

### **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.