

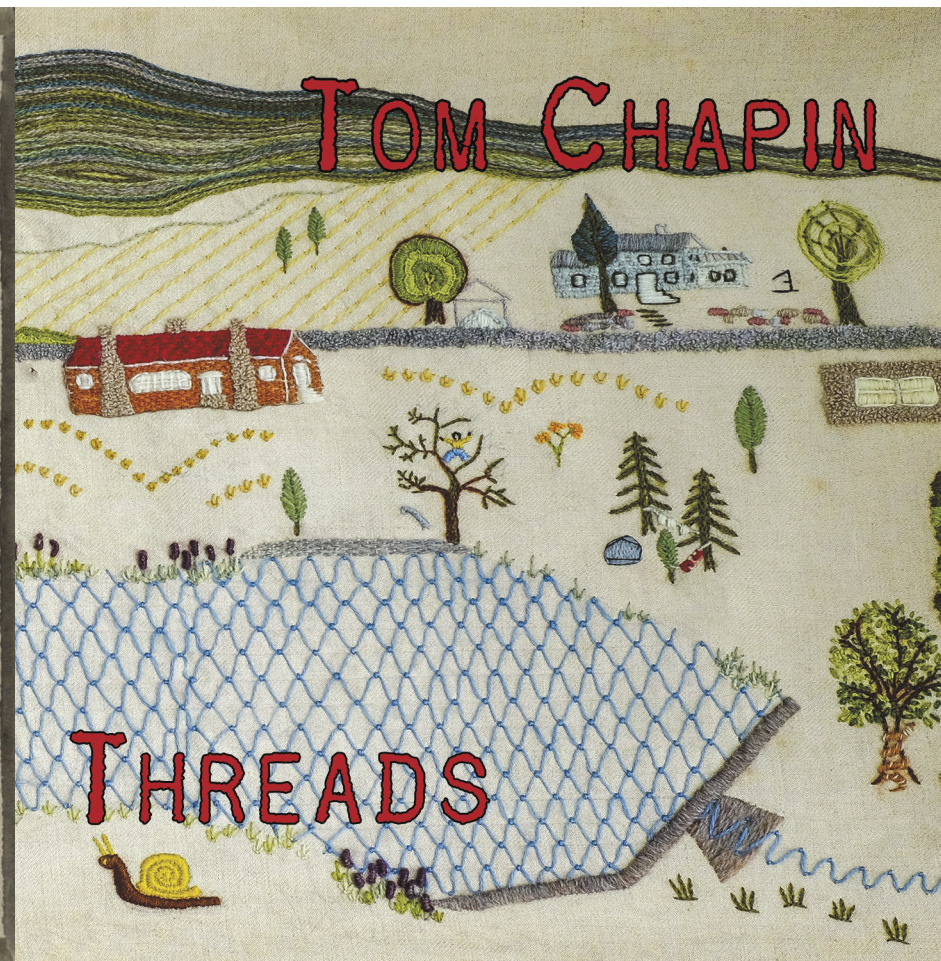


COVER EMBROIDERY BY MY MOTHER  
ELSPETH HART



GRAND BABIES  
WILLA AND ELSPETH

1. BUILD A DREAM BY TOM CHAPIN, © THE LAST MUSIC Co. (ASCAP)
2. WHEN THE FAMILY SINGS BY SI KAHN & TOM CHAPIN  
© JOE HILL MUSIC & THE LAST MUSIC Co. (ASCAP)
3. FAIR PAY FAIR PLAY BLUES  
BY PHIL GALDSTON & TOM CHAPIN  
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4. JULIA WARD HOWE (A MOTHER'S DAY FOR PEACE)  
BY SCOTT AINSLIE, SI KAHN & TOM CHAPIN  
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8. SONG FOR ELSPETH BY TOM CHAPIN  
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10. HERE IS A SONG FOR YOU BY SI KAHN & TOM CHAPIN  
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11. WILLA WON'T YA BY TOM CHAPIN  
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12. ANY OLD KIND OF DAY BY HARRY CHAPIN  
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13. WE WILL NOT STOP BY THE CHAPIN SISTERS  
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## Build A Dream

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

Build a story line by line  
Build a song rhyme on rhyme  
Build a life on the sands of time  
Build a dream with me

Build a building beam by beam  
Build a movie scene by scene  
Takes a leap of faith to build a dream  
Take a leap of faith with me  
*I'd build a dream with you  
We could make a dream come true  
Takes a leap of faith and some follow through  
To build a dream with you*

Build a love touch by touch  
As want, desire and need and such  
Turns into joy and faith and trust  
Build a dream with me

I felt it right there at the start  
First time I saw you you stopped my heart  
You took my careful world apart  
And built a dream with me  
*I'd build a dream with you  
We could make a dream come true  
Takes a leap of faith and some follow through  
To build a dream with you*

When you run this far and you run this long  
From stage to stage on scraps of song  
Need some help to keep you strong  
To keep you...

