Grace Beneath the Pines

There’ll be no more running round for me,
no more backing down, you’ll see —
whatever lies in store for me,
I’ll get through it.

There’ll be no more going half the way,
you’d better listen to these words I say —
whatever ties they bound to me,
I’ll cut through them.

Now I found some
Grace beneath the judge’s gavel,
Grace among my brothers on the firing line,
Grace upon this road less travelled,
Grace beneath the pines, the pines,
Grace beneath the pines.

There’ll be no more running round for me,
no more going down, you’ll see —
the line is drawn; my enemy
better stay behind it.

There’ll be no more lifting half the weight,
my will is strong, my back is straight —
whatever lies they told to me,
I’ll see through them.

Now I found some
Grace beneath the judge’s gavel,
Grace among my brothers on the firing line,
Grace upon this road less travelled,
Grace beneath the pines, the pines,
Grace beneath the pines.

There’ll be no more running round for me,
no more going down, you’ll see —
I’ll get through this.
Wedding Ring

Where you running to now, baby?
   Running all the time.
Where you running to now, darlin’?
   Running to all the time.
Well, I sure hope it’s to your sister
and not that mean brother of mine.

I’ve been trying to reach you, darlin’.
   I try, I try in vain.
I’ve been trying to reach you, darlin’.
   Though I try, I try in vain.
   I always end up losing you
and walking home in the rain.

Wedding ring, wedding ring;
   little band of gold.
Wedding ring, wedding ring;
   little band of gold.
Will you be strong enough to keep her,
keep her love from going cold?

There’s a wildcat in you, woman,
   a wildcat on the prowl.
There’s a wildcat in you, woman,
   a wildcat on the prowl.
Everytime I put my arms around you
I can hear that wildcat growl.

I remember when I met you
there was something about the moon.
I remember the night I met you
there was something about the moon.
I don’t know if it was waxing or waning,
but I knew that you’d be leaving soon.

Wedding ring, wedding ring;
   little band of gold.
Wedding ring, wedding ring;
   little band of gold.
Will you be strong enough to keep her,
to keep her love from getting old?
Winning Streak

Through summers long and winters cold
may you always have someone good to hold,
and may good fortune wait on every bend,
and may your winning streak,
may it never end.

So, roll the dice, boy, 'cause my money's on you,
take my advice now and put your money down too,
because there's something in the eye you can't pretend,
and may your winning streak,
may it never end.

And may the sign
of the Southern Cross
be some comfort to you when you're lost,
and may the devil's evil eye
pass you by.

Well, it's not for glory, I tell you true,
that I do these things I do for you,
but for a promise I made now I must defend,
and may your winning streak,
may it never end.

And may the sign of the cross
be some comfort when you're lost,
help you when you're all broke down,
may the spirit of good brethren
turn you around.

And may the devil's evil eye
pass you right by,
don't you look back my friend,
and may the sisters of good charity
take you in.

Through summers long and winters cold
may you always have someone good to hold,
and may good fortune wait on every bend,
and may your winning streak,
may it never end.
Her Mercy

When you’re kneeling through the hours,
and you’re doubting your given powers,
and when you’re ready for her mercy,
and you’re worthy,
it will come.

When you’re sneaking round the back door,
and she’s waiting for you no more,
and when you’re ready for her mercy,
and you’re worthy,
it will come.

When the birds are just tuning up still,
and the dawn breaks on your windowsill,
and when you’re ready for her mercy,
and you’re worthy,
it will come.

It will come
when you’re broken,
when your heart is finally open,
when you’re down,
down and troubled,
when you’re lost among the rubble.

Well, there’s sugar on the old spoon,
let’s do that two-step around your front room,
and when you’re ready for her mercy,
and you’re worthy,
it will come.

Mercy, mercy, coming to you,
feel her beauty flowing through you —
she will unbind you, set the word free.

Mercy, mercy.

