***OPEN SHUTTERS***

**MARK J. NYVLT**

**SPLASH OF SUN**

***A song for the discouraged Troubadour***

**1.**  When your days are dark and your songs just don’t sing

You’ve left the stage disappointed yet again

**Chorus**

* A splash of sun to light your way

A troubadour's hopes for a brighter day

* Takes you to the precipice

Where inspiration awaits your kiss

**2.** When your muse has lost her voice for a bit

Leaving you to stumble like a misfit

**Bridge**

* When the cynics clinch to greed

 Sowing misery from their seed

And their jealousy stifles your creativity

* Watch the growth from the dust

for sing our songs we must

feel the winds of change adjust

[face the stage with greater trust / move back to the stage with a thrust]

**3.** As you sojourn into tomorrow's land

Don't forget to also lend a hand

**Chorus**

**MA BELLE PROVINCE**

***Une chanson pour mon Québec; ma famille à Montréal***

Quand je vogue loin d’ici

Quand je n’entends plus les soupirs

Quand je suis hanté et que j’ai l’mal

De ma famille à Montréal

Le doux souvenir me revient de ma belle province

*Refrain :*

Et le Fleuve bat son plein

Offrant la vie à ses deux rives

De la cabane aux mille liens

Et qui réchauffe le rêve de ses convives.

Quand les harmonies de ta chanson

Sont loin d’mes horizons

Quand le soleil fait son tour

Et pousse le nouveau jour

Le doux souvenir me revient de ma belle province

*Pont :*

Le parfum de la fleur de lys répand son histoire de métisses.

Pleine de vies !!

*Refrain*

Outro : Le doux souvenir me revient de ma belle province

**VOICE OF THE PEN**

***Tribute to Malada Yousafzai and other students caught in war***

**Part I**

1. I paused for a moment while I raised my pen, the ink was drying a running thought and the voices resounding.

**CHORUS I** Heard the chorus of writers reaching in to a source of inspiration only they know well, tales from within.

1. I put my pen to paper to write about my world when the ink inside it evaporated from the heat of wars.

**CHORUS I**

**Part II**

1. We’ve been told we don’t see the human plight, that we hide behind our books of poets’ delights
2. Hum our songs, choose our words, sharpen our sight; but we sing the melody that speaks of dignity and life.

**CHORUS II** We’ve seen good ones, travellers along the way. Walking well these halls of curiosity. The songs of memories tell of these writers’ many tales. Silent whispers, not forgotten, nor deaf to the voice that Peaceprevail.

1. Rise you fine citizens of the Pen and free thought, endure the labour and take a stand against the ideologue.
2. Pass it on like a dream now alive, free to roam the world of thought, like a breeze that surfs the sky.

**Chorus II**

**Part III**

**Final verse**: I heard friends from across the way were killed with a pen that could make a change. I took their blood for new ink, my pen and I set out to speak.

**CHORUS 1**: Heard the chorus of writers reaching in to a source of inspiration only they know well, tales from within.

**TALE OF TIME**

***In the spirit of the presocratic philosopher, Heraclitus***

1. In the chambers of my memory rattles stories, good and bad, stirred up by the passages of time.  The winds of experience echo through the halls of a soul sojourning through rugged land.

2. People come, people go, telling stories of times past, looking for Utopia beyond their grasp.  Like a tide in and a tide out, Janus plays both parts, toying with the tales of either side.

**Chorus**  It played me like a song, like a leaf in the wind, took the courage of a sailor facing resistance. A whisper behind the scream, peace behind the mean.  Calm within the storm.  This time cannot be stopped by a fixed hour.

**Bridge**

Carefully, forging ahead into the high winds of our lives.

Carefully, walking freely, minding Sisyphus's path.

These train tracks lay barren, giving dreams a chance to live.

Even morning dew can soften a forlorn leaf.

Pulse to pulse, to a place that Janus cannot see.

The lull of convention, settle, settle, settle, settle.

The good life replaced by meddle, meddle, meddle.  Mmmmm.

3. In the memories of the many rattles stories of a hope, stirred up by the passages of time.  Like a Heron in full flight over a brewing ocean mist whispers the tale of time.

**OPEN SHUTTERS**

***Travels through the extraordinary country of Egypt***

1. The scene was set, the cigar was lit, speaking ways of the Orient.

**Chorus** Open shutters from Khan Khalil to Aswan.  Caught the train from Cairo straight to Luxor.  Karnak told her story, then I cruised down the Nile and I laid my head on Nubian soil.

1. The smoke untouched by the passing winds.  Ancient stories, he recalls well.
2. The shifting world cares little of his eyes.  The desert heat unveils his quiet, Arab smile.

**YOUR POSTCARD**

***A missed moment***

1. Like a feather falling, the news hit me slowly.

Finally wrote you a postcard

With my pen so beaten, used and abused

Battered from travel and stories from my Muse

My pen, who saw me through dark moods

Remember long ago, it was so new, so clean, ready to go

Now, we've written you a postcard.

Wish I could send it to you.

