

The Pegasus Award for Excellence in Filking



The Pegasus Awards were founded by the Ohio Valley Filk Fest (OVFF) to recognize and honor excellence in filking.

Any member of the worldwide filk community is eligible to win. Past Nominees have hailed from the United Kingdom, Canada, Germany, Australia, and Singapore as well as the United States.

The nomination and ballot procedure is similar to that of the Hugo Award, except that one does not need to be a paid member of the convention to nominate or vote. Anyone with an interest in Filking or Filk music can place a nomination and/or vote.

The results are tabulated, the winners determined, and the award is presented at the Pegasus Awards Banquet on Saturday evening at each OVFF.

<https://www.ovff.org/pegasus/winners/index.html>

The songs in this collection were chosen for having sing-along choruses, but all copyrights remain with the original writers/composers.



Hope Eyrie

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Worlds grow old and suns grow cold
And death we never can doubt.
Time's cold wind, wailing down the past,
Reminds us that all flesh is grass
And history's lamps blow out. But,

CHORUS: The Eagle has landed; tell your children when.
Time won't drive us down to dust again.

Cycles turn while the far stars burn,
And people and planets age.
Life's crown passes to younger lands,
Time brushes dust of hope from his hands
And turns another page. But, (Chorus)

But we who feel the weight of the wheel
When winter falls over our world
Can hope for tomorrow and raise our eyes
To a silver moon in the opened skies
And a single flag unfurled. But, (Chorus)

We know well what Life can tell:
If you would not perish, then grow.
And today our fragile flesh and steel
Have laid our hands on a vaster wheel
With all of the stars to know That, (Chorus)

From all who tried out of history's tide,
Salute for the team that won.
And the old Earth smiles at her children's reach,
The wave that carried us up the beach
To reach for the shining sun. For, (Chorus)

=1984 Best Original Filk Song

Witnesses' Waltz

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CHORUS:

Twelve thousand, half-million, million and more
Picnicking out on the warm-water shore.
Nobody notes that we're always at hand
To watch all the space-ships that take off and land.

Come along Harry and Mary and Joe.
Pack up some lunches, and everyone go.
Fill up the camper, drive down to White Sands,
And we'll pour the champagne when the Space Shuttle lands.

It's the loveliest show on this Earth that you'll see;
It's living and real, not just tape-on-TV.
So come to Canaveral, and bring lots of beer.
When the space-ship takes off we'll all stand up and cheer.

Politicians ignore us, the media too;
But if they don't notice, the ships always do.
See her landing so lightly, you'd swear that she cares
That she flies on two wings and a good million prayers.

So come let's go witness the takeoff today
While the world's biggest beach-party cheers her away.
We'll bang the drums proudly and blow on the conch.
Leave a sign on your door that just says "Out to Launch."

=1986 Best Filk Song

Monsters In The Night

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1. When I wake up alone
in the dark without a light,
There's a hundred zillion monsters out
to get me in the night.
My mommy says it's my
imagination playin' tricks.
But what does she know? She's all grown up!
I know because I'm six!

CHORUS:

There's an alien in my closet,
and a ghost behind my door,
A spooky something making
funny noises on the floor,
Skeletons a'hangin' and a dragon in my bed....
So you can't tell me they're only
make-believe inside my head.

2. Well, aliens have tentacles
that wiggle in the dark,
And dragon skin is scratchy
and their teeth are made of sparks,
And fire and smoke and skeletons
have bones that clank and grind.
I seen 'em so I know
they're not just 'magines in my mind. (Chorus)

3. Well, ghosts are made of nothin',
they're just shadows in the air,
But because I cannot touch 'em
doesn't mean he isn't there.
And all those other creepy things
I hear but cannot see....
May not be real to Mommy,
but they're awful real to me! (Chorus)

4. When I wake up alone
in the dark I'm never scared,
Even though I know there's monsters
all around me every where.
There's a funny thing about them
nasty monsters in the night....
They go away like magic
when my mom turns on the light!

LAST CHORUS: No more alien in my closet,
no ghost behind my door,
No spooky something making
funny noises on the floor.
No skeletons a'hangin',
not a dragon left in sight!
But you can't tell me they're make-believe,
they're just afraid of light!

=1994 Best Children's Song

Stray Dog Man

Words and music Copyright ©1985 by Bill Sutton

I'm always bringin' home the dogs that's found beside the road.
I feed 'em and I pet 'em and they keep me on my toes,
But now it's gone a bit too far, I don't see why it's me
That has to take the strays in from the whole damn galaxy!

CHORUS: I'm the stray dog man, and I do what I can
To give them pups some lovin' and a home.
But I wish the ones in space would go find another place
And leave me and my doggies here alone!

