

Songs by Ann Mayo Muir

(composed for Valley of the Moon)

"Doing What Comes Naturally"

Lyric by Ann Mayo Muir, music from
"Annie Get Your Gun"

Fiddle days are here again and
I sure ain't complaining.
All year long I've waited for my
one more week of training.
If you've won the lottery you've
cause for celebration.
Learning tunes among the pines is
one fine recreation.

*It sends your spirit soaring,
it makes you want to dance,
You'll never find it boring as
each day you advance.*

Both my dear Grandchildren here are
learning how to fiddle.
It's the perfect time to start
when they're very little.
Some folks here are young you see and
others here are older;
Doesn't matter what your age,
just get it on your shoulder,

*And GIVE your pennies if you can to
that great fund for scholars;
They really need your helping hand for
they don't have the dollars.*

They have the talent and the heart,
they have the inclination;
They have the wish you'll make come true with a
generous donation.
It spreads the music like a ripple
makes upon the water;
It helps to push this music on through
someone's son or daughter.

*It'll send your spirit's sailing when you
hear the young ones play.
You'll often have the chance to hear at
lunchtime every day.*

It's great to see old friends again,
it's great to see new faces..
You'll find there are no strangers here as the
music each embraces.
If you've not met your neighbor yet just
wink your eye and smile.
After that you'll start to feel you've
known them all the while.

*Now all the girls have crushes on
someone's Dad named Bob;
When I tell him, he just blushes:
He's everyone's heart throb!*

THANKS to volunteers who keep this
week of music on track, and
THANKS to all the teachers here who
care and keep on coming back.
Your inspiration is the source of
hours and hours of pleasure,
Which carries on throughout the year in
ways no one can measure.

For we don't have to know how to read or write
When we're out making music in the pale moonlight.
We don't have to look in a book to see
How to dance to the music of a melody:
That comes naturally.

*We'll try to pay our bar bill,
we'll try to pick up trash,
Try not to be too noisy when
all our roommates crash.*

Fiddle days are here again
and we just love the learning;
Just another year away
and we'll all be returning!

"If I Only Had A Heart"

Lyric by Ann Mayo Muir, music from
"The Wizard of Oz"

Oh there's hardly any riddle
To why I love the fiddle
Dear Valley of the Moon.
From the moment that I found it
And could put my arms around it
I fell into a swoon.

I never really planned it,
But you all can understand it,
This passion that's in me.
Every time my case lies open
It's my every wish that's hope'n
To be play'n it you see.

Listen clear,
I wanna cheer,
For all the teachers here,
That patiently inspire
And help us all
In our desire,

To play the tune more dotty,
Clean and clear not ploddy,
And keep those strings in tune.
All my thanks and admiration
To the whole administration
Of the Valley Of The Moon.

Between my squeaks and hisses,
My little slips and misses,
I rosin up my bow.
Though my fingers trip and stumble,
I never feel a grumble,
And my spirit's never low.

All the melodies are pleasing
Though my tone is sort of wheezing,
But I'm sure to find the key
How to play sweat and pure,
With a bow that's strong and sure:
Ah, that's what I long to see.

So it's here we come again,
To learn from friend to friend,
The secrets of the bow,
From all the ones who really know.

Oh I know I'm really living
When my bow is pushed or driven,
And the time is coming soon
When I will be returning
With more lessons to be learning
At the Valley of the Moon.

"You May Grow Up To Be a Star"

Lyric by Ann Mayo Muir (1999)
Tune: "Would you Like to Swing on a Star"

A fiddle is an instrument that's made out of wood.
Its qualities are widely understood.
Its sides are graceful.
The neck's not long.
It looks so fragile, but It's awfully strong.
So If you think it's a thing you'd like to play,
You've got to just stand up and say:

*"I'll call the Valley of the Moon.
Apply to get into it soon.
I want to learn all that I can, so I'll grow
up and join the band."*

First you take a fiddle and you stretch out your arm.
Place it on your shoulder beneath your chin.
Your left hand poses to press each string.
Your bow starts gliding and you'll hear it sing
And if you like making music with a bow,
You may grow up and make it so.

*To make music some have to read,
but at camp they feel there's no need.
They organize their lessons by speed.
"Listen and learn," it is the creed.*

When you get to camp you'll
find the best teachers there,
Gathered from the finest to be found,
From different countries with different styles.
You'll work all day, but it makes you smile.
So if find you have the will to push a bow,
you may grow up and make it so.

*Just call the Valley of the Moon,
join the fun, get into it soon.
You got to learn all that you can,
so you'll grow up and join the band.*

If you need a fiddle to learn how to play,
it's Brian Theriault you gotta call.
It's his passion to search each town
for sweet old fiddles just hanging around,
And then he fixes them the best way he knows how.
You probably could buy one now!

