

Cyberdot liner notes! The trees thank US and we thank YOU for your interest in our music. We've both been at this for a good while and to finally overlap and intersect here is a dream come true. AND we had a whole lot of fun in the process. There's no finer reason to do this than that.

Please feel free to be in touch. You can find us at our websites

[www.annehills.com](http://www.annehills.com)  
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<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Anne-Hills/197406223604797>  
<http://www.facebook.com/DavidRothMusic>

Here we go...

### **MAY THE LIGHT OF LOVE**

David Roth © 1986 Maythelight Music (ASCAP)

*Written during Thanksgiving weekend in Cambridge, MA for my first-ever appearances at Passim (formerly Club 47), the gratitude I was feeling at that time for all that I had in my life continues to this day. DR*

As we come around to take our places at the table  
A moment to remember and reflect upon our wealth  
Here's to loving friends and family, here's to being able  
To gather here together in good company and health

May we be released from all those feelings that would harm us  
May we have the will to give them up and get them gone  
For heavy are the satchels full of anger and false promise  
May we have the strength to put them down

### **CHORUS**

May the light of love be shining deep within your spirit  
May the torch of mercy clear the path and show the way  
May the horn of plenty sound so everyone can hear it  
May the light of love be with you every day

May we wish the best for every one that we encounter  
May we swallow pride and may we do away with fear  
For it's only what we do not know that we have grown afraid of  
And only what we do not choose to hear

CHORUS

As we bless our daily bread and drink our day's libation  
May we be reminded of the lost and wayward soul  
The hungry and the homeless that we have in every nation  
May we fill each empty cup and bowl

May nothing ever come between or threaten to divide us  
May we never take for granted all the gifts that we receive  
Being ever mindful of the unseen hands that guide us  
And the miracles that cause us to believe

CHORUS



Outside Club Passim, November, 1986

## THE CHILD WITHIN

Anne Hills © 1993 Raven Heart Music (ASCAP)

*I wrote this song after traveling through West Virginia to The Mountain Stage Radio Show with my guitarist Pat Fleming. He began sharing some of his memories of the area and I felt they were very lyrical. I wrote them down, then added a few of my own. The song was heard on the radio in the area and it sparked a series of letters to the local paper over the lyrics "abandoned fields and mines". Who knew I could be controversial? I just hope I did the area and memories justice. AH*

In St. Mary's West, Virginia, out on Federal Ridge,  
Lookin' past the farm house there's a bridge  
Where the Sugar Creek winds past abandoned fields and mines  
And a 1936 Chevy in a ditch

And you can feel the summer heat, in the air and at your feet  
With cicadas voices rising in the sun  
I can be there in a minute, see the tractor and me in it  
By my Papa, when my childhood had begun

### CHORUS

So, roll these moments back  
And leave me standin' solid in the track  
Then let the child inside me guide me home  
And in the forests of my childhood let me roam

Now, I can hear my Grandpa sayin' "Child, we only learn to live  
Just about the time it's time for us to die ...  
And the lessons that we learn, are the bridges that we burn,  
Always with us, yet behind us out of sight."

### CHORUS

'Cause nothin' stops the passin' of the years  
Or can keep away the trouble and the tears  
But many times after, we remember the laughter  
When we need to find a shelter from our fears

In St. Mary's West, Virginia, out on Federal Ridge,  
Lookin' past the farm house there's a bridge  
Where the Sugar Creek winds past abandoned fields and mines  
And a 1936 Chevy in a ditch

### CHORUS

## **WHEN I THINK OF ARIZONA**

David Roth © 2011 Maythelight Music (ASCAP)

***A man I saw dressed in red spandex at Jon Stewart's "Rally to Restore Sanity" in Washington, D.C. (10/30/10) helped inspire this song, combined with my love of basketball and events that took place in January of 2011. DR***

When I think of Arizona, I think of Charles Barkley  
Scoring points and grabbing rebounds for the Phoenix Suns  
I think of warmer climates, of cactus's and deserts  
And baby boomer snowbirds flying down to have some fun

