



What I See

Oliver Romney

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This, my first artist album, represents a huge leap of faith for me. I have spent my life in the music business as a record producer, supporting the careers of numerous singer-songwriters and other recording artists. I have lived in awe of their talents and accomplishments. And my songwriting has been for them - songs intended for others to sing.

Then four years ago an event in my life turned my heart towards my ancestors in such a way that the only way I could adequately express my feelings was in songs that I felt I had to sing - in spite of the fact that I feel keenly my inadequacies in that arena.

So I swallowed my pride and began writing and performing these very personal songs for my family, friends, and gatherings of Daughters and Sons of Utah Pioneers, where the stories that gave birth to the songs seemed to fit naturally. I even became a life member of the Sons of Utah Pioneers.

Most of my ancestors were pioneer-era immigrants to Utah, and their stories resonated in my heart. But as I pondered and labored over the stories and these songs that I drew out of them, I found first that my heart was changed again. I loved the people in these stories! I longed to meet them.

Secondly I discovered that it didn't matter if they were related to me or not. Stories of great sacrifice, self-denial, concern for the good of others, faith, devotion to duty, integrity, and great compassion, which are hallmarks of almost all pioneer stories, moved me to want to memorialize them in art regardless of any blood connection with them.

That's why you'll find here stories and songs of people not in my direct line of ancestry. We're all connected by something much larger - a brotherhood that I believe goes very deep and continues beyond this life.

My hope is that after listening to these story-songs, you'll want to discover the stories in your own ancestors' lives. And that maybe you'll want to elaborate some art - any kind of art - to help you and your descendents remember the legacy they left you. Some lines from the last song on this album sum it up best:

"Without them, so much of me is missing, I am less than half a man. I have lost my long-term memory, and I don't know who I am."

Clive

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Grandpa Had a Grandpa - 2:54

by Clive Romney

(Dedicated to the pioneer settlers of Sanpete County, whose stories created a spiritual connection with that place which continues to inspire my actions)

Grandpa had a grandpa
Who loved him just like my grandpa loves me
They pitched hay together
Till the wagon was piled higher than they
could see
On the ride back to the barnyard,
His grandpa said when Sanpete was just new,
Stayin' alive while drawin' a livin' from the
land
Was as much as they could do.

Grandma had a grandma
Who loved her just like my grandma loves me
They baked bread together
In a wood-fired, cast iron homemade bakery
And while the loaves were coolin',
Her grandma said those first long winter
nights
They were livin' all in dugouts in a hill,
And most all their cattle died.
But grandma said the things they suffered
didn't beat them down,

It made 'em stronger, kinder, wiser too.
And grandpa said it made a bond between
all the folks in town
They shared respect for all that they'd been
through