I was sittin' in the back yard in a tee-shirt and drinkin' a beer.
It was a hot and muggy evenin' but the sky was crystal clear
When I heard an engine poppin' but there was no one on the lane,
So I shrugged and looked to heaven, rubbed my eyes and looked again.

See, there was this kind of flyin' pickup with a glow across the back
And as I watched it hover there out flew this gunny sack.
Well, that pickup truck got fuzzy, then it flashed into the sky -
That gunny sack bounced off the roof and it landed with a cry. (Chorus)

Old Rover bounded over and he sniffed around the sack
Then he took off a-runnin' like he's never comin' back!
Poor Fido was the next to go, he bit down on that thing.
He died before he finished and he started turning green.

That gunny sack it rustled and it opened dark and wide
With the ugliest damn critter that I ever saw, inside.
It crawled out, stretched, and preened itself, then it ate poor Fido raw,
Picked up the tractor and gulped it down then sat back with a yawn. (Chorus)

I got a collar on it and I hauled it to the shed.
It tried to eat the padlock but I fed it nails instead.
It cried all night out there alone, but I knew what to do
I put a clock inside a mitten, but it ate that sucker, too!

Spoken: It was kind of cute when you got to know him, though.
I named him Ursa Major - that's because he
was a major pain in the urse.

I finally got him paper trained and I soon was glad to find
That everywhere that I would go, ol' Urse would tag behind.
The other dogs accept him now, 'cause he eats the ones that fight,
The twelve of them are nasty huntin' rabbits late at night. (Chorus)

I thought that was the end of it, but then a month went by
And another flying pickup tossed a sack out on the fly.
It rustled and it rumbled, then that gunny Baggie burst
And the thing that was inside it ate poor Ursa Major first!

It happens every month or so, and I'm getting rather vexed.
As soon as I get fond of one, it gets eaten by the next!
So I'm buildin' me a rocket, next time I get a sack
I'm gonna shove it in the nosecone and I'll throw that sucker back! (Chorus)

=2009 A Little Bit Country

The Wreck of the Crash of the Easthill Mining Disaster

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Let me tell you the story, as sad as it's true
Of the 17 men of the Easthill Mine crew

They were digging for copper for telephone wires
When the pitshaft was blocked by a terrible fire
Escape was cut off by the flames and the ash
Yet they might have been rescued but for that ship crash

Let me tell you the story, as sad as it's true
Of the 48 sailors and the 17 men of the Easthill Mine crew

The S.S. Kentucky was badly off course
To've arrived in the tailing pond instead of the port
She ran aground in the smoke at the top of the mine
Which also obscured the rail passenger line

Let me tell you the story, as sad as it's true
Of the 94 train passengers, 48 sailors and the 17 men of the Easthill Mine crew

Though your train's engineer may be valiant and skilled
If your train hits a steamship, you're bound to be killed
Yet this terrible wreck would have caused much less fuss
If the train had avoided that yellow school bus

Let me tell you the story, as sad as it's true
Of Miss Mullen's first grade class, the 94 train passengers, 48 sailors and
the 17 men of the Easthill Mine crew

Those poor tots and their teacher were on a school visit
To the Easthill Mine's Safety Museum exhibit
Their passing was tragic but mercifully fast -
They probably ne'er saw the puppies caught in the blast

Let me tell you the story, as sad as it's true
Of the 8 orphan puppies, Miss Mullen's first grade class, the
94 train passengers, 48 sailors and the 17 men of the Easthill Mine crew

The dogs had been rescued that day from the pound
And those brave orphan pups to a new life were bound
To a school to be trained as guide dogs for the blind
But their truck's awful luck took them past Easthill Mine

And they avoided the mineshaft
And the ship and the train wrecks
And they swerved around the burning school bus
When suddenly a jet containing 50 tiny babies and the only sample of the
cure for cancer crashed into them in a fiery explosion whose unlikely seismic
repercussions triggered a volcanic eruption! Ohhhhhh!

And that was the story, as sad as it's true
Of the lava-covered major urban centres of the eastern seaboard, the 50 tiny babies, the lost cure for
cancer, the 8 orphan puppies, Miss Mullen's first grade class, the 94 train passengers, 48 sailors and
the 17 men of the Easthill Mine crew

=2009 Best Filk Song

No Hurry

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The horses' hooves on pavement make a lonely echoing sound
I look down between the wheels and watch the slowly passing ground
While the swaying of the wagon makes me drowsy in the heat
I count the faded yellow lines that pass beneath my feet

CHORUS:

No hurry, no hurry now
Watch the sky for a moment or two
No hurry, no hurry now
You take your time when it's all you can do
No hurry, no hurry now
From town to town, what's another lost day?
No hurry, no hurry now
Wherever it is, it's far and away

