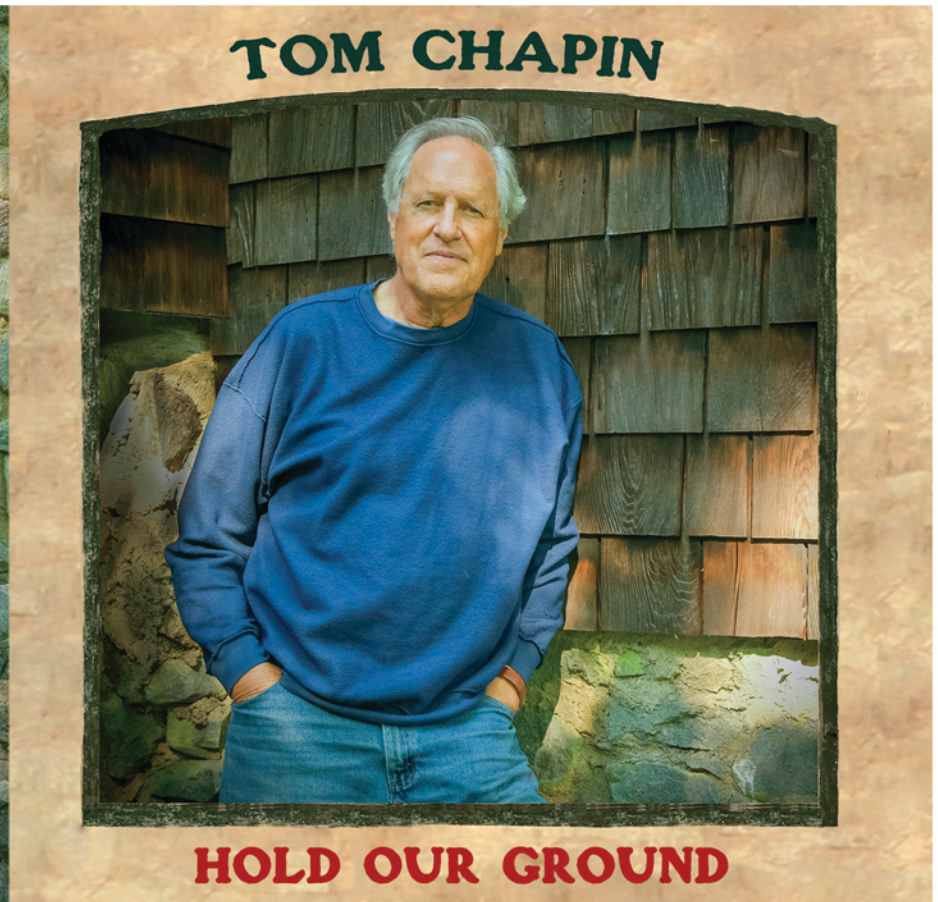


A photograph of Tom Chapin sitting on stone steps in front of a light blue door. He is wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt and blue jeans. A banjo is leaning against the steps next to him.

I. LISTEN CLOSE 3:51
2. BROADSIDE 2:55
3. WOODY GUTHRIE'S DREAM 4:10
4. HOLD OUR GROUND FOREVER
FEATURING THE CHAPIN SISTERS 3:25
5. MIRACLE IN THE RAIN 4:07
6. THEY KILLED MY STREET 3:41
7. WINTER STAR 3:26
8. WALNUT VALLEY MOON 4:04
9. AUTOHARPOHOLIC 2:21
10. COMMON GROUND 4:33
II. OLIVER BEAU 2:56
12. SING ME THE STORY OF YOUR DAY 2:46
13. ARTHUR MOON 3:03
14. ROLL ON YOUR WAY 3:26
15. THE LAST MUSIC COMPANY 3:10

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A portrait of Tom Chapin from the chest up, wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt and blue jeans. He is standing in front of a wooden shingle wall. The portrait is framed by a dark, arched wooden frame.