Weave a blanket thread by thread

You pick the colors, blue, green, red  
Keep us warm on the nights ahead  
Build a dream with me

Almost home, in the final stretch  
Close the door, latch the latch  
Light a fire without a match  
Build a dream with me  
*I'd build a dream with you  
We could make a dream come true  
Takes a leap of faith and some follow through  
To build a dream with you  
I'd build a dream with you  
Dream with me and I'll dream with you*

## When The Family Sings

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

Some folks work as plumbers  
Some follow the law  
An architect with T-square  
Carpenter with saw  
Some are driving semis  
Some tractor on the land  
We grew up with a father  
Who was playing in the band

Some families end up teachers  
Some sell real estate  
Some are Rabbis, Imams, Preachers,  
Who live to motivate  
We're walking in the footsteps  
Of those who've gone before  
Who lived to play, who showed the way  
And left an open door  
*It's an invitation. It's a gathering  
Friends and relations, voices and strings*

*It's a celebration. It's a welcoming  
A music conversation when the family sings  
Nah nah nah nah nah nah*

And sometimes when the stars align  
This is what we get to do  
To come together in one place  
And sing a song with you  
It's the clan that I was born into  
And like your family  
We're unique in our dysfunction  
But rich in harmony  
*It's an invitation. It's a gathering  
Friends and relations, voices and strings  
It's a celebration. It's a welcoming  
A music conversation when the family sings*

Each child brings something different  
To the families we share  
As the song of generations  
Echoes through the air  
You've got time to do your own thing  
Time to make your choice  
But tonight we're here together  
And we want to hear your voice  
*It's an invitation. It's a gathering  
Friends and relations, voices and strings  
It's a celebration. It's a welcoming  
A music conversation when the family sings*

## Fair Pay Fair Play Blues

by Tom Chapin & Phil Galdston  
© The Last Music Co. & Kazzoom Music (ASCAP)

Not long ago I made a go  
Of writing songs for you  
Sold cassettes, LPs, CDs  
Got paid for what I do

Times have changed, re-arranged  
I know that bird has flown  
But, come on, they gotta pay us  
When they play the songs we own

When words and music turned to data  
A squiggle on your screen  
Bits and bytes on our devices  
Who could have foreseen?  
The songs I wrote, the songs you wrote,  
Our private property  
Pandora-ed, YouTube'd, Spotify'd  
And they say they're helping me!

They take our words, take our music  
Give us back chump change  
Pick our pockets, take the profits  
What a losing game  
Now, I'm a creator not a corp'rate raider  
So here's what I wanna see  
Pay and play the right way  
The way it's s'posed to be  
*I got the fair pay, fair play blues  
They take our tunes  
And we don't get to choose  
When the Big Boys win, creators lose  
And, man, that's bad news  
Got the fair pay, fair play blues*

My friend Maria made a great CD  
It cost every dime she had  
It took all her talent, time, and tears  
So she was hopping mad  
When she found it streaming  
She started screaming  
"Who's gonna buy what's free?"  
We're all watching YouTube  
Pull a high-tech robbery

*She's got the fair pay, fair play blues  
They take her tunes  
And she don't get to choose  
When Google wins, creators lose  
And, man, that's bad news  
I got the fair pay, fair play blues*

I ain't no Springsteen, Taylor Swift,  
I sure ain't Beyoncé  
But I used to make a living making music  
Now there's just no way

I know it ain't no crime to stream online  
It seems like a real good deal  
But you should beware when you listen there  
You're just helping them steal  
So the next time you hear someone say,  
"Music should be free"  
You tell them it's wrong to use my song  
If they're not paying me!  
*We got the fair pay, fair play blues  
Just imagine walkin' in our shoes  
Because no one wins if creators lose  
It's time to face the music  
We got the fair pay, fair play,  
Give us our fair share, hey,  
We got the fair pay, fair play blues*

### **Julia Ward Howe (A Mother's Day For Peace)**

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

She wrote  
"the bitter vintage of the grapes of wrath"  
She coined  
"the lightning's terrible swift sword"

Her name was Julia Ward Howe  
And the battle hymn she wrote  
Once helped our sons to fight the Civil War

