



ROVING LILY

An 1860s Musical Saga

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In the 1860s a young woman boards a sailing ship that will take her across the Atlantic to America.

She falls for a sailor, they wed and begin a life together in Virginia. He is soon drafted into the Civil War, deserts and vanishes.

Now alone, she picks herself up and goes West to California and Mexico, gold mining towns and saloons, Indian missions, bullfighting arenas, stagecoaches and romance.



A young woman emigrates across the
Atlantic to 1860s America.

THE NEW WORLD

It's a new age
to a new world I'm bound

As we made land
I looked away and prayed
the ship would turn back again
Back to my home
where it's not so strange
But I have to change

Here the sun rises
where it used to set

So I must be the one
that turns around,
and forgets all that I've known
And try to feel less alone
and to make this my home

It's a new age
and a new world I'm in



She weds a sailor that she's met on
the voyage.

BEGIN

With my hand in yours
we begin our dance
We feel so sure
as we take this chance

With you right here
from now on
All my fears
are gone

So side by side
we'll ride the tides,
Just like we sailed
the ocean wide

We'll dance, we'll dance
on this our day
We'll dance, we'll dance
and forever hold each other just this way
Just like this,
just like this we'll stay

With my hand in yours,
Always and ever



**Too brief a newlywed life in Virginia,
as the Civil War rages not far away.
Husband and wife sing.**

BLISSFUL

This beautiful land,
Virginia
In fields so green
we begin our dream

My love she blushes
He speaks in hushes
Tender with all touches

These beautiful days
we have shared
Like blossoms of Spring
floating in the air

White doves sing their songs
in the early morning
So we can't hear
the cannons way out there

The husband is drafted and is at war.

THE CONSCRIPT

The dawn breaks
as my heart aches for home
The red sky rings battle cries,
a clarion call
To do what I must,
whatever the cost

Oh, this harm I'm in
never ends,
as I rise for the day
and step out in line
to shoot at my brothers,
To keep up the fight,
to keep the fight

Husband contemplates morality of the war
and acts on his beliefs.

THE DESERTER

From my lookout I search the night
but the gathering clouds snuff out the light
So I don't see
a glow from my own country

Our tattered flag flails above
its colors now look like blood
But what I most fear
No angels are here

So I raise my head up
and look skyward
Clouds open to show me
the glow of the stars

Now I can retreat to the light
from the shadows below
Now I can see
my way home

She pines for missing husband, and
must decide her future.