TOM CHAPIN

HOLD OUR GROUND

Listen Close

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
© Joe Hill Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

If you listen close I'll share a thought or two
About who I am... and what I'm trying to do.
I have come to toss some words up in the air
With a tune to float and fly them to your ear

I am not a savior sent here from on high
I am just a singer trying to get by
I'm not a messenger from some far distant star
Just a poet with an old guitar

I am no magician who makes things disappear
But I can cast a spell
To calm your doubt and fear
Listen to the sky when the night is clear
Hear what the ancients called
The music of the spheres

Listen close, there's magic in the air
Hear the notes a-flying, flying everywhere
It's an ancient art, as old as humankind
Sing your song then move on down the line

I am not a preacher calling judgment down
Just a troubadour traveling town to town
I'm not a sorcerer with potions rare and strong
Just an old musician trying to get along

I'm no therapist to heal your hurting soul
Just another traveler on the open road
Standing on this stage
With methods tried and true
Open up your heart, let the music through

Listen close, there's magic in the air

Hear the notes a-flying, flying everywhere
It's an ancient art, as old as humankind
Sing your song then move on down the line
Sing a song then move on down the line
I'll sing my song and move on down the line

Broadside

by John Forster & Tom Chapin
© Limousine Music Co. & The Last Music Co.
(ASCAP)

Every day the news abounds
With scoundrels doing wrong
Which impels us to take action
Which is really, really strong
Like expressing our displeasure
Through the lyric of a song.
Preferably a sing-along.

There's a name for what we're doing
And Broadside is the term.
A tough, melodic weapon
Full of values we affirm.
Just load 'er up and let 'er rip
And watch the wicked squirm.
As everybody sings along.
*Broadside, broadside they cannot ignore us,
They may run but they can't hide.
We'll out 'em with the verse
And rout 'em with the chorus
Of a broad, Broadside.*

We're ruled by corporation,
Conglomerate and bank.
Congress is in gridlock,
The Courts are in the tank.
If we get out of this alive,
It's us you'll have to thank

For asking you to sing along.

It was Pete and it was Woody
Who pioneered it all,
They taught Tom and Phil
And Mary and Peter and Paul.
But the times they are a-changing,
And the writing on the wall
Says everybody sing along.
*Broadside, broadside they cannot ignore us,
They may run but they can't hide.
We'll out 'em with a verse
And rout 'em with a chorus
Of a broad, Broadside.*

Feel the power of the right notes
And the right quotes combined.
Feel the power of the right song
To open up your heart and mind.

Now you may think a sing-along
Is just a silly game,
And believing it can change the world
Is really kind-a lame.
But "We Shall Overcome" finally overcame
'Cause everybody sang along.
*Broadside, broadside they cannot ignore us.
They may run but they can't hide.
We'll out 'em with a verse
Rout 'em with a chorus,
Deck 'em with the verse
And wreck 'em with the chorus,
We'll hurt 'em with the verse
And convert 'em with a chorus
Of a broad, Broadside.*

Woody Guthrie's Dream

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
© Joe Hill Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

I dreamt I was at the crossroad,
Harsh wind at my back
Thought I saw the man himself
Come ramblin' down the track
Hard times at his shoulders,
A worn case in his hand
Woody Guthrie stopped and said to me,
"I just don't understand."

He said "I have seen the worst of times,
Folks scratching in the dirt.
Mile-long unemployment lines,
Millions out of work.
All those hungry women,
All those desperate men
I guess history runs in circles
'Cause it's coming 'round again."
*In the middle of the night
I lay there in between
Half asleep and half awake,
Caught up in Woody's dream.
In the middle of the night
I found out what it means
To hitch a ride on Woody Guthrie's dream.*

When they're fracking in your backyard
And poisoning your stream,
And in some ancient forest
You can hear a chainsaw scream
When fire and flood and hurricane
Are tearing at the seams
"Don't despair," Old Woody said,
"Get up and live your dreams.
Go work and march together,

Demanding what you need
Speak the truth to power
And call out corporate greed
Sing the story of the underdog,
Over-worked and under-paid
Stand up proud, shout out loud,
Clear and unafraid.
*In the middle of the night
I lay there in between
Half asleep and half awake,
Caught up in Woody's dream.
In the middle of the night
I found out what it means
To hitch a ride on Woody Guthrie's dream.*

When I asked him what he dreamed about
He shook his head and smiled.
"A decent job for everyone,
A home for every child
Food for every family, a roof for every head
Ain't that what you dream about?"
He looked at me and said.