When I think of Arizona, I think they won a World Series  
Diamondbacks and pitcher's mounds and multitudes of fans  
When I think of Arizona, I think of John McCain  
Who bravely served our country, a patriotic man

When I think of Arizona, I think of our friend Jody  
Opening her home in Scottsdale, sharing what she has  
And the guy we saw in DC who was dressed up like the Devil  
He had Arizona written on his chest

He was angry at the crackdown that they had on immigration  
Woody said this land is your land, this guy took him at his word  
And that first amendment's one thing that is great about our nation  
You can pick your point and warble like a bird

So I will choose my words with care, you never know how someone out there  
Might be moved to act upon the signals that we give 'em  
There are those who say that words don't cause the problems that we have  
But I believe they do their part to feed 'em

When I think of Arizona, I think of Gabby Giffords, Dorwan Stoddard,  
Dorothy Morris, Phyllis Schneck, Christina Green  
Gabe Zimmerman, John Roll, and all the others out in Tucson  
I will do my part to live what they had dreamed

I will do my part to live what they had dreamed



Live in Livonia, MI, April 2011

## I AM YOU

Anne Hills & Michael Smith

© 1993 Raven Heart Music (ASCAP) / Bird Avenue Publishing (BMI)

***Although I recorded this song on my 2009 "Points of View" I wanted a more acoustic version and David did a fabulous job arranging and working with me on this ... inspired by an NPR interview about becoming an American. AH***

When the war in my country sent my boat off this way  
The horizon stretched forward to a brand new day  
People stood on shore watched my sails blowin' in  
They became one of me, I became one of them, I am you

United we stand, divided we fall  
I will reach for your hand if you answer my call ... I am you

I was brought here a slave and I suffered the hand  
that wrote "all men are equal" in this newly made land  
So I stayed and I fought for the truth and what's right  
And my dream is your dream and my fight is your fight, I am you

When the Spaniards set foot on the shore of my word  
I stood in my cornfields as their flags were unfurled  
Though my children were lost still my spirit was strong  
And my wisdom is deep and my kindness is long, I am you

Born here a woman, born here a man  
Came to this country to become what I am  
And there isn't a history that isn't my own  
I am Christian, I'm Muslim, I'm Jewish to the bone

(I am Hindu, I'm Buddhist, I'm a skeptic to the bone)

Young and old, gay and straight

Every color and hue

I am all, I am one, I am you

**EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS MAKES ME STRONGER**

David Roth, Matthew Stewart, Shaylin Blaine, Jenna Santos,  
and John Economos of Mashpee Village

© 2010 Maythelight Music (ASCAP)

***My friend John Economos sent me some poems by young people living in Mashpee Village (MA), written to address the affordable housing situation on Cape Cod. The simple honesty of their words was very powerful to me, and when John asked if these could somehow be fashioned into song, I was honored to work with their ideas and feelings. DR***

My folks sleep in the bedroom with the crib beside their bed  
I'm out here on the sofa with my sister  
This cottage may be small but it's home to us all  
We appreciate everything we have

My wish for my family and me  
To have a home like other people do  
Sometimes it feels like it's not meant to be  
But everything that happens makes me stronger

And now in the front yard we find the landlord put a "For Sale" sign  
Goodbye Cape Cod, my Mother looks so sad  
She holds her head in both her hands, but I can help her, yes I can  
And I can also help my dad

My wish for my family and me  
To have a home like other people do  
Sometimes it feels like it's not meant to be  
But everything that happens makes me stronger

A home is like a castle, it's like you won the lottery  
From nothing up to something  
A place where I sleep soundly

A roof above our heads and food on our plates  
Mom and Dad are making sacrifices every day  
So we can all be together in one home  
We appreciate everything we have

My wish for my family and me  
To have a home like other people do  
Sometimes it feels like it's not meant to be  
But everything that happens makes me stronger

## **ORPHANS**

Anne Hills ©1993 Raven Heart Music (ASCAP)

