

## *At the Turning of the Year*

### Herdman ❁ Hills ❁ Mangsen

Hand & Heart Music #2000

#### At the Turning of the Year

w&m by Anne Hills

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*I wrote this in hopes that it would get audiences singing! A sort of upbeat "Auld Lang Syne." — AH*

When the hunter and the bull are chasing down the setting sun  
Dissolving in an icy blue beyond the grey horizon  
We turn to feed the fading fire, dream deeply through the night  
And cherish songs that carry us from darkness into light

CHORUS

And we will sing, we will sing at the turning of the year  
Knowing, knowing ... We are a short time here  
And so we'll sing, yes we'll sing at the turning of the year  
At the dancing, spinning, turning of the year

When the greater and the lesser bear sleep soundly in the sky  
And the seven dancing Iroquois across the heavens fly  
We turn our backs against the wind that drives the bitter cold  
And celebrate the wonders that a new year will unfold

And we will sing ...

When the evergreen stands silently against the broken land  
And the icicle, like Spring's cocoon, is spun by Winter's hand  
We turn to friends and family, and mourn the loved ones gone  
And gather them around us as we raise our voice in song

And we will sing ...

(Here together ... hand and heart)

Now the solstice moon is like a pearl suspended in the lake  
Frozen underneath a spell no human hand can break  
We turn to ask forgiveness, and with gratefulness of heart  
Turn once again to welcome in the new year as it starts

#### Candlemas Eve

Lyrics by R. Herrick, music by unknown; P.D.

*A carol for February 1st found in the Oxford Book of Carols. The lyrics are attributed to R. Herrick (1591-1674). The tune is from an old church-gallery book discovered by the Rev. L.J.T. Darwall. — CM*

Down with the rosemary and bays  
Down with the mistletoe  
Instead of holly now upraise  
The greener box for show  
The holly hitherto did sway  
Let box now domineer  
Until the dancing Easter day  
Or Easter's eve appear

Then youthful box which now hath grace  
Your houses to renew  
Grown old, surrender must his place  
Unto the crisped yew  
When yew is out then birch comes in  
And many flowers beside  
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin  
To honor Whitsuntide

Green rushes then and sweetest bents  
With cooler oaken boughs  
Come in for comely ornaments  
To readorn the house  
Thus times do shift, thus times do shift

Each thing his turn does hold  
New things succeed, new things succeed  
As former things grow old

#### The Winter It Is Past

Traditional, with additional words by Robert Burns

*We heard this song sung by Archie Fisher who says it is a Scottish version of the Irish Song "The Curragh of Kildare." — CM*

Oh the winter it is past and the summer's come at last  
And the small birds sing on every green tree  
And their little hearts are glad but mine is ever sad  
Since my true love is far away from me

Oh the rose among the briar by the water running clear  
Brings joy to the linner and the bee  
And their little hearts are blessed but mine can know no rest  
Since my true love is far away from me

For my love is like the sun, in the firmament doth run  
Forever constant and true  
But his is like the moon that wanders up and down  
And every month it is new

All you who are in love and cannot it remove  
I pity the pain that you endure  
For experience lets me know that your hearts are full of woe  
And a sorrow no mortal can cure

#### Forget-Me-Not

w&m by Anne Hills & Michael Smith

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*I think people begin to notice and become more passionate about flowers as they get older. All of a sudden I'm looking up names and buying Field Guides, amazed at the variety. — AH*

Marigold and roses, columbine and twining morning glory  
Lavender, sweet william, forget-me-not  
Violet and daisy, buttercup and lily-of-the-valley  
Evening star and blue bell, forget-me-not

There's a wind that's calling, from the north sometimes  
And it's no matter how fair the weather  
It wakes me from my sleeping, I'm restless to be moving  
From the place where we lie together

When I was a little girl, I could hold the moon  
Do it just by lifting, lifting up my hand  
To the sky at night, as I lay by my window  
Just the stars and I together

Love don't turn your face  
Don't wander far from this place  
The moon, she walks the sky  
She leads the way from you and I

Marigold and roses, columbine and twining morning glory  
Lavender, sweet william, forget-me-not  
Violet and daisy, buttercup and lily-of-the-valley  
Evening star and blue bell, forget-me-not

