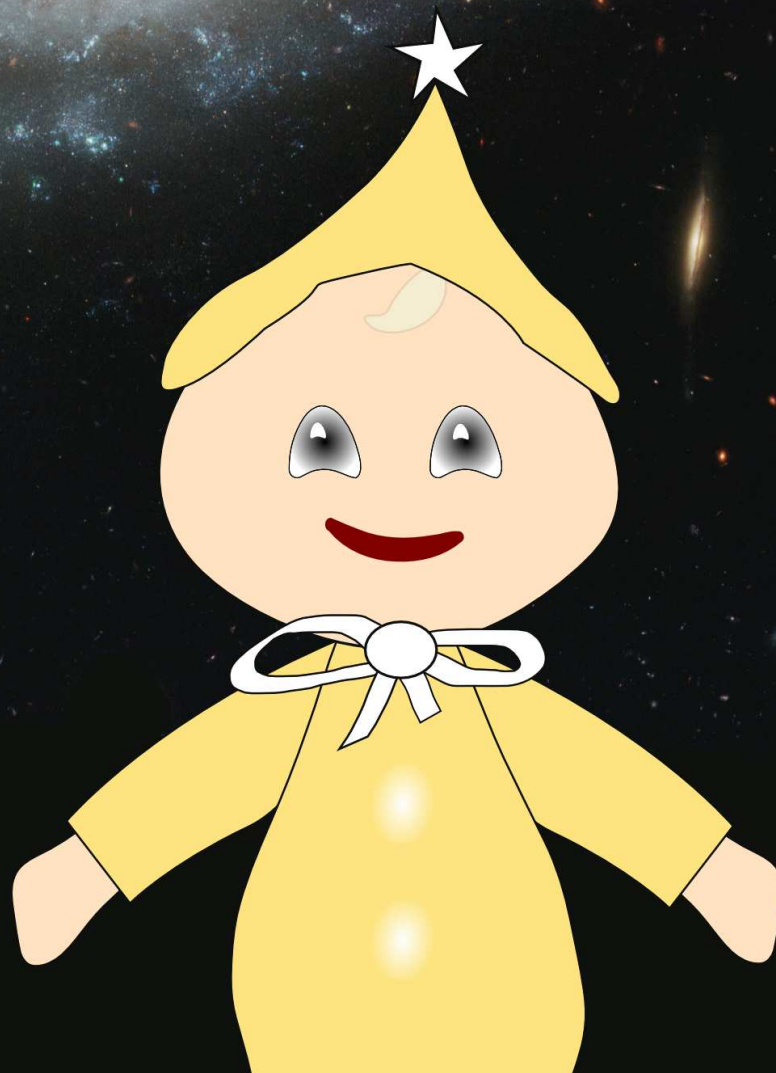


Mr. Beany's Bitty Band

Shipping  
Containers  
Songbook



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### INTRODUCTION

*Shipping Containers* is an experimental art album exploring copyright in the guise of filk hymns.

The premise is a lonely space traveler thinks about what might be in store for the colony ship when they get there, but due to copyright restrictions only music made before 1923 is available on-board. So, he combines the two.

Filk music is frequently composed of songs about a particular fandom set to established music. In this case, each song is about a particular science fiction or fantasy fandom. (With one song combining two different space-related fandoms.) The tunes of these songs are explicitly public domain hymns. Most of these songs use a single hymn tune per song, but a few combine multiple hymn tunes in to a more modern structure containing chorus, verse, and bridge components.

### SPECIAL NOTE FOR EDUCATORS

The Creative Commons Attribution license means you can use this material as you like, *including covering the entire album and selling the results to benefit your school*. While some of the songs had arrangements tweaked slightly to better fit the lyrics, they are all traditional hymn tunes, and this means it should be possible to listen to other interpretations of the tunes to get ideas for what you can do with this sort of thing.

*We want to help you use our music*. While it may use traditional tunes, the lyrics may well be interesting enough for even modern young people.

