

Club 47/Fare Thee Well, Joan

Written by Nina Ricci

Verse 1

Black raven skies and tresses blowing in the wind
Running to make her show, barefoot in the nighttime snow
She was barely 18, and already catching light
Illumined in black and white, in a picture from '59
The crowds were lined outside

Chorus

Was it the glow of the coffeehouse light that pulled the people in;
In Cambridge singing from the stage of the Club 47?

Verse 2

One summer in Chicago, the Gate of Horn took her in
She was under the wing of Bob Gibson, pillowed in Odetta's breast
Reviews from Newport read: "her star is on the rise,"
She still played Tuesday nights selling out the Club 47

Chorus

Was it the glow the coffeehouse light that pulled the people in;
In Cambridge singing from the stage of the Club 47?

Bridge

In Greenwich Village she met Bob Dylan
And history was made that day
The ancient folk songs, turned to anthems
The times were changing, so the music changed
And the Cambridge angel had to go her way
She bid farewell to the old cafe

Chorus

Was it the glow the coffeehouse light that pulled the people in;
In Cambridge singing from the stage of the Club 47?

Alt Chorus

Was it the glow the coffeehouse light that pulled the people in?
It was Joan Baez singing on the stage of the Club 47...

Transition

Years of concerts on the road, and a voice heard round the world
I was just fourteen years old, the first time I heard you sing
-- It was "Blowin' In The Wind"

Verse 1

I was starting to learn the guitar, to write songs and to sing
When I quit the piano I think my dad thought "she'll never amount to anything"
Then your voice came to me through the speakers in my room
I got sidelined on rock and roll, by my new folk hero

Pre Chorus

Years of concerts on the road, and leagues of fans adore you
Living history unfolds in a farewell circuit ending

Chorus

60 years of music, with a voice heard 'round the world
Fare Thee Well, Joan

Verse 2

I was reading your memoir for fun the summer I turned 18
Heading to Boston in the fall to start college classes in the spring
Then your voice came to me through the speakers in my room
I started to see that I was treading the embers of the Harvard Square folk music scene

Pre Chorus

Years of concerts on the road, and leagues of fans adore you
Living history unfolds with a farewell circuit ending

Chorus

60 years of music, and a voice heard 'round the world
Fare Thee Well, Joan

(A special message to Joan)

Pre Chorus

Years of concerts on the road, and leagues of fans adore you
Living history unfolds with a farewell circuit ending

Chorus

Thank you for the music
I'll carry it on

Fare Thee Well, Joan
Fare Thee Well, Joan
Fare Thee Well, Joan

*"Club 47/Fare Thee Well, Joan" written by Nina Ricci
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