I dreamt I was at the crossroad
And as Woody turned to go
He said "I got no place in this old world now,
It's your rodeo
Go right some wrong, carry on,
Like a ghost in the machine,
Good luck, farewell, give 'em hell,
I'll see you in your dreams."
*In the middle of the night
I lay there in between
Half asleep and half awake,
Caught up in Woody's dream.
In the middle of the night
I found out what it means
To hitch a ride on Woody Guthrie's dream.*

Hold Our Ground Forever

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
© Joe Hill Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

When times grow dark and life grows mean.
The hardest times we've ever seen.
When darkness overwhelms the dawn,
Can we find strength to carry on?

When high winds tear down what we've built,
Do we give in to blame and guilt?
Or work and fight as we've done before
And rise once more and rise once more.
*You are here (hold our ground)
I am here (hold our ground).
We are here together
Through times of strife (hold our ground)
Through times of fear (hold our ground)
We will hold our ground forever!*

When tempers and the earth grow hot
We'll trust the goals for which we've fought
We'll not lose sight of a brighter day.
Nor lose one friend along the way.
*You are here (hold our ground)
I am here (hold our ground).
We are here together
Through times of strife (hold our ground)
Through times of fear (hold our ground)
We will hold our ground forever!
We will hold our ground forever!*

The common good is still our creed,
To each according to their need
Though oceans rise and high winds wail
Our quiet courage will prevail.
*You are here (hold our ground)
I am here (hold our ground).*

*We are here together
Through times of strife (hold our ground)
Through times of fear (hold our ground)
We will hold our ground forever!
Hold our ground forever!*

Miracle In The Rain

by Rich Look & Kash Monet
© Kool Koala Music & Please And Thank You Music (BMI)

You said in our life
There was too much to hold onto
And right now you wanted to let go.
We planted some reasons,
Some promises out of season
But between us nothing would grow.
*Country towns, city sounds,
Can you tell me where love is bound?
Country sounds, city frowns,
Can you tell me where love is found?*

Still-born, thread-bare, we stood there crying
Happy to at least share the pain.
Morning of the last day, that Sunday
I stood there a-hopin' for a miracle in the rain.
*Country towns, city sounds,
Can you tell me where love is bound?
Country sounds, city frowns,
Can you tell me where love is found?*

I borrowed a few cents
To call you on the pretense
To tell you I'm doing fine. What's new?
And we both knew the answer is still true
I love you... are you still on the line?
*Country towns, city sounds,
Can you tell me where love is bound?
Country sounds, city frowns,*

Can you tell me, tell me where love is found?

They Killed My Street

by Tom Chapin
© The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

They killed my street in Brooklyn,
Don't know it any more
The apartment house where I grew up,
The corner grocery store
There was no obituary,
No grieving cards were sent
Those days and ways just disappeared,
The world that was just went
*They killed my street, killed my city.
It'll never be the same
Like I awoke and found it broken
What a crying shame, what a crying shame*

When they kill a street in Brooklyn,
It don't make the evening news
No fond goodbyes, no teary eyes,
No-one sings the blues
"Should have seen it in the old days,"
You'll hear your own voice say
When they kill your street in your hometown,
Some old rainy day
*They killed my street, killed my city.
It'll never be the same
They killed my street,
Knocked me off my feet.
What a crying shame, what a crying shame*

It'll all seem so familiar,
'Til suddenly you're lost
When you amble down the avenue,
Keep your fingers crossed
Cause time is the destroyer

