BRIDGES AND BALLOONS
FROM "THE MILK-EYED MENDER"

Joanna Newsom
arr. doublewuzzy

We sailed away on a winter's day
With fate as malleable as clay.
But ships are fallible
I say, and the nautical, like all things, fades.

and I can recall our caravel:
A little wicker beetle shell.
With four fine masts and lateen sails
Its bearings on Cair Paravel

Oh my love, Oh it was a funny little thing
to be the ones I have seen

The sight of bridges and balloons makes
Bridges and Balloons

calm canaries irritable and they caw and claw all after-
ernoon Catenaries and dirigibles

Brace and buoy the living room
A loom of metals

Warp, woof, wimble and a Thimble’s worth of milky moon can
touch hearts larger than a thimble Oh my love,

Oh it was a funny little thing to be

the ones I've seen

Oh my love, Oh it was a fun

Oh my love, Oh it was a fun
ny little thing, it was a funny, funny little thing.
SPROUT AND THE BEAN
FROM "THE MILK-EYED MENDER"

Joanna Newsom
arr. doublewuzzy

Harp

BM9  B2  BM9  B9  g#sus4add2

BM9  B2  BM9  B9  g#sus4add2  g#6  g#add4

BM9  B9  g#sus4add2  g#6  g#add4

BM9  B9  g#6  B2  B9

BM9  B9  g#6  g#add4  g#6  BM9

BM9  B9  g#sus4add2  g#6  g#add4  g#6  BM9

BM9  B9  g#6  g#add4  g#6  BM9

BM9  B9  g#sus4add2  g#6  g#add4  g#6  BM9
Sprout and the Bean

And I railed

That the difference between

The sprout and the bean

It is a golden ring
And you can ask the king
And they'll say the same thing
And it's a funny thing: Should we go out ---

Sprout and the Bean

And you can ask the string

twist-
Sprout and the Bean

Should we go outside?

Should we break some bread?

Are you interested?

BM9
B2
BM9
B6
G#add4
Sprout and the Bean

said I slept as though dead

Dreaming seamless dreams

Of lead

When
Sprout and the Bean
ger, danger drawing near them was a broad boat, and the water, water running

clear beneath the white throat, and the hollow chatter of the talkin' of the

tadpoles who know th'outside Should we

go outside? Should we break some bread?
Are you interested?
We should shine a light on, a light on
And the book of Right-on's right on, it was right on
We should shine a light on, a light
The Book of Right-on

And the book of Right-on's right on, it was right on

I killed my dinner with karate Kick 'em in the face,

Taste the body, shallow work is the work that I do

Do you wanna sit at my table? My fighting fame
The Book of Right-on
And do you wanna run with my pack?
Do you wanna ride on my back?
Pray that what you lack does not distract
And even when you run through my mind, some thin' else is in front, oh, you're behind and
I don't have to remind you to stick with your kind.

And you do say Oh ray

And you say that you're okay.
And the

You know your place
And

You should shine a light on,
a light on
And the
The Book of Right-on

book of Right-on's right on, it was right on
And

we should shine a light on, a light on
And the

book of Right-on's right on, it was right on
Sadie, white coat, you carry me home.

And bury this bone, and take this pinecone.

Burry this bone to gnaw on it later, gnawing on the telephone.

And until then, we pray.
Sadie

E6 B sus4/E B E sus4/B g# D♯/G#

and suspend the notion that these lives do never end And

 Hp.

all day long we talk about mercy Lead me to water, Lord, I sure am thirsty

Hp.

ad. lib.

Down in the ditch where I nearly served you

Hp.

Up in the clouds where he almost heard you And all that we build

Hp.
And all that we breed
And all that we spilled
or
pulled up like weeds
Is piled up in back
and it burns irrevo-
cably

And we spoke up in turns

'til silence crept over me
And bless you and I deeply do No longer res-

-o-lute Oh when I call to you But the water got so

cold and you do lose what you don't hold This is an old

song, these are old blues And this is not my tune But it's
Sadie

mine to use_and the sea birds where the fear once grew will flock with a fur-
y and they will bury what had come for you And down where I darn with the milk-eyed mend-er:

You and I, in the love so tender:

Stretched on a hoop where I stitched this add-age: "Bless our house and its
Sadie

Heart so savage

And all that I need

And all that I got

is scattered like seed

And all that I knew

is moving away from me

And all that I know

is blowing like tumbleweed
Sadie

And the meal - y worms in the brine will

burn in a salt - y pyre a - mong the fauns and ferns And the love we

hold and the love we spurn will never grow cold on - ly tac -

i - turn And I'll tell you to-mor - - ow "Oh, Sa -
So dig up your bone _ exhum your pine - cone Sa-die B

H.