#### Swinton May Song

Traditional English, from the Watersons

*We learned this carol from the Watersons' album For Pence and Spicy Ale. It's a carol from Yorkshire meant to be sung on or about May Eve, when villagers traveled from house to house singing, visiting, and hoping to collect a little food, drink, and money ... kind of what we do. — CM*

All in this pleasant evening together come as we  
For the summer springs so fresh and green and gay  
We'll tell you of the blossom and of buds on every tree  
Drawing near to the merry month of May

Rise up the master of this house all in your chain of gold  
For the summer springs so fresh and green and gay  
We hope you're not offended with your house we'll make so bold  
Drawing near to the merry month of May

Rise up the mistress of this house with gold all on your breast  
For the summer springs so fresh and green and gay  
And if your body is asleep we hope your soul's at rest  
Drawing near to the merry month of May

Rise up the children of this house all in your rich attire  
For the summer springs so fresh and green and gay  
And every hair all on your head shines like a silver wire  
Drawing near to the merry month of May

God bless this house and arbor, your riches and your store  
For the summer springs so fresh and green and gay  
We hope the Lord will prosper you both now and evermore  
Drawing near to the merry month of May

So now we're going to leave you in peace and plenty here  
For the summer springs so fresh and green and gay  
We will not sing you May again until another year  
For to drive you these cold winter nights away

#### Goodbye to the Roses

Poem by Margaret Mantle, music by Jenny Armstrong; ©1995

*Jenny Armstrong comes from a wonderful family of musicians. Her melody for this poem makes it even more poignant. — AH*

Putting the garden to bed  
Saying goodbye to the roses  
Autumn leaves haloed in auburn and red  
Weep fire for the year as it closes

CHORUS

Saying goodbye to the roses  
Saying goodbye to the flowers  
Saying goodbye to the roses  
Weep fire for the year as it closes

Time is the thief in the falling leaf  
The chill on a dream grown cold  
The love that was new when the year was new  
May be old when the year is old

Autumn is hard for the one who grieves  
And hard for the waiting heart  
Summer's a lover who always leaves  
Before it's the right time to part

Winter will pass like a sad slow song  
Soon a new Spring will start  
Nothing endures the whole year long  
Save hope in the willing heart

#### Away Ye Merry Lasses

w&m by George Holper, ©1989; All Rights Reserved. Used by permission.

*You might have heard this song during one of our early tours. We did it for a while and it got nudged out, but the witches of fall brought it back just in time. We learned it from Linda Waterfall's Flying Time recording. — AH*

I told me mum I was goin' out  
She asked what I was all about  
I asked if I could take the broom  
I'm going to meet the girls

Oh, the moon is wax tonight  
and don't ya like the fellas?  
I prefer the girls tonight  
I'm goin' to ride the wind

CHORUS

'Cause it's the girls' night out  
Away ye merry lassies  
Get your brooms, get 'em out  
We'll ride the wind tonight  
Oh it's the girls' night out  
Away ye merry lassies  
Get your brooms, get 'em out  
We'll ride the wind tonight

My sister is so bold and free  
She asked if she could come with me  
I saw her up above the trees  
A-goin' to ride the wind

Oh, the moon is wax tonight  
And don't ya like the fellas?  
I prefer the girls tonight  
I'm goin' to ride the wind CHORUS

As we were goin' out the gate  
We saw my dear old mother  
Ridin' the broom and hummin' a tune  
Goin' to meet the girls

Oh, the moon is wax tonight  
And don't ya like the fellas?  
I prefer the girls tonight  
I'm goin' to ride the wind CHORUS

#### Uncle Dave's Grace

lyrics by Peter Berryman, music by Lou Berryman

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*We are Berryman groupies, and love so many of their songs it's hard to choose just one. Peter says this is based on an actual event ... but all their songs are. — CM*

“We gather together to ask the Lord’s blessing”

Thanksgiving day, Uncle Dave was our guest  
He reads the Progressive which makes him depressed  
We asked Uncle Dave if he'd like to say grace,  
A dark desolation crept over his face  
“Thanks,” he began as he gazed at his knife,  
“To poor Mr. Turkey for living his life  
All crowded and cramped in a great metal shed  
Where life was a drag then they cut off his head