*Then call The Valley of the Moon.
Learn to get inside each tune.
You'll be better off then you are.
You may grow up to be a star!*

"I Save my Mind for Music"

by Ann Mayo Muir, 1999

Hello what's your name?
No need to search my brain.
Can't remember names or places.
But I'm awfully good with faces.
Can't remember where we met.
So many things I do forget.
But one thing I love the best,
Makes me feel good
And it's just . . .

I save my mind for music.
I fill up all the spaces
With melodies I'm learning;
All day my brain is churning,
With each tune my mind is tracing,
Every note of it I'm chasing,
With all my fingers racing,
Just to find the notes I'm placing.

Before I learn them all by heart
I get lost in just one part.
I think I'll nearly have a fit
If I don't get the hang of it.
At last I solve the riddle.
I can play it on my fiddle.
And then perhaps for half a day
It's the only tune I want to play.

It creeps all underneath my skin.
I feel like I'm In love again.
Then I always want another
After I have learned the other.
Oh there's never any ending
To the time that I'll be spending,
So I always try to be quick,
Saving all my mind for music.

Now perhaps you'll see just why
My mind is always in the sky.
Forgive me my forgetful ways
For in my mind the music plays.
And just as sailboats need the breeze,
As circus needs the high trapeze,
As French men need their wine and cheese,
Me, I just need melodies;
Me, I just need melodies;
Me, I just need melodies
That please me!

Music Makes the Magic

by Ann Mayo Muir

Music makes the magic
At the Valley of the Moon,
And the magic of the music
Is found in every tune,
And once the tune is started,
But before the music ends,
You find the magic-making
Comes from all my friends.

Play upon your whistle
Beat upon the drum
No matter what the instrument
Let the music come.
Play upon your cello,
Guitar, or mandolin:
It doesn't matter what you play
As long as you begin.

Come and join the magic,
Come and take a chance,
Seize upon the moment,
Make the music dance.
Let the music ripple,
Let the music roll,
Music's always greatest
When it's coming from your soul.

Don't resist the rhythm,
Don't resist the pull,
Play it with some spirit
And a heart that's full.
Come and lift your voices,
Make a joyful sound,
Clap it with your hands
Or stamp it on the ground.

We're Back

By Ann Mayo Muir

(to the melody of "My Way")

We're back
Again. We're here -
I'd shed a tear
If I'd have missed it -
To Valley of the Moon.
Is it the best?
Yes! I insist it.
I'd go through rain or snow,
Through flood or fire,
Through cold or damp, or
I'd swim the sea
For a chance to be
A fiddle camper.

I've worked
The whole year past,
Both slow and fast,
On my vibrato.
The 60-second bow
I do it slow
Quite a lot. Oh,
I've learned from
Great CD's
By Debby Grosjean
And Abby Newton.
"Oh, please make more,"
Your fans implore,
"For you we're rootin'."

The days are fun,
There's more to come,
New friends are found,
Old ones abound.
What better place
For peace of mind
Than making music
Of this kind.
Let fiddles play,
Let hearts be gay,
And do it our way.

In life I started late
To modulate
The sound of fiddle.
Oh, think how great I'd be
If only I had started little.
Let's help the young along,
Those not so strong,
Through money-giving.
Our scholarship fund
Is how we keep
The music living.

Our thanks to all the help,
Each volunteer, each organizer,
For every question asked:
You've left us all a little wiser.
To those who scrub the floor,
Attend each chore,
For you we cheer. Oh,
Without your care
We would despair:
You are the heroes.

The food we eat
Has been a treat,
The teachers rare,
Beyond compare
And, best of all,
The tunes we've done
Have filled our hearts
And made us one.
So here's to all
Who heard the call
And fiddled our way.

I Love To Vibrate

Parody of Making Whoopee

by Ann Mayo Muir Nov. 24th, 2000

The smile you wear
Tells me you care.
I see you grin
When I'm under your chin.
I'm lovely you said,
Though long I've been dead.
You make me vibrate! I love it so
To feel your bow
And how it slides
On me as it rides.
The hairs make me shiver
With passion I quiver.
You make me vibrate. Tell me how this got started.
It happened to me so fast.
Let us never be parted
What's in the past is past.
You're so nice.
You treat me right!
When you play around
You hold me so tight!
Don't ever leave me
Keep me at your sleeve, me,
I love to vibrate All night and day
I dream we play .
You seem chase me.
Your soft notes grace me.
You give me such kicks
With those sweet little licks.
I love to vibrate. The loving hands that formed me
Never could touch my heart
Your loving hands have warmed me
And given my life it's start. When playing those scales
It never fails,
Wide open my eyes fly.
My temperature soars high.
You'd never believe
The gift I receive.
You make me vibrate The warmth of your hand,
The touch of your cheek,
Your breath on my side,
It makes me weak
It's what I was made for
So I always want more
You make me vibrate. My days had lost all meaning
There wasn't a single trace.
The strings of my heart were broken,
Until you opened my case. The light in your eyes
The sound of your sighs
The feel of your heart beat
It matches my own, sweet,
It rushes all through me
Each time you come to me.
You make me vibrate. May I say
Each time we play,
Life feels worthwhile.
I love your style.
Together we'll go far.
I'll make you a Great Star

