

Rhubarb Trees ~ Anne Hills & David Roth

Wind River Records ~ WR4051CD

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 also find us on Facebook at:

<http://www.facebook.com/annehillsmusic>
<http://www.facebook.com/DavidRothMusic>

1. 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

2. THE CHILD WITHIN

Anne Hills © 1993 Raven Heart Music (ASCAP)

I wrote this song after traveling through West Virginia 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." 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

3. 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. 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

4. I AM YOU

Anne Hills & Michael Smith

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*I recorded this song on my 2009 CD **Points of View** but I wanted a more acoustic version. 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

5. 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, 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

6. 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



Live in Livonia, MI, April 2011

7. THAT KIND OF GRACE

Anne Hills & David Roth

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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 re-dedication 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 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, turn 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

8. RHUBARB TREES

Anne Hills & David Roth

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We loved 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

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 wilderness
Elephants make rhubarb beds and
E is rhubarb squared, you see
So Einstein wrote of this fine tree

9. 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

10. SPRING FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

Anne Hills & David Roth

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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, which helps individuals & 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?
Are we more alike than different, can we 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



Mark Dann, timeless.

11. I STAND FOR LOVE

David Roth © 2008 Maythelght 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)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

12. 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

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

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Michael Smith / Bird Avenue Publishing (BMI), &
David Roth / Maythelght 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 sang: 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