

1. THE WILD ROLLING SEA

by Janne Henshaw

If I were a whispering wind
I'd blow all your troubles away
I'd gently caress your skin
And carry you home to stay.

You're out on the wild, rolling sea
Sailing so far from me
God only knows when I'll see you again
You're out on the wild, rolling sea.

If I were a tall, mighty tree
My limbs would hold you near
I'd shelter you under my leaves
And bear all the weight of our tears.

If I were a bird's wistful tune
With notes that would linger and burn
I'd float on the air night and noon
So you'd hear my song and return.

3. RESTLESS SOUL

by Sally Barris, Jon Randall, Cory Mayo

I walk this earth, a restless soul
There ain't no place that I call home
A tumble weed, a rolling stone,
I walk this earth, a restless soul.

In this world I find no peace
I lay my head but I don't sleep
In my heart it aches so deep
In this world I find no peace

There's no bars on my cage
My prison is a lonesome song
So I'll just wander all my days
And never know where I belong, where I belong.

I'm like a bird that is too free
The miles feel like a chain 'round me
They just go on endlessly
I'm like a bird that is too free.

2. IF I SING LIKE THAT BIRD

by Janne Henshaw

The bluebird trills from the limb of the tree
A melody pure and high
Warm brown breast and the rest a royal blue
How sweet to hear his wavering cry.
If I sing like that bird could I win your heart
If I sing like that bird could I win your heart

The Carolina wren, so eager and sly
With cinnamon plume and upturned tail
'Tho he is tiny he has the loudest song
Ringing out all day long without fail.
If I shout like that bird could I win your heart
If I shout like that bird could I win your heart

The cardinal with his scarlet hue
So sharp against the soft white snow
Brilliant and bold, he won't fly away
Even when the wintery winds start to blow
If I shine like that bird could I win your heart
If I shine like that bird could I win your heart

4. THE HAUNTED FIELD

by Janne Henshaw

In my cabin home I had done my chores
Dreaming of you off at war
When a piercing pain tore through my breast
And I fell to the cold, hard floor.

I felt my blood spill fast and free
And my breath, it labored hard
But when I looked my dress was clean
I had no wounds, no scars.

Now they say that you, my man, are gone
With a bullet to the chest
At that very hour in the early morn
When I felt the hand of death.

I will lay me down in the haunted field
Where your body fell on the clay
And gaze up at the cloudless sky
The last sight you saw that day.

This herb is bitter on my tongue
But welcome is its sting
It will carry me to you, my love,
And my ravaged heart will sing.

5. AFTER THE DANCE

by Janne Henshaw

He sits on the porch of the small house
That he built shortly after the war
Staring out at the same scene he wakes to each morning,
His frail form hunched over and sore.

He dreams of the times he went dancing
On a floor scuffed with angles and swirls
His wide calloused hand on the waist of his partner,
In kaleidoscope patterns they'd twirl.

And the fiddles played on for the dancers
As they whirled 'round the floor like the wind
The sound filled the room as they swayed to the tune
And danced like the night would never end,
And the fiddles played on again.

The lines 'round his eyes crinkle gently
In a face weathered hard by the sun
His worn leather boot taps the beats of his memories
Of a time when his world was quite young.

And the nights were alive with the laughter
And the call of the bow on the string
All the men bowed their heads to the ladies' flushed faces,
Swept up in a wild spinning swing.

Allemande left, balance and swing,
All join hands in a ring

6. WHO WILL CALL MY NAME

by Janne Henshaw

Who will call my name when I leave this world
Will I hear their voices, soft and low
Will the loved ones 'round me cry, "don't go",
While others in heaven welcome me home.

Tell them not to grieve for me
As I journey on
See me not in that cold, cold ground
But in that land, that land beyond.

Those who greet me up above
Will show me how to shine
They'll hold me in their holy arms
And joy, sweet joy, great joy will be mine.

(more...)

7. LITTLE GIRL

by Janne Henshaw

I am just a little girl
I love to gaze outside my window
In my dusty attic room,
My cozy nest up in the trees.

Down below the battles rage,
My daddy's deep voice,
Mama's weeping,
I throw the windows open wide
And try to catch a passing breeze.

I dream that I can fly
above the storms below
I touch the canopy of sky
and never hear the thunder roll.

Suddenly there's no more screaming
I hear the screen door slamming loud
I wait to hear my mama calling
But in the stillness there's no sound.

I climb up in the attic window
And reach my arms out to the sky
For in the clouds I see my mama
She beckons me come to her side

So we can fly so high
Above the storms below
We'll touch the canopy of sky
And never hear the thunder roll.

Yesterday they hung my daddy
They buried him in a pauper's grave
He'll never see his wife and daughter
His darkened soul would not be saved.

And I will fly so high
Above the storms below
I'll touch the canopy of sky
And never hear the thunder roll.

8. WHEN THE REDBUDS BLOOM

by Janne Henshaw/Candace Corrigan

When the redbuds bloom in early spring
Will you come back to me?
When the green returns with the wild birds' tune
Will you come back when the redbuds bloom?

I can see you leaving that April day
I watched you waving as you went away
Now the rain is falling and the fire is bright
And I am calling out to you tonight.

Where do you travel, what do you see?
In your darkest hour, do you think of me?
I hear your voice, I dream your smile
Oh how I'm longing just to talk awhile.

(more...)

9. GET IT WRONG

by Janne Henshaw

Traveling home in the darkest hour,
Just before the light breaks through
Trying to shake angry words that we said
But they cling like an unwelcome tune.

Great show tonight, every song came out right,
I got all the acclaim I could bear
In happier days I would share it with you
Now I'm not even sure you'd care.

Why do we fight, slam the door, seek the night?
Our time here on Earth's not that long
The loneliest I ever feel in my life
Is when you and I get it wrong.

The knot in my throat will not stop me this time
Hear me speak, don't walk away,
The hardest words hold the clearest truth
And they're worth the price we pay.

11. IRELAND

by Janne Henshaw

I needed to fly, see the world beyond my small town dreams,
As the years went by I realized just what it means
To feel the pull of friends and family ties,
My native tongue, the endless cloudy skies

Ireland, Ireland, you feed my soul
Ireland, Ireland, you feed my soul
You're in my bones.

I want to go home, see the cliffs above the rugged shore,
Feel the ages moan on the wind and rocks from time before
To hear the call of ancient rhyme and song
To touch old walls of days gone by, gone so long

Ireland, Ireland, you feed my soul
Ireland, Ireland, you fed my soul
You're in my bones.

10. SAFE HARBOR

by Janne Henshaw

I will give you safe harbor
When you're looking for shelter
When a world full of sorrow
Has a hold on your heart
I will hold you close to me,
Take the weight off your shoulders
I will give you safe harbor,
Shine a light in the dark.

When you're out on the ocean and tossed all around,
You're tired of the motion with no solid ground
A mind full of worries and fears keep you bound
You're just holding on, trying not to go down.

They say time is for healing, it can mend a torn heart,
And hold back the feeling that you're falling apart
But the wound closes slowly and leaves a long scar
You'll carry it with you wherever you are.