

01 Follow That Road

w&m by Anne Hills, ©1994 Raven Heart Music

If you're coming in the summer you'd be better to split off on 35,
There's The Starlite Drive-in Movie on your left just beyond the county line,
Right after that you'll see two silos, one is silver, one is blue
'Bout a quarter mile further make a left onto Highway 42 ...

Then follow that road - Cornfields just as far as you can see
Follow that road - Back through time, back through distance, back to me.

If you're drivin' by in autumn you should follow up the river to Bear Lake
That's the time to see the colors, there's an old covered bridge
you'll want to take
Late at night be careful, just be sure to look for deer out on the road
And if it's early in the morning, sometimes it gets foggy, take it slow ...

But follow that road - Sugar maples far as you can see
Follow that road - Back through time, back through distance, back to me.

If you get the notion in December to stop by for just a day
There's that tiny little road that noone knows about, it's safe to go that way
It's up between two fields so the sunlight melts the ice by afternoon
You'll see two houses by the fields, someone's always there
if not they'll be back soon ...

So follow that road - Snowdrifts just as far as you can see
Follow that road - Back through, time back through distance back to me

You'll remember in the springtime how the puddles look like pieces of the sky
Fallen down by the roadside to delight any stranger passing by
The softness of the grass on Raven Hill where we counted stars at night
You must know how much I miss you, and that any way you get here is alright

So follow that road - Wildflowers just as far as you can see
Follow that road - Back through time, back through distance, back to me

02 Rowan

m: Jay Ansill, w: Anne Hills, ©2016 El Chiflado Music/Raven Heart Music

Watch as she walks in the valley below
pausing- twirling around
Just like a dancer whose partner has gone
turning, catching herself as she
stands now before spinning and then pirouettes slowly in silence
Silence, it enfolds her as she finishes dancing
and comes to the end of the path

Now in the distance her partner appears
pausing-twirling around
Finding her there through the passing of years
turning, seeing each other they run now together
then fall arms entwined from your view

03 Allie

w: Robert Graves, m: Jay Ansill, ©2000 El Chiflado Music

Allie, call the birds in, the birds from the sky.
Allie calls, Allie sings, down they all fly.
First there came two white doves
Then a sparrow from his nest,
Then a clucking bantam hen,
Then a robin red-breast.

Allie, call the beasts in, the beasts, every one.
Allie calls, Allie sings, in they all run.
First there came two black lambs,
Then a grunting Berkshire sow,
Then a dog without a tail,
Then a red and white cow.

Allie, call the fish up, the fish from the stream.
Allie calls, Allie sings, up they all swim.
First there came two gold fish,
A minnow and a miller's thumb,
Then a pair of loving trout,
Then the twisted eels come.

Allie, call the children, children from the green.
Allie calls, Allie sings, soon they run in.
First there came Tom and Madge,
Kate and I who'll not forget
How we played by the water's edge
Till the April sun set.

04 Epitalami (Wedding Prayer)

w: Mosèn Antoni Maria Alcover (adapt. by Anne Hills),
m: Joan Bibiloni, ©Joan Bibiloni

The bird within the forest sings his song sweetly
Sings alone from day to night
He's calling for another to join his chorus
Someone to build a nest within the branches
And longing pulls him forth into his flight

The almond in the meadow, dreaming softly
Just above the growing vines
Wakes up to call out gently "Climb up, in shadow"
And dress me in your sweet grapes so light with laughter
Then let the leaves and air dance with the wine

The bird with is sweet soul
The almond tree, the vine's embrace
The song that echoes pleasant in the valley
All these gifts are like you, my friend, my beloved
I pray to God that you will always be

So tender is the music, like honey flowing
From the heart a pleasant song
It seeks the valley's echo, gently growing
The melody repeats, so mysterious
To teach the springs and birds love's timeless song

The bird with is sweet soul
The almond tree, the vine's embrace
The song that echoes pleasant in the valley
All these gifts are like you, my friend, my beloved
I pray to God that you will always be

05 The Scarecrow

w&m by Lal and Mike Waterson, ©1972 Leading Note

As I walked out, one summer's morn,
Saw a scarecrow - tied to a pole in a field of corn
His coat was black - and his head was bare,
When the wind shook him the crows took up into the air.

Ah, but you'd lay me down and love me
Ah, but you'd lay me down and love me, if you could
But you're only a bag of rags in an overall
That the wind sways, so the crows fly away
And the corn grows tall.

As I walked out, one winter's day,
Saw an old man hanging from a pole in a field of clay
His coat was gone - and his head hung low
Till the wind flung it up to look, wrung it's neck and let it go.

How could you lay me down and love me
How could you lay me down and love me now
For you're only a bag of bones in an overall
that the wind blows and kids throw stones at the thing on the pole.