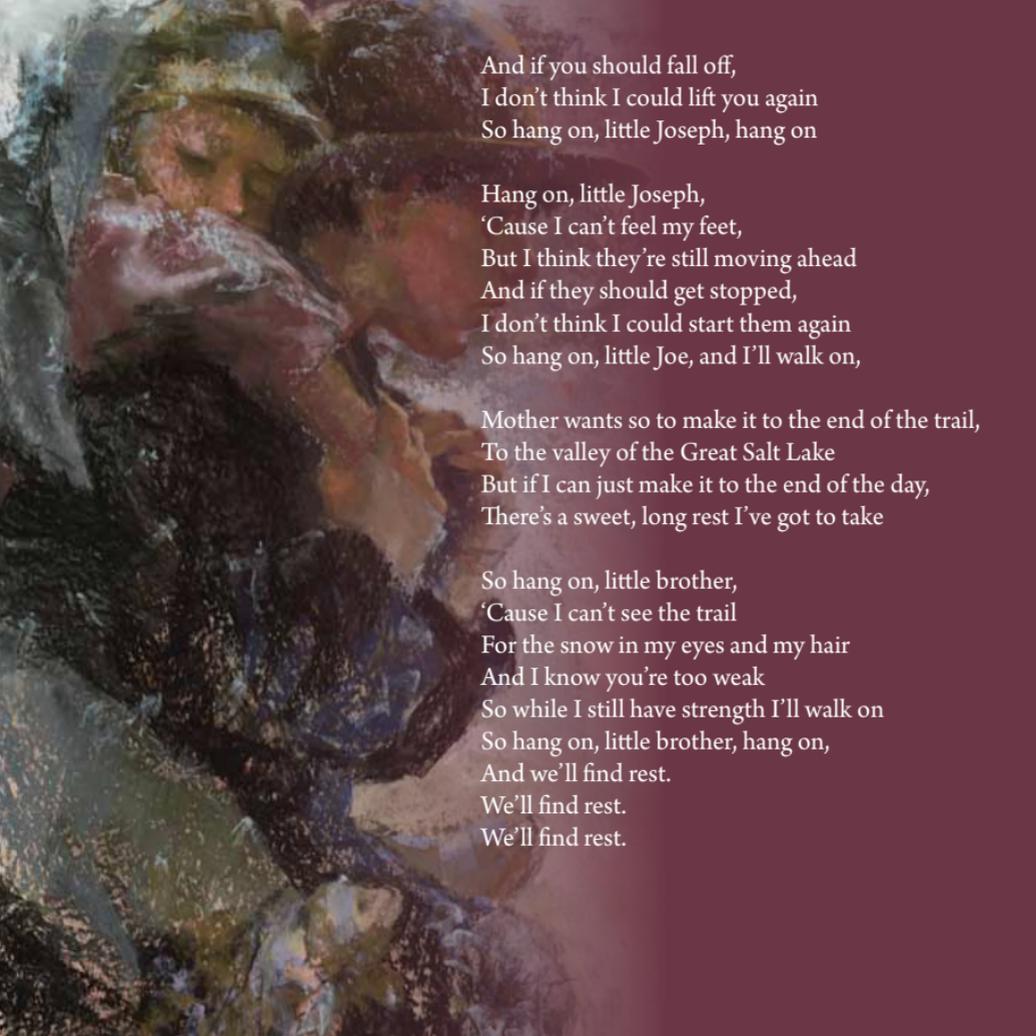
Grandpa had a grandpa,
And so did his before him, on and on.
I've got to talk to grandpa,
Before his precious stories are all gone
'Cause there inside those stories
Are secrets of how I came to be me,
And of how to make the story of my life
A sweet biography
And of how to make the story of my life
Be all that it should be.

Hang On, Little Joseph

by Clive Romney

(Dedicated to the Margaret Kirkwood family, of the Willie handcart company. Her 11-year-old son James gave his life in the successful effort to carry his 4-year-old brother Joseph up Rocky Ridge and into Rocky Creek Campground in a blizzard)

Hang on, little Joseph,
'Cause I can't feel my hands,
But I pray they're still gripping your sleeves



And if you should fall off,
I don't think I could lift you again
So hang on, little Joseph, hang on

Hang on, little Joseph,
'Cause I can't feel my feet,
But I think they're still moving ahead
And if they should get stopped,
I don't think I could start them again
So hang on, little Joe, and I'll walk on,

Mother wants so to make it to the end of the trail,
To the valley of the Great Salt Lake
But if I can just make it to the end of the day,
There's a sweet, long rest I've got to take

So hang on, little brother,
'Cause I can't see the trail
For the snow in my eyes and my hair
And I know you're too weak
So while I still have strength I'll walk on
So hang on, little brother, hang on,
And we'll find rest.
We'll find rest.
We'll find rest.

Like a Man

by Clive Romney

(Dedicated to Jedediah Orson Adair, the Boy Freighter of Southern Utah, who began his career as a teamster just before he turned eight years old)

They trusted me to bring 'em back
The milk for our meal
But now I've dumped it in the dark
And skinned my knee
I bit my lip just tryin' to keep the tears down inside,
But now they've overflowed for ev'ryone to see
It's embarrassing for someone who's as old as I am,
But there's no way out of this except straight through.
So I'll apologize and ask if I can somehow get more milk,
'Cause a boy's just got to do what he's got to do

I've got to do it for my daddy
Got to make my momma proud
Bring this load safely across this rugged land
"Cause my brothers and my sisters are dependin' on me,
I've got to drive and deliver like a man.