These fighting words that flowed out  
So swiftly from her pen  
Went to the waiting watch fires of Bull Run  
From Shiloh to the Wilderness  
To the fields of Gettysburg  
In every Union camp her song was sung  
*But she looked back in sorrow  
And wished she'd found  
These words before  
May every hymn of battle  
Become a prayer for peace  
That never sends another soul to war*

She had seen too much of killing  
And the toll that war exacts  
And seeking ways to make the carnage cease  
Julia called to every woman  
Across this war-torn earth  
To gather for a Mother's Day for Peace

Arise with me, arise  
All women who have hearts  
Our losses age us far beyond our years  
We can no longer justify  
The cannons' fearsome roar  
Nor use our nation's flag to dry our tears  
*Let us look toward tomorrow  
And work together shore to shore  
'Til every hymn of battle  
Becomes a prayer for peace  
That never sends another soul to war*

For 30 years brave mothers met  
Together every June

'Til Woodrow Wilson named a holiday  
That turned this great assembly  
Of women against war  
Into a card and candy, chocolate-filled cliché

But if we love our Mothers,  
And of course we do,  
When we celebrate them every month of May  
Remember Julia Ward Howe  
And the dream she dreamed  
That Mother's Day might make war go away  
That Mother's Day might make war go away

(Sung to The Battle Hymn Of The Republic)  
Mine eyes have seen the glory  
Of what this world could be  
When the sacred goal we're striving for  
Transfigures you and me  
When the work that women do for peace  
Shall make all people free  
As we go marching on  
*Glory, glory, hallelujah. Glory, glory, hallelujah.  
Glory, glory, hallelujah. As we go marching on.*

### **Money Out Of Misery**

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

Making money out of misery  
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh  
Look around what do I see  
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh  
Making money out of misery  
Look around, what do I see  
Rotten apples on the family tree  
Whoa-oh-oh

Making millions out of selling guns

Whoa-oh, whoa-oh  
Take a look at all the damage done  
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh  
Making millions out of selling guns  
Take a look at all the damage done  
Then start counting up the fallen ones  
Whoa-oh-oh  
*Making money out of misery  
Look around, what do I see  
Rotten apples on our family tree  
Are making money out of misery*

Prisons for-profit putting folks in jail  
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh  
Men and women who can't go their bail  
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh  
Prisons for-profit, people in jail  
Men and women can't go their bail  
All these young lives up for sale  
Whoa-oh-oh  
*Making money out of misery  
Look around, what do I see  
Rotten apples on our family tree  
Are making money out of misery*

Look in the mirror, see the light  
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh  
People working hard day and night  
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh  
Look in the mirror, see the light  
People working hard day and night  
Sure, there's wrong but there's so much right  
Whoa-oh-oh

Listen to voices in the family band  
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh  
Who make a difference, who take a stand  
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh

Hear the voices in the family band,  
Make a difference, take a stand  
Sometimes a hero is a helping hand  
Don't you know. We can  
*Make some magic out of misery  
I help you, you help me  
The sweetest apples on our family tree  
Are making magic out of misery*

### Home Again (Forster & Dorothy)

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

My great uncle Forster  
Came from Asheville, North Carolina  
His life was quite incredible but true  
He had a friend named Thomas  
A writer by his trade  
Who dreamed of fame  
The way that young men do

And Thomas Wolfe wrote a book  
Now famous far and wide  
Though he died before it ever saw the light  
It's title is a common phrase:  
"You Can't Go Home Again"  
We speak it like we're certain that it's right

*But is it true we can't go home again  
And we're condemned forever more to roam?  
If you can find the work you need, I believe  
In your truest place you will find a home*

My great uncle Forster  
Did not believe in marriage  
Or waging war, or even God above  
He came north to Greenwich Village  
Met a pretty girl named Dorothy

The two of them fell crazy mad in love

But Forster would not marry  
Even when she was expecting  
So they split, leaving Dorothy alone  
And she came to feel her daughter  
Was the force of God within her  
In the Catholic Church  
She found herself a home

*So is it true you can't go home again  
And we're condemned  
Forever more to roam?  
If you find the faith you need, I believe,  
In your truest place you will find a home*

Faith led her to the Bowery  
Where the poor and desperate gather  
The stiffs and bums the wealthy never see  
She made a home among the homeless  
The men that no-one wanted  
And in her grace they found their dignity

From anarchist to pacifist  
To the Catholic Worker Movement  
Ironically, humility brought fame  
And some say Dorothy Day  
Is on the road to sainthood  
While just a few  
Remember Forster's name

