

1. Cloud

Mourning mist has touched my lips;
I hear the feeling sound,
Of life and love on summer's cloud;
But now I'm on the ground.
Hard times -
Good times -
Times I never knew;
A life begun by you.
And who will hold this summer cloud
And save it from the sea?
No strings, no lines can tie it down,
It must and will be free.
Its life depends
On winter's hands
To keep it far or near;
To save it for the years.
September 20, 1970

2. Oh, Mourning dove

Oh, mourning dove,
I hear your call.
I see your eyes.
I feel their pain.
I hear your warning.
Ages come and go
The story remains,
Men sing songs of peace
But play their war games.
Oh, mourning dove
I hear your call.
I see your eyes.
I feel their pain.
I hear your warning.
Men are merry making
Under the sun;
Children screaming hunger
Facing a gun.
Oh, mourning dove
I hear your call.
I see your eyes.
I feel their pain.
I hear your warning.
February 11, 1971

3. Sang The Earth

Sang the earth
To the sun,
"Give me life.
Give me life."
Sang the breeze
To the earth,
"Give me truth.
Give me truth."
Sang the sea
To the stars,
"Give me warmth.
Give me light."
Sang the sea
To the hills,
"You are life.
You are truth."
Sang the hills
To the sea,
"You are hope.
You are strength."
Sang the sun
To the cloud,
"Give me freedom!
Give me peace!"
Sang the cloud
To the sun,
"I am free!
I am free!"
February 28, 1971

4. Many Miles Passing

There were many miles passing;
Miles of pleasant pretend.
There were many miles passing;
Miles of flowers to mend.
You offered pennies upon my thoughts;
A penny, now, for yours.
You offered pennies upon my thoughts;
I sent them all my hours.
And now the payment overdue;
I've no more pennies to offer you.
I'm waiting for the knocked on door
To see what you've been through.
Springtime's bursting my bubble;
The poor man's ticking his time.

Springtime's bursting my bubble;
I send my thoughts in rhyme..
For all the pennies offered me
To keep the cloud from in the sea...
But love's thoughts live on two sides;
Man, where is your hid thought key?
There were many miles passing;
Miles of pleasant pretend.
There were many miles passing;
Miles of flowers to mend.
April 28, 1971

5. The Living Christ In My World

I lean my back on an oaken limb,
Composed of here and now,
Composed of there and then.
The sky, so wide,
Is a pool of everything
I can remember
Or I can pretend;
I can hope for...
But come up again
To cool and soothing
Clean, crisp breath of the air
In the living
Christ in my world.
Baked in oven-even strands of sunlight,
Free and flowing from the star.
Clenched warm within the fist of the
Devine;
Knowing I'm living and loving my life;
Hoping I'm giving...whatever.
Whatever, I'm certain that this is the
living
The living
Christ in my world.
Summer 1971

6. Autumning

Billows of ashen sky,
A tomb to the aged;
Twisting through the empty sounds
Of days discontinued.
All the ages
That have ever been,
Turning over leaves along their way;

Sing songs through barren branches.
Memory's distant life;
The ages gone before you;
People who cared and shared;
The places where you spent your
pleasure.
All the ages
That have ever been,
Turning over leaves along their way;
Sing songs through barren branches.
Bittersweet and mellow,
The song of the hour,
Releasing the burden of time,
Allowing for the slumber.
All the ages
That have ever been,
Turning over leaves along their way;
Sing songs through barren branches.
September 27, 1971

7. I Am MAN

Lost!
'Can't fall if I find there's a
Tin can;
"Can't 'cause I put it there.
Freedom!
Gone is the scenery.
Garden,
Gone with machinery.
I can't remember its name, now,
There's no name for remembering
Where I fell into wondering,
Shall I...
Am...
Good or am I bad?
I am MAN!
Brother,
That's what I call you, man.
Mother
Taught me the good and bad.
Brother,
Life can be soul alive.
Mother, lay flowers at his side;
When he's fought for the cause
To free MAN under the bind
Of peace to last for all time...