Mercy, mercy, coming to you,
feel her beauty flowing through you —
Howard Greynolds, Claire Leadbetter, Joseph Doyle, Graham Hopkins, Rob Bochnik, Colin MacCon Iomaire, Gerry McDonnell, Fiacre Gaffney, The Straw Hall Band, Leon O'Neill, Simon Good, Darragh McAuliffe, Mike Frye, Cherie Breaux, Mic Geraghty, Greg Nelson, Jeremy Lemos, Tara Udemna, Thomas Bartlett, Pat Dillet, Brad Albetta, Rob Moore, Sam Amidon, Shazad Ismaily, Sam Beam, My Bubba, Javier Mas, Kenny Wollesen, Catherine & Jeno Hansard, John Sheahan, Earl Harvin, Michael Buckley, Curtis Fowlkes, Ronan Dooney, Romy, David Odlum, Sylvie and Peter at Black Box France, Marina Guinness, Pete Short, Lisa O'Neill, Mark Stanley, Gaynor Crawford, Eddie Vedder, Liz Burns, Hedi Bloom, Brendan O'Shea & all The Scratcher NYC, Braden King, Nancy Nicholson, Maire Saaitsa, Songs Ohta, Jason Molina, Hold On Magnolia... Dan Sullivan, Rob Sullivan, Jeff Panal, Jenny Benford, Dave Hanson, Andy Kaulkin, Roger Dorrestein, Chantal Neeten & all at Anti Europe & America, Joe Henry, Mary Moyer & Carla Sachs, Liza Geddes & Dan Oggy, David Cleary, Sheila Sachs, Barbara McNally, Tom Schick, Mark Greenburg and all at The Loft Chicago, Brian Blade and the Fellowship Band, Marketa Iglova, Mark Geary, Damien Rice, Andrew Smith, John Tosch and Tarina Aumiller at Overcoat MGMT, Shannon and Jenn at Orderinthesound.com, Ali Hedrick at Billions, Claire Courtney at Earth, Bron Berry, Leagues O'Toole, Peter Aiken, Ted Harris, Alan Daffy, Mark Kaplan, Greg Calbi, Danny Clach, Mykes O'Reilly, Steve Sallett, Karl Odlum, SUSO Gospel Choir, Dave Allen, Kevin Dundon, Liam O'Connor, & all at Whelans Dublin, and to all of you who've stayed this road with us, who've shown support, lent an ear or an arm... Thank You.
Paying My Way

Well, you can't just get what you want
without a little work a day.
And you can't just stick out your hand,
no, it doesn't work that way.

It's gonna be a long one,
I'll be working all night long.
It's gonna be a long one,
but I'm paying my way.

And there's not much joy in the work
unless your born to do it, they say.
And we gotta get down in the dirt now
if we wanna see some change.

It's gonna be a long one,
I'll be working all night long.
It's gonna be a long one,
but I'm paying my way.

And the heart is sliding backwards
on this long dark night of the soul,
and you're the only thing
that keeps me going on.

It's gonna be a long one,
I'll be working my fingers to the bone.
It's gonna be a long one,
but I'm paying my way.

Well, there's not much change in the weather
on this long walk home to you in the rain.
And there's not much left in the purse now
by the time the bills are paid.

It's gonna be a long one,
I can't wait for that weekend to roll along.
It's gonna be a long one,
My Little Ruin

Come on, my little ruin, won't you open up and let us in?
Time has not been kind, but you're still standing here.
Leave a light on in your window, won't you let me see a sign?
It's gonna take more than smoke and mirrors now for me this time.

Come on, my little sorrow, won't you sing yourself a different song?
The melody that made you is now a worn-out sing-along.
Everybody's looking at you, but I can't stand to watch;
I've seen this scene come and go too much.

And oh, how you struggle through the hours
with your sorrow leading the way,
and as you stood there among the cowards,
you were letting them win.

But I'm not gonna stand aside and watch them tear you up.

No, I'm not,
’cause you're better than they are,
and I can't say it enough.

That's enough.
What are you doing?

Come on, my little ruin, won't you build yourself back up again?
Won't you take the time you were given; you promised it to yourself.
You could stand among the best of them if you could hold your own,
but no-one's gonna do it for you now, but you and you alone.

And oh, how you struggle with your power,
and keep your back tight to the wall,
and as you were counted among the cowards,
they didn't see you at all.

Now you're caught on a rising wave, and I can't get you off,
but I'm not gonna stand aside and watch them tear you up.

No, I'm not,
’cause you're better than they are,
you're better than they are,
you're better than they are,
you're better than they are,
and I can't say it enough.
Just to be the One

I will understand you,
I will serve you well.
I’ll suffer when you leave me,
stand out in parallel.
And I will recognise you
when you’re lost to yourself,
just to be the one
you call in.

I will raise an army,
I will gather strength.
I’ll follow where you lead me,
I’ll go through anything.
And I will heed your warning,
and sound your victory bell,
just to be the one
you call in.

And for the first time
you were dark,
caught out on a western swell,
swept apart.
And we watched as their
bodies danced
towards the rocks,
to the rocks.

I will recognise you
when you’re lost to yourself,
just to be the one
you call in.
Just to be the one
you call in.
Stay the Road

Tired, tired eyes look up and see
all you've done, the path you've come,
the things that you've achieved.
And when you're doubting
I hope you'll trust in me.
Tired, tired eyes look up and see.

I've been mining down a dark hole,
I've been mining in the rocks
for a golden seam she's got buried deep
somewhere inside of her.
I've been working for your wonder,
I've been mining hard and long,
and I will not fold; I'm gonna find that gold,
now my work has just begun.