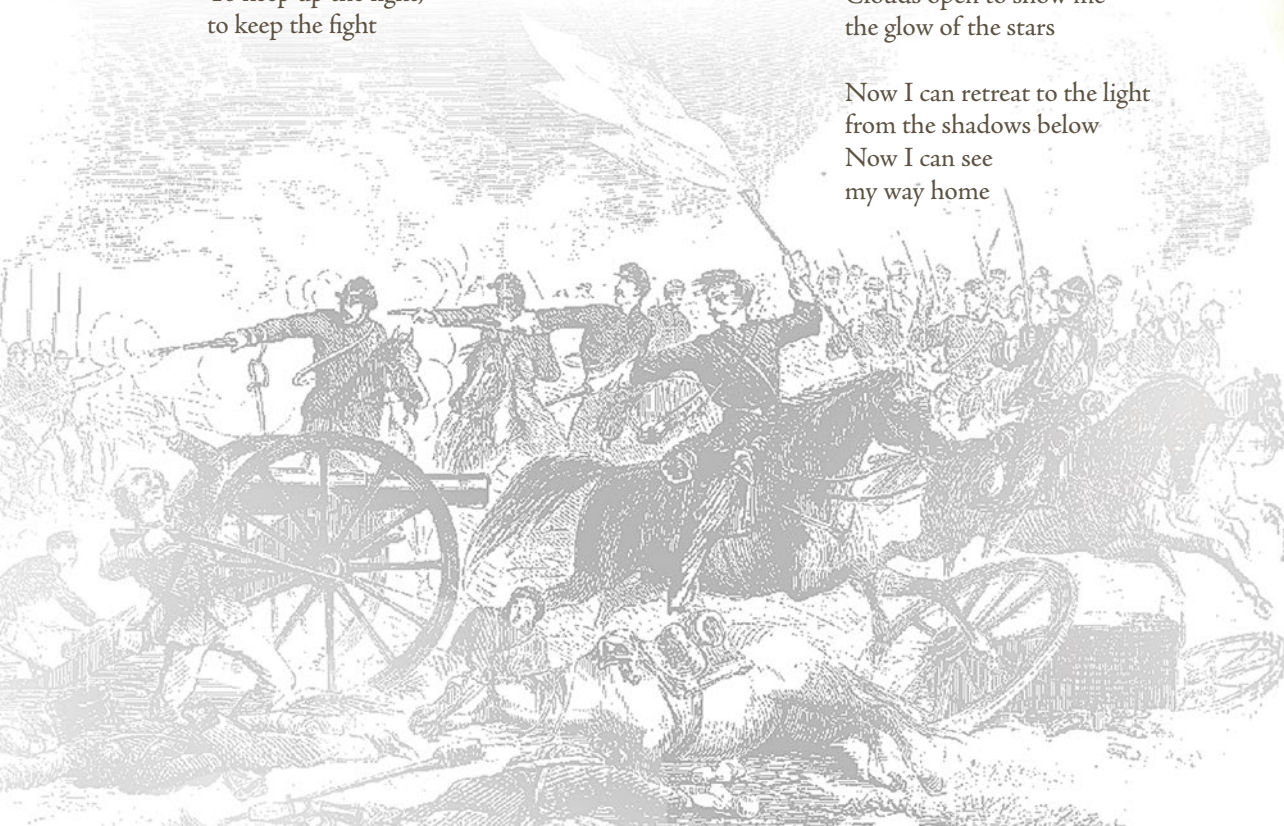
ONE DAY I'LL SEE HIM

He must be out there somewhere
beyond the clouds, at sea
With that long, last look he gave
He'd bid farewell to me

Some say that he could always see
way beyond what others see
Right now he's sure to be
looking back at me

Gone to the sea
that's where he must be
Where he'd be free
But, too far away from me

He must be out there somewhere
out where he had to go
One day I'll see him,
one day I'll know



She goes West with pioneers, arriving
in California.

IN CALIFORNIA

From far away to here
for nearly a year
Crossed mountains, deserts and seas
That's how we came to be
in California

From far away to here
through blood, sweat and fear
We are pioneers
to this last frontier

We build where we live
Some warned us
but we made it here,
We made it here
to California

A long way here
a hard way here
But we're here,
in California

From far away we've come to here
we've come to California
California



Life in a dusty gold mining town causes
her to long for a more exciting life.

THE MINER'S TOWN

I can still smell my Dublin roses
though it's years since I sailed away to here
They don't grow at all in this miner's town
where dust is the only soil around

We danced in the moonlight back there,
and sang as loud as we dared
But here it's the gold,
dancing in these hills,
that gives men's hearts a thrill

So I stand out in the dark night air
and look towards my green isle back there
Take a deep breath,
I whisper a prayer,
And pray for the day that I can return
and wash all this dust from my hair

Now I dance in the moonlight,
the moonlight so fair
And pretend that I'm back there
and haven't a care in this world

Then I dance in the moonlight,
the moonlight so fair
And pretend that I'm back there,
and haven't a care
in this too big world





She's now a saloon singer in
San Francisco, and performing
this popular song of the day.

LONG, LONG AGO

by Thomas H. Bayly (1833)

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago,
Now you are come all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved.
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the paths where we met?
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
Ah, yes, you told me you'd
never forget,
Long, long ago,
long ago.

She's on the move again,
heading to San Diego to work
at an Indian mission.

DOWN THE COAST

I bought my ticket,
goodbye, San Francisco,
where singing made me a star

Oh, the men stared
and the women glared
I left that saloon back there
to go down the coast,
towards Mexico

I rode that train
to my new job, in San Diego,
teaching Indians about God

Those Mission walls
were way too tall
So I made my plans to go
to Mexico,
Mexico

She empathizes
with the Indians.

RED SKIES

When Spanish ships first came
the native world changed
Eagles vanished from sight,
the silver bays turned dark and quiet

Under stars and sun
Their people ever on this shore
Fathers, then their sons
But from this day, nevermore

Red skies be their guide
Take them from this shore to find
A new home, a new home



After leaving the Mission, she's involved with a bullfighter in Mexico.

THE BULLFIGHTER

In Mexico a bullfighter
swept me off my feet
A tragedy,
he loved that life more than me

On Fiesta days
as the pasadoble is played
I sit alone in the plaza
for him I'm afraid

The deadliest time
is the bull's arrival at five,
when the sinking sun
dazzles his eyes

My matador stares
when the clarions blare
Then it's just God, and the bull,
facing him there

I watch from the stands
again and again
Will red carnations or his blood
be left in the sand?



Heading back to San Diego, an unexpected and mysterious encounter.