***Still relevant, still happening, still heart breaking ... the children I first wrote about have grown up to become soldiers or peacemakers. AH***

With no one to hold back the night  
Hearts of children are scattered in flight  
A flock of tens of thousands  
Tossed in battles whirlwinds  
Their faces, their young eyes so bright

Where are the mothers to love  
And the fathers who towered above  
Cut adrift from the family  
Lost and scared and hungry  
And wounded in war like the dove

They are the orphans of heroes and martyrs  
They are the children of war  
And out of their mother's and sweet father's graves  
Grows a vine of rebellion whose flower they embrace

Caught in a crossfire of hate  
They are standing at destiny's gate  
Fortune's little soldiers, with us for untold years  
For freedom, for childhood they wait

They are the orphans of heroes and martyrs  
They are the children of war  
And out of their mother's and sweet father's graves  
Grows a vine of rebellion whose flower they embrace

Little faces, little hands  
Suddenly abandoned  
Little voices, little hearts  
Suddenly alone

But they fill up the dark with their song  
Hear their voices, honest and strong  
Listen how their sorrow reaches for tomorrow  
Searching for where they belong

They are the orphans of heroes and martyrs  
They are the children of war  
And out of their father's and sweet mother's graves  
Grows a vine of rebellion whose flower they embrace

They are the orphans of heroes and martyrs  
And the future rests deep in their eyes  
On the rim of their anger, in the salt of their tears  
And in their dreams that light up the night skies

## THAT KIND OF GRACE

Anne Hills & David Roth

© 1992 Raven Heart Music (ASCAP) / Maythelight Music (ASCAP)

***We wrote this on a long car ride from Bethlehem, PA to Norfolk, VA, where we sang it for the first time at a club called Ramblin' Conrad's. The radio had just reported news of the first Rodney King verdict, and our subsequent conversation reached back to 1963's Birmingham church bombing by the KKK that killed four little girls, and then to 1981 and the random lynching of a young African-American man, Michael Donald. What moved us was that people who had every right to respond with anger and hostility instead found some measure of forgiveness. DR***

***I met Mrs. Alpha Robertson at The Carole Robertson Center's rededication ceremony and she was the original inspiration for writing this, her overwhelming grace and kindness toward everyone despite the loss of her daughter Carole. Nearly 20 years later, this song (included on a tape with other fine artists' songs) and our second project "Part of the Village" helped raise \$30,000 toward toward an endowment fund, making it possible for the Carole Robertson Center for Learning to expand their support of children and families in Chicago. Find out more: <http://www.crcl.net/> AH***

Sunday morning, Birmingham

Quiet in the church

Bombs were planted,

House of God

Children's blood on the cross

And your daughter, she was one

Angel without wings

How could anyone forgive

Those who do such things

And when I sing Amazing Grace

Your face is what I see

I hope someday that kind of grace

Will find its way through me

Friday evening in Mobile

klansmen killing time

Saw young Michael walking by

He would do just fine

Quiet student, mother's best

Pleading for his life

Strung him up to make a point

Sharper than a knife

Beulah Mae, his mother stood

People all around

In the courtroom listening

As the truth was found

From her mouth no curses fell

No profanity

"I would do to others what

I'd have them do to me..."

And when I sing Amazing Grace

Her face is what I see

I hope someday that kind of grace

Will find its way through me

Thursday afternoon in the car

Turned the radio on

The verdict in Los Angeles

Oh what have we done

Images of violence

Yellow, black and white

Fifty-two dead, millions lost

Who can win this fight

On the screen a face of tears

Trembling through and through

One we've seen too many times

Beaten on the news

I could barely hear his words

Full of fear and doubt

"People, we can't live like this

We've got to work this out

And when I sing Amazing Grace

That face is what I see

I hope someday that kind of grace

Will find its way through me

## **RHUBARB TREES**

Anne Hills & David Roth

© 2011 Raven Heart Music (ASCAP) / Maythelight Music (ASCAP)