This book was written using Lilypond, and the source files are organized to make it easy to extend and modify. For instance, while this book includes a single vocal staff and a standard piano staff, for recording we used fakebooks with just the vocals so we could easily see the melody and lyrics without the visual clutter of piano staves.

What sort of specialized format would be most beneficial to you? SATB with two staves and the lyrics in the middle? Separate books for soprano, alto, tenor and bass? Shifting a voice to another pitch? This is easy to do, we simply need to know what you need.

<https://github.com/mrbeany/shipping-containers>

# Shipping Containers

S.W. Black

tune is *Ich Sterbe Täglich*, 1756

9-8-9-8-8-8

arr. S.W. Black, 2015

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. In our ship - ping con - tai - ners you can find ma -  
 2. On our clean and shin - ing bridge you can find the

4

ny ship's things face that you might en - joy. We pride our -  
 ship's face and Con - duc - tor Bell. We call this,

7

selves on love that is blind to the mon - ey in  
 our lit - tle ship, Gor - don Tom. He can be chee - ky,

10

your em - ploy. The Fat Con - trol - ler has no  
 but he's swell. His brain is kept down a few

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home. He lives a - board our shin - ing dome.  
floors; he's wir - ed to the re - act - ors.

**3.** Ships like ours need children's brains to go.  
They are stored in flourescent jars.  
We think he will be happy, quite so.  
He likes to read books with kittens.  
His parents were properly paid.  
His sister went to college, Wade.

**4.** The Fat Controller gives out Specials for  
little ships that follow through on  
special tasks that he assigns and for  
which he feels are really useful.  
One time we took a whole scout troop  
out where the brain extractors poop.

**5.** I hope that you can buy the model craft.  
It features real parts that can go.  
The gift shop is located in the aft  
near where the engine exhaust blows.  
We think that you might like this toy,  
designed right for a girl or boy.

**6.** If you find that you can not pay the fare  
we can make arrangements that work.  
Sometimes we need someone to take repair  
where Gordon Tom has been at work.  
He often has no maintainers  
other than shipping containers.

Tune is *Ich Sterbe Täglich* from *Emskirchner Choralbuch*, Leipzig 1756.

# My Salt Eater, My Dream Woman

S.W. Black

tune is *In Gottes Namen fahren wir* circa 1200s

8-8-8-7-4

arr. Michael Praetorius, 1609

$\text{♩} = 120$

1. My Salt Eat - er, My Dream\_ Wo - man I  
 2. My Salt Eat - er, My Dream\_ Cov - er I  
 3. My Salt Eat - er, My Dream\_ Lov - er I  
 4. My Salt Eat - er, My Dream\_ Wo - man You

love you now, more than ev - er You are ev - 'ry wo - man to  
 could be an ag - ent, dar - ing. You'd per - fect - ly blend in, drink -  
 love your hair, such love - ly blue I brought this top, don't wear those  
 need me more than I need you When out of salt, you must com -

me Stay with me and stay like her. I brought the salt.  
 ing. Sneak - ing, wait - ing, whisp - er - ing. I brought the match.  
 slacks Tears bring crim - son to your eyes I brought the wax.  
 ply Qui - et, here's what we will do. I brought the ship.

*Dies sind die heil'gen zehu Gebot* or *In Gottes Namen fahren wir* circa 1200s found in *Erfurt Enchiridion*, 1524.

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# Good with Clanks

S.W. Black

tune is *Weil Ich Jesu Schäflein Bin* from from *Bruder Choral-Buch*, 1784

7-7-8-8-7-7

from *Church Book for the Use of Evangelical Lutheran Congregations*, 1893

$\text{♩} = 112$

1. A mad wo-man, good with clanks, hand - y with ma - chines that  
 2. A sharp wo-man, good with knives, her mach-ines would carve the  
 3. Gen-ius wo-man, good with tech, to her grow - ing towns would

move. May - be not mad, but a\_\_ gen-i - us. She would sing and build, lost\_\_  
 world. E - merg - ing gifts, e - merg - ing lives. Keep - ing us safe from strange -  
 flock. Lead us or not, I do\_\_ not\_\_ know though to her we would all\_\_

wi - thin. I would bring her food, lamb shanks, may - be sing a song or groove.  
 new-plights. I'd make sand-wich's, slice some chives. We'd watch as the land un - furl'd.  
 re - ly. Per-haps she'd build us a mech. Or towns, in dang-er, could walk.

