sad, romantic or jazzy too
Or you can clap your hands and it can dance for you
(Fisher's Hornpipe)

Mandolins are an ancient thing
They've been played by poor folks, played for kings
400 years and that's a long time ago
A man named Vivaldi wrote this great concerto
(Vivaldi Mandolin Concerto in G)

Chorus

It's not too big, so you can carry it around
Its small little strings make a tinkly sound
It's good with lots of music, any kind you choose
But it really drives me crazy when it plays the blues
(8 bar blues)

Last Chorus: And when I'm having fun I might give it a spin
But I better be careful, it's a mandolin

5. Django

Music & lyrics Chris McKhool © 2008 (SOCAN)

There was a boy, his name was Django
He loved Gypsy-jazz, swing and tango
He learned to play guitar, and he became a star
As he played the Roma melodies

Django grew up, in a caravan
A box their horse pulled 'cross the land
They traveled though la France, *il jouait pour la danse*
La musique des 'Romané'

Chorus:
And they would sing, and they would sing
You could hear their voices ring

Django practiced, till his fingers bled
He played his scales until he went to bed
His guitar was charmed, wrapped inside his arms
As he sang himself to sleep

Django became no ordinary man
If you heard him play, you would understand
He could make you cry, bring a tear to your eye
Or make you jump up to your feet

Chorus

Now if you, play a guitar
Recorder, piano, sing in a choir
Come on and jam along, help us play this song
Open your heart, and let your fingers free

First hit G7, play with intention
Strum that F minor, raise the tension
Chug along in time... and stop on a dime
For the *rubato* melody

Chorus

6. Rainflower

Music Chris McKhool © 2008 (SOCAN)

This song is inspired by the beauty of Canada's East Coast. We have added a twist to the Celtic style, with Ernie playing bansuri, an Indian bamboo flute.

7. Scat in the Hat

Lyrics Chris McKhool, music Chris McKhool & Kevin Laliberte © 2008
(SOCAN)

There's a type of singing where you don't use words
When you first hear it, it seems absurd
You just make sounds like ooh and ahh
Doo wop, zee bop and zippidee daa
I'm the scat in the hat, cool cat

Chorus:

Use a letter like B or D
Add a vowel like ooo or eee
Spice it up with a zing ding dee
Set yourself free
Whaddaya know you're starting to scat
Freestyle rap, sounds so phat
C'mon you too, can scat like that
What a cool cat

You don't need lessons, there are no rules
You don't need feet or hands or tools
Just use your voice, your tongue, your lips
And let it rip, and you'll sound so hip
I'm the scat in the hat, cool cat

Chorus

If you've got friends that play a little
Piano, guitar, bass or fiddle
They can join you too, and you can have some fun
Or you can scat alone as a band of one
Be a scat in the hat, cool cat

Get jiggy with words that are complicated
Encyclo-google-istically sophisticated
Play with the rhythms, play with sounds
And you'll be the scattingist cat around
Be a scat in the hat, cool cat

Chorus

8. High Wire

Music & lyrics Chris McKhool © 2008 (SOCAN)

I walk the high wire with *FiddleFire!* when I use my inner ear
I use this box to amplify the music in my head I hear
It comes from deep inside my world, I seek and then I find
The distillation of my inspiration, revelations of my mind

I tune it up and I rosin up the bow
Why don't you join along to the rhythm, to the beat
C'mon and take a stand
When you hear the fiddle you can play along
Feel the rhythm, clap your hands

I walk the high wire with *FiddleFire!* when I believe in myself
When I trust my inner knowledge, when I trust my inner wealth
It's the same with dance, music, writing, painting, basketball
Just get inside the art you choose, listen to your call

You're gonna do it well, if you're doing what you love
There is a great creative force in each and every mind
Check it out, dig deep inside,
Feel the rhythm, clap the time

9. Spider-Man

Lyrics Paul Francis Webster, Music Bob Harris, arr. Ken Whiteley © 1967

10. My Two-Stringed Erhu

Music & lyrics Chris McKhool © 2008 (SOCAN)

I wake in the early morn before the sun gets too hot
And I climb up the earthy rise to find my special spot
With a view of the sky so blue, and birds that sail in the wind
I take in the miracle of nature we all live in

Chorus:

