

# Lullaby Barren Mother

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by Erin Crowley

Notes: I have a chord progression and a “sketched” melody for this...it’s got a Celtic feel to it. I haven’t made a demo yet, nor invested enough time into finishing it off, mostly because I won’t be satisfied with a simple piano arrangement. Needs violin and some sort of wind instrument (among other things). It’s gonna take some time to do this right...so a demo may be a while coming. We’ll see.

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A lonely woman enters the wood  
With the crescent of her arms clasped tight  
Round the lifeless garden of her womb  
Her face bathed in filtered sunlight

She winces at the excess of green  
Which seems to reproach her with living  
The forest draws thick in the midst of her  
Whispering songs of forgiving

Chorus:

“Lullaby, oh barren mother”  
Sings the brook and wind and the pine trees tall  
“Lullaby, ah lonely mother,  
You are mother to us all.”

She gazes up through the shroud of leaves  
Wraps herself in a blanket of moss  
And as the mist lifts off the stream  
The mourning dove sings of an ancient loss

The old gnarled oak tree draws her close  
His boughs tremble with her pain  
Then he prays to the skies to comfort her  
With gentle tendrils of rain

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“How do you fill the measure of your worth,  
Lonely mother, yearning to give?  
Can you see what light you create  
With the gentle way you love and live?”

She’ll return on the path of seasons past  
Made of leaves and twigs and loam  
She’ll return to the house and the life she left  
Humming the songs of her forest home.