

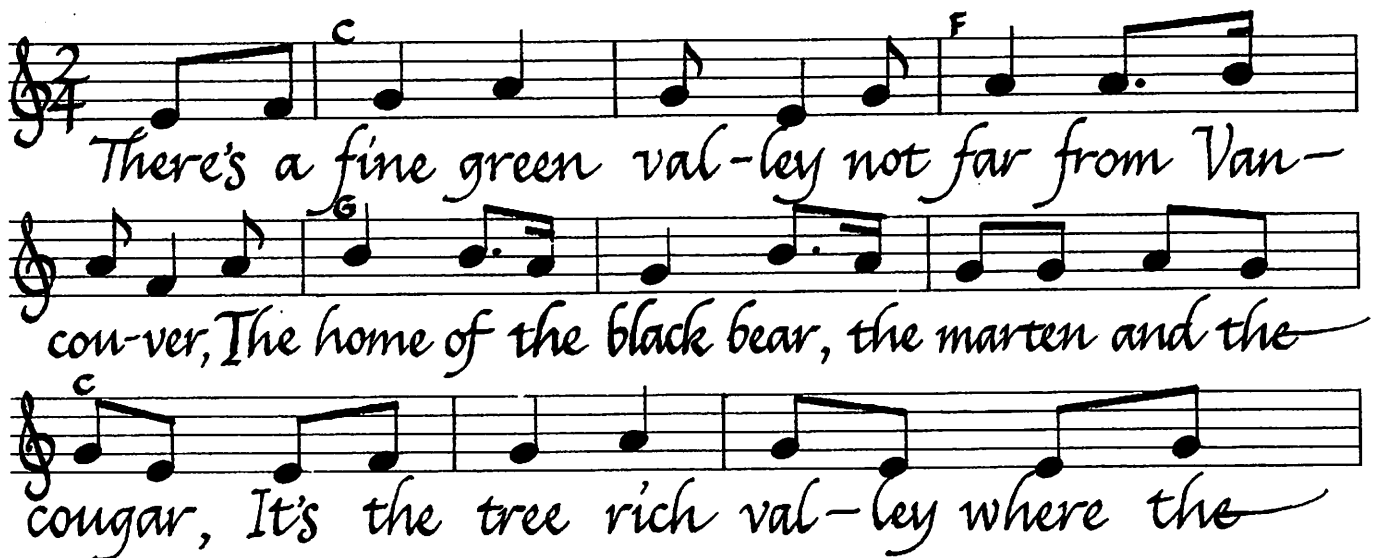
Skagit Valley Forever

Words & music by Malvina Reynolds
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Songs of protest are the very heart of folk song, and remain a powerful tool for change. Contemporary singers and songwriters have chosen the energy crisis with its accompanying questions regarding nuclear energy and ecological concerns as a favorite subject for protest. Demonstrations at Satsop over the installation of a nuclear plant brought forth a host of folk songs, including this one to the tune of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" from the Crabshell Alliance song sheet:

Nuke plant, nuke plant, the latest trend,
There's no way you can be my friend.
You're so dangerous and costly, too,
When, tell me, when, will you be through?
Satsop, Satsop, it must stop,
Before our earth becomes a flop!

Dams, celebrated in the 1940's by songs like Woody Guthrie's "Roll On, Columbia" are also being protested by conservationists who question if the additional power is worth the price. In the Skagit Valley, in British Columbia, one such fight has been raging for years. The late Malvina Reynolds, a beloved singer and songwriter from Berkeley, California, wrote the following song during one visit to British Columbia.



The musical notation is written on three staves in 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. Chord symbols 'C', 'F', and 'G' are placed above the notes. The lyrics are written in a cursive script below the notes.

There's a fine green val-ley not far from Van-
cou-ver, The home of the black bear, the marten and the
cougar, It's the tree rich val-ley where the

Handwritten musical score for the song "Skagit Valley". The score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written in cursive below the notes. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: F, G, F, G, F, G, Dm, G, C. A section of the score is marked "Chorus" with a bracket. The lyrics are: "Skagit River flows, a home for God's creatures since Heaven only knows. Skagit Val-ley, Skagit Val-ley, Ray Willis-ton is selling you a-way, Skagit Val-ley, Skagit Val-ley, They would turn you to a mud pond to run the Co-ca Cola coolers in Se-at-tle, U.S. A."

Well, the parks are getting fewer, the trees are getting thin,
 The cities all are reaching out to take the wildwood in,
 And the world is getting poorer with every mile they clear,
 And they'd sell our Skagit acres for five dollars fifty cents a year.

Skagit Valley, Skagit Valley,
 Ray Williston is selling you away,
 Skagit Valley, Skagit Valley,
 They would turn you to a mud pond,
 To run the Coca Cola coolers in Seattle, U.S.A.

Oh my sisters and my brothers in this shining Northern land,
 It's time to get together, to take each others' hand,
 And ring around the wilderness to keep the gangs away,
 Who would ravage our sweet country for a shameful pocketful of pay.

Skagit Valley, Skagit Valley,
 No grabber will get you for a prize,
 Skagit Valley, Skagit Valley,
 We'll let no vandal drown you,
 We'll keep you as we found you,
 British Columbia's forest paradise.