*Weil Ich Jesu Schäflein Bin* found in *Church Book for the Use of Evangelical Lutheran Congregations*, 1893 Hymn 531.

Hymnal arranged by Harriet Reynolds Krauth (1845-1925).

# Lost Weekend

S.W. Black

Henry Thomas Smart, 1867

15-15-15

arr. from *Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship*, 1867

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. What if our ship crash - es on an is - land  
 2. What if our ship crash - es and we have to  
 3. What if our ship crash - es and we all start

3  
 and we lose our minds? What if our ship crash - es  
 kill a pol - ar bear? What if our ship crash - es  
 see - ing things not real. What if this in - cludes a

6  
 on an is - land and we\_\_\_ go in - sane? Would we  
 and we failed to pack our\_\_\_ un - der - wear? Could we  
 kit - chen stocked with pud - ding,\_\_\_ cans and veal. Would we

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8  
9

build smoke, would smoke kill us, could we keep the smoke at bay?  
 skin him, would we wear skin, could we sleep in pol - ar bear?  
 eat it, would it eat us, could we eat not know - ing what?

**4.** What if our ship crashes and we find something we have to push.  
 Could we keep going if all we could do was to push the thing?  
 Would we not, how could we not eventually stop the thing?

**5.** How we would long for the time when we spent a weekend dreaming  
 How we would long for the time when we were lost in each other.  
 Our lost weekend, our weekend lost, the time we were truly found.

**6.** What if our ship crashes and we find we are already dead?  
 What if our spirits roam the island that we all once hated?  
 Would we stay there, could we go home, would we never know of peace?

Tune is *Regent Square* Henry Thomas Smart, 1867. Music source is *Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship*, 1867 Hymn 58.



# Tiny Valkyries

S.W. Black  
8-7-8-7-8-8-7

Strassburg from *Köpfel's Gesangbuch*, Strassburg, 1525.

arr. Karl August Haupt, 1869.

**Allegro moderetto** (♩ = 88)

1. Ti - ny Val-ky-ries liv-ing there. We'd hard-ly see them at first. We'd  
2. Ti - ny Val-ky-ries in a tribe all beau-ti-ful, kind and wise. How

5

hard-ly sur-vive them at worst. Me, like a gi - ant or bear. Her, more like a flim-  
could we find the oth-er's prize? Come togeth'r, sing, jump and jive. Or would they bet-ter

10

sy fair - y But with skill to leave me wair - y. Tee - ny ti - ny Val - ky - ries.  
put us down, Lead us a-stray, knock us a-round. Those wee ti - ny Val - ky - ries.

*Aus Tiefer Not (Strassburg) or Strassburg from Köpfel's Gesangbuch, Strassburg, 1525 as found in The Hymns of Martin Luther by Bacon, 1883.*

# Sin and Sentience

S.W. Black

from Walter's *Geistliche Gesangbüchlein*, 1524

8-7-8-7-7-8-7-4

arr. *Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book*, 1931, alt

$\text{♩} = 110$

1. A pla - net peace - ful, fair and just. A kind and lov - ing -  
 2. Our cit - ies care - less dis - place - ment. Serv - ile they will com -  
 3. And sin, once taught, nev - er quite leaves. Ack - now - ledge - ment of -

4

folk, quite. Lack - ing ev - en words for \_\_\_\_\_ sins, we'd  
 ply, yes. Mean - while our priests seek sal - va - tion. They  
 peers, check. What of peers with - out great loss - es? Re -