1. The mountains were majestic, the sea so dark blue

The sky forever there, what a view!

I'd trade it all to see you, to smell you, to touch you

To feel your smile again glow our room
I meant to write sooner / you know how it goes, it's dark without you

Ya, I meant to write sooner / you know how it goes, I didn't forget you

**Chorus**

* Where to send your postcard, 6 feet underground, or strike a match and burn it, sending ashes in the wind?
* You've gone forever, left me with my rustic pen, and your love’s in my memory deep within.

I meant to send it sooner, your postcard’s in my hand

Signed, stamped, sealed, but I didn’t deliver

**INTO THE DEEP**

***The serenity of sailing into the Ocean with a loved one***

1. We’re racing the waves, winds brushing our backs

Oh, the sail above and the land far back

Her hair dancing to the speed of peace, as she sailed us out …

**Chorus**

Into the deep, we went no compass to guide, she gave me a kiss, I can get used to this

**Bridge A**

* Give me a haven to rest for a while, from the greased up dollar that hardly yields a smile
* From the crib to the grave, expectations sore from the mouth of conventional lore
1. My cares still tugging; regrets still punching

Tearing away from old ties as we rise above the crescent

Her soft smile eases us …

**Bridge B**

* Rejuvenation! I can hear my heart beat to the drum of the waves pounding at our feet.
* Lost in the moment, with a force ahead, new thoughts laying on the horizon bed…. Oooh.
1. Glanced at my watch, time to face shored sands

But, the ocean and wind, steadfast friends, had other plans

I winked at her, just sailing on, as I paid my respects to my sink-ing watch

**SAVING FACE**

***The humour of relationships***

1. “Honey, I’m ready, let’s get going; the party’s starting in an hour and I’m thirsty”

But, oh, we had to wait – her make-up, dress, shoes and the glamour of the glory with her hair singing beauty

I have to admit that she did look great

So I waited on the couch with a drink and a book

Waiting and waiting, that’s all I could do, just anticipating

1. “Honey, we’ll be late,” I dared to remind her

  To no avail, it’s like I didn’t matter

I got ready my guitar and the gift for the hostess, humming a few bars

Then she caught my eye as she came around the corner

So beautiful, so simple, and she didn’t even know it

Well, it’s time, we walked to the car, off we went to where there's laughter and guitar.

**Bridge**

* The night, so young, we’ve all this energy
* We’ll be singin' songs on this lovely, summer eve
* Everything is moving, oh so smoothly – Ooooohhhhh
1. Like a brick hit my head when I suddenly remembered

The gift sitting comfortably on our mantle

I couldn’t let her know, so I slowly turned around with a cool kinda flow

I casually glanced over and caught her subtle smile

Had to save face, so “*I may have left the stove on*”

Recovery successful, off to the party, morphing into a life so worthy

**FIRST SNOWFALL**

***The magic of witnessing the first snowfall of the season***

**1a.** I left my worries by the burning woodstove, pushing back the winter air as she blows / not a cloud in sight, just the clear starry night, with smoke rising to blanket new insights.

**1b.** I’ve got Lanois playing through my rustic device, a glass to warm my blood as the dark shares the night. I sink into my chair, there’s silence in the air, and like magic in the spheres, the sky came near, carrying the first snowfall.

**2a.** I grab my snowshoes to gather more wood, pass the tired arms of spruce trees with open palms. The snow’s falling heavily, the smoke rises steadily, and the silence of the mood echoes all night.

**2b.** A fresh wind blows, juggling waves of snow, then I reach my cabin dazzled by the warm glow. My pen is calling out, the paper’s stretched out, and without effort, the insights fall like the first snowfall.

**Chorus:** The treetops holding memories of pioneering spirits long gone; a kaleidoscope of stories, of footprints shaping this land. So, I wonder, and I ponder, and I listen to the sounds of the first snowfall.

**Solo 3a.** The hour’s late and embers burning lightly, sleep calls me to my slumber. The chatter in my head from the news of the day is now silencing. **3b.** The windows of my mind are now refreshed, as daybreak opens new possibilities. Now a track to be made on snow just laid, as I make my way to the Market Place ornamented by the first snowfall.

**THE RINK**

***The gravitas of any Canadian town***

1. Friday morning, 9 a.m

Can the clock go faster, I’m beggin’

Got a hockey game with the guys tonight

then jammin’ it up with songs all night!

1. The weather’s right, just minus 5

Not a cloud sully the game, that’s right

All our lives, the Rink’s been here

The stars, the spheres always cheer

**CHORUS**

Freeze the night, freeze the frame

Time keeps moving, but that’s the game

Let the stars tell this story

In years to come when our bones are sorry

And our skates are hung

Where we sing our songs often sung

* See you at the Rink my friend, and watch the young ones come following

**BRIDGE**

As the great ones skate away clearing the path for younger days

The Rink will always remember their plays

1. I woke in the morning with a smile

a melody that tickled my mind

Who won the game? No one, I think

See you next Friday at the Rink

**Voice of the Pen – Chord Chart**