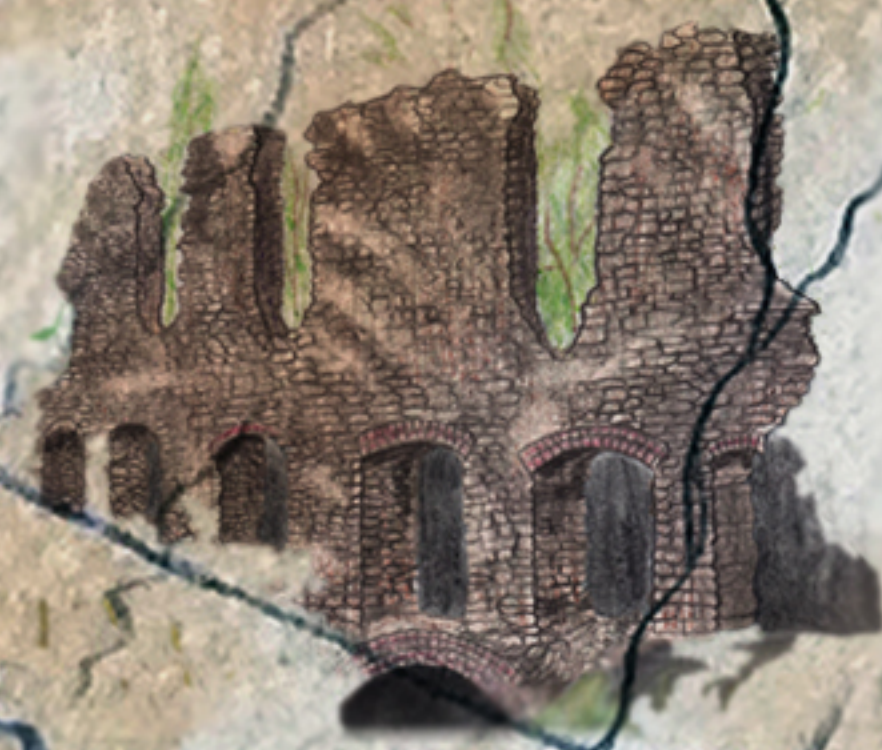
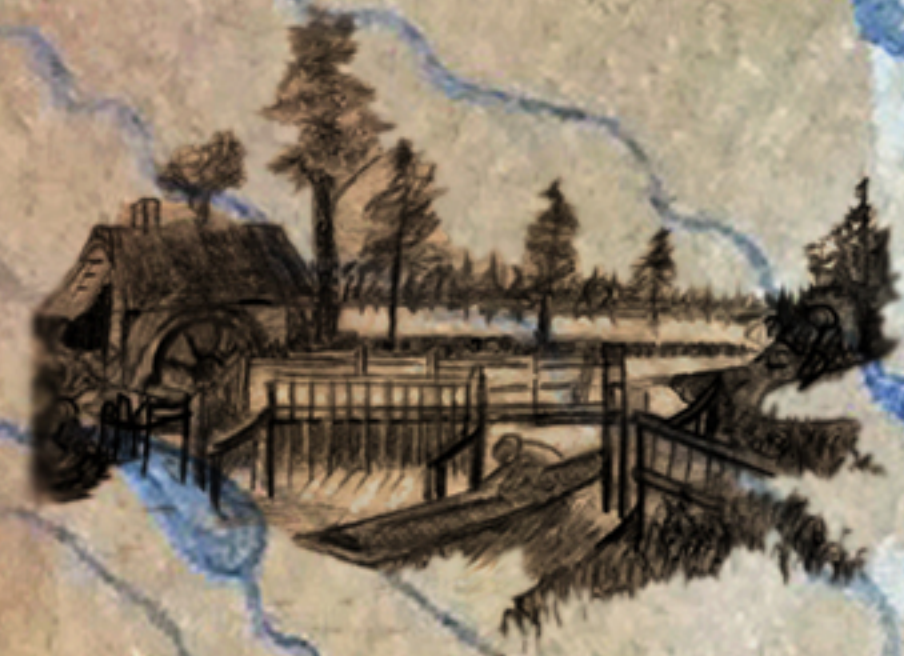


West Plains East Plains



Devil's Woods



Girl From Hampton Gate



The Atsion Lock



Batssto Village



The Light Near Wells' Mill Pond



Joe's Last Jig



Where Did Jerry Munyan Go?