“Thanks,” he went on, “for the grapes in my wine  
Picked by sick women of seventy-nine  
Scrambling all mornin for bunch after bunch  
Then brushing the pesticides off of their lunk  
Thanks for the stuffing all heaped on my fork  
Shiny with sausage descended from pork  
I think of the trucks full of full of pigs that I see  
And can't help imagine what they think of me”

Continuing, “I’d like to thank if you please  
Our salad bowl hacked out of tropical trees  
And for this mahogany table and chair  
We thank all the jungles that used to be there  
For cream in our coffee and milk in our mugs,  
We thank all the cows full of hormones and drugs  
Whose calves are removed at a very young age  
And force-fed as veal in a minuscule cage

“Oh thanks for the furnace that heats up these rooms  
And thanks for the rich fossil fuel it consumes  
Corrupting the atmosphere ounce after ounce  
But we’re warm and toasty and that is what counts  
I’m grateful,” he said, “for these clothes on my back  
Lovely and comfy and cheap off the rack  
Fashioned in warehouses noisy and cold  
In China by seamstresses seven years old

“And thanks for my silverware setting that shines  
In memory of miners who died in the mines  
Worn down by the shoveling of tailings in piles  
Whose runoff destroys all the rivers for miles  
We thank the reactors for our chandelier  
Although the plutonium won’t disappear  
For hundreds of decades it still will be there  
But a few more Chernobyls and who’s gonna care?”

Sighed Uncle Dave, “though there’s more to be told  
The wine’s getting warm and the bird’s getting cold”  
And with that he sat down as he mumbled again  
“Thank you for everything, amen”  
We felt so guilty when he was all thru  
It seemed there was one of two things we could do  
Live without food, in the nude, in a cave,  
Or next year have someone say grace besides Dave

### Solstice Round

w&m by Cindy Mangsen; ©2000 Compass Rose Music / BMI  
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She who can love both sun and moon  
Joyful in both seed and bloom  
Sound and silence, dark and light  
Has nothing to fear from the long winter’s night

Darkness take flight  
Earth dreams of light  
Fire burn hot and bright  
On the longest night of the year

### The Snow

w&m by Allen Power; ©1999 Night Wind Music / BMI  
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Al Power has been a friend of the trio since we first formed, giving us “Waiting for Isabella,” a favorite from our “Voices” CD. With this song he challenged himself to write a traditional sounding, scary ballad (knowing that is Cindy’s favorite kind). We think he succeeded! — AH

The snow, the snow, it covers the ground  
The birches shiver and bend  
And the west wind wails with a mournful sound  
Of a spirit lost on the land

I met my love on a sweet April morn  
When the heather returned to the hills  
He called me beauty, a rose among thorns  
And I gave my heart with a will

He worked by day in Aberdeen town  
And late returned to my bed,  
Though his kisses lingered as soft as the down  
Strange voices came into my head.

“Beware, beware,” sang the whistling lark.  
“Sweet lies,” cried the nighthawk above.  
“False heart, false heart,” the ravens did bark.  
“Poor fool, poor fool,” cooed the dove.

Late one night as I sat by the fire  
With the voices loud in my ears  
The door flew open, the flames rose higher  
And a demon’s form did appear.

He bared his claws and his eyes burned red  
He spoke with the voice of the crow,  
“Before this sunrise your love will lie dead,  
And peace you never will know.”

I pulled a pistol from under my cloak  
A pall fell over his face  
His body crumbled in fire and smoke  
But my love lay dead in his place.

And now, the voices have left me alone  
The birds are solemn and still  
And I roam this wide world of ice and of stone  
To cool the fires of hell.

The snow, the snow, it covers the ground  
The birches shiver and bend  
And the west wind wails with a mournful sound  
Of a spirit lost on the land

### The Druggist

(w&m by Joel Mabus; ©1997 Joel Mabus / Fingerboard Music / BMI)  
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I heard Joel Mabus do this at a festival a number of years ago and was thrilled that he had recorded it. It would have been a hard one to learn via the phone lines. — AH

So, now you have a cold,  
You didn’t do as you were told  
You went out without galoshes in the rain.  
And you spent your late nights boozing,  
Instead of home a’ snoozing  
And now you’ve just begun to feel the pain.  
The viruses inside of you,  
Are multiplying two by two  
And dance the Macarena in your brain.  
You’re eyelids thick and droopy,  
Your nose is raw and soupy  
You ask for my advice.  
Let me explain ...