7

treat them as beasts\_ or less and they would for - give the  
 on - ly need to\_ teach sin. The fruit off - er'd rots with -  
 ci - pro - cal bar - gains play'd. Trust - less trea - ties mean - ing

The musical score is written in common time (C) with a tempo marking of quarter note = 110. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a right-hand treble clef and a left-hand bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and one flat (Bb). The score is divided into three systems, each with a measure number (1, 4, 7) at the beginning of the vocal line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

10

harm. We would not know where to be - gin. With - out sin  
 in. We should know not to play with sin. Know - ing pain  
 naught. We would not know where to be - gin. With both sin

13

and sent - i - - ence Sin and sent - i - - ence  
 and sent - i - - ence Sin and sent - i - - ence  
 and sent - i - - ence Sin and sent - i - - ence

Tune is *Christ lag in Tobes Banden* or *Torgau* from Walter's *Geistliche Gesangbüchlein*, 1524

# Nature's Brain

S.W. Black

tune is a composite

arr. S.W. Black

$\text{♩} = 120$   
Verse

1. A ver-dant world rul'd by green Na - ture's\_ brain\_\_\_\_  
 2. The ver-dant world rul'd by green Na - ture's\_ brain\_\_\_\_  
 3. A ver-dant world rul'd by green Na - ture's\_ brain\_\_\_\_

5

Har - mon - y and peace ach - iev'd Na - - ture's\_ brain\_\_\_\_  
 Sens - ing the dan - ger man brings Na - - ture's\_ brain\_\_\_\_  
 Har - mon - y and peace ach - iev'd Na - - ture's\_ brain\_\_\_\_

9

To each a role, each a part Na - - ture's\_ brain\_\_\_\_  
 Man un - bound, his place un - wound Na - - ture's\_ brain\_\_\_\_  
 To each a role, each a part Na - - ture's\_ brain\_\_\_\_

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13

What\_ sci - ence lacks, here per - ceiv'd Na - - ture's\_ brain  
 Will\_ we\_ list - en as she sings? Na - - ture's\_ brain  
 What\_ sci - ence lacks, here per - ceiv'd Na - - ture's\_ brain

$\text{♩} = 100$   
 Chorus

17

We come to bring hu - man - i - ty, but we bring more it seems.  
 Our old world now box'd and board - ed, or - der'd e - co - lo - gies.

*End*

21

Re - gard - less of the need or cost we bring towns, roads and things.  
 We ab - an - don'd the un - ti - dy. Nev - er know - ing what lost.

$\text{♩} = 120$   
 Bridge

25

Verse 2  
 How long un - til the green ends? Or can we live in

peace? Can we\_ take our place, guid - ed by the kind ver -

dant green brain of na - - ture.

*V:* Tune *Easter Hymn* also found in *Church Praise: with tunes*, 1885. and *Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church: with music*, 1872 hymn 99 page 84 (mostly the same but not identical).

*C:* Tune is *St. Anne* by William Croft, 1708 found in *The Lutheran Hymnary*, 1913 Second half is from *The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer*, 1890, Hymn 279. ed. Charles Vincent, D.J. Wood, John Stainer

*B:* Tune is *Jesus Christus Unser Heiland, Der Den Tod (Klug)* from Klug's *Geistliche Lieder*, Wittenberg, 1533. It is attributed to Martin Luther (1529) and is sometimes called *Jesus Christus, unser Heiland, der den Tod überwand*.

# Life is Hard

S.W. Black

Tune is *Nativity* by William Henry Monk, 1865

7-7-7-7-7

William Henry Monk, 1865

♩ = 120

1. Feel - ing drain'd by life's de-mands. Drag-ging my - self through the day.  
 2. Strain'd and sore and feel - ing sick. Wish-ing that I'd pack'd my lunch.  
 3. Seek - ing mean-ing deep with - in. Find-ing my - self peace quite fast.  
 4. My son is dead. He's no more, But I have now a daugh-ter.

