

To Know The Dark

To go in the dark with a light is to know the light.  
To know the dark, go dark. Go without sight,  
and find that the dark, too, blooms and sings,  
and is traveled by dark feet and dark wings.

Wendell Berry

# HYMN OF WILD THINGS

Produced and recorded by Jayme Stone

Mastered by David Travers Smith

Album design by Jayme Stone

Album photo by Ashley Mosher

Portrait photo by Emily Teague

HYMN OF WILD THINGS  
HE STILL KNOWS  
RISK IT ALL  
HOMEWARD  
ONE EYED JOHN  
ORCHARD OF DREAMS  
LAST CHANCE  
HOW FAR  
TO KNOW THE DARK



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# FRIENDS AND FAMILY

To my family, friends, and community. You are the heartbeat of this record. Thank you for loving me, for encouraging me to take risks, and for showing up,

## FAMILY

Kathleen McNarama  
John Spears  
The McNamaras  
The Pastors  
The Spears

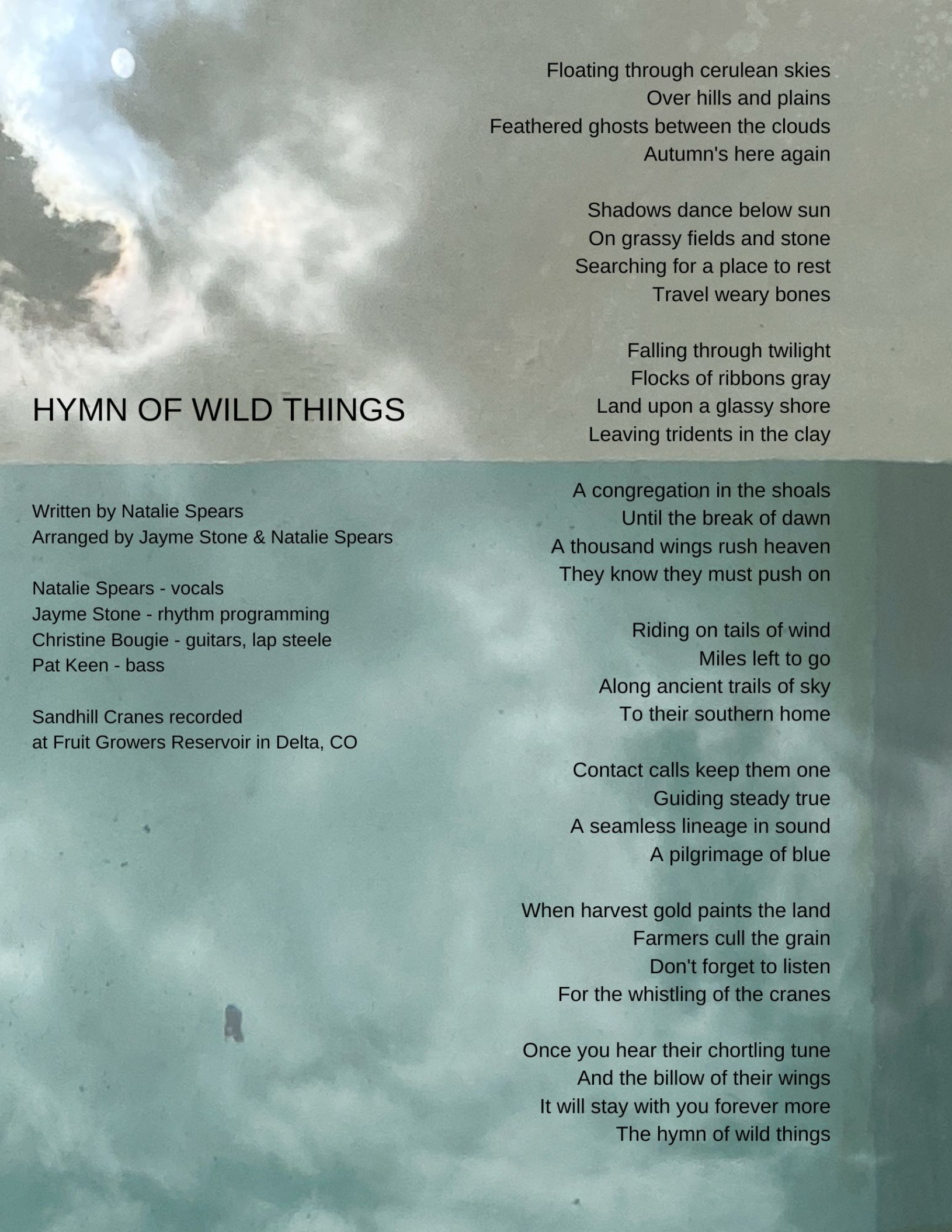
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Carl Meinecke  
Gabrielle Louise  
Jackson Emmer  
Mateo Sandate  
Liam Kelly