THE STAGECOACH ROBBER

He robbed our stagecoach,
held a gun on me
And though the night was moonless
we still could see
That we were meant to be

His trail ended in a Baja jail
Oh, I wrote him there
In our letters our truest selves we shared

About his robberies this he swore,
he took what he needed, nothing more
Now he's stolen my heart forevermore

The day he escaped, he wrote me
this song:
"Think of me long,
think of forever,
For soon we'll be together,
always and ever"

So now I wonder
will his words he keep?
Or will love end in sorrow?
Oh, how my heart leaps
Is he the true one for me?

A brief, romantic rendezvous in a desert hideaway.

DANZA FLORA

If that fickle moon
hadn't come back so soon
I might have missed
just how good you look tonight

Like this desert in bloom
and the roses outside our room
shimmering white
under the blue moonlight

And if those flowers could get up and dance
they couldn't thrill me like you can

When I look into your eyes
they're like a prism
where I can see
all the colors I've been missing

And if those flowers could get up and dance
they couldn't thrill me like you can



A year later, forlorn and waiting.

PALACE HOTEL

I wait at the first table in the
courtyard cantina
under a canopy of red bougainvillea
I hope he can see me,
hope he will be here

The wrought iron lanterns
sparkle light on the entering faces,
I hope I will see his
But I don't see him
Don't know if he still cares

It's been a year since he left town
He left with a whisper
The last time the gardenias bloomed
was the last time I was in his room

His letters were warm when they came,
but tonight I feel something's changed
I wrote him I'd be here
But I don't see him,
I don't see him

An urgent letter sends her deep into Mexico.

THE RIDER

Hurry,
Hurry to me,
The torn letter said,
Hurry to me

Stagecoach,
it leaves at 3
85 pesos
and cracked leather seats

Red sun,
Red sun burns slow
Six days
through Mexico

"Always,
always and ever"
That's how it ended
I folded the letter

And there in the moonlight,
a rider tracking our stage
My husband,
come to take me away



A blissful, new beginning.

ALWAYS AND EVER

After all this time
you're finally here
When I look in your eyes
all that time disappears

All these feelings
from all these years
Like colors captured in crystal
in a chandelier

With my hand in yours
we begin again,
Like we said
on our wedding day,
Just like this
we'll stay

Always and ever,
Always and ever,
Always and ever,
Always and ever



Words & Music by Paul Marsteller (except as noted)

Produced by Gabriel Rhodes

Executive Producer: Paul Marsteller

Vocals by Leah K. Manning and Paul Marsteller

All instrumental performances by Gabriel Rhodes, except with:

Paul Marsteller, guitar - songs 7, 9, 11, 12, 15, 22, 25
Hunt Sales, percussion - songs 2, 5, 10, 16, 17, 21, 23
Brian Standefer, cello - songs 2, 3, 5, 10, 17, 21
Richard Bowden, fiddle - songs 11, 13, 21

"The Conscript" and "Red Skies" co-written with Michael Hattem

"Do You Have to Go"/ "When Will He Return?"/ "What Now?"
and "The End Music" composed by Gabriel Rhodes

"Long, Long Ago" written by Thomas H. Bayly (1833)

Mixed and engineered by Gabriel Rhodes, Austin, TX

Mastered by Cris Burns, Austin, TX

Leah K. Manning's vocals recorded by Wild Artic Studio &
Let 'Em In Studio, NY

Art Design: Paul Marsteller & Matt Strieby/Newleaf Design

Danza Flora drawing by Ray Driver

THANKS TO: Susan, Ray, Clare & Roger. And to all those that
came from afar, and brought us here, and still whisper in our ear.

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|----|---------------------------------------|----|-------------------------------------|
| 1 | Roving Lily- Main Theme (1:02) | 14 | Long, Long Ago (2:25) |
| 2 | The New World (2:31) | 15 | Down the Coast (2:00) |
| 3 | Begin (1:55) | 16 | Mission Indians (0:35) |
| 4 | Could Life Be Sweeter? (1:48) | 17 | Red Skies (2:10) |
| 5 | Blissful (2:40) | 18 | The Bullfighter (2:50) |
| 6 | Do You Have to Go? (0:27) | 19 | What Now? (0:45) |
| 7 | The Conscript (2:03) | 20 | The Stagecoach Robber (2:59) |
| 8 | When Will He Return? (0:36) | 21 | Danza Flora (2:32) |
| 9 | The Deserter (2:56) | 22 | Palace Hotel (3:01) |
| 10 | One Day I'll See Him (2:31) | 23 | The Rider (2:26) |
| 11 | Go West (1:21) | 24 | Always and Ever (2:18) |
| 12 | In California (2:23) | 25 | La Valencia (1:56) |
| 13 | The Miner's Town (2:29) | 26 | The End Music (3:06) |

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