

## Weaver of Tunes

Tad Tuleja & Andrée Nolen  
(In memory of David Surette)

February 2022

|                                            |         |
|--------------------------------------------|---------|
| I once knew a man who was steady and free  | Am      |
| A man who'd do no one a wrong              | G Em Am |
| He took to a tune like a wave to the sea   | Am      |
| And opened his heart to song               | G Em Am |
| If ever you heard that good man play       | F C     |
| It would carry you down the years          | Dm C Em |
| The tunes leaping up like sun-kissed spray | F C Am  |
| Would blanket in comfort your fears        | F Em Am |

He wove every tune like a magical thing  
Like a banner to all life unfurled  
And yet what he gave without touching a string  
Was the weaver's true gift to the world  
His smile was warm as a place by the fire  
When the day is bitter and white  
When he spoke you heard an old friend say,  
"It's going to be all right."

There are storms in a life no one may endure  
Be you ever so lucky or wise  
On a cold hard day came a message to say  
That the weaver of tunes had died  
The sadness cut deep for his family and friends  
And deep along Maine's rocky shore  
The hands he had shaken shook when we knew  
We would witness his kindness no more

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*David Surette, who played the New England folk circuit with his wife Susie Burke, was a brilliant guitarist and mandolinist and one of the most decent human beings I have ever met. Andrée and I met him and Susie at a fiddle camp and wrote this in his honor shortly after his death.*