We crest the hill and see the crumbling towers by the shore
Pass the signpost for a bridge that isn't standing anymore
Grandma saw this city grand and busy as a girl
Now the rovers see just a market town, and the homebound, their whole world (Chorus)

We pitch camp by the roadside and the children play and run
Gather wildflowers and blackberries and watch the setting sun
Though our labor is of burden beasts, our freedom is of men
For it doesn't matter where we go, and it doesn't matter when (Chorus)

Papa says it's best this way, and it's all the life I've known
Still I wonder what it's like to call the Raven's speed your own
To hear the voice of a distant friend and see a distant face
But you can't pick roadside blackberries if you move at such a pace (Chorus)

=2009 Best Travel Song

Child of the Library

Lyrics copyright © 2011 Piers & Gill Cawley

Music copyright © 2011 Piers Cawley

CHORUS:

I'm a Child of the Lib'ry, it made me who I am,
It taught me about freedom and the fellowship of Man
A sea of story waits for you behind the lib'ry door,
Don't say we can't afford them any more.

The Lib'ry's where I made some friends I've known my whole life through
The Walkers and the Blacketts and the Pevensies so true.
Simp the canine cannonball, Galadriel the fair.
The daughter of a pirate king and Paddington the Bear (Chorus)

I've travelled South with Shackleton and all his gallant crew
And to the African interior that Mary Kingsley knew
I've rode the trackless prairie where the bison used to roam
I've flown around the Universe, not half an hour from home. (Chorus)

And as I grew the lib'ry fed my curiosity,
All there for the asking. All of it for free.
It's there I found the stories that I couldn't find at home.
It's where I learned I was myself and not my father's clone. (Chorus)

So make friends with your library, don't let it fade away.
Teach your kids the lib'ry's where you go on Saturday.
Don't let the bastards tell you they will cost too much to save
While they're shovelling our taxes down the hole the bankers made (Chorus)

So make a stand for the lib'ry. Stand up while you can.
Stand up for your freedom. Stand for your fellow man.
Ignorance is never bliss, don't close the lib'ry door.
For a lib'ry lost is lost forever more. (Chorus)

=2020 tied for Best Filk Song

Second-Hand Heaven

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CHORUS:

Browsing around in a charming used bookstore
Corridors crammed to such a degree
(That) I could spend hours exploring its wonders
Second-hand heaven to a reader like me

I might be after a favourite author
A lesser known title that I've never seen
Maybe there's one in that pile in the corner
The thrill of the search keeps me ever so keen (Chorus)

(Or) I could be hoping I'll chance to discover
A writer I haven't encountered before
Prose that appeals to this seasoned book lover
Engages, delights, leaves me longing for more (Chorus)

Shelf upon shelf waiting for my attention
Dragons and magic, dark castles and trolls
Alien worlds and ingenious inventions
Novels and stories that speak to my soul (Chorus)

BRIDGE:

If I'm in luck, I may find an edition
Of exquisite beauty, then my heart will swell
I'll pay the price, never mind the condition
As soon as it's mine, I'll take care of it well

INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS

Time it runs out and I need to be going
Trust the real world to intrude on my fun
(But) as I clutch my purchases, inside I'm crowing
Imagining all the adventures to come

FINAL CHORUS:

Browsing around in a charming used bookstore
Corridors crammed to such a degree
(That) I could spend hours exploring its wonders
Second-hand heaven to a reader like me
Second-hand heaven to a dreamer like me

=2021 Best Folk Song

Helva's Song

*Words and Music: Copyright ©1985 by Cecilia A. Eng
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based on Anne McCaffrey's "The Ship Who Sang"*

My sister and my brother ships speak softly by my side,
But I only hear the emptiness of space
And the siren song which calls to me from a burning white-hot star,
Promising oblivion and peace. And

CHORUS:

The stars still dance the spiral dance
And the planets circle far
But the Ship Who Sang will sing no more
Between the distant stars --
I'll sing no more.

For my love lies dead within me, his voice forever still.
It seems as though my heart will never mend.
The music's died unfinished; his song is at an end.
We'll never sing again. And (Chorus)

Now, I could turn and fly away, a rogue without a home
And turn my back on all that we have known.
But a hundred years is far too long to live on nothing more
Than memories and heartache, all alone. While (Chorus)

So here upon this lonely field. I'll bid my love good-bye.
The honors at his graveside are the best.
And somehow I will find my voice and fill the silent plain,
Yes, I'll sing him to his rest.

FINAL CHORUS:

And the stars will dance the spiral dance and the planets circle far
And the Ship Who Sang will sing once more
Between the distant stars --
I'll sing once more.

And the Ship Who Sang will sing once more
Between the distant stars -- (*pause*)
I'll sing once more.

=2022 Best Classic Filk Song