

Love Echoing ~ Maureen Pollard

Produced by K-Shark Audio
Cover Art: Leo Johnson
Photo of Maureen: Angela C. Johnson

Musicians:

Maureen Pollard: lead vocals
Matt Kowalyk: guitar, bass, bamboo
John Sharkey: keyboards, percussion, guitar, bass
Saskia Tomkins: violin, viola, cello
Noah LeFrancois: trombone, back-up vocals
Sandra Pollard: back-up vocals
Jenna LeFrancois: back-up vocals
Sophie LeFrancois: back-up vocals
David LeFrancois: back-up vocals

I Am A Singer
Love Echoing
Stone Angels
That Old Armchair
Signs
Quest
Life Is Short
Like The Sun
Let the Music Take You Away
She Could Talk
I Hope You Stay (Acoustic)

With heartfelt gratitude to:

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The Toronto Songwriting School where they believe "Everyone has a song."

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I Am A Singer

(Maureen Pollard, Matt Kowalyk and John Sharkey)

For everyone who has ever been told they “can’t”
sing: lean into music and know you belong.

I am a singer, and this is my song
Listen closely, it won’t take long
You’ll learn my heart, it’s in every word
Even the phrases that sound quite absurd

I am a singer, and this is my song
Words and music, dancing along
Though what it all means is mine at the start
It becomes yours as you learn the parts

Whether it’s clear, or a little obscure
Each song has a message, you can be sure
Finding that truth is half of the fun
Even if yours and mine are not the same one

So listen closely, and take your best guess
Which lyrics are costumes, which ones confess
Vulnerability, so hard to wear
Witty wordplay, a mask when you care

I am a singer, and this is my song
I don’t need to be right, and no way is wrong
So lean into music, when feelings are strong
Lean into music, and know you belong.

Love Echoing

(Maureen Pollard, Matt Kowalyk and John Sharkey)
A song for Myrcil, and the love that echoes
across generations,
inspired by the Grief Stories Lyric Writing workshop.

I see you now, like it was yesterday
Head tilted up, your fingers dance and play
Your voice rings out, joy shimmers on your face
We all join in and the chorus rocks the place

Love echoing, love echoing, love echoing
I try to capture the feeling that my memory’s revealing
If I could capture that feeling then my heart might start healing
With love echoing, love echoing, love echoing

All the ones who didn’t get to know you
Gather round, they want to learn our past
I raise a glass as I begin to tell
Tales I recall and it’s like I’ve cast a spell.

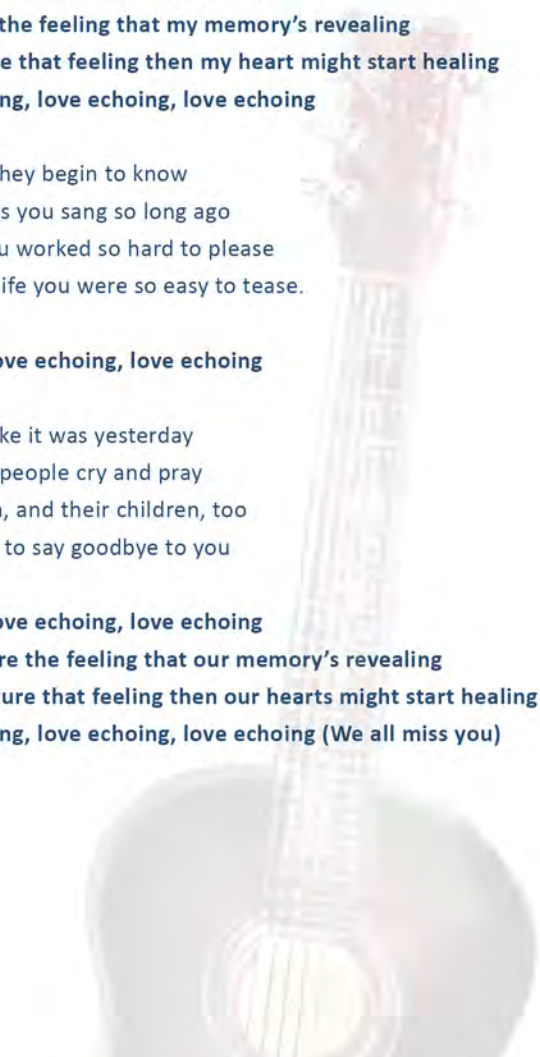
Love echoing, love echoing, love echoing
I try to capture the feeling that my memory’s revealing
If I could capture that feeling then my heart might start healing
With love echoing, love echoing, love echoing

I share it all so they begin to know
I start with songs you sang so long ago
How as a girl you worked so hard to please
Yet throughout life you were so easy to tease.

Love echoing, love echoing, love echoing

I see you now, like it was yesterday
In the casket as people cry and pray
All your children, and their children, too
Gathered round to say goodbye to you

Love echoing, love echoing, love echoing
We try to capture the feeling that our memory’s revealing
If we could capture that feeling then our hearts might start healing
With love echoing, love echoing, love echoing (We all miss you)



Stone Angels

(Maureen Pollard, Matt Kowalyk and John Sharkey)

For les sept enfants LeFrancois, whose siblings here
now fill our days and nights with love.

Stone angels in the graveyard always make me think of you
Gone before your due date came and nothing we could do
No one talks about you, Others rarely say your name
It's like you didn't matter but I'll never be the same

**On a grey, rainy morning you were born still, you were born.
I held you in my arms though I knew we'd have to part
My love for you is endless, you're forever in my heart**

As I sit holding the teddy bear meant to comfort you
I dream about all the things we'll always wish we knew
If your eyes are blue or brown, if your hair is straight or curled
And what adventures we'd have had together in this world

**On a grey, rainy morning you were born still, you were born.
I held you in my arms though I knew we'd have to part
My love for you is endless, you're forever in my heart**

Though other children here fill our days and nights with love
My heart still sighs with longing, Are you watching from above?
Candlelight glows softly on the day that you were born
Each year we still remember that grey and rainy morn.

**On a grey rainy morning, you were born still, you were born
I held you in my arms though I knew we'd have to part
My love for you is endless, you're forever in my heart.
My love for you is endless, you're forever in my heart.**

That Old Armchair

(Maureen Pollard and Matt Kowalyk)

A bit of unanticipated therapy encountered one
fine Saturday afternoon, in a lyric writing workshop
about country music techniques.

In the shadows of my memory of those bright and sunny days
Lie the mystery and the history of why you went away
The pictures show you smiling, I can hear your rumbling laugh
You wore it like a costume, now it's your epitaph
When you would tell a story you were always at your best
But back home in your parlour, wit and wisdom took a rest
That's when all your worry crowded in and turned to pain
And when you tried to drown it, bitter anger would remain

**That old armchair in the corner holds the past like it held you
That old armchair in the corner reminds me that it's true
You're done and gone away from us, your time is really through
Still there are so many things I'll always wish you knew.**

Though your life was full of goodness and people who loved you
You couldn't see it clearly through that smoky haze of blue
With amber coloured lenses you peered out at the world
While inside you insecurity and misery unfurled
In the corner in your armchair you would sit and dwell
On perceived insults and hard luck, in your own imagined hell
It all rose up inside you, lending such a narrow view
Casting all around you in dark and dreary hues

**That old armchair in the corner holds the past like it held you
That old armchair in the corner reminds me that it's true
You're done and gone away from us, your time is really through
Still there are so many things I'll always wish you knew.**

If I could have you here once more I'd sit you in that chair
I'd force your full attention on what I'm about to share
There's so much fortune in your life, so much to bring you joy
Please open up your heart and know this isn't just a ploy
You are safe and you are loved exactly as you are
It's true this life brings sorrow, people suffer near and far
Though you feel pain and darkness surround you every day
There's also love and kindness, we find it when we stay.

**That old armchair in the corner holds the past like it held you
That old armchair in the corner reminds me that it's true
If I could bring you back again a lesson would ensue
Yes, I'd tell you all the many things I'll always wish you knew.**



Signs

(Maureen Pollard)

My first gift, chords and all, from a beat-up pawn shop travel guitar.

I don't know where we go when we're done with this round
I don't know but I've been told we might be heaven-bound
I don't know so I find myself looking for signs

When the redbird flies or if I find a dime or a feather on the ground
Is an angel near looking out for me? Is their love always around?
Do they walk with me leaving me these signs?

**I wish I knew, I wish I knew, I wish I knew, If it was true
If I knew these signs were from you
Maybe a little peace would make it's debut**

So I walk along and I search the skies and I glance down at the trail
Looking for signs that you're here with me,
that you love me without fail
The way I know that I will always love you.

**I wish I knew, I wish I knew, I wish I knew, If it was true
If I knew these signs were from you
Maybe a little peace would make it's debut**

**I wish I knew, I wish I knew, I wish I knew, that it was true
If I knew these signs were from you
I know a little peace would find it's way through.**

Quest

(Maureen Pollard, Matt Kowalyk and John Sharkey)

A cautionary tale written for a contest about Lessons Learned.

When temptation comes to greet you with a smile upon it's face
And your heart is steeped in longing and your mind begins to race
That's when it's time to take a rest, to pause and catch your breath
Before you're in the thick of things and risk an early death.

So many things will tempt you as you go along in life
Some of these things will bring you joy and some will bring you strife
The shiny things that catch your eye may tarnish over time
The things you thought were boring may turn out to be sublime.

If you play with fire you're bound to get burned
If you chase every spark and leave no stone unturned
Blisters, scars and bruises will be what you've earned
Changing you and leaving you with hard lessons learned.

So weigh your choices carefully as you travel down the road
Take in the sights and have some fun with this caution as your code
Don't give up on the tender things that settle in your breast
To chase some sparkly bauble in an endless, empty quest.
No don't chase after every thrill, you might lose the thing that's best.



Life is Short

(Maureen Pollard, Matt Kowalyk and John Sharkey)

Another cautionary tale inspired by the same contest theme.
(It's fiction! My actual mom is happily enjoying a vaccinated and masked life at the time of this release.)

When I was young and strong and loud my mama taught me well
She said if I didn't change my ways I'd make my way to hell
I found myself in trouble then in oh, so many ways
Leaving mama prayin' rosaries all of her nights and days
Then came the day when she told me, her time was winding down
The doctors had done what they could, she said it with a frown
But it wasn't for her fate that she looked at me so sad
No she looked that way because she knew that I was just plain bad

Oh, she took my hand and she pulled me close saying
"Listen carefully
Life is short and then you die, so behave accordingly."

So for my mama's sake I tried to turn my life around
I did good deeds and helped folks out all across the town
Mama was oh, so proud of me and smiling as she died
But now she's gone and I'm tempted to set good deeds aside
When those urges come upon me to return to my old ways
I remember mama's words to me, her stern and solemn gaze
It's enough to keep me trav'lin' a straight and narrow path
Not sure if I'm more scared of hell or mama's spirit's wrath.

Well she took my hand and she pulled me close saying
"Listen carefully
Life is short and then you die, so behave accordingly."
Yes, life is short and then you die, so behave accordingly.

Like the Sun

(Maureen Pollard, Matt Kowalyk and John Sharkey)

An ode to songwriting and guitar playing in the summer of 2020.

Stay close, they said, to the people who feel like sunshine
And I thought of you and the warmth of your gaze on mine
Not too close, I thought, and not for too long, oh no
Staring into the sun, well, that makes blind spots grow.

Rustling leaves stir softly, nature's percussion
As I listen now, wistful memories rush in
What a time that was, all sunshine and light breezes
Making music flow and finding rhythm that pleases.

**Like the sun holds court for an audience of planets that need
its radiance to thrive**
**Lyrics lift me as the music flows and frolics and a spark in
my soul comes alive.**

The strings are not yet graceful under my fingers
When I get it right joy squeezes my heart then lingers
Ideas flow, blending heartache and