



*SONGS FOR MOTHER'S DAY
LYRICS
BY JOANNA DRUMMOND*

Lullaby for a New Mother

Oh those lips in
their searching
this fractured bliss
as she is born into her fears
Those small hands
in their grasping
hard and fast
as if the world might disappear

This is a lullaby for a new mother
the early morning's hush, the weight of skin to skin
This is a lullaby, not by but for her
when she's breathless in the changes she's let in

The ache of milk
as it lets down,
with skin of silk
we are made fragile for her arms
And at the breast
those needful sounds
the heavy head
and how it fits within her palm

This is a lullaby for a new mother
the early morning's hush, the weight of skin to skin
This is a lullaby, not by but for her
when she's breathless in the changes she's let in

To be so tired
you might just vanish
the tight-rope wire
between the woman and the role,
the tautened steps
to find a balance
the tenderness
as you are learning it will hold

Lullaby for a New Mother

This is a lullaby, oh
the early morning's hush, the weight of skin to skin
This is a lullaby for a new mother
when she's breathless in these changes she begins

Spring Run-off

Red gum boots with a sticker by the heels,
plastic boats, unsteadiness of keel,
the prettiest stones, for cargo and for weight,
they tip and flood, small hands to set them right

Spring run-off has begun,
let the rivulets race
Dig a path for them to run
to the water's edge we'll chase

And digging deep, she'll make a waterfall
the angle steep, the trickle and the call
I hear her laugh as the day is winding down
I hear her splash for the joy of the sound

Spring run-off has begun,
let the rivulets race
Dig a path for them to run
to the water's edge we'll chase.

And by the shore the algae in its pool,
here like before to speak of what is new
And by the dock, the water is so still
the pebble drops, its ripple moves until

spring run-off has begun
Let the rivulets race
Dig a path for them to run
to the water's edge we'll chase

4AM Waking

She could not settle before the sun
for her dreams had made her run
Her smallest whimpers, her cuddled fright,
and I'm the mother against the night
And I am weary and missing sleep
but these covenants we keep
I turn to hold her, and from my mind
muddled and murky this advice

I said, "Fear is like a fire, darling
All of us have taken our turns,
so you can add more wood
and stare, or you can turn your head
turn away from the glare of what burns"

And when the morning chose it's pale grey
all her fear had run away
She lay so peaceful, arms stretched above
like a baby given to love
But I am wakeful for I rehearse
there are these worries that I nurse
I rise before her to set things right
I remember this advice

how I said "Fear is like a fire, darling
All of us have taken our turns,
so you can add more wood
and stare, or you can turn your head
turn away from the glare of what burns,"
and why it burns, what burns, and why it burns

4AM Waking (cont..)

And I can't settle before the sun,
these days my dreams they make me run
And I'm so close now that I could touch
but these flames they want too much
And I am weary, how my doubts flare,
how they pull against the air
And I am wishing that my own fright
was as simple as nightmares to fight

Fear is like a fire
All of us have taken our turns,
so you can add more wood
and stare, or you can turn your head
turn away from the glare of what burns,
and why it burns, what burns, and why it burns

Dandelion Bouquet

Another year slipped by
and my spring-born child,
she is growing
The school year winding down,
on the June playground
the seeds are blowing

And I dance with her on the sidewalk squares,
the summer wind in her pig-tail hair
And everyday on the small walk home
she picks for me a dandelion bouquet

And she holds it up
and her cheeks will blush
pink with pleasure
So I take her gift
On those cheeks I'll kiss
in full measure

And I dance with her on the sidewalk squares,
the summer wind in her pig-tail hair
And everyday on the small walk home
she picks for me a dandelion bouquet

So we'll find a vase
to put it on display
but she won't notice
how the blooms, they fold
when they're minutes old
oh how soon I will miss

when I danced with her on the sidewalk squares
the summer wind in her pig-tail hair
when everyday on the small walk home
she'd pick for me a dandelion bouquet

How Will We Learn

We're sounding it out
where language is doubt
Turn the letters around and about

We're scratching the page
in our patience and rage
and it's better to face the problem now

And oh, how we learn
How will we learn?

There's so much to teach,
grade levels to reach
And the ways that we hope our children feel

Imaginations,
caught in constant motion
And the ways they can break against what's real

And oh, how we learn
How will we learn?

We add and subtract,
make equations exact
take our rulers to measure out the facts

We'll curse and we'll moan
'til we spell it alone
'til it's truer to know
that oh, we must learn
we all must learn

Oh, how we learn,
How will we learn?

