

SONGS & POEMS

Low Sun of Winter

Progeny

Tenderness

Let Go of the Day

A Starfall

Shawme Lake

Sing us Back

Rosedale Carol

Low Sun of Winter

I'm thinking November.

Not only the leaves will fall

But one day so will the tree.

One of these autumns will be its last.

Low sun of winter

Early nights of winter

A candle to remember

remember

A candle for the past.

Not only the leaves will fall

But one day so will the tree

And one day so will we

One of these autumns will be our last.

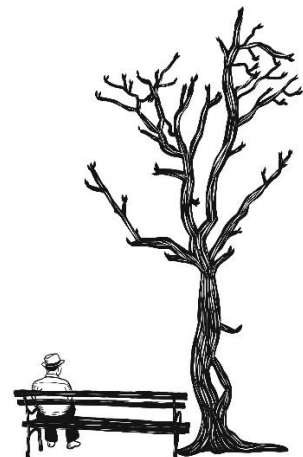
Low sun of winter

Early nights of winter

A candle to remember

remember

A candle for the past.



Progeny

Driving into a gloomy end of day
My face is shining with the mirror's view
Of golden-rods and asters in the sun.
I thought the rest would now be black-and-white;
There's colour here I hadn't bargained for.
It's like a stream which joins the Amazon
And by another way the Orinoco
(Perhaps the Hudson too, perhaps the Rhône)
To find I have this life which leads to death
Yet leads to life, to these diverging lives.
Out of my time (and not so bad a time),
Into the future (not the one I'd planned),
An immigrant baffled by this Babel world,
I come accompanied by interpreters
At much at home in these tongues as my own.
O children, close to me as you could stand,
And different as I could have guessed you'd be –
Without my voice your voice will still be ours.



Tenderness

Words and music by Chandler Davis, 1954

What I want tonight
is tenderness
tenderness
tenderness.

All I need tonight is tenderness
tenderness.

At last we are together.

Oh darling, the day's been hard.

It never was this bad before.

Too long and too far away from you.

Come evening

Now we have a time for tenderness
tenderness
tenderness

Hold me in your arms
with tenderness,
then I'll rest,
as if we had forever

Oh darling, our life's been hard,
and we know there'll be worse to come, but for tonight
Give me some tenderness.



Let Go of the Day

Words and music by Chandler Davis, 2019

Whippoorwill Whippoorwill Whippoorwill!
Come sit with me in the garden.
It's the time when the woods fall still.
It's the time of the whippoorwill.
Let go of the day, let go of the day,
And come sit with me in the garden.
Stay here with me while it darkens.
While the daylight fades away
And the colors are dimmed to gray.
Let go of the day, let go of the day,
And stay here with me while it darkens.
Wait here with me for the starlight.
Now the sky has forgotten sun.
Now the whippoorwill's song is done.
Let go of the day, let go of the day
Let the night wrap us 'round, let the night wrap us 'round
And wait here with me for the starlight.



A Starfall

Hark to the silence. Look how the moveless dark
lays clear what daylight carapaced around.
The sky is full of stars. So is the lake,
as if through glassy earth the nadir showed.
Two hemispheres of light-time: timelessly
two hands hold us suspended in between.
The more the time the more the certainty.

Across this stasis a Perseid strikes;
and where it passed I mark exquisitely,
my eye has tracked its line from star to star;
but when it passed-- the question slips away.
There was this sky before, and an after sky,
more like than hemisphere to hemisphere,
but all the after bears that memory
which makes it different from all the past.
I have no scale that could commensurate them.
I've lost the moment where they coexist.

And these two symmetries define the night
till the breeze stirs, till the clock starts, till we
retreat to human scale of breath and pulse
and word and memory and dawn to come.



Shawme Lake

*Words by Chandler Davis, 1947
Music by Aaron Davis*

The lake lies still beneath high stars
Beneath high stars no ripple lives
No ripple lives but of our wake
But of our wake the echo stirs
The echo stirs in circling trees
In circling trees old ghosts abide
Old ghosts abide
Though we forget
The lake lies still
Though we forget
The lake lies still
Though we forget
The lakes lies still
The lake lies still



Sing Us Back

*Words by Chandler Davis, 1969
Music by Aaron Davis*

I ride the long slow swell of this green hill
 Easy, easy as the porpoise roll
I ride the long green hill
 Trees grow, trees fall
 Barns rise, barns fall
I ride it still
 Slow as the crest rolls over.

I breathe the wide clear air of a people's life
 Steady, steady as the stars are whole
I breathe the people's life
 Women grow, men die
 Men grow, men die
And we live still
 Firm as the stars stand over.

But now I've lost the sound of your answer, children,
Lost your song some century back there.
The same hill still, the same hill still
 but something gone, but something gone,
Your clock's so fine that my wide eyes can't read it.

Answer, sing to my singing
 Sing to my low, sing to my slow
Answer, sing to my singing
 Sing to my far, sing to my near
Sing, sing to my sure as yesterday
 Easy as the next day rises.



Rosedale Carol

*Words traditional
Music by Chandler Davis, 1963*

Merry merry Christmas!
Hold, men, hold!
Be there meat in your locker and sheep in your fold,
A fire in your hearth and pudding in your pot,
Money in your pocket and good luck for your lot,
Money in your pocket,
Silver and gold,
And a merry merry Christmas,
Hold, men, hold!
Hold, men, hold!
Hold, men, hold!
We are very cold!
Inside and outside we are very cold.
If you have no silver then give us gold,
and a merry merry Christmas,
Hold, men, hold! hold!