Floating through cerulean skies  
Over hills and plains  
Feathered ghosts between the clouds  
Autumn's here again

Shadows dance below sun  
On grassy fields and stone  
Searching for a place to rest  
Travel weary bones

Falling through twilight  
Flocks of ribbons gray  
Land upon a glassy shore  
Leaving tridents in the clay

A congregation in the shoals  
Until the break of dawn  
A thousand wings rush heaven  
They know they must push on

Riding on tails of wind  
Miles left to go  
Along ancient trails of sky  
To their southern home

Contact calls keep them one  
Guiding steady true  
A seamless lineage in sound  
A pilgrimage of blue

When harvest gold paints the land  
Farmers cull the grain  
Don't forget to listen  
For the whistling of the cranes

Once you hear their chortling tune  
And the billow of their wings  
It will stay with you forever more  
The hymn of wild things

## HYMN OF WILD THINGS

Written by Natalie Spears

Arranged by Jayme Stone & Natalie Spears

Natalie Spears - vocals

Jayme Stone - rhythm programming

Christine Bougie - guitars, lap steele

Pat Keen - bass

Sandhill Cranes recorded

at Fruit Growers Reservoir in Delta, CO



# HE STILL KNOWS

Written by Natalie Spears & Jayme Stone

Natalie Spears - vocals

Natalie Spears - banjo

Jayme Stone - guitar, samples

Kevin Matthews - drums

Pat Keen - bass

Where are we going he asks again  
To the movies I tell him  
Have I been here before he asks  
As if this were the first time

Gazing out the car window  
While the world is passing  
Watching from my corner eye  
All he knows is blurring

I can't hold on to the way things used to be  
Time and space are unraveling  
The day's a collage of distant memory  
Thank God he knows my name  
He still knows my name

Bluey eyes fade to gray  
Until a spark of story  
Of sailing ships and writing plays  
Days of endless glory

He leaves behind a trail of trees  
The forests now are many  
Lived a life of no wasted days  
His calloused hands gave fully

I can't hold on to the way things used to be  
Time and space are unraveling  
The day's a collage of distant memory  
Thank God he knows my name  
He still knows my name

I can't hold on to the way things used to be  
Time and space are unraveling  
The day's a collage of distant memory  
Thank God he knows my name  
He still knows my name  
Thank God he knows my name  
He still knows my name



Johnny met Rose at the Blue Saloon  
He asked hey green eyes, got one more tune  
The band kicked up with a swinging step  
They danced all night laid the stars to rest

Morning came and they parted ways  
Johnny promised Rose he'd write each day  
She cast a wave and hit the road  
Her mind still spinning from the night before

Moving in the swing of the time singing sweet old songs  
Louisiana moon shone bright while he was holding her close  
Lost in the endless sway of the "Creole Love Call"  
What kind of love would it take for us to risk it all?

## RISK IT ALL

Written by Natalie Spears & Jayme Stone

Natalie Spears - vocals  
Andriu Yanovski - piano  
Robin Sherman - upright bass  
Aaron Boudreaux - drums  
Aurelien Barnes - trumpet

One week later the mail came  
Rose traced the curls in Johnny's name  
Every word made her want more  
And they sent her back to the dance floor

She told the girls about her guy  
Her heart beat quicker than a butterfly  
Like a jacaranda tree in summer bloom  
The flowers of his words could make her swoon

Moving in the swing of the time singing sweet old songs  
Louisiana moon shone bright while he was holding her close  
Lost in the endless sway of the "Creole Love Call"  
What kind of love would it take for us to risk it all?

Rose got an itch and hopped a plane  
She cast her dice right to the fates  
Gambling on love there's no guarantee  
But you can always rest easy in a melody

Moving in the swing of the time singing sweet old songs  
Louisiana moon shone bright while he was holding her close  
Lost in the endless sway of the "Creole Love Call"  
What kind of love would it take for us to risk it all?



# HOMeward

Written by Natalie Spears & Jayme Stone

Natalie Spears - vocals  
Andriu Yanovski - piano  
Pat Keen - bass  
Kevin Matthews - drums

Ain't got nothing to worry 'bout  
No reason to be scared  
Life's got that new penny shine  
Now that you're not here

Winter's finally come and gone  
Sideways into spring  
Crazy how much we can change  
Without breaking anything

That muddy road was getting old  
Keeping on just kept me down  
I was one step forward two steps back  
But now I'm heading homeward bound

Took a few falls to finally see  
That I'd lost my way  
Abandoned my own self again  
For a fantasy

Now it's time to pack it up  
As the geese fly home  
Leanin' into the feelings  
Only my heart knows

That muddy road was getting old  
Keeping on just kept me down  
I was one step forward two steps back  
But now I'm heading homeward bound