***We loved Anne's sister Mary's painting so much that we knew we wanted it on the cover of this CD...all we needed was a song. We submit this acrostic for your perusal. AH & DR***

***\* For more information on Mary's work and prints:***

***<http://www.artforconservation.org/artists/maryhills>***

Rough red bark and lime green leaves  
Hold their own on rhubarb trees  
Underneath your gardening boots  
Bulging up are rhubarb roots

Ants as big as M&Ms  
Romp along the rhubarb stems  
Branches ride the rhubarb breeze  
That rocks to sleep the rhubarb trees

Rise and shine, a new day comes  
Enjoy the sound of rhubarb drums  
Even grownups skin their knees  
Sliding up on Rhubarb trees

Rhubarb birds have hollow bones  
Henna red on rhubarb crones  
Undulating rhubarb seas  
Boats that carry rhubarb teas

Alligators love to chew  
Rhubarb pie & rhubarb stew  
Batten down yer fruity hatches  
Time to dig the rhubarb patches

Right there in the wilderneds  
Elephants make rhubarb beds and  
E is rhubarb squared, you see  
So Einstein wrote of this fine tree

## **NEUROPLASTICITY**

David Roth © 2010 Maythelight Music (ASCAP)

***This three-part round was fashioned from statements I heard from various keynote speakers at the Association for Comprehensive Energy Psychology (<http://www.energypsych.org/>) conference in San Diego (June, 2010). May I say it was a treat to hear several hundred psychotherapists and counselors singing in glorious (if somewhat didactic) three-part harmony. DR***

May you be free from suffering  
May you have joy and ease

Massive synchrony of oscillations  
Cognitive reappraisal

Transform the mind, transform the mind  
Neuroplasticity

## SPRING FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

Anne Hills & David Roth

© 2008 Raven Heart Music (ASCAP) / Maythelight Music (ASCAP)

***This song came about because of Linn Sorge, a teacher, advocate, musician, weaver and friend who happens to be blind. She never ceases to amaze and challenge me. When my mother lost her sight Linn gave me "insight" into ways I could make her life easier and a deeper understanding of what it feels like to live in darkness (and in light). We used the theme to bring together audiences and musicians in four benefit concerts that raised money in support of The Hadley School for the Blind ~ <http://www.hadley.edu/> ~ which helps individuals and families affected by vision loss. AH***

Let us sit and talk together  
Let me help you understand  
Since I know that you are reaching  
Let me take your hand

I can't see you as you see me  
But I see with inner sight  
It is quiet, it is thoughtful  
It is beautiful and bright

### CHORUS

Day or night, night or day  
We move forward either way  
Night or day, day or night  
Spring from darkness into light

Some of us see shadows  
Dim or undefined  
Some see color, some see nothing  
Many kinds of blind

I am reading with my fingers  
I am seeing with my ears  
And my heart is always searching  
For answers, just like yours

### CHORUS

When I'm walking in the garden  
And I smell the fresh, green ground  
I can tell which birds are singing  
Do the colors match their sound?

We are more alike than different  
We can help each other see  
Build a bridge of common vision  
You to me

Let us sit and talk together  
Will you help me understand  
Since you know that I am reaching  
Will you take my hand

You can't see me as I see you  
But we can see with inner sight  
It is profound, and it is powerful  
It is beautiful and bright

### CHORUS

Spring from darkness into light

## I STAND FOR LOVE

David Roth © 2008 Maythelight Music (ASCAP)

***At the National Wellness Conference Robert F. Kennedy Jr. gave a stirring speech that caused many of us to reexamine simple statements of belief. I've been to many conferences over the years and heard many speakers, and I don't know when I've been more moved and inspired. His book "Crimes Against Nature" is well worth reading. DR***

I stand for love, I stand for peace  
I stand for joy and for release  
For what is beautiful and true  
I stand for hope, I stand for you (2x)

If you're thinking it's not urgent,  
That we've got more time to kill  
If I'm not the one who'll change things  
Then for Heaven's sake, who will