In the Bud

It's funny how a child born
can make you grow up
It's funny how a mother's love
is almost always enough
They say live for your children
and it makes you still
while the morning light is endless
on the seedlings in the windowsill

And in bud there is a fragile shade of green
And in the fall, brilliant and true the autumn leaf
And becoming is a quiet thing

It's funny how a silence
grows inside that time before speech,
when unformed just like the syllables
that babble by, she waits to meet
the woman she thought she'd be
and nothing is clear
but the gravity of small arms
inexorably here

And in bud there is a fragile shade of green
And in the fall, brilliant and true the autumn leaf
And becoming is a quiet thing

The season of her sacrifice
will come to pass,
the moment when she stands upright
and forgives herself for what she lacks
The new words are forming
those dimpled steps are stumbling along
and beside them she is listening
before they're taken she's learned to fall

In the Bud (cont..)

And it's funny how the right work
when it's chosen breathes deep and clean
It's funny how the past hurt
becomes a well from which you can glean
all you've been wanting
while growing yet still
the morning light is endless
on the seedlings in the windowsill

Good Mother

Make the school-box lunch in the morning so it's fresh
Use a gentle voice when you wake them from their rest
All these these things we should, all these things we could if there was time,
oh a baking smell from the kitchen would be divine

She wants to be
a good mother
She says to me
"Well the other day,
you would not believe
how I failed"

Find a patience drawn from the deepest of wells
Find the book they want for the school day show-and-tell
When you walk with them remember not to rush
When you talk with them remember not to hush

I say to her,
"You're such a good mother"
and her answer is
"Well the other day
you would not believe
how I failed"

So on the days when it feels impossible, take heart
for the kisses we've given are numbered as the stars
And I know my friend, how the small regrets happen fast
But the love we leave is the only thing that lasts

She wants to be
a good mother
And I want to be
a good mother
Sometimes all I can see
is that the other day
you would not believe
how I failed

Good Mother (cont..)

Only Just Begun

This mind is on a setting that needs to shift
This mind is on a setting that will make you miss
all the joys that pass in the daily swirl,
all the joys that will make this a beautiful world

When life is a pattern that's come undone
some battles make you feel like they can't be won
When change is a thread that you can't pull through
some battles make you feel like the world is new

And we held him in our arms
this tiny one kept safe from harm
And we told him what is to come
when he's only just begun

This mind has been dwelling on the ways to fall,
but I'll sit with him and make contentment small,
his hands in mittens so his face won't scratch
his body in swaddling so his dreams will last

And we held him in our arms
this tiny one kept safe from harm
And we told him what is to come
when he's only just begun

So take what you can of the joyful facts
from the simple things don't let sorrow distract
Each struggle has a moment that finds its end
and all of us are just making sense

Good Mother (cont..)

And we held him in our arms
oh tiny one kept safe from harm
How can we tell you what is to come
when we've only just begun

And we held you in our arms
Oh tiny one kept safe from harm,
how can we tell you what is to come
when we've only just begun

Let's Pretend

She wants to play a little longer
You be the king I'll be the queen,
the gentle and good will grow stronger
I'm in her court to see what she sees

So let's pretend
I want the game to never end
Let's pretend

You be the audience in thunder
I'll be the show that dazzles and delights
You be the character of wonder
I'll be the curtains opening to light

So let's pretend
I want the game to never end
Let's pretend

But I rush on 'cause there is so much to do
And I have missed so many moments with you
I rush on 'cause there are things I want too
But my child you are the part of me most true
So let's pretend

So take out the dressing trunk of worn clothes
Take out the toys that move by their own stars
And I'll be the story that your heart knows
And you'll be the joy I wear against the dark

So let's pretend
I want the game to never end
Let's pretend

She wants to play a little longer

These Flickered Scenes

We skate on the ice of memory
in the hush of a moonless melody
As I wait to see your face
all I feel is the cold space
between our arms

We fade in the light through which the present pours
We let time pass, we forget the ones we've loved before
In the quiet of plush frost
we glide with the weight of loss
to keep us here

I want to see what has been
and gather up these flickered scenes
I want to feel the details melt against my skin

We skate on the ice of memory
our reflections never fully seen
And it changes like the snow
memory drifts and falls below
beyond our reach

But I know the whisper of its hold
It will find me in this moonless night
Will I find you in this moonless night?

Farther Afield

How she runs down the hill
to see if her legs will take a spill,
at two years old she's moving fast
The wide green world is hers to take
what it will be is hers to make
and she risks the tumble that's rushing past

And I am right behind her,
as she's looking back to see how it feels
And I am her mother,
and I know she needs to run farther afield

Now she's practicing at love
the valentines sent in whispered clubs
at eleven years she's barely begun
The glitter will spin at her first dance
She'll take or she will not take her chance
and those first tears, they'll break the sun

But I am right behind her
if she's looking back to see how it feels
And I am her mother
and I know she needs to run farther afield

The time will soon come when she has grown
she'll leave with the pieces we have shown her
of how it is, and how it could be
The wide green world, hers to take
what it will be, hers to make
and how I will miss having her with me

But I am still behind her
though she's not looking back to see how this feels
And I am her mother
and I know she needs to run farther afield

Farther Afield (cont..)

Yes I am right behind her
she's not looking back to see how this feels
But I am her mother
and I know she needs to run farther afield