And when you live this long
You'll find everything old is gone but you,
Singing this sad, sad song
*They killed my street, killed my city,
I made it home to see
What they done to my hometown
What they done to me
They killed my street, killed my city,
It'll never be the same
They killed my street, knocked me off my feet
What a crying shame, what a crying shame*

Winter Star

by Rich Look and Kash Monet
© Kool Koala Music & Please And Thank You Music (BMI)

The night air holds a chill
Though it's still sweet and dry
I can see Orion shining with my naked eye.
I came up north to find you
And found that you were gone.
And now the highway's frozen
With winter coming on.
*Winter star shine in the distance
Your light is so cold and clear.
Winter star tell me why is it
Where you are is never here?*

The snow they predicted,
I guess it's all blown west.
And aren't all the winter trees
So thin and sadly dressed?
They said you talked about me,
That I was the only one.
Then you left for New York City
Somewhere before the dawn.
*Winter star shine in the distance
Your light is so cold and clear.*

*Winter star tell me why is it
Where you are is never here?*

The night air holds a chill
Though it's still sweet and dry
I can see Orion shining with my naked eye.
I don't want to change you,
Just want to feel your light
So I follow the frozen highway
To New York City tonight.
*Winter star shine in the distance
Your light is so cold and clear.
Winter star tell me why is it
Where you are is never here?
Where you are is never here.*

Walnut Valley Moon

by Jon Cobert, Michael Mark & Tom Chapin
© Red Wagon Music, HCD Music & The Last Music
Co. (ASCAP)

Every September there's a wonderful sight
At this dusty old fairgrounds
By day and by night
Guitars and banjos and voices that blend
So happy to see you, my friend

Fifty-some years of good stories and tunes
Have been played here and sung out,
And howled at the moon.
From the very beginning
Right through to the end
So happy to see you, happy to be with you,
Happy to see you, my friend
Under a Walnut Valley sun
Another Winfield welcomes everyone
As we gather together to sing out again:
"So happy to see you, my friend"

Got a bushel of old songs,
A sprinkle of new
It's a pleasure to stand up
And sing 'em with you
And to hear your good voices
Ring out once again
So happy to see you, happy to be with you,
Happy to see you, my friend
Under a Walnut Valley moon
Another Winfield brings it's joyful tune
As we gather together to sing out again:
"So happy to see you, my friend"

As this old world goes stumbling along
Winfield brings us back to sing
Her sweet September song

Some old friends have left us
But we are still here
With young folks who come of age
Every new year
With a voice to declare and a hand to extend
So happy to see you, my friend

May the music stay strong and may it survive
With this crew and these artists
Who keep it alive
Still, you're the foundation
On which we depend
So happy to see you, happy to be with you,
Happy to see you, my friend.

Under a Walnut Valley moon
Another Winfield brings it's joyful tune
As we gather together to sing out again:
"So happy to see you, happy to be with you,
Happy to see you my friend"
Happy to see you, my friends!"

Autoharpoholic

by John McCutcheon & Tom Chapin
© Appalsongs & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

Put 30-some strings on a box that rings
And tune for the rest of your life
Say hello to your new best friend
Say good-bye to your wife
*I'm in a 12-chord program
It lasts my whole life long
I'm an autoharpoholic
And this is my sad song*

It's Charlie Zimmerman, Oscar Schmidt,
Sears & Roebuck, too.
Sara Carter, Kilby Snow, Pop Stoneman,
And now you.
*I'm in a 12-chord program
It lasts my whole life long
I'm an autoharpoholic
And this is my sad song*

"Hi, I'm Tom. I'm an autoharpoholic" "Hi, Tom"

I'll take you in my arms tonight
Hold you to my heart
When our bodies are in tune
I know we'll never part

"I'm John. I'm an autoharpoholic" "Hi, John"

One day soon I'll shed this world
And put on angel's wings
And there in Heaven's wondrous choir
I'll play that box with strings
*I'm in a 12-chord program
It lasts my whole life long
I'm an autoharpoholic*

*And this is my sad song
I'm an autoharpoholic and this is my sad song*

Common Ground

by Scott Ainslie & Tom Chapin
© Cattail Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