Come on, pilgrim, won't you stay the road?
Put that distance from your mind,
don't you let it show.
Well, it's just a ride, and I'm at your side
if you didn't know.
Come on, pilgrim, won't you stay the road?

I've been mining down a dark hole,
I've been mining in the rocks
for a heart of gold that can't be bought or sold
she's got there inside of her.
I've been working for your wonder,
I've been mining hard and long,
and I won't give up; I'm gonna fill my cup,
now my work has just begun.

Shelter, shelter bell ring out for all below,
keep your doorway open wide,
give us somewhere to go.
And when we're full of doubt,
and we don't know what about,
don't you tell us no.
Shelter, shelter bell ring out for all below.
This album was recorded in New York by Patrick Dillett, and in France, Black Box Studio, by David Odlum, with additional recording in Chicago by Tom Schick and in Dublin by Karl Odlum.

GRACE BENEATH THE PINES
Recorded and mixed by Patrick Dillett, additional engineering by Jesse O’Connor
Glen Hansard: piano, vocals; Rob Moose: strings; Brad Albetta: bass; Thomas Bartlett: keyboard; Michael Buckley: saxophone; Ronan Dooney: trumpet; Curtis Fowlkes: trombone

WEDDING RING
Recorded and mixed by Patrick Dillett, additional engineering by Jonathan Altschuler
Glen Hansard: guitar, vocals; Brad Albetta: bass; Thomas Bartlett: piano, percussion, OP1; Ray Rizzo: drums; Rob Moose: strings; Sam Beam: vocals

WINNING STREAK
Recorded and mixed by Patrick Dillett, additional engineering by David Groener Jr.
Glen Hansard: guitar, vocals; Brad Albetta: bass; Thomas Bartlett: piano; Ray Rizzo: drums; Rob Moose: mandolin; Sam Beam: vocals; Sam Amidon: vocals

HER MERCY
Recorded by Patrick Dillett and David Odlum, additional engineering by David Groener Jr.; mixed by David Odlum
Glen Hansard: guitar, vocals; Brad Albetta: bass; Thomas Bartlett: keyboards; Kenny Wollesen: drums; Rob Moose: strings; Romy: piano; David Odlum: guitar; Michael Buckley: saxophone; Curtis Fowlkes: trombone; Ronan Dooney: trumpet; The SUSO Gospel Choir, directed by Eimear Crehan, arranged by Claire Crehan

McCORMACK’S WALL
Recorded and mixed by David Odlum, additional recording in Dublin by Karl Odlum
Glen Hansard: piano, vocals; Romy: additional piano; John Sheahan: violin
LOWLY DESERTER
Recorded and mixed by David Odlum
Glen Hansard: mandolin, vocals; Joseph Doyle: bass; Earl Harvin: drums;
Romy: keyboards; Michael Buckley: saxophone; Curtis Fowlkes: trombone;
Ronan Dooney: trumpet; Sam Amidon: violin, vocals; Sam Beam: vocals

PAYING MY WAY
Recorded and mixed by Patrick Dillett, additional engineering by David Groener Jr.
Glen Hansard: guitar, vocals; Brad Albeta: bass;
Thomas Bartlett: celeste, OP1; Rob Moose: strings; Kenny Wollesen: drums

MY LITTLE RUIN
Recorded and mixed by Patrick Dillett, additional engineering by David Groener Jr.
Glen Hansard: guitar, vocals; Brad Albeta: bass; Thomas Bartlett: piano, OP1;
Ray Rizzo: drums; Rob Moose: strings

JUST TO BE THE ONE
Recorded by Tom Schick, additional recording by David Odlum; mixed by David Odlum
Glen Hansard: guitar, vocals; Graham Hopkins: drums; Joseph Doyle: bass;
Robert Bochnik: guitar; David Odlum: percussion; Michael Buckley: saxophone, flute;
Curtis Fowlkes: trombone; Ronan Dooney: trumpet; Romy: keyboards;
Justin Carroll: keyboards; Thomas Bartlett: OP1; Rob Moose: viola

STAY THE ROAD
Recorded and mixed by David Odlum
Glen Hansard: guitar, vocals

All strings arranged by Rob Moose and Thomas Bartlett,
except “McCormack’s Wall” by John Sheehan
All horns arranged by Michael Buckley

All photographs by Danny Clinch, except shoe by GH
Design & layout by David Cleary, Glen Hansard, and Sheila Sachs
All songs by G Hansard Warner Chappell Publishing
Paying My Way
Wedding Ring
Winning Streak
My Little Ruin
McCormack's Wall
Lowly Deserter
Mary
Her Mercy
Stay The Road
Didn’t He Ramble
Return
Grace Beneath The Pines

Produced by Thomas Bartlett except 5, 6, 7, 9 Produced by David Odlum
8, Produced by Thomas Bartlett and David Odlum