It's difficult when I can't even harness the team,
I ain't growed enough to reach up past their ears
So the other freighters help me, 'cause they say it's
right smart



To have a teamster who's just barely turned
eight years

But tonight I really wish that I was home
with my ma,

But it'll be week before my journey's
through

So I'd better feed the horses, say my prayers
and turn in,

'Cause a boy's just got to do what he's got to
do

(Chorus)



Bob White's Artful Eyes

by Clive Romney

*(Dedicated to Robert White, the gifted wood-carver
of Hurricane, Utah, a modern pioneer whose works
of art grace homes all over the world, including mine)*

There's a chickadee in that chunk of wood,
And I can set him free
If my fingers and hands are sure and strong,
He'll sing his song for me
Black cap and beard, with cheeks of white
Frosted wings that long for flight
Are waiting within that chunk of wood,
And Bob White's artful eyes

There's a porpoise inside that piece of pine,
Who longs to swim and play
If my tools can take her tethers off,
She'll have her wish today
Broad flukes propel the sleek gray form
Through green waters clear and warm,
With a beauty that clearly is the norm
In Bob White's artful eyes

Long years have trained the fingers
That carve and paint the wood
Fierce observation trained the artful eyes
Great patience guides the hands until

Things look just as they should
God's living creatures captured in still life

There's a buffalo in that basswood block
Who longs to roam about
And his thundering hooves will paw the earth
If I can let him out
Brown mane surrounds those mournful eyes
Massive shoulders soon arise
As the buffalo sheds his wood disguise
Under Bob White's artful eyes
And the world discards its drab disguise
Under Bob White's artful eyes.

Big Blue Angel

by Clive Romney and Gary Voorhees

(Dedicated to Albert Jones, the 16-year-old English boy who, after digging 12 graves for those in the Martin handcart company who had died the night before, saw salvation come to his company in the persons of Joseph Angell Young, son of Brigham Young, and his companions)

I watched as death crept slowly through the camp
And claimed the weak and frail
And I asked, "How long before I, too
Would fill a grave beside the trail?"
October's icy hands exacted her demands
Till ev'ry heart was numb



A painting of a snowy mountain landscape. In the foreground, a large white tent is pitched on a snow-covered slope. Several figures are gathered around the tent, some appearing to be in a state of distress or seeking shelter. The background shows rugged, snow-capped mountains under a sky with soft, warm light, possibly from a low sun or moon. The overall mood is one of hope and survival in a harsh, cold environment.

But October twenty-eighth was a wondrous
day
When I saw a miracle come!

I say salvation on a snow-white mule,
Deliverance with wings of blue!
God bless Joseph A., who brought hope to
us that day
When an angel came to our rescue,
When an angel came to our rescue.
They gathered 'round him, crying out aloud
And clinging to his cape,
Afraid that he was only a dream,
That would be gone if they should wake.
“There’s many a wagonload
Just three days up the road,”
Said he, “if you can go.”
“We’ll do it,” said the camp, as their hope
came back
A spark amid the chilling cold!

(Chorus)

Big blue angel,
Comin’ down to fill, fill my soul with joy!
Heaven listened to the prayers
Of a desperate, desperate English boy,
A desperate English boy.



(Chorus)

The Handcart Song

by John Daniel Thompson McAllister

(Written by J. D. T. McAllister in 1856 while on a mission to England, to encourage the European saints to immigrate to Zion under the newly-announced plan that involved handcart treks to Zion.)

Ye saints who dwell on Europe's shore,
Prepare yourselves for many more
To leave behind their native land,
For sure God's judgments are at hand.
And you must cross the raging main
Before the promised land you gain
And with the faithful make a start
To cross the plains with your handcart

For some must push, and some must pull
As we go marching up the hill,
So merrily on the way we go
Until we reach the valley!

The lands that boast of modern light
In truth are all as dark as night
Where starving souls all want for bread
And peasant hosts are blindly led
These lands that boast of liberty

You ne'er again would wish to see
When you from Europe make a start
To cross the plains with your handcart

(Chorus)

"A crying shame," some men will say,
"That saints must walk the whole long way,
And more than that, to pull a load
As they go marching o'er the road."
But then we say, "It is the plan
To gather up the best of men
And women, too, for none but they
Will ever travel in this way

(Chorus)

And long before the valley's gained,
We will be met upon the plains
With music sweet and friends so dear,
And fresh supplies, our hearts to cheer
And then with music and with song
How cheerfully we'll march along,
And thank the day we made a start
To cross the plains with our handcart

(Chorus)

When you get there, among the rest

Obedient be and you'll be blest
And in God's chambers be shut in
While judgments cleanse the earth from sin
For we do know it will be so
God's servants spoke it long ago
We say it is high time to start
To cross the plains with our handcart

(Chorus)

The Left and Right Hands of Love

by Clive Romney

(Written to honor Junius and Gertrude Stowell Romney, married in 1900 while living in Colonia Juarez, Mexico. Junius was stake president at the time of the 1912 exodus of the saints from the Mexican colonies in the midst of the Mexican revolution.