Each Time I vibrate. _____at camp I always plea for
money.
This isn't the end
We need a friend
New players are waiting,
Will be celebrating
When our fund for Scholars
Is filled with your dollars
They'll make me vibrate. Young players they line up.
They're waiting to sign up.
Their fingers are yearning
To come here for learning,
Help make it come true.
We want to thank you.
Together will vibrate. Take those pennies and toss Oem.
We know how to make them grow.
The joy it will bring is awesome.
Your caring will make it so. We count on you
To help us through,
To meet the call
To give your all.
Together we'll make it.
What you give we'll take it.
Together will vibrate. (*and a version for cello . . .*) Your
eyes that shine, Tell me you're mine.
I hear you sigh when I'm next to your thigh/etc,
Don't leave me and be a tease.
Keep me at your knees please. /etc.
The warmth of your hand,
The touch of your thigh, your breath on my neck,
It makes me high/etc.

My Friends

by Ann Mayo Muir

How could I survive
In a life from 9 to 5?
I'd be only half alive
Without My Friends.
At the Valley of the Moon
You'll be joining in the tune
Dancing like a bug in June
Among My Friends

When your life is feeling sketchy
And your legs are kind o' stretchy
And you need a tune that's catchy
To be taking you away,
Come and grab your fiddle
Plant yourself right in the middle
You'll find you've solved a riddle
Soon as you begin to play.

Almost any tune'll do
Don't forget to tap your shoe
Let yourself unglue
Among My Friends.
Let your love leap out
Let your joy sing and shout
That's what it's all about
Among My Friends.

If you're only a beginner
If you're pure or a sinner
You'll always be a winner
As your fingers stride,
Your teeth don't need to chatter
Mistakes don't really matter
Good notes win and scatter
All the bad ones aside.

So that's how I'll survive
In a life from nine to five
You'll find yourself alive
Among My Friends.
At the Valley of the Moon
You'll be joining in the tune
Dancing like a bug in June
Among My Friends.

(return to 2nd verse for ending)

Thanks To You

Song to Alasdair

(2003) 20th anniversary (Ann Mayo
Muir)

Here's to you, the gift giver. Your music's like the river
That flows into our lives and through us it survives.
It passes down to sons and daughters who, nourished
by these waters,
Give back the gift your giving and keep the music living
Thanks to you, gift giver, Thanks to you.

It's a journey that inspires. It lights the inner fires.
It leads me to discover and warms me like a lover.
It's a bridge I can cross to comfort for my loss.
In dreams I hear it sing. It lifts me like a wing.
Here's to you, gift giver, here's to you.

Here's to you, the Gift Giver, your music is the river
Revealing from the past a beauty that will last.
It's without limitations, connects us across nations.
More needed in this world than any flag unfurled.
For being our Leader, Chief and Friend
Our gratitude it has no end.
Here's to you, our voices send
Our thanks to you!

I'm a Mystery Bow

I'm a mystery bow looking for action. I can give you satisfaction, but
I'm looking for the perfect mate to play the Scottish Music in the Scottish way.

I LOVE this music because I love to hustle down in the cracks with the gristle and the muscle.

I love the lift, I love the drive; Without it I just can't survive.
I'm a smooth bow when I'm gliding. I strut my stuff when I'm sliding.
Play with me and I'll tell it so everything you ever wanted will show.

Your reputation here is awfully high. Being who I am I thought I'd check out why.
If one of you fits into my plans, I'll be giving up my one-night stands.

I'm a sweet bow, a one of a kind, I'll do the choosing if you don't mind.
Come see me later darling, after the crush, I'll put you through some paces that will make you blush.

I'm your bow, strong and steady, jump like a racehorse when you're ready.
Drive me well and I'll let you hear everything that you ever held dear.

In my motion there's an ocean of pleasure. I've a notion no other can measure up
To the sound you'll draw with me. It's the highest quality.

I can read your mind, know your heart, handle me well and I'll do my part.
I'll tell you every thing your thinking and maybe more. Play with me and you'll know the score.

