

CAMBERVILLE FOLK PRESENTS

HOME FOLK CONCERT



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This Zine!

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Fear here's

A Camberville

Edited by:
Seamus, Ryan, & Cooper

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FOLKZINE



Photographer: Katy Harnish, Model: Adam Mohamed, Painters: Victor Perez & Ryan Fairbanks.

MEET THE ARTISTS

NORA MEIER

Her Songwriting is an invitation to take a clear-eyed look at ourselves & the world around us with a healthy dose of humor & warmth. :) :) :) ;)



HAMMERSITTING STILL

Kozbi & Ryan Eliff's alternative folk duo, fresh in Boston from the Southeast USA. Their music is born from a love for poetry, weird folk, pretty singing, & Div-ness. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡



COOPER SMITHSON

is a multi-instrumentalist folk singer based in the Boston area, whose songwriting echoes the folk revival of the 1960's, paired with deep

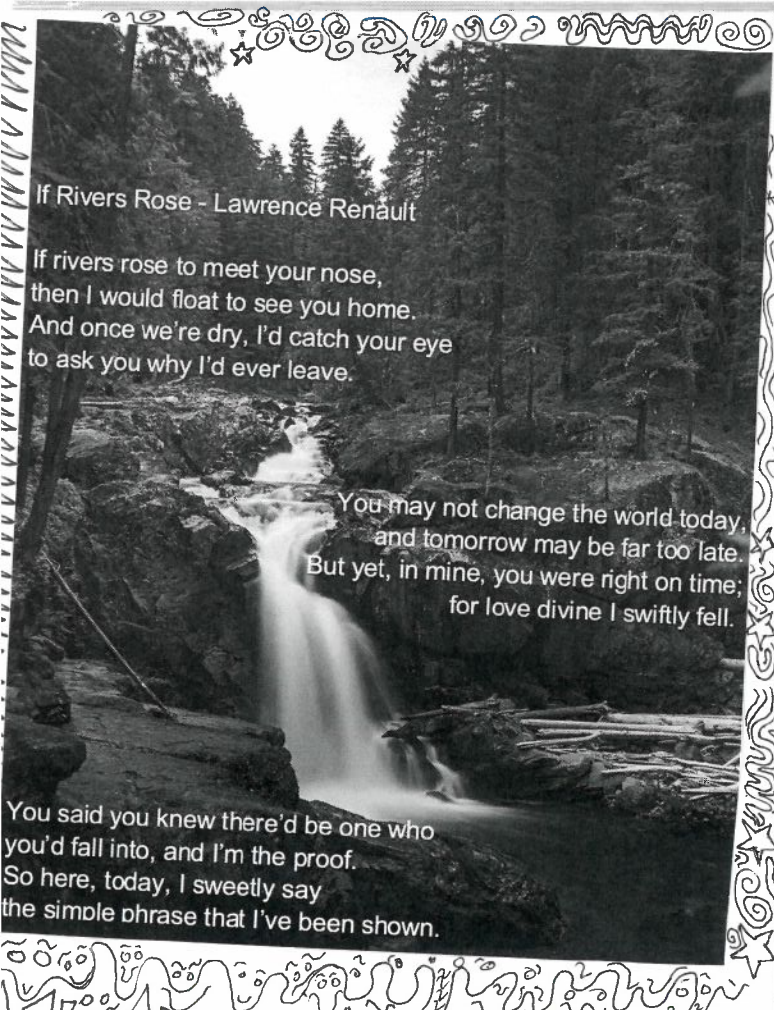


If Rivers Rose - Lawrence Renault

If rivers rose to meet your nose,
then I would float to see you home.
And once we're dry, I'd catch your eye
to ask you why I'd ever leave.

You may not change the world today,
and tomorrow may be far too late.
But yet, in mine, you were right on time;
for love divine I swiftly fell.

You said you knew there'd be one who
you'd fall into, and I'm the proof.
So here, today, I sweetly say
the simple phrase that I've been shown.