This is my favourite place to play
My two-stringed erhu
Come sit with me and stay
And I'll play it for you

I draw my bow of bamboo and horse hair 'cross the two strings
And the snakeskin head rings along to make my erhu sing
I can make sounds like hummingbirds humming, hovering in one place
Or the sound of wild horses running free with thunder and grace

Chorus

The flowers are opening, the day has begun
As the mist burns off from the valley in the warm golden sun
On this hill I see trees and rocks and clouds and things that inspire
Me with wonder and joy to play, with calm and with fire

Chorus

11. Boogie-Woogie Blues

Music & lyrics Chris McKhool © 2008 (SOCAN)

There's a kind of music that really moves
With the honky tonk piano, playing the groove
With eight to the bar from the left hand bass
The right hand thrillin' all over the place
Shimmy high, shimmy low
Shimmy fast, 'cause I gotta go

Chorus:

Clap your hands and knees
Give yourself a high five
Do the twist
Shake, jump and jive
The boogie-woogie blues is what it's all about
Boogie-woogie blues, shout it out, oh ya!

Boogie-woogie has southern music roots
African-Americans playing the blues
Then a man named Pinetop added a twist
And boogie was born, listen to this
Boogie high, boogie low
Boogie fast, 'cause I gotta go

Chorus

The American South is where it's from
Where the music is hot and the sun is warm
The boogie beat is so much fun
There's a little bit of woogie in everyone
Sing it high, sing it low
Sing it fast, 'cause I gotta go

Chorus

12. Dance to the Music

Music & lyrics Chris McKhool, arranged Ken Whiteley © 2008 (SOCAN)

Dance to the music, put on your happy feet
Try a tango, twist, a chicken dance, a waltz with two left feet
A spin to the left, a spin to the right
Shake it, shake it, shake it baby, all through the night

March to the rhythm, march in place
With a little bit of stiff, and a little bit of grace
With a wiggle in your ears, and a smile upon your face
Be a jelly bean of joy for the human race

Dive into the water like a big blue whale
You can zig, you can zag, you can flap your tail
You can jump to the air, after taking a bath
And fall back to the sea with a cannonball splash

Dance to the rumba rhythm from the streets of Spain
Step to your left, to your right, spin 'round again
Clap your hands in time, *palmas* on and off the beat
Feel the rhythm in your hips, and the shuffle in your feet

Bounce like a springy thing, bounce like a ball
Leap up to the sky like you're never gonna fall
Find the jingle in your jangle, the fancy in your pants
And spin your partner round like in an old barn dance

Curtsy low or take a bow
Swing your partner 'round and 'round
All join hands with your friends and dears
Now come to the centre with a great big cheer

Dance to the music, put on your happy feet
Try a tango, twist, a chicken dance, a waltz with two left feet
A spin to the left, a spin to the right
Shake it, shake it, shake it baby, all through the night
Dance Party!

13. Excerpt from Cantata No. 147

Music by Johann Sebastian Bach, arranged Chris McKhool & Ken Whiteley
© 2008 (SOCAN)

14. Burning Violin

Music & lyrics Chris McKhool © 2008 (SOCAN)

With his fiddle in hand he made to his horse
The stars above to mark his course
The shine of the moon the only source
Of light in the comfort of the night

A master of bow and sweet melody
With a fiddle of fire and trusty steed
Tonight was the night creatively
For his musical sparks to ignite

He rode off to meet his match, To see what fire would kindle and catch

This night would bring an *hombre* from afar
The king of rumba flamenco guitar
Throughout the Earth proclaimed as the star
Of the box made of Cyprus wood and strings

The sparks would fly from his strumming hands
The crowds would swoon throughout the land
A one-man percussive flamenco band
He could make that guitar sing

In a duel no one knew who would win, Flaming guitar or the burning violin

The fiddle played his cards with a tremolo breeze
And took off like a horse, so wild and free
The guitar followed suit with the power of the tree
That sang beneath his hands

The fiddle upped the ante, made his high notes sing
And tumbled back, like a falling thing
The guitar caught him on a cushion of strings
The fiddles flames were fanned

But was this a battle they were in?
Or a dance with the burning violin?

The musical soul longs to be free
While playing together in harmony
An open hand wins easily
Revealing the light within

Riding together, both of them would win, Flaming guitar and the burning violin