The Lady On The Dam



The Lost Mill



Let The Barrens Burn



The Ageless River





Devil's Woods

It's been said and it's been understood
That a devil roams these Southern Jersey woods
In the dark and out of sight
Eerie sounds that haunt the night
You could hear them if you only would

If you say it's just a tale they weaved
And if you think it all a bit naive
Spend a lonely night in a cedar swamp
'Til you hear the devil's hooves a' stomp
And then I'm sure you would believe

Deep in Devil's Woods

The old Leeds homestead has long fallen to the ground
In the forest where now bricks are scattered 'round
You can search for the place where the beast was born
But all attempts will prove forlorn
It's only in your mind that it will be found

Deep in Devil's Woods

So if you think this all is but a tale
Dare you take this dark untrodden trail
It won't be traced to Mother Leeds
It's to your soul that this path leads
Follow close that cloven tail

Through Devil's Woods



Where Did Jerry Munyon Go?

Jerry Munyon, he was one of a kind.
A crooked man as twisted as a vine
He learned magic, so we've all been told,
From the Devil when he sold his soul.
He was some sort of wizard of these pines.

He'd play you like a fool and he'd deceive
He'd mistreat ya, cheat ya, beat ya and he'd thieve
But no prison bars could hold him in
And he caught every bullet shot at him
He'd have a laugh then take his leave.

Jerry, tell me, where did ya go?
Folks 'round here would surely like to know.
What sort of tricks are up your sleeve?
What lies would you have us believe?
Tell me, Jerry, where did ya go?

Jerry walked into the inn one day
He drank some whiskey, paid and walked away
And the barkeeper began to yell
When the coins turned to a heap of shells.
He screamed, "find that man - he's got to pay!"

Tell me, Jerry, where did ya go?
The booze ain't free so pay the debt you owe.
Munyon, did you cast a spell?
The money in fact was oyster shells.
Jerry, tell me, where did ya go?



The Girl from Hampton Gate

There once was a girl from Hampton Gate
Who crossed paths with me one day
And if it was chance or if it was fate
To this day I cannot say

She led me through her pitch pine woods
To the top of a stony hill
And up there under the stars she stood
And she said if I kept very still

Then I'd hear the song of my soul
And if I'd lend my ear then I'd be whole
again

She brought me down to a sleepy stream
And we lay there 'til sunrise was near
And if I was awake or if I was in dream
Everything then became clear

And I heard the song of my soul
Silent words that made me whole
again

There was a girl from Hampton Gate
Who crossed paths with me one day
And if it was chance or if it was fate
To this day I cannot say



The Atsion Lock

This place I left behind me
Lonely stream and crumbled dock
But if you look you'll find me
Waiting by the Atsion lock
If boats again pass through here
Foundry-bound with iron rock
If the opening sluice gate you hear
Meet me at the Atsion lock



Batsto Village

So long ago
Far years now lore
Bygone Batstow
I'm here once more
Somehow my heart knows
I've been here before
I've seen this hearth glow
And make iron from ore
Somehow my heart knows
I've been here before



The Lady On the Dam

Still she waits for break of dawn
In midnight dress by moonlit pond.
As in a dream, she appears
Then slowly fades as I draw near.
And what she lost, still she seeks
Between the worlds of light and sleep.
She lingers there for what has passed.
Will she embrace the night at last?



The Lost Mill

These woods I now wander weren't here in those years
When our old town still stood and our hearts were still near.
On the ground lies a fell tree we knew long before
When in time passed I held you 'neath this old sycamore.
By the stream lie the ruins of a long lost mill,
And what's left of a dam where the water once spilled.
Never I've forgotten, and ever I've yearned
For the years when I loved you, when the mill wheel still turned.



The Light Near Welly's Mill Pond

I dreamt three times, three nights straight
Dug up a dead man's treasure with and old dull spade
They said he was odd, that old Jimmy Wells
They said he hid lots of money somewhere closer to hell

They said there were times you could see a strange light
Near Well's Mill Pond in the middle of the night
A bright ball of fire floatin' through the pine lands
They thought it led to Jimmy's money lost beneath the white sand

But they couldn't find it - the light went out too soon

I dreamt three times, three nights in a row
I was led by the light to where the Cold Brook flows
Up on a hill where a big oak grew
Found the money in the dirt where nobody knew

Was it just a dream? Was there something to be found?
Maybe just a dream – maybe nothing in the ground

So I woke up, got a shovel and I headed for the hill
To go find a fortune, go find the secret till
And I dug and I dug and my eyes opened wide
An old rotten box but nothin' inside

Did he reclaim it? Did he take it to his grave?
Maybe Jimmy took it – maybe every last coin was saved



Let the Barrens Burn

A gray cloud rises from the trees,
Growing darker as it climbs.