The Romneys have their own very short book of "scripture" called "Due-to-Romeny". Chapter 1, verse 1 reads, "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed.")

Their genesis was Juarez, nineteen-double-O
The ramrod, and the gentle turtle dove
He wanted to change the world,
To order it just so,
She wanted just to change each heart with
love

She found if she allowed him at least the illusion

That all major plans were under his control,
He could fight his battles, and give her the freedom

To tend her precious garden of souls

Dad knew what it felt like to lose the family home,

Worked all his life to spare others that pain
His Savings & Loan helped many thousands
get a house

Insurance made it theirs if life rained
When Mister Slade, the barber, simply
couldn't make his payments,
Years of haircuts for Dad's family began.

His checkbook told the story of countless
other gifts

To sustain the needy family of man

So through a Genesis, an Exodus, and many
Due-to-Romeny's

They worked to build the kingdom of their
God

Each working in the way that felt most
natural,

Yet so different that it struck me as odd
But time went by and I began to see their
two ways of approaching it,

Dad's iron hand and Mother's velvet glove,
Were not the two extremes I once had
thought they were,
But just the left and the right hands of love.

I carried Mom's kindness to our neighbor to
the north,

But Mrs. Campbell only scowled and swore,
Mom said our duty was not to receive
thanks,

But just to keep on giving for the Lord.

When Mrs. Campbell's health failed, and the
neighbors tried to help,

They each gave up from the abuse that they
endured

Mom just went and stayed till Mrs. Campbell
broke and went,
And the miracle of love occurred.

(Chorus)



All That I Will Need

by Clive Romney

(Written to honor John Memmott, who though he left everything behind to come to Zion and struggle as a poor subsistence farmer in Scipio, never complained, choosing instead to believe that he had been given all that he would need.)

I left behind the green, green fields of Aston
for a trade,
But cutlery in Sheffield died away
So I left my trade to carry the post, since I
knew how to read
And I left letters at homes and shops each
day
But in time I left my homeland, parents,
brother, sisters, friends,
And my heart ached as I watched the shore
recede.
But my family was with me and my faith was
in my heart
So I knew I had all that I would need,
All that I would need.

In Philly I left the ship on business, and they
left me on the shore!
So I left on the next ship bound for St. Lou
Found my fam'ly at Uncle Charles', left my

knives there for a spell
And where they are today, I have no clue
Oh, I left two of my babies in their graves at
Mormon Grove
That's the hardest thing I've done, I will
concede!
But my faith told me I'd see them on the
other side of death,
And that assurance gave me all that I would
need,
All that I would need.
Now I'm tryin' to wrestle a livin' from the
desert
And I only own one worn-out pair of shoes
And this dugout's damp and drafty, and poor
Julia's health is frail,
And you'd think that I've got nothin' left to
lose

I've left fields that yielded grudgingly to
these poor farming hands,
Barely fed us, tho' I've toiled and I've pled
I've left records of our doings in the schools
and in the church
And I've left tunes I wrote with choirs and
bands I've led.
I've left Sarah, Martha, Curley Tom and
James to carry on,
As did their namesakes, a hardy, fearless

breed!

And I'll leave this world with nothing but
my faith and my fam'ly's love,
And I'm convinced that's all that I will need!
All that I will need.

The Ballad of Young Ed Dalton

by Clive Romney

(To my knowledge, the only man to be killed as a result of the persecution of polygamists in the 1880s was Edward Meeks Dalton - called "Young Ed" to distinguish him from his father, also named Edward. Young Ed's tombstone in Parowan's cemetery reads, "He was shot and killed December 16th, 1886, in cold blood by a deputy United States Marshal, while under indictment for a misdemeanor under the Edmunds anti-polygamy law.")