5  
 Then the war mach - ines ar - rive, blow - ing ev' - ry - thing a - way.  
 I thought I could grab a bite, but now I'm cramm'd with this bunch.  
 What's im - port - ant is my son. Was he with his moth - er last?  
 Her fam' - ly gone, that we're sure. Lost, a - lone just a squat - ter.

9  
 Life is hard with - out my dog. Wish I could crawl in a log.  
 My meals were made by my wife. Guess now she was lost in strife.  
 Did they make it to the ship, or were they out eat - ing dip?  
 Life is hard with - out a home. What, one day, will end our roam?

Tune is *Nativity* by William Henry Monk, 1865 from *The Holy Year*, 1865 by Christopher Wordsworth Hymn 10 page 18.

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# The Pit

S.W. Black

from *Musikalisches Handbuch*, 1690

8-8-8-8

arr. Charles Lewis Hutchins, 1896

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. I'm trap'd in a dry, desert land. The  
 2. Trea - cher - ous sand - y walls slop'd steep. Those  
 3. Is it a vi - sion of the past? Or  
 4. If we're luck - y per - haps mob boss - es

town emp - ty, save for a few. All have been sa - cri -  
 cast in do not real - ly die. That would be too kind,  
 a dark fu - ture yet to come? Are we head - ing to  
 will cast un - want - ed bod - ies there; then, per - haps, we

ficed a - way. Soon I will have to face the pit.  
 too sub - lime. No one ev - er leaves that stark pit.  
 bleak des - pair? Wel - com'd on - ly to the doom pit.  
 could ig - nore it, a sad and un - wor - ship'd pit.

*Winchester New* from *Musikalisches Handbuch*, Hamburg, 1690. The setting is somewhat different from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1869



# A Team to Save Us

S.W. Black

tune is *Der Am Kreuz* Johann Balthasar König, 1738.

8-7-8-7-7-7-8-8

arr. S.W. Black, 2015

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. On a plan - et once fill'd with goo, there now lives hu - mans  
 2. We would need a team to — save us. They would need some  
 3. Bat - tles fierce and of - ten de - stroy - ing large pie - ces of

4

and pup - pies. We were think - ing all would\_ be well  
 pow - ers, too. We would hope that they could\_ save us.  
 our ci - ties. We would need some - one to\_ save us

7

but we were wrong or so it seems. For the goo deep  
 They'd just be un - test - ed kids. They'd have doubts and  
 from the doom of our en - e - mies. We would hope the

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in the ground fount - ed forth mi - nions of doom  
 of - ten fail. But in the end they'd suc - ceed.  
 team would save pre - cious art and mu - rals, too.

led by ev - il long thought des - troy'd who would save us  
 We'd know them by bright col - ors and how their ma - chines  
 But if on - ly lives were saved, we'd real - ly hope they'd

from this dark gloom?  
 join'd as one thing.  
 save all of you.

# Like In That Show

S.W. Black

8-8-8-8-8-8

Tune is *Melita* by John Bacchus Dykes, 1861arr. from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1869.

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. May - be once the sites es - tab - lished we could start a simp -  
 2. The com - pan - ions would not quite fit the time and place in  
 3. As we dis - cov - er more a - bout the world up - on which

le kid's show. It could use time trav - el to show how  
 which they're picked. May - be they'd be prone to scream - ing at  
 we will live it would in - crease the chance that we would

7 things grew and changed through out time. And then there would be  
 just the right time to not die. Or cur - i - os - it -  
 con - tra - dict the pri - or scenes. Then we would find that

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com - pan - ions like in that show with that doct - or.  
 y could doom like in that show with that doct - or.  
 we were wrong like in that show with that doct - or.

4. With low budget we would try but  
 eventually we would find  
 that we would have to use trash cans  
 and toilet things so that in scenes  
 our bad guys could be stranger things  
 like in that show with that doctor.

6. We'd be a half hour show but we'd  
 be continued for the season.  
 A long form show in half hour chunks.  
 We'd use famous authors to write  
 shows drawn from both the dark and light  
 like in that show with that doctor.