You know our world is in great pain  
She needs our loving care again  
Yet there are those who fail to see  
What we have done and what we need

So I will move and I will climb  
That mountain one step at a time  
I won't be swayed, I will not stop  
Until we've made it to the top

There is a cost for every act  
And now there is no turning back  
We burn a bridge, we bang a drum  
It's time to rise, the time has come

Where we will stand for love and peace  
We'll stand for joy and for release  
For what is beautiful and true  
I'll stand for hope, I'll stand for you

To stand for love, to stand for peace  
To stand for joy and for release  
For what is beautiful and true  
To stand for hope, to stand for you

For what is beautiful and true  
I stand for hope, I stand for you



Breakout session at the National Wellness Conference, Stevens Point, WI, 2008

## **NIGHTTIME FALLS**

Anne Hills © 2011 Raven Heart Music (ASCAP)

***When my father became ill with dementia I struggled with writing anything at all. I decided to use the ancient form of poetry and nature Haiku to keep moving creatively through the pain and sorrow. When he finally passed on this song was a gift of that process. AH***

Nighttime falls on everyone  
Crows race toward the setting sun  
Couriers of evening, black against the fading blue  
The sky grows dark, the stars grow brighter  
The west turns gold, the moon glows whiter  
We hurry past the windows' light, as the shops fade, too

Nighttime falls on every place  
The darkness brings a simple grace  
As heaven drops its curtain, quieting the noise of day  
On wilderness or cities teeming  
On lighthouse with its lamp now beaming  
And final trains call "all aboard" to be on their way

Everyone fed, everyone free  
Everyone safe, everyone loved, as we are meant to be  
Everything blessed, a part of it all  
Everything sacred where ever nighttime falls

Nighttime falls on everything  
The blade of grass, the sparrow's wing  
The mystery of sleep unravels and our dreams begin  
And through the dark, wind, rain and thunder  
We travel on this world of wonder  
That carries us around the sun to come back again

Everyone fed, everyone free  
Everyone safe, everyone loved, as we are meant to be  
Everything blessed, a part of it all  
Everything sacred where ever nighttime falls

**THE STRANGE MEANDERINGS OF HIS HOLINESS THE DALAI LAMA DOWN TO NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE**

© 2011 Anne Hills/Raven Heart Music (ASCAP),  
Michael Smith/Bird Avenue Publishing (BMI), &  
David Roth/Maythelight Music (ASCAP)

***Anne and Michael drafted out lyrics to this song as a writing exercise at Lamb's Retreat in Michigan. When Anne and I were going over potential material for this collection and she showed me her notes, I couldn't wait to get at it. A few new words and a melody/chord progression later, we had what you hear and hold now. DR***

So you think your life's a drama, cowpoke, listen up to me  
Ever since the Dalai Lama came to Nashville Tennessee  
I'm a Dalai Lama Mama/Brahma, he's my private Townes Van Zandt  
Every Saturday we go dancing, honey, down at the Twist and Chant.

Well, I took him down to Music Row, he had some real good hooks  
He got covered by Lyle Lovett, Taylor Swift, and old Garth Brooks  
Though there was a certain sameness to everything he wrote  
Each song was simple and direct, they only had one note

He wrote: EEEEEOOOOO

He'd collaborate with anyone who wore a cowboy hat  
Taught the local yocals yoga, while he yodeled on the mat  
Did an instrumental album with Boots Randolph on the sax  
Won a Grammy, started touring with his group the Nashville Yaks.

They sing: EEEEEOOOOO

Then he hit Grand Ole Opry, another Dolly played there, too  
And they did a sweet duet the song "I will always love you"  
And those Nashville Yaks were cookin'  
Got inspired and for a change  
They launched into a favorite we all know  
"Om on the Range"

This Country Eastern music, it thrills me through and through  
It's the easiest thing to pick and sing and get enlightened, too  
If you travel down to Nashville and His Holiness you see  
Just relax, be mindful, be here now and sing along with me

We'll sing: EEEEEOOOOO



Mark Dann, timeless.