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INFLAMMATORY Writt
FROM "THE MILK-EYED MENDER"
Joanna Newsom
arr. doublewuzzy

Oh where is your inflammato-ry

Your text that

would incite a light be-lit

Our

mu-sic deserv-ing de-votion un-swarving cry
"Do I de-serve her?" with un-flag-
Well no we do not if we cannot get over it.

But what's it mean when suddenly we're spent?

(tell me true ambition came and reared its head and)

went (far from you) Even mollusks have weddings though solemn and lead-

-but you dirge for the dead and take no jam on your bread just a supper of salt and a waltz
And all at

A

Bb

F

once it came to me and I wrote and hunched four thirty

A

D

But that alight it burns out with the night

G7

d

Bb

In spite of all the time that we spent on it, on one be dragged

F

G

D

b

ghost of a sonnet while outside the wild boars root without
poetas While a cross the great plains keening lovely and awful, ultimate the lost Great American novels, an unlawful lot left to stutter and freeze flood lit (But at least they didn't run, to their undying credit)
THIS SIDE OF THE BLUE
FROM "THE MILK-EYED MENDER"
Joanna Newsom
arr. doublewuzzy
2004

Note: RH pattern ad. lib.

This Side of the Blue
from "The Milk-Eyed Mender"
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Note: RH pattern ad. lib.
This Side of the Blue

D
find myself knowing the things that I knew Which is all that you can know on this side of the blue And

Gtr.

Ja-mie has eyes black and shin-y as boots And they march at you two by two re-loo, re-loo When she looks at you, you know she's no-where near

Pno.

D
through It's the kind-est heart beat-ing this side of the blue

Gtr.
This Side of the Blue

And the signified butt heads with the signifiers And we

all fall down slack-jaw to marvel at words When across the sky sheet the impossible birds In the

steady illiterate movement home wards And Gabriel stands beneath
This Side of the Blue

for-est and moon See them ratt-le and boom, see them shake, and see them loom See him fash-ion a cup from a page of Cu-mus

And see him nav-i-gate deft-ly this side of the blue

Ca-

us
This Side of the Blue

And the rest of our lives will the moments a-cue. When the shape of their gone-ness will flare up again. And we do what we have to do, re-boo, re-boo. Which is all that you can do on this side of the blue. Oh it's all that you can do on this side of the blue.
"EN GALLOP"
FROM "THE MILK-EYED MENDER"
Joanna Newsom
arr. doublewuzzy

This place is damp and ghostly I am already gone
And the halls were lined with the disembodied and the dust
ly wings which fell from flesh gasp less ly And I go

where the trees go and I walk from a high er ed u ca tion for now

and for hire It beats me but I do not know and it beats me but I do not know and it

beats me but I do not know I do not know

Palaces and

ad lib
you forget that you must eat Oh...
CASSIOPEIA
FROM "THE MILK-EYED MENDER"
Joanna Newsom
arr. doublewuzzy

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\( \text{\textcopyright 2004} \)

Feel the mattress tense beneath me like the muscle of nonsleepy feathers

(harmonics sound where notated)

flexing will defeat me and it vexes me completely

And the

hexes heat covertly like a slow, low-flying turkey

Texan dry in' jerk but his meaty mifs can't hurt me

steel will compound in a mighty mound that's hounded
like by a snap your steel string sounded just be fore your snores un-wound it And in store are dreams so
daring that the night can't stop from staring and I'll swim sweetly as a herring through the ether not despairing Go to
Cassiopeia