My Mother sometimes took us  
On the Staten Island Ferry  
On a pilgrimage that led to Forster's door  
With grownups inside talking  
I'd be outside with my brothers  
We'd watch the busy boats  
Down at the shore

I remember him on holidays,  
Christmas and Thanksgiving,  
Sitting quietly in suit and vest and tie  
As my Grandma and her sisters  
Went fussing all around him  
I learned this story long after he died

*Is it true, you can't go home again  
And we're condemned  
Forever more to roam?  
If you can find the love you need, I believe,  
In your truest place you will find a home  
In your truest place you can find your home  
In your truest place you will be home*

### That's What Grandpas Do

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

The wind is in the trees on this January morn  
There's music in the breeze  
For you are almost born  
Your Grandpa is waiting for you to appear  
He's walking through the snow  
On the first day of the year  
*He will rock you in his dreams  
He will dream you in his sleep  
He's made himself a promise  
He promises to keep  
Your mother is his daughter,  
He will do his best for you  
That's what grandpas do*

There's icing on the sidewalk  
It cracks beneath his feet  
A second daughter's labor  
Sends him walking down the street  
This time he's waiting for February's child

The wind turns the corner  
Looks at him and smiles  
*He will rock you both in dreams  
He will dream you in his sleep  
He's made himself a promise  
He promises to keep  
Your mothers are his daughters  
He will do his best for you  
That's what grandpas do*

Another season turning  
It's good to be alive  
He's wondering how he got to be  
Grandfather to five  
Four times a father,  
Three daughters and a son  
The winter ice is melting  
A new spring has begun  
*He will rock you in his dreams  
He will dream you in his sleep  
He's made himself a promise  
He promises to keep  
You've opened up his heart  
To voices young and new  
That's what grandchildren do for you  
That's what grandchildren do*

### Song For Elspeth

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

At the dawning of the day before  
The winter's first great storm  
Into the world a little girl came  
Safe and snug and warm  
As news progressed from east to west  
To family near and far  
Grand-folk, cousins, aunts and uncles



Thank their lucky star

*Welcome to the waiting world,  
Elspeth Esther Chapin-Lee  
I confess that happiness is all that I can see  
When I look at you, the newest branch  
To grace our family tree  
Welcome Elspeth Esther Chapin-Lee*

Your great grandmas both left you names  
To carry on from here  
Your sweet and joyous calm is like a gift  
For this new year  
Abigail and Jesse's dream  
Has finally taken form  
May their love hold you forever  
Safely in the storm

*Welcome to the waiting world,  
Elspeth Esther Chapin-Lee  
I confess that happiness is all that I can see  
When I look at you, the newest branch  
To grace our family tree  
Welcome Elspeth Esther Chapin-Lee*

### **Talk To Your Baby**

by Red Grammer & Tom Chapin  
© Smilin' Atcha Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

When I was born I was very young  
Like a seedling reaching for the sun  
I still remember first thing I heard  
Was my Mama's voice  
And my Mama's words

I had no idea of what she said  
'Til a miracle happened in my head  
Her words began to make sense

And I learned how  
To speak the language  
That I am speaking now  
*Talk to your baby, talk to your baby  
A Mama's voice is the perfect sound  
Her words like arms wrapped all around  
The voice of love was what I heard  
When I heard my Mama's words*

My wife and baby in a hospital bed  
New Daddy thoughts a-jumblin' in my head  
As I watched her nurse and whisper  
Sweet Mommy words  
That our newborn baby surely heard  
*Talk to your baby, talk to your baby  
A Mama's voice is the perfect sound  
Her words like arms wrapped all around  
The voice of love was what I heard  
When I heard that new Mama's words*

Every coo, every giggle,  
Every smile on her face  
Gets tucked away in some special place  
Every single baby, given a choice  
Wants to hear his Mama  
And his Daddy's voice!

I'm a grandpa now and glad to see  
My son and his wife so lovingly  
Talk to their baby in that special way  
If that child could talk she would surely say:  
*Talk to your baby, talk to your baby  
A parent's voice is the perfect sound  
Their words like arms wrapped all around  
The voice of love was what I heard  
When I heard my Mama's,  
Heard my Daddy's,  
Heard my family's words*

### **Here Is A Song For You**

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

The earth turned 'round, the sun went down  
Shadows fell upon the town  
I made a tune the hoot owl knew  
Into a song for you  
*A song, a song for us to play  
When shadows fall upon the day  
A song to carry you away  
Here is a song for you*

Down went the sun, up came the moon  
One note, two notes became a tune  
As word followed word the story grew  
Into a song for you  
*A song that says that it's okay  
Turn out the light of another day  
A song to carry you away  
Here is a song for you*

