



MARK RENNER GOLDENACRE

goldenacre

there is a day approaching with much to reveal / like a wind turning over clouds that conceal / Jerusalem will shine like that lost and golden acre / Jerusalem will shine like the lost , golden acre // there is a sun rising that will never go down / when the heavens open and the trumpets will sound / when workers in the field will rest on goldenacre / when the tears will dry on that lost , golden acre

light of the morning

early in the morning , just before the sun arrives / the rock doves sit in perfect lines / awaiting the first light // come on out and meet me / get your feet out of the clay / there are secrets here that disappear / don't sleep the day away // the starlings come like clockwork / to the honey locust tree // the rising sound of distant trains / you can hear but cannot see // the bright of dawn , comes flooding forth / we'll take the day / whatever wanders by // come on out and meet here / beneath the promise of a cloudless sky / we'll walk out to the empty street / and watch the sun arrive // the dark is rolling back now / the gentle dogs will come alive / we'll sit down on the marble step / and see the day go by // the bright of dawn , comes flooding forth / we'll take the day / whatever wanders by

somewhere weatherside

for scores of years we've passed the same way / adorning bales laid out to dry / the open land and turning season / somewhere weatherside // I see you at the kitchen table / illumined by the lantern light / the bending frame that walked the pasture / somewhere weatherside // like autumn fruit before the harvest / like sands before a rising tide / or startled laborers found sleeping / somewhere weatherside

bring it to the heart

bring me a pick , bring me a hammer / bring me an axe , sharpen the chisel / bring me every tool in the drawer that you can find // bring me a torch , bring me a lantern / bring me a floodlight , a burning branch / bring me the brightest flame to burn it clean // it's a long way back / and it seems twice as far / like a torrent rushing to the sources of the scar / listen for the murmuring and bring it to the source // bring me a pick , bring me a hammer / bring me an axe , sharpen the chisel / bring me every tool in the drawer that you can find // bring me a knife , bring me a scalpel // bring me a crowbar , bring me a shovel // make an incision , and go in deep // it's a long way back / and it seems twice as far / like a torrent rushing to the sources of the scar / listen for the murmuring and bring it to the source // bring me a pick . . .

for the time being

underneath the lamp post / emerging from the park / passing through the gardens / just before the dark // through an open window / we heard the muffled strains / of hymns on the piano / with every note sustained / you put your hand on my face / then ran it through my hair / waiting for the light to change / frozen , held it there / and for the longest moment / in the gentle wind / in the softest whisper / asked me where I'd been // with planets , stars and asteroids / our struggles seem so small / and someday , we are reassured , they won't be here at all // we understand the brevity / and calculate the time / divided by an ocean / and what we'd leave behind // for we have found a taker / for all our borrowed ills / carried to the summit / in buckets that we filled / and just for the time being / we leave ourselves behind / and stare out at an ocean that doesn't seem so wide

familiar ground

I've fallen on the same stones again / fallen at the very same place again / this frequent carelessness is becoming harder to defend / seems I'm always tending to the bruises on my hands // I've fallen on these stones again / fallen at the very same place again / this frequent carelessness is becoming harder to defend / leaving me to wonder if these cuts will ever mend

casting nets

stepping from the train / halfway up the hill / the day came drifting back / when I had first arrived // I was starting out / and you were further in / and neither of us knew just where the rails would end // some days seemed eternal / others burned too fast / it's hard to turn the rudder / once the nets are cast // there among the towns / the workers and the mills / the daily weight of living made those struggles real / you had turned a corner / in your ascending hour / through the borderlands you headed with new flags to fly // some days seemed eternal / others burned too fast . . . // we knew the world was spinning / and seemed to pick up speed / there were taxi meters running / other lands to see // there were stories to be written / there were new songs to be sung / there were miles across the moorlands / where the storms would come

glass won't bend

be careful how you hold it dear one / tender in the glazer's hand / over worn and left unguarded / protect it 'til the very end // guard it like a soldier young one / more fragile as the days descend / conscious of the storms that gather / don't allow yourself to be misled // caution in how you see the surface / knowing there are cracks to mend / a voice is giving out a warning / wisdom whispers "glass won't bend" // and when gathering the pieces dear one / the broken shards beneath the sill / take them with your splintered fingers / and bury them beneath the hill

audrey I remember

audrey I remember you / by the window in the afternoon / with the pale light seeping through // and on your lap your folded hands / like knotted driftwood washed up on the sands / you poured the tea for me // you looked at me with shining eyes / like a mother who had realized / the grass was withering // audrey I remember you / lakeside on a golden afternoon / we watched the swans pass on by

lying back in the waving grass

(instrumental)

at the far side of the sea

we made plans to put to sea / in a craft of our own making / to Portugal or India / or where the tide would take us / a voyage of discovery / plans for exploration / star filled nights on foreign shores / a different course worth taking // one by one the sails were torn and gradually unraveled / you tossed the compass overboard / and secured all the hatches / skies grew dark and rains blew in / by then the crew had scattered / you continued on alone as if it didn't matter // all the clouds converge / with every sinking hope / at the far side of the sea / all the clouds converge with every sinking hope / at the far side of the sea // cracks and leaks began to form / doubts were growing stronger / you tried to keep the craft afloat / for just a little longer / the frailty and suffering / like a chain around the ankle / dragging to the darkest depths / pulled down like an anchor / and every wave that came along / just pushed you further under / the struggle consumed everything / you never would recover / your warning flares lit up the sky / not a soul took notice / your chances for a rescue had suddenly turned hopeless // all the clouds converge . . . // a solemn call for help went out / largely undetected / and those who heard could not discern / and gradually rejected / you soaked the boat in kerosene / on the splintered deck sat down / a lit match dropped from a shaking hand / and fell without a sound // all the clouds converge / with every sinking hope / at the far side of the sea . . .

the tide

the tide goes out / the tides comes in / like leaves on the water we have fallen in / held in the current on a broken limb / we float too far away // the tide goes out / we drift all night / as lost as eden in the dimming light / clinging to the branches with our hands held tight / we float too far away

the lights below

(instrumental)

bonus material:

sound asleep in the toolshed

(instrumental)

turn and face the hills

(instrumental)



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