F#    E    F#    g#

snare the lone - ly sigh  Oh, you hold your breath and clasp at

F#    E    F#    B

Cass - io - pei-a  Hundred rag - ing wa - ters

F#    E    F#    g#

snare the lone - ly sigh  Oh, you hold your breath and clasp at

F#    E    F#    g#

Cass - io - pei-a  Cass - io - pei-a
Cassiopeia
PEACH, PLUM, PEAR
FROM "THE MILK-EYED MENDER"

Harpsichord

Joanna Newsom
arr. doublewuzzy

Peach, Plum, Pear
from "the milk-eyed mender"

We speak in the store__ I'm a sensitive bore__ you seem markedly more__ and I'm

oozing surprise__ But it's late in the day__ and you're well on your way__ what was
golden went gray and I'm suddenly shy And the gathering floosies all

fold to be choosy and all sneezing darkly in the dimming divide And I have

read the right books to interpret your looks you were knocking me down with the palm

of your eye Go na na na na na na na na na na na na na na na na na na na na na
This is unlike the story it was written to be. I was riding its back when it used to ride me. And we were galloping manic to the mouth of the source we were swallowing panic in the face of its force. And I am blue.
Now it's done
Watch it go
And you've changed some
Water runs from the snow and
Am I so dear?
Do I run rare?
And you've changed some
Peach, plum, pear; peach, plum
repeat ad lib., LH ad lib.
If you wanna come down Down with your bones so white And

watch while the freight trains pound Into the wild, wild night

How I would love to gnaw To gnaw on your bones so white And

watch while the freight trains paw Paw at the wild, wild night
Endlessly hop down the road

Borne by wind we...

southward blow and yonder wild and blue

The

wild blue yonder looms 'Til we are wracked with rheum

By roads by songs entombed
And all we wanna do is chew and chew and chew.

Dear one,
drive on when all we wanna do is chew and chew and chew.
white_ And watch while the freight trains paw_
In to the wild,

Paw at the wild

night

Paw at the wild, wild

night

to the wild,
There was a knight and a lady bright

And three little babes had she
She sent them away to a far country

To learn their grammarie
They hadn’t been gone

but a very short time
About three months and a day
Three Little Babes

when the lark spread over this whole wid world And take

those babes a way It was on a cold cold Christmas

night When e v ry thing was still she saw her

three lit tle babes come run nin' Come run -
Three Little Babes

nin' down the hill
She set them a tab - le of bread and wine
That they might drink and eat
She spread them a bed of a wind - ing sheet
That they might sleep so sweet
"Take it off, take it off!"
cried the el - dest one
"Take it off!"
Take it off!" cried she. "For I shan't stay here in this wick-ed world when there's a bet-ter world for me!"

Cold clods, cold clods in- side my bed Cold clods down at my feet

The tears my dear mother shed for me would wet
Three Little Babes

95  A  d

my wind - ing sheet
The tears my dear
mother shed for

96  g  A  d

me would wet my wind - ing sheet
Would

100  g  A  d

my wind - ing sheet

106  A  d

my wind - ing sheet
Harp

That means nowhere I come from I am cold out waiting for the day to come I chew my

Clam, Crab, Cockle, Cowrie from "The Milk-Eyed Mender" Joanna Newsom arr. doublewuzzy
2004
Clam, Crab, Cockle, Cowrie

Go and I can not let go and so I thank the Lord. Oh, and I thank His sword. Though it be a slight. belongings on the morning slight. Oh, woh, oh, morning without warning, like a hole, oh, and I watch you.

There are some mornings when the sky looks like a road. There are some drag-ons who were built to have and hold. And some machines are dropped from great heights lovingly. And some great
bell-ies ache with man-y bum-ble-bees
and they sting so terr-ib-ly-
I do as I

please and now I'm on my knees
and your skin is some-thing that I stir in-to my tea
and I am

watching you
and you are starr-y, starr-y, starr-y
And I'm tumb-lin' down, and I check a

frown
That's why I love this town
Well, just look around
To see me ser-e-na-ded hour-ly and
Cel e brat ed sour - ly and ded - i - ca - ted dour - ly
Waltz-in' with the o pen sea

Clam, crab, cock - le, cow - rie
Oh, will you just look at me?
Oh woh oh

woh-oh oh woh-oh oh woh-oh
Oh woh - oh

woh-oh oh woh-oh oh woh-oh
Oh woh - oh
Clam, Crab, Cockle, Cowrie