As I walked out, one fine spring day,
Saw twelve jolly dons decked out in the blue and gold so gay
And to a stake, they tied a child new-born,
And bells were rung and songs were sung and they sowed their corn.

Now you can lay me down and love me
Now you can lay me down and love me, if you will
But you're only a bag of rags in an overall

06 Lover's Knot

w: Anne Hills, m: Jay Ansell, ©1995 Debussy Fields Music/Raven Heart Music

The farmer looses his horse from the plough
The fisher ties his boat to the shore
While in the yard, a girl unties the wash from the line
And hands make knots in twisted twine / And everything is bright.

A mother sits by the fire and sighs
The baby in the cradle still cries
While on the lake, the sun sinks down in a crimson tide
And branch and rope and flesh collide /
And everything is blood.

The blackbird sleeps in the top of the tree
The rabbit burrows deep underneath
While in between, untouched but dressed by the moonlight beams
A lover swings on a careless breeze /
And everything is bone. Everything is blood. Everything is bright.

07 Counting the Beats

w: Robert Graves, m: Jay Ansell, ©1996 Debussy Fields Music

"You, love, and I" he whispers, "You and I ...
And if no more, than only you and I / What care you or I?"

Counting the beats - counting the slow heartbeats
The bleeding to death of time in slow heart beats / Wakeful they lie

Cloudless day, night and a cloudless day
Yet the huge storm will burst upon their heads / One day from a bitter sky.

"Where shall we be" she whispers, "Where shall we be
When death strikes home, oh where then shall we be / Who were you and I?"

"Not there, but here" he whispers, "Only here
As we are here, together now and here / Always you and I."

Counting the beats - counting the slow heartbeats
The bleeding to death of time in slow heart beats / Wakeful they lie

08 Sonnet: Fragile Gift

w: Anne Hills, m: Jay Ansell, ©2016 Raven Heart Music/EI Chiflado Music

How dark it came, in feathered flight alone
But left as two, her bright life quickly flown
You turn with ragged breath, forgetting now
Remembering then, for death demands we bow
To nothing we can know we stumble down
On knees we weep, immutable the crown

So, cruel or kind, it comes for everyone
Beneath the icy moon, the searing sun
Amid the chaos of the city street
Within the quiet forest, no retreat
Ephemeral this gift, this spiraled twine
Unraveled now, was never yours or mine

You, like a child, collapsing with this loss
Distinctly yours, communal albatross

09 Winter Roses

w: Anne Hills, m: Jay Ansell, ©2009 Raven Heart Music/EI Chiflado Music

Love sends a sweet perfume, even now in aging bloom
When first found, anew, this, this was the love
Entwined these two, as one, where a garden grew
Wars were lost or won, grasses burned but roses reached for the sun, the sun
Love, hold them closer still, even now, in winter's chill

April's dream remains, this, this and the joy
That sings of only love and their love's refrain
In this shadowed light, comfort them with memories through this night

And love, only love, and love, always love

10 Some Boats

w&m: Anne Hills, ©1998 Raven Heart Music

There are some boats, once set out to sea
Never to return, sailing endlessly
Still, sweethearts watch and wait
Foreheads graced by hands, gazing from the gate
Time, riding on the rain, biding in the tide,
Just to fall again

Call their names from the shore, call their names evermore

There are some hands, weathered by the wind
Buttoning a gown, lace against the skin
Then, turning back the sheet, turning down the lamp, only to repeat
The last searching of the sky, breathing in the night,
Singing her "goodbye"

Call their names from the shore, call their names evermore

There are some dreams, drifting between stars,
Tethered to the past, beautiful but far

11 One Hard Look

w: Robert Graves, m: Jay Ansell, ©1996 Debussy Fields Music

Small gnats that fly in hot July
And lodge in sleeping ears
Can rouse there in a trumpets din
With day-of-judgement fears

Small mice at night can wake more fright
Than lions at midday
A straw will crack the camel back
There is no easier way

One smile relieves a heart that grieves
Though deadly sad it be
And one hard look can close the book
That lovers love to see.

12 When You Are Old

w: by W.B. Yeats, m: by Jay Ansell, ©1994 Debussy Fields Music

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

13 Suite: Capvespre a Deia (Instrumental)

m: Jay Ansell, ©2016 EI Chiflado Music

14 Under the Olives

w: Robert Graves, m: Jay Ansell, ©2010 Debussy Fields Music

We never would have loved had not love struck
Swifter than reason, and despite reason:
Under the olives, our hands interlocked,
We both fell silent:
Each listened for the other's answering
Sigh of unreasonableness –
Innocent, gentle, bold, enduring, proud.