Coal-black hair, a muscular Adonis,
The dream of ev'ry Parowan fair maid
Through the canyons near his home,
Bareback mounted he would roam
With his Indian brothers, free and unafraid
Evenings, on the porch, Ed played his banjo
And the porch soon filled with young folks
in their prime
His ready smile, his charming words
Won over everyone who heard,

Young Ed Dalton was a legend in his time!

Ride, Young Ed, ride through the canyons of
the sky,
Ride like the wind that calls your name
Though you lived life free and brave,
A bullet laid you in your grave
But your family will carry on your fame.

Emily, at seventeen, was married
To the twenty-year-old man that she adored
Eight more years and faith ordained
Delilah, too, should take his name
Though that peaceful act would shortly
bring a sword
Nine years later plural wives were made
illegal
And the marshals swore they'd throw Ed
into jail
But Ed declared he'd rather die,
So he kissed his wives goodbye
And the fugitive rode down the outlaw trail

(Chorus)

Great escapes just angered Ed's pursuers
Till they vowed they'd take him in dead or
alive
So when Ed came back to town

Thompson moved to bring him down
He and Orton hid beside the cattle drive
'Round the corner Ed rode bareback, with no
weapon
"Dalton, halt!" the marshal yelled, a shot rang out!
Young Ed tumbled to the ground,
Townfolk ran from all around,
And as their hero died, they raised a mournful
shout--
Oh, ride, Young Ed, ride through the canyons of
the sky,
Ride like the wind that calls your name
Though you lived life free and brave,
A bullet laid you in your grave
But your family will carry on your name!

What I See

by Clive Romney

(After moving from St. George, Utah to St. Johns, Arizona, and then to Colonia Juarez, Mexico, being defrauded of their land and home there and having to move again, struggling daily just to sustain life, nursing fifteen of her children through malaria, and having her own long-term health issues, Catharine Jane Cottam Romney still refused to be anything but happy. She just saw things differently than many people.)





You see...the bone dry hills of Juarez,
How we struggle daily for the little we receive
I see...a land that makes us humble,
Dependent on His mercy to live and eat and breathe

You see...the moss-filled Piedras Verdes
Mosquitos and malaria, pain that makes us want to die
I see...a time for God to heal us,
For our faith to lift and seal us to the Healer up on high

And what you see is not a lie
It's there for all to see
And seeing is believing, so they say,
But if you'll see with other eyes,
And gaze a while with me,
What only love can see will be as clear as day

You see...the trials and deprivations,
All the limitations that keep raining down on me
I see...a loving Father teaching,
A gentle hand that's reaching down to grant my every plea
That's what I see.

Don't Let Them Be Forgotten

by Clive Romney

(When I wrote this song, I thought it was about my ancestors. Now I realize it is about yours....)

He was a father, She was a mother
And they were family to me
And their trials surely would have broken
lesser men
But they endured them, overcame them,
Leaving me a precious legacy.
How can I thank them for this gift that has
no end?

Don't let them be forgotten
Don't let their mem'ry fade away
If we let them be forgotten,
We're denying their tomorrows and our
yesterdays.
He was a merchant, She was a poet,
But they left it for a dream.
Thirst for Zion drew them to this wilderness
to dwell.
They gave their talents to the common
purpose,
Giving all their hearts and hands could make
Now all the lives they've blessed, no tongue
can ever tell.

(Chorus)

Without them, so much of me is missing,
I am less than half a man.
I have lost my long-term memory,
And I don't know who I am.

(Chorus)

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Gratitude

Thanks to God for giving me the passion and the opportunity. Thanks to Bonnie for putting up with the passion and for allowing the opportunity to be fulfilled. Your patience is legendary - worthy of a pioneer. And thanks to my family for giving me a reason to sing!

Thanks to the wonderful musicians who have played and sung on this album: Rich, Rob, Matt, Daron, Aaron, Curtis, Nancy, Gary, Nathanael, Todd. You bring such beauty to my little ideas.

Thanks to Julie Rogers for her portrait of "the pioneer me". But more than that, thanks for your example of dedication, both technical and spiritual, to your art. You inspire me.

Thanks to the Pioneer Heritage Company for keeping me grounded in authenticity.

Thanks to the Sons of Utah Pioneers and Daughters of Utah Pioneers for giving me a platform.

Thanks to those who shared their precious family history stories with me and asked me to create a musical memorial to them.

Thanks to all you pioneers, now long dead, who someday I hope to meet and offer my gratitude in person. Your legacy lives on.