5. We could use blue screens and green to  
 pretend that we were on a moon,  
 or in a tunnel filled with steam.  
 It could be keen to keep it clean.  
 We'd sell toys and candy babies,  
 like in that show with that doctor.

7. And then when we had lost our steam  
 we'd end it in a lovely place  
 but after while it would return,  
 missing something that made it great.  
 Companions now for sexy time,  
 like in that show with that doctor.

Tune is *Melita* by John Bacchus Dykes, 1861 (originally from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861) as arranged in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1869 hymn 222.

# Asteroid Worms and Space Jellyfish

S.W. Black

tune is *Consolator (Webbe)* Samuel Webbe, 1792

11-10-11-10

S.W. Black, 2015

$\text{♩} = 120$

1. We could have an en-coun - ter with some-thing strange. Like a jelly-  
 2. Say, if space is stranger there than we ex - pect. We could wind  
 3. The gi - ant jel - ly - fish might be a ci - ty. We might need

fish — that is al - so a ship. We might need to hide in  
 up talk-ing — to dead grand - pas. We might need to do things  
 a te - le - path to talk to it. It could be en - slaved by

a large as - ter - oid field. It might be crawl-ing with bats and with worms.  
 we would ne - ver do, like sell a child to Rum - ple stils - kin.  
 a wee - civ'li - za - tion It might need our help to get off of the land.

4. We can hope that the rock does not have space worms.

Worms larger than cities or interstellar ships.

Worms that have atmosphere and with 'lectric leeches.

We don't have androids to clean and patch the ship.

5. If the timing is right, we might see stranger things.

Asteroid worms eating space jellyfish.

It could be devastating to an onboard empath.

We might all weep when we see how it dies.

Slightly tweaked from *Consolator (Webbe)* found in *The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged* (Episcopal), 1896 Ed.  
 Charles Hutchins Hymn 637.

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## Spoken Parts

1. *(Spoken)* Maybe, after we land, I'll have a kid.  
I should think up a story to tell.  
Let's see...
2. *Shipping Containers* on page 3
3. *(Spoken)* A kid is probably out. Dating on this ship is next to impossible. Maybe when we land, I'll meet...
4. *My Salt Eater, My Dream Woman* on page 5
5. *(Spoken)* \*clang\* Hmm... maybe it wouldn't be such a good idea.  
  
\*clang\* Ugh. That noise. What I really need is...
6. *Good With Clanks* on page 6
7. *(Spoken)* Yeah, that could work. Though, knowing my record, it likely wouldn't last.  
It might not even be my fault.
8. *Lost Weekend* on page 7
9. *(Spoken)* That may be about right. But, knowing the management, they're likely to make bad decisions. Maybe we'll find...
10. *Tiny Valkyries* on page 9
11. *(Spoken)* I suppose even that could get worse, at least for the native life.  
  
Particularly, if the higher-ups believe that sin is required for sentience.
12. *Sin and Sentience* on page 10
13. *(Spoken)* But would we spell doom, or would the planet be adapted to combat organisms with large complex brains?
14. *Natures Brain* on page 12
15. *(Spoken)* So peaceful.  
  
But that might not last. What if some of our old war machines still lurk out here in the depths of space?
16. *Life Is Hard* on page 15
17. *(Spoken)* That is all is too depressing. It reminds me of the dream I've been having again...
18. *The Pit* on page 16
19. *(Spoken)* There could be worse pits underground...
20. *A Team to Save Us* on page 17
21. *(Spoken)* That kind of sounds like little more than a children's program.
22. *Like In That Show With That Doctor* on page 19
23. *(Spoken)* A show like that would have to get pretty strange now and then. I wonder... What if space gets stranger the further away from home we travel?
24. *Asteroid Worms and Space Jellyfish* on page 21
25. *(Spoken)* That might not be the only thing to make us weep. Maybe no one will buy buy our album.