Come in the door is open,
You are welcome here.
Come in the door is open,
Leave out all doubt and fear.
We'll plant a seed together
And together watch it grow,
And learn once more what we already know.
*Lift up your voice,
Rejoice in what we've found.
Let every heart take refuge in the sound.
Feel the walls around us tremble,
We will surely bring them down
And find ourselves on Common Ground.
Find ourselves on Common Ground.*

This is how we celebrate
Our song and dance and art.
This is how we touch the future,
How we touch a heart.
Tell your story to a child,
And they'll take it as their own
This is how we learn we're not alone.
*Lift up your voice,
Rejoice in what we've found.
Let every heart take refuge in the sound.
Feel the walls around us tremble,
We will surely bring them down
And find ourselves on Common Ground.
Find ourselves on Common Ground.*

In our time together I begin to understand

There are bridges we can only cross
Together hand in hand.
Soon we'll head on homeward
We'll go our separate ways,
But these echoes will be
Dancing down our days.
*Lift up your voice,
Rejoice in what we've found.
Let every heart take refuge in the sound.
Feel the walls around us tremble,
We will surely bring them down
And find ourselves on Common Ground.
Find ourselves on Common Ground.*

Oliver Beau

by Tom Chapin
© The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

Early on a February morning arrived a very
Mellow and healthy little guy
New-born to Seth and Lil,
A brother to big girl Willa,
Welcome a new star in our sky
*Say Hello to Oliver Beau.
Where will you go? We'd all like to know.
Oh, you make the future look so bright,
Turn your face up to the light
Say hello to Oliver Beau.*

On wintry days so dark and cold,
It warms the hearts of young and old
To hear the news of a miracle so near.
A ray of hope for this old earth,
How swell to celebrate the birth of a
Brand-new baby boy who's joined us here
*Say Hello to Oliver Beau.
What will you be? We can't wait to see.
Oh, you make the future look so bright,*

*Turn your face up to the light
Say hello to Oliver Beau.
Hello, hello to Oliver Beau.*

Of all your cousins coast-to-coast,
E.E. and Arthur are easternmost,
Then Miles and Max and Beckett and M.J.
Are out there on the western shore,
They'll be your friends forevermore
A family is never far away
*Say Hello to Oliver Beau.
What will you do? We're cheering for you.
Oh, you make the future look so bright,
Turn your face up to the light
Say hello to Oliver Beau.
Say Hello to Oliver Beau.
Where will you go? We'd all like to know.
Oh, you make the future look so bright,
Turn your face up to the light
Say hello to Oliver Beau.
Say hello to Oliver Beau.*

Sing Me The Story Of Your Day

by John Forster & Tom Chapin
© Limousine Music Co. & The Last Music Co.
(ASCAP)

Sing me the story of your day.
Of the coming and the going
Of another day of growing.
And what you learned along the way,
Sing me the story of your day.

Sing me the story of your day.
A surprising smile that warmed you,
An idea that transformed you.
Show me the game you learned to play,
Sing me the story of your day.

When you face a fear,
When you deserve a cheer
I've got two ears to lend you.

Sing me the story of your day.
A triumphant tale of wonder
Or of rugs pulled out from under;
Sometimes a blue sky turns to gray,
Sing me the story of your day.

When you need me near,
I'll always be right here
To listen and defend you.

Sing me the worries of your day.
Can we solve them now? I doubt it.
But it helps to talk about it.
And we might find that it's okay.
Sing me the story of your day.
Sing me the story of your day.