Black smoke; bright flames.
Turning daytime into night.
And darkness into light.

Woods aglow; Red wind blows,
Breathing life into the pines.

Don't fight this fire.
Let it blaze the forest through.
Let it make it all anew.

Let the Barrens burn.

In ashes, in coals,
In fire the Barrens were born.

So let it rage. Let the pines live on.
Let them light up like a torch.
Let the ground again be scorched.

Let the Barrens burn.



Joe's Last Jig

It was time for big Joe Mulliner to find a place to hide
So he left his farm on the Mullica and he kissed his wife
goodbye.
When he could, he's come to see her, but he couldn't
stay for long
'Cause big Joe was an outlaw, 'twas the woods where he
belonged.

Oh, but Joe was jovial, and he loved a grand old time
So he and his band of crooks would crash any party they
could find
With one hand on a pistol, and in the other a pint of ale
He'd take the hand of the fairest lady there while her
partner's face turned pale.

Drink, Joe, drink
'Til the night turns into day
Dance, Joe, dance
While the fiddler plays

Joe and his gang moved through the woods boldly and
with stealth
They roamed the old stage roads and robbed riders of
their wealth
And so many have often called him the Robin Hood of
the Pines
But big Joe buried his treasure – the poor weren't on his
mind.



The Ageless River

She was born in the cold many ages ago
When the ground was frozen and covered with snow.
The land was bare and fierce winds did blow
And it was when the ice thawed that her waters first
flowed.

Hunters first found her in those cold days of yore
While seeking the mammoths that then roamed her
shores
And then came the age of Lenape lore.
And for centuries she saw the splash of their oars.

It was thousands of years before the whites came.
And the woods were a wild which they sought to tame.
The Dutch, Swedes and Scots and the Brits laid their
claim
To a river that would never again be the same.

Her trees were cut down for building and burning,
For feeding the fires of forge and of furnace
And over their dams her water fell churning
Powering their mills, setting waterwheels turning

The ageless river has seen it all
She saw iron empires rise and fall
She's seen cedar trees that stood up two hundred feet tall
Which finally fell to the blade of a saw.

Hide, Joe, hide
Don't let your loot be found
Dig, Joe, dig
Stash it in the ground

Joe and his boys went late one night to let loose at the inn
Little did Big Joe know the trouble he'd soon be in
And he drank and he sang and he laughed through
the night, and he danced one final time
Before the Law caught up with him and tried him
for his crimes

Laugh, Joe, laugh
Live it up, these final thrills
'Cause you're gonna hang, Joe, hang
Up on the Gallows Hill

With the noose around his neck, Joe drew one final,
fearless breath
For this bandit he had other plans, and the sting
he'd steal from death
And his ghost still roams the river bank and haunts
the sandy roads
And until he finds his long lost loot, the Pines are
his abode

Dance, Joe, dance
Just like the times of old
Search, Joe, search
'Til you find your buried gold
Sing, Joe, sing
The last song is still unsung
Dance, Joe, dance
The last jig is yet to come.

British boats were seized by the privateers so bold,
And the spoils were taken to the Forks to be sold.
And these pirates, these patriots - a fortune they'd
make
'Til the English decided 'twas all they would take.

They sailed down the ocean and into the Little Egg
Sound.
They sunk ships and burnt Chestnut Neck to the
ground.
They headed towards Batsto but to no avail.
The Brits did retreat and the rebels prevailed.

The river watched industries come and then go.
With her tides she saw commerce and trade ebb and
flow.
She's seen battles that stained her water with blood.
And she hides her ghost ships six feet in the mud.

For years she saw sailing ships transport their loads,
But she was slowly abandoned for the great new
railroad.
And factories flourished and faltered in turn.
And charcoalers left with no trees left to burn.

And then the river was quiet and she fell fast asleep.
But her past is vast and her secrets she keeps,
From the highlands where her headwaters seep
To the mouth of the river where her water runs deep.

To what end will she flow? And what fate will she see?
Will she run dry in drought or be drowned by the sea?
Will folly we sow, will ruin she reap?
Or will we stay true to the river we keep?
Will we stay true to the river we keep?