HAPPENINGS

6/15 Tune Teaching Session
6:30pm 30 Magazine ST
UPSTAIRS

6/17 FOLK JAM
7:30 PM Normal House
230 Alston St

6/21 FOLK OPEN MIC
4:30 - 7:30 PM SENNOTT PARK



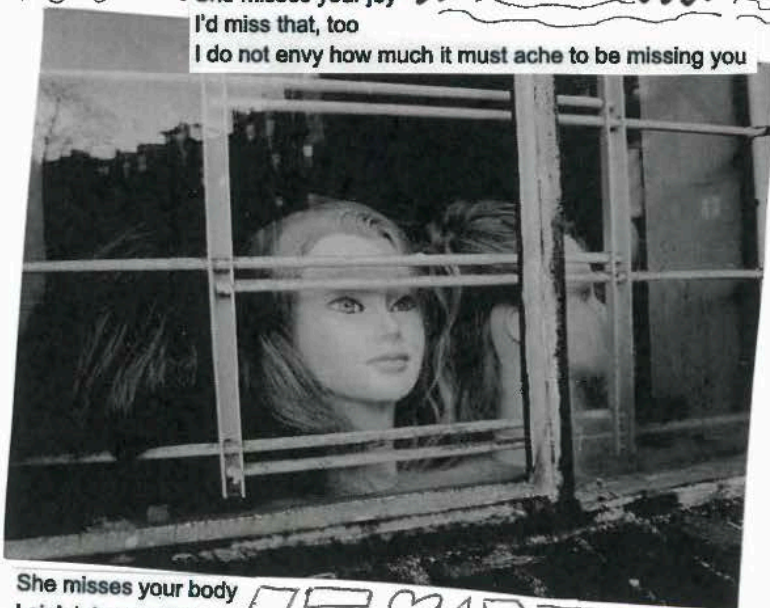
TO BE DONE TODAY

ITEM NO. (NUMBER EACH ITEM)

"Empathy is just not enough"

She misses your joy
I'd miss that, too

I do not envy how much it must ache to be missing you



She misses your body
I sink into your hug

You're in my kitchen making an oeuf
Sometimes empathy is just not enough

If she begged on her knees I would still not give you up

She misses your eyes and the way you both were
Says it'll always be a bridge between you and her
Now you look in mine to see a path straight to the sky
We float there together and watch cars under pass by.

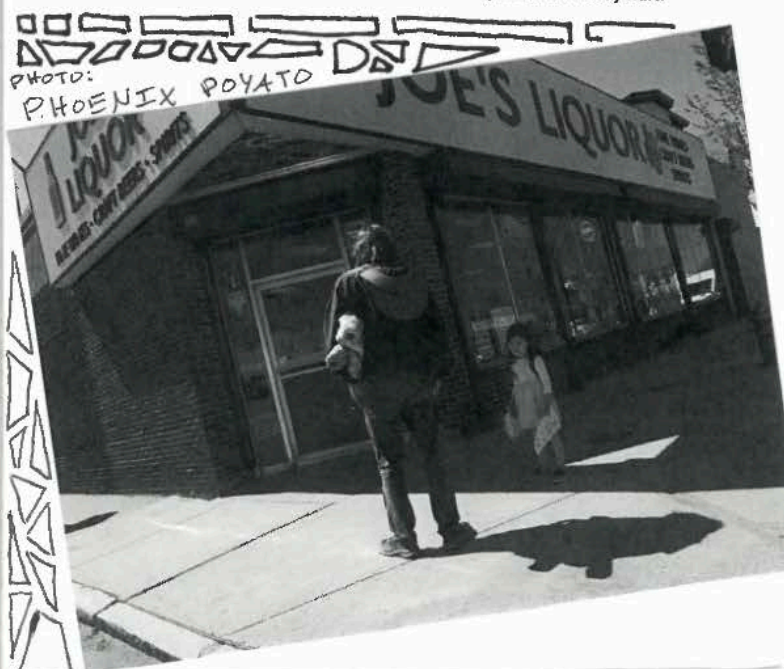
SAHFA

ABOUKIL

RYAN CLIFF

I got a tooth infection some point between Saturday and Cinco de Mayo.

Possibly even between Nov 2022 when I broke my two front teeth from smoking too much weed and falling to the floor, face first, Saturday, when I took my tourist friend to a stupid cannoli place and bit down with my weak, neighbor tooth to the true broken ones, and Cinco de mayo, when I faced my first love at an outdoor table and felt embarrassed that I wasn't in a good mood because my tooth and body hurt.



Today she brought me a dope, big bottle of unknown Gatorade-like drink from H-Mart.
Tomorrow I've got my third root canal.

Some people you can tell just by looking at them that their great grandpa blew up in a mining accident I was talking to someone just the other day and I realized suddenly that their great grandpa had blown up in a mining accident.

I looked at them and said "did your great grandpa blow up in a mining accident" and they said "yes how did you know" and I replied "I just have a way with these things I guess", but I could see it on their face. Their great grandpa had blown up in a mining accident some 70 odd years ago and his horse was still flying high across the sky.

It looked like a constellation for ancestral mining disasters.

Draw: A Constellation for ancestral mining disasters.