I'm your bow, supple and sassy. Folks who hear me say I'm classy.
Upon my stroke you can depend. It's at your command from end to end.

I'm a storyteller. I'm a gossipmonger. Your emotions feed my hunger.
Every little rumor every murmur I've heard, passes through me cause I s p r e a d the word.

I can't keep a secret, I kiss and tell. I weave them up in a musical spell.
Your slightest pressure and I will show the sweetest feelings that you'll ever know.

I'll help you reach your highest goal. I'll be under your control.
I keep the beat! I make the sound! What would you do without me around?

If you're looking for a partner too, a relationship that's sound and true
The Scholarship fund is waiting there, hoping you will give your share.

Every year we make it higher; Help to make someone's desire
Be fulfilled in a beautiful way, so dig down deep and give today.

My Little Violin

by Ann Mayo Muir

My Little Violin, my little violin,
We both see eye to eye when we first begin.
We play in classic style, Bach and Mozart all the while,
Until she heard the fiddles play!

My little violin, My little violin,
Never gives me trouble when we first begin.
But, when she heard Sterling Castle, she gave me such a hassle.
She wants to play the Scottish tunes now!

She wants to Dance a reel, Give it push and feel.
She loves to Shout Strathspey, Live in a dangerous way.
Tells me drive my bow so that she can show
She wants to play the Scottish tunes now!

My little violin, my little violin,
Never was so willful underneath my chin.
But She makes me so nervous when I press her into service
She wants to play the Scottish tunes now!

My little violin, my little violin,
Now she only makes my poor head spin.
Playing in such a fashion stirs up all my passion.
She wants to play the Scottish tunes now!

She wants to break my heart, tear it all apart,
When she plays LAMENT until I repent!
She tries to make me glad to feel so sad,
She wants to play the Scottish tunes now!

My little violin, my little violin,
She says she'll leave me if I don't give in.
She breaks a string every day if I refuse to play.
She wants to play the Scottish Stuff Now!

My little violin, my little violin,
My hair is turning gray and I'm getting thin.
She tells me get out of sight, she won't stay home at night
Unless I play the Scottish tunes now.

She wants a jig to twist, a reel to steal,
Says she can't resist the way it makes her feel.
When going in her case, she hollers in my face,
She wants to play the Scottish tunes NOW

My little Violin, my little violin, now
I have fallen under the spell she's in,
I love to hear her yelling for now it's me who's telling,
I want to play the Scottish tunes Now!

I want to Dance a reel, Give it push and feel.
I love to Shout Strathspey, Live in a dangerous way.

Now I drive my bow so that she can know
I want to play the Scottish tunes now!
All day long I'm dreaming
Now it's me who's screaming.
I want to play the Scottish tunes now!

REPRISE

My little violin, My little violin
She likes to see the money come a rolling in.
For Judy and Pate it's never too late.
Please give it to the scholarship Fund!

My little violin, My Little violin
She says our little purse is way too thin.
We need to make it fatter. It's a serious matter
To bolster up the Scholarship fund.

Please don't break my heart. Let's give a big
head start.
When you make a gift, it gives our kids a lift.
Giving them a chance, makes us leap and
dance.
Please give it for our scholarship fund!

It's Fun to Play the Fiddle

by Ann Mayo Muir

Gee, gee, oh where is your G,
Up by your nose not down by your knee.
When you take it for a walk,
When you teach it how to talk,
Your bow learns how to find it.

Up goes your elbow, down goes your bow.
You can play it either fast or slow.
You can take it for a gallop like a pony ride. (dadella dadella dadella da da)
Or jump the fence to the other side.

What do you do when you land with a thump?
You find the D and you make it jump.

Ding, dang, dong you're playing on the D.
You can tick it like a clock telling time to me. (tic tock /tic tock)
You can pluck it like a heart beat
Or wag it like a tail. (pluck pluck/,wag,wag
Or ping it like water dripping into a pail. (ping ping ping)

What do you do when the water runs dry
Over to the A string you can fly. (fly)

Oh my goodness, you gotta get a move on, (Buzzzz, buzzzz)
Can't be still like a sleeping bee.
Strike the A string, make the little bee sing
Into the sky it flies so free. (zip, zip zip)
Buzz, buzz I see where it goes
Into the middle of a big red rose. (sniff, sniff)

What do you do now the bee's gone free?
You slide on over to the one called E.

There's just one more string to play.
and it's the furthest one away.
You can give it a whack, make an attack.
Give it a tweak and make it squeak .
Tease it like a dog digging up a bone.
Tickle it silly till it has the right tone.
And when you're done, you've had a lot of fun.
And you played it all on the E string.
Whack! Crack! Make an Attack!
It's fun to play the fiddle!