CHORUS  
You need to take acetaminophen  
Or just a little aspirin acetylsalicylic for the pain  
A dose of guaifenesin, plain and simple Robutussin  
To liquify the mucus membranes  
Oxymatazoline or phenylpropanolamine  
To open up the sinuses and such  
Then try to recoup with a little chicken soup  
Call your mother cause it pays to keep in touch

You have tried those new age therapies,  
And herbal homeopathies  
High colonic nozzles and the rest.  
But those echinacean potions  
And royal jelly lotions  
Have failed to tame the panther in your chest.  
Those crystal packing druids  
Cannot abate the fluids  
That drizzle from your nostrils to your vest.  
The answer it is plain to see,  
Is found within my pharmacy  
So, step right in and be my guest. CHORUS

### Corn, Water & Wood

w&m by Carol Elliott & Wendy Waldman

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*This was sung around a campfire at Tom Noe’s house in Texas, and I fell in love with it. — CM*

I was in the arroyo gathering strays  
You know cowboys and cattle don’t get holidays  
And I would have been finished except for one little guy  
Who kept leading me farther away

I went up on the mesa, across the ravine  
Past the Indian ruins and muddy red stream  
And I stopped for a minute ‘cause I was bone tired  
And I guess that I started to dream

I saw three painted horses, three dark skinned men  
With masks made of clay and voices like wind

Singing we seek the soul of all that is good  
We come bearing corn, water and wood  
Stop and behold all that is good  
Give thanks for the corn, water and wood

I’m an old trail hound and always believed  
That your boots and your saddle are all that you leave  
No miracles happen, no angels appear  
But I’d swear three men were standing there

I shook myself over, had I been asleep?  
That’s just three pueblo children tending their sheep  
And they yelled “Merry Christmas” and they were leading my stray  
And their voices rang through the mesquite

### Years

w&m by Beth Neilsen Chapman;

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*Priscilla had been doing this song on our winter tour and we liked it so much we added our voices and asked to include it on the new recording. — AH*

I went home for Christmas to the house that I grew up in  
Going back was something after all these years  
I drove down Monterey Street and felt a little sadness  
When I turned left on Laurel and the house appeared

And I snuck up to that rocking chair  
Where the Winter sunlight slanted on the screened-in porch  
And I stared out past the shade tree  
That my laughing Daddy planted on the day that I was born

CHORUS  
And I let time go by so slow  
And I made every moment last  
And I thought about years  
How they take so long  
And they go so fast

Across the street the Randol’s oldest daughter must have come home  
Her two boys built a snowman by the backyard swings  
I thought of old man Randol and his Christmas decorations  
And how he used to leave them up till early spring

And I thought about the summers  
That I paced that porch and swore I’d die of boredom there  
And I thought of what I’d give to feel  
Another summer linger where a day feels like a year CHORUS

Then the door flew open and my Mother’s voice was laughing  
As she called back to my daddy, “Come and look who’s here”

And I thought about years ...

### Winter’s Come and Gone

w&m: Gillian Welch & David Rawlings

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Priscilla brought this song to our attention but it was so short. Since Gillian Welch’s songs are so “in the tradition” it was easy to pair it up with “Mississippi Sawyer” which I learned from the banjo playing of my dear friend Tyler Wilson. — AH

Oh little red bird – come to my window sill  
Been so lonesome – shaking that morning chill  
Oh little red bird – open your mouth and say  
Been so lonesome – just about flown away

CHORUS  
So long now I’ve been out  
In the rain and snow  
But winter’s come and gone  
A little bird told me so

Oh little blue bird – pearly feather breast  
Five cold nickels’ – all I got left  
Oh little blue bird – What am I gonna do  
Five cold nickels – ain’t gonna see me through CHORUS

Oh little black bird – on my wire line  
Dark as trouble – in this heart of mine  
Poor little black bird – sings a worried song  
Dark as trouble – ‘til winter’s come and gone CHORUS (2x)