Is it good or is it bad?
I am MAN!
October 15, 1971

8. William, Sweet William
William, sweet, sweet William
Lives among the flowers;
Springtime, sunshine,
Still breathes in season's sands.
He comes to me in moments,
Between before and now,
And we sleep within the shadows
Of remembering.
William, sweet, sweet William
Lives among the flowers;
Springtime, sunshine,
Still breathes in season's sands.
He comes to me in moments
When I am torn within,
Without a song to sing him,
He's gone before it's done..
William, sweet, sweet William
Lives among the flowers;
And his hand's a hand of kindness
And of fading.
November 1 1971

9. For Joan's Birthday
Daisies and sunshine,
Earth and moonshine,
Waves upon the ocean,
Stars in my eyes.
Windsongs and stillness,
Fire's warmth or frosty morn,
Waves upon the ocean,
Stars in my eyes.
Gentle love or rocky soul,
Tenderness or thunder's toll,
Lacey tears or frolic's hearty ho-la-la...
Daisies and sunshine,
Earth and moonshine,
Waves upon the ocean,
Stars in my eyes.
December 1971

10. Bow-struck
Bow-struck!
Stuck for an answer.
Caved and clean
Without a care.
Shine in the pain bright, plain bright,
Reason struck my eyes.
I can not see for the looking,
Looking farther than far,
Diving much deeper than deepness
Ever allows for return.
Star-struck!
Gleam on the future.
Heart-struck!
Hide from the past.
Silently, silently pass away present
Presently hangin' on and on...
December 1971

11. "I," Cried the Blackbird
"I," cried the blackbird;
The blackbird of night;
"I am your shadow.
I am the light."
A bell in the tower
Strikes one, then strikes two;
Oh, lonely blackbird
Fly to your tomb!
Sister of mercy
Dressed in your faith,
Worn by the weather,
Worn by your fate;
Take food to St. Francis;
A crumb for the poor.
Oh lonely blackbird
Fly to your tomb!
December 1971

12. Eleanor
Eleanor sings her sorrow;
She never knew her name.
She never knew the game
Until she knew she was the loser.
Ah, watchman, you were well on guard;
Hiding in the shadows of a smile.
Though Eleanor lived a lie,

Your scheme was much too fine.
You took her in the night
While, unaware, she lived a happiness..
Now Eleanor spends her daze
Knowing who the watchman had been;
So kind and so lovin',
While, he himself, living a lie.
And Eleanor says that she loves you;
Ah yes, and Eleanor loves the birds that
fly
Free of nighttime and of darkness;
And Eleanor is aching
As she places puzzled pieces into right
or wrong,
Or whoever she may be when time is
done
Playing the final tokens of the
watchman's turn.
And Eleanor says that she loves you;
Ah yes, and Eleanor loves the birds that
fly
Free of nighttime and of darkness;
Free of sorrow;
Free of pain..
March 7, 1972

13. Their Own Time Fades Away
Candy and play clothes,
And playing dollies on the sunporch;
The happiness and the singing
Leave their mark when their own time,
Their own time fades away.
Vinegar and mustard
Leave their mark in their own time;
The bitterness and the stinging,
In their own time
They cause a shaking,
Cause a shaking that soon fades away.
Silence and confusion
Leave their mark in their own time;
The bitterness and the stinging,
In their own time
They cause a shaking,
Cause a shaking that soon fades away.
Roses and kisses

And holdin' hands while singing love
songs;
.....
Leave their mark when their own time,
Their own time fades away.
September 4, 1972

14. Time Capsule
Maybe I lost who I was on my way
To wherever it is I am today.
Maybe I lost all the things that I loved,
For my colors continually fade.
Gone all the gold and the blues of a fall
morning sky;
Faded to yellow-gray mists over
emptiness,
Locked in the darkness of glass-cavern
stillness,
Untouched and unfeeling for love.
Maybe I lost who I was on my way
For today I hold nothing but rain.
It trickles and filters through cracks in
my soul;
All my colors continually fade.
Gone all the spring-colored visions of
love in its time;
Faded to phantoms who dance in my
nighttime;
They're painting their pictures and
chanting their rhymes
Turning my springtime to rain.
Maybe I lost who I was on my way
For today I hold nothing but rain.
It trickles and filters through cracks in
my soul;
All my colors continually fade.
March 6, 1973

15. Bells!
Bells!
I hear bells
Ringing for me;
Sweet bells of the morning
Ringing for me!
Bells!
I hear bells

In your loved songs
Ringing in me;
Sweet bells of the evening
As you're singing for me.
A new chapter in the book
For all to take a look
And gaze upon, and see
A new song in the rhyme
Of peaceful, wordless times,
So full of you, full of me.
Bells!
I hear bells
Ringing for me;
Sweet bells of the morning
Ringing for me!
Open, now, again
The pages written so long ago,

But now
To tear out and to lose
All those things that have no use to me
Here and now as I've come to be.
Bells!
O hear those bells!
They're ringing for me;
Calling me freedom;
Sounding in me!
Spring 1976
after the marriage

16. Please Touch
or Wedding Of A Friend
Come with me friend, back with me;
See the candle glow within;
Sent from soul to searching soul;

Heart and heart it's message spun.
Walk memories of the childhood sea,
Frozen wash a winter's shore.
Shells and selves collected, free...
Gathered in the touching.
Gathered in the touching now you
stand
Face to face with futures gained;
Futures no one but yourselves can
know;
Yours and yours forevermore.
Flowers shared in sunshine's warmth;
Communion of our music's time;
Hand and hand our voices one;
Distance making one and one.
One and one we went our ways
Freed of tears shed long ago.

Two and two we'll spend our days
Gathered in the touching.
Gathered in the touching now you
stand
Face to face with futures gained;
Futures no one but yourselves can
know;
Your and yours forevermore,
Gathered in the touching.
February 19, 1977

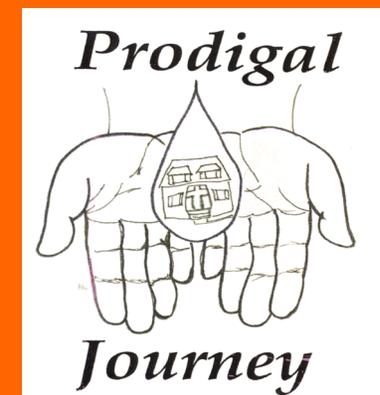
© 1997 Donna Ankney - Recorded at
M.S. Studio, Warfordsburg, PA

© 2011 Donna Ankney
www.gottasing.org

"Prodigal Journey" was recorded in 1997 though the songs represent some of the pieces I wrote in my late teens and early twenties. You might recognize my influences: Joni Mitchell, Judy Collins, Carole King, Paul Simon, Donovan...so many amazing singer-songwriters of our time. Also, the Viet Nam War was in full swing during these years and you may notice the silence through the Watergate period. These were both such difficult issues for we who were both Christians and Patriots; working class kids facing adulthood after graduation. I wrote these at the same time that I was studying "serious music" in college and during my first years of teaching. I wasn't quite sure yet where my music would lead me and really had no idea that I would receive a call to music ministry. While these are all secular (except for "Living Christ In My World") I think it is obvious that they are greatly influenced by my early years in the church.

Thanks to Dan Meredith who spent three days to help me record these way back when CD burners were a new thing.
Also thanks to Gary who was so influential and supportive through the years of writing, rehearsing and recording of these songs.

© Donna Ankney - Recorded 1997 at M.S. Studio, Warfordsburg, PA
© 2011 Donna Ankney www.gottasing.org



Songs by Donna Ankney
1970 - 1977