When awake comes the moon  
Asleep the sun  
Who needs a lullaby? Everyone  
Who do I most want to sing it to?  
Here is a song for you  
*A song, a song to help you sleep  
Slumber safe and warm and deep  
A song that says that it's okay  
To let your dreams drift far away  
Until today is yesterday  
Here is a song, here is a song  
Here is a song for you*

### **Willa Won't Ya**

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

*Willa Willa Willa won't ya come with me  
What ya gonna do, what ya gonna see  
You got a lifetime  
To find who you're gonna be  
Willa won't ya come,  
Willa won't ya go with me*

Come outside I'll show ya two big lights  
Sun in the morning and the moon at night  
And twinkling stars a way up high  
Like Christmas lights all in the midnight sky  
Me oh my oh  
*Willa Willa Willa won't ya come with me  
What ya gonna do, what ya gonna see  
You got a lifetime  
To find who you're gonna be  
Willa won't ya come,  
Willa won't ya go with me*

You could fly like a bird, run like the wind  
Swim like a fish, play the mandolin  
Jump, jump, jump... like a kangaroo  
And I'd be happy to jump like a kangaroo too  
Doodle oot doo doo

May you have a good time  
Each and every day  
Do a little work, do a lotta play  
Gonna learn a whole lot  
From the folks 'round you  
Your friends and relations  
Like your mama and your daddy  
And your aunts and your uncles  
And your first and second cousins

And your grandmas and your grandpas too  
Doodle oot doo doo

*Willa Willa Willa won't ya come with me  
What ya gonna do, what ya gonna see  
You got a lifetime to be who you wanna be  
Willa won't ya come, Willa won't ya go  
Willa won't ya come, Willa won't ya go  
Willa Willa Willa won't ya come and go with me*

### Any Old Kind Of Day

by Harry Chapin  
© Story Songs Ltd. (ASCAP)

Turning on my pillow, thinking kind of strange  
Color is of midnight in my room  
The cars outside are coughing  
It's kind of hard to sleep  
And there's neon out the window  
Not the moon  
*And it was just an any old kind of day  
The kind that comes and slips away  
The kind that fills up easy my life's time  
The night brought any old kind of dark  
I heard the tickin' of my heart  
Then why'm I thinking  
Something's left behind?*

I whistled 'round today  
Skipped a footloose jig  
To the hurdy-gurdy music of the street  
I looked up past the rooftops  
And I saw that cloudless sky  
But I keep on asking why  
My life is passing by  
And I'm left up high and dry  
But it ain't no use to cry  
So I shrug a useless sigh

And trust to things that other days will meet  
*And it was just an any old kind of day  
The kind that comes and slips away  
The kind that fills up easy my life's time  
The night brought any old kind of dark  
I heard the tickin' of my heart  
Then why'm I thinking  
Something's left behind?*

Night has had its laughing  
When streetlights blind the stars  
So now it's shedding rain  
To sing its sorrow, sorrow  
It's time for me to sleep  
And to rest my thoughts away  
There'll be another day  
When things will go my way  
And there's other things to say  
And there's other songs to play...  
There'll be time enough for thinking  
Come tomorrow  
*And it was just an any old kind of day  
The kind that comes and slips away  
The kind that fills up easy my life's time  
The night brought any old kind of dark  
I heard the tickin' of my heart  
Then why'm I thinking  
Something's left behind?  
Why'm I thinking something's left behind?*

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### We Will Not Stop

by The Chapin Sisters  
© Sad Pony Music & Foggy Mountain Music (ASCAP)

1. We will not stop singing  
We will not stop singing  
We will not stop singing  
'Til the world can sing the song  
'Til the world can sing along

2. We will not stop marching  
We will not stop marching  
We will not stop marching  
'Til the world can hear the song  
'Til the world can sing along

*'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing along*

3. We will not stop praying  
We will not stop praying  
We will not stop praying  
'Til we all can get along  
'Til the world can sing the song

4. We will not stop shouting  
We will not stop shouting  
We will not stop shouting  
Shouting right from wrong  
'Til the world can sing the song

*'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing along*

5. We will not stop chanting  
We will not stop chanting

We will not stop chanting  
Chanting 'til the dawn  
When the world will sing along

*'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing along*

1. We will not stop singing  
We will not stop singing  
We will not stop singing  
'Til the world can sing the song  
'Til the world can sing along

*'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing along*

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



FINDING ANSWERS  
FOR HUNGER  
AND POVERTY  
www.whyhunger.org

You can get more information about hunger and poverty in America and you can make a donation by contacting:  
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