That muddy road was getting old  
Keeping on just kept me down  
I was one step forward two steps back  
But now I'm heading homeward bound



If you see one eyed john be sure to leave some time  
He'll spin you stories taller than the eldest of the pines  
Hunk of gold around his neck and camo hat slung low  
Old dog Hank by his side, he sings out to the crows

## ONE EYED JOHN

John says  
Some may think I'm an angel  
Some may think I've sinned  
But I know it when I see  
A fistful of wind

He lives up on the mountain top in a cabin all alone  
With the cricket's hum, the nuthatch song, and old man winter's moan  
He'll down into town with a metal finding machine  
Searching through the empty parks for all that glitters and gleams

Written by Natalie Spears

Natalie Spears - vocals  
Natalie Spears - banjo  
Eric Wiggs - guitar  
Joy Adams - cello  
Pat Keen - bass

John says  
Some may think I'm an angel  
Some may think I've sinned  
But I know it when I see  
A fistful of wind

Born into humble roots, his daddy built the mines  
Working for the company store, digging for another's dime  
Then one day John got the call, the mine has up and blown  
Sorry son, your daddy's gone and the company took your home,  
the company took your home

John says  
Some may think I'm an angel  
Some may think I've sinned  
But I know it when I see  
A fistful of wind



When robins sing and dusk is near the sun is folding west  
Venus greets the coming night as you lay your head to rest  
Sleep she whispers soft and low come and follow me  
For I will take you to the land of orchards and dreams

Floating on the wings of time you drift until you see  
A meadow soft and just beyond a long lines of trees  
Their steady bows and holy trunks are beckoning you forth  
Welcoming your weary mind to their mossy floor

## ORCHARD OF DREAMS

Written by Natalie Spears

Natalie Spears - vocals  
Jayme Stone - Juno 106, Moog,  
Siren, OP-1  
Pat Keen - bass

You lie beneath the erin green offering the ground  
Memories of days gone by like shape-shifting clouds  
Feathered grass and humming bees circle round your ears  
As roots drink up your deepest doubts, a narrative of tears

Stories rising through the veins towards the laurel bows  
They wind within the rings of time up to the leafy crowns  
Shaping shifting changing form, an endless alchemy  
Becoming seeds that slowly turn into the fruits of dreams

As dreams fill out their juicy form with bold and blushing tones  
They ripen with the courage and the nutrients of hope  
The trees begin to hum and croon "now take your fruited dreams  
Let them guide you live them out become what you believe

Now you hear a robin sing, the sun is glowing east  
Pearly skies begin to fade into the first light stream  
Awake, sleep whispers soft and low, don't forget the gifts you've gleaned  
Let them guide you live them out become what you believe  
Let them guide you live them out become what you believe



# LAST CHANCE

Written by Hobart Smith

Natalie Spears - banjo

Jayme Stone - synth

Joy Adams - cello

Pat Keen - bass

Hobart Smith sample on "Last Chance"  
from the Alan Lomax Collection at the  
American Folklife Center, Library of  
Congress. Used courtesy of the  
Association for Cultural Equity.



# HOW FAR

Written by Natalie Spears & Jayme Stone

Natalie Spears - vocals

Natalie Spears - piano

Jayme Stone - guitar

Pat Keen - bass

Kevin Matthews - drums

John Spears - post track piano

John Spears - stories

Four years you've been gone  
Life spins on carousel in time  
Circles, seasons, cycles turn  
I still feel your hand in mine

Where'd you go?  
I just wanted more time  
Ask me how far I'd go to see you again?

Move home  
Tell the world no  
Bar all the shutters  
Bargain with God  
Write you a letter  
Call every day  
Drop all the shit  
Get on a plane  
I'd do anything


Life's full can't turn in  
Busy till the levees break  
Holding, surging, at the brink  
Till I'm breaking down in a broken waves

Where'd you go?  
I just wanted more time  
Ask me how far I'd go to see you again?

Move home  
Tell the world no  
Bar all the shutters  
Bargain with God  
Write you a letter  
Call every day  
Drop all the shit  
Get on a plane  
I'd do anything

Deeper love, deeper hurt  
It's hard to be the mourning dove  
There is no light without the dark  
Sorrow carves the space for love





To Know The Dark

To go in the dark with a light is to know the light. To know the dark, go dark. Go without sight, and find that the dark, too, blooms and sings, and is traveled by dark feet and dark wings.

Wendell Berry

## TO KNOW THE DARK

Written by Wendell Berry  
Melody by Katie Hicks

Natalie Spears - vocals  
Natalie Spears - piano  
Kat McKinnon - vocals  
JD Martin - vocals  
Jan Garrett - vocals  
Jonathan Vocke - vocals  
Pat Keen - bass