Arthur Moon

by Tom Chapin
© The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

Turn the TV off, turn the radio down.
There's big news brewing in our town
Yes, it happened in the early morn
A brand new, healthy baby boy was born

Twenty-eight November is the date
8 pounds 6 ounces, is the weight.
21 inches long they say,
Born at the dawning of the day
*His name is Arthur, Arthur Moon.
Hello Arthur, Arthur Moon.
This is Arthur's grandpa offering a tune
For newborn Arthur Moon*

Your sister E.E. ...sleeps unaware
'Til Jesse wakes her, brings her downstairs
To meet the newborn in the room.
E.E.'s ecstatic, over the moon
*This is your brother, Arthur Moon.
Say hello to Arthur Moon.
I am Arthur's grandpa offering a tune
To newborn Arthur Moon*

The family gathers... 'round the bed,
Notes the dark hair... on his head
Long graceful fingers... on each hand.
Abigail and Jesse's perfect little man

One life's beginning, others dim down,
I'm just grateful to be around
To catch the start of a life so new,
We'll do the very best we can for you
*His name is Arthur, Arthur Moon.
This little guy lights up the room
We'll get to watch him
Write his own song pretty soon,
Hello Arthur. Welcome Arthur.
Thank you, Arthur Moon*

Roll On Your Way

by Michael Mark & Tom Chapin
© HCD Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

When the rain on the windowpane
Reminds you of your tears
And the music in your heart
Is just a jumble in your ears. I will be there
With a shoulder for to cry on, I'll be there

Sometimes I'm not the best of friends
I'm not the best of men
Sometimes you think I'll leave your world

And not come back again
But I will be there
When you need someone to cling to
I'll be there
*Roll on your way like a boat upon the ocean
We'll leave our trials on the troubled shore
Roll on your way, and I'll go rolling with you
And we will roll 'til we roll no more*

When the burden that you carry
Gets too heavy to disguise
And the pain you hold inside
Casts a shadow in your eyes. I will be there
When you need me most of all, babe
I'll be there
*Roll on your way like a boat upon the ocean
We'll leave our trials on the troubled shore
Roll on your way, and I'll go rolling with you
And we will roll 'til we roll no more
Roll on your way like a boat upon the ocean
We'll leave our trials on the troubled shore
Roll on your way, and I'll go rolling with you
And we will roll 'til we roll no more*

The Last Music Company

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
© Joe Hill Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

Where have they gone,
These friends that I loved
Who over the years meant so much to me?
Their faces drift by as I wait by the door
Of the Last Music Company
Hoping and watching for them to appear
I am lost in the sweet mist of memory
Time stands as still as a night with no moon
At the Last Music Company

My friends and my family
Still hold up my heart
As each loss brings my world to it's knees
And I seek out a refuge
In the workshop of song
At the Last Music Company
I have worked at this table
With many a good friend
Catching up as we partnered a new melody
With a story in rhyme
That might make it some time
To the Last Music Company
There's no distance that love can't erase
In a lifetime of memories
I've carved out a place
To remember your voice
And the smile on your face
At the Last Music Company

Where do we go when we come to the end
Of the pathway laid out for you and me?
May we summon the courage
And grace for to face
The Last Music Company
There's no distance that love can't erase
In a lifetime of memories
I've carved out a place
To remember your voice
And the smile on your face
At the Last Music Company

Where have they gone,
These friends that I loved
Who over the years meant so much to me?
I'll remember your voice
And the smile on your face
At the Last Music Company
The Last Music Company

Tom Chapin: guitars, banjos, autoharp,
mandolin, vocals

Jon Cobert: piano, accordion, harmonica,
synth, percussion, vocals

Michael Mark: bass, Irish whistles,
concertina, vocals

Abigail Chapin & Lily Chapin:
lead and background vocals

"Autoharpoholic" - from "Autoharp Legacy"

John McCutcheon & Tom Chapin:

autoharps, vocals

Sam Bush: mandolin

Dennis Crouch: bass

Matt Combs: fiddle

Produced by: **Mark Howard, Ron Wall,
Bryan Bowers**

"Sing Me The Story Of Your Day"

Wayne Pedzwater: fretless bass

"Roll On Your Way" co-Produced, engineered
and mixed by **Joe DiGiorgi**

My brother Harry Chapin co-founded
WhyHunger in 1975. I have been a proud
board member and have seen how
WhyHunger has touched the lives of mil-
lions of people as a strong advocate for
innovative, community-based solutions to
hunger and poverty.



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