

As Shadows Fall

(For George Carey)

February 22-23, 2013

As shadows fall we will remember
The days gone by when we were young
The wild call of children's laughter
Will come again as shadows fall

G C G
D C G

In latter days when we were fearful
Of deepest night in crooked lanes
In vain we longed to see the day break
On every hill and every plain

In the soft hour of twilight
Our dreams like polished stone
We will speak again as children do
On the road that calls us home

C G D
C G D
C G Em
C G D

Now we have reached the edge of wonder
Where every loss we may regain
Where we may smile to hear the thunder
And dance again in the rain

In the soft hour of twilight
Our dreams like polished stone
We will speak again as children do
On the road that calls us home

When shadows fall we will remember
The days gone by when we were young
The wild call of children's laughter
Will come again as shadows fall

Around 1990, when I was teaching at the University of Massachusetts, I audited a course with folklorist George Carey. His encouragement put me on the path to the discipline that would define my scholarly life. He was a colorful and generous character, and I was happy to dedicate my first academic book, Usable Pasts, to him.