

THE ANGELS SING A LULLABY

Ben can bring history and literature alive with his songwriting, and this song from his excellent CD, *Lincoln's Man*, is a fine example. The last verse, with its interwoven references to Jack London's works, is a songwriting *tour de force*. I've transposed it to a lower key for easier singing. If you don't have the CD (you can buy it at the concert), you can hear the song here: https://youtu.be/b7z4ccyuFBE?si=KnT8N_VnLvQHY1TL

GOODBYE JACK

By Ben Bedford

D **A**
You've been too long out to sea, in the great north weather
Bm **G**
With your right hand on a writing pen, a bottle on the other.
D **A**
Steam power will not bring you back, nor intentions of the best
Bm **G**
Your body broke in two, your spirit stood the test.

Hard livin' on the Frisco bay, it ain't no way to go –
There's scoundrels on the briny deep, and the hills are full of gold.
They say you were an S O B and hard to get along –
Still I figure you were worth at least a poor man's song.

CHORUS:

D **A**
Goodbye Jack, welcome home.
Bm **G**
The angels sing a lullaby, you've been too long alone.
D **A**
There's a place, won't go dry.
Bm **G** **D**
It's somewhere 'tween the Milky Way and the South Pacific sky. Goodbye Jack.

Your soul transcended snowbanks and rivers' icy brinks
Your body stumbled down the street to the taverns for a drink.
But if I listen hard enough I can nearly always hear it
As animal brutality contends with human spirit.

CHORUS

Like miners pan for gold, you lived your life too fast
Slowly stealin' vital signs from things not meant to last.
But you poured it out on the page with your uncommon wit
From mountains capped with silver down the streets of grime and grit.

CHORUS

Your love of life was forfeit, you tried to build that fire
From Dawson to the sea, with the men of Forty Mile.
And a daughter of Aurora's waitin' at the rainbow's end
She's callin' to the wild, with the League of the Old Men.

CHORUS

Goodbye Jack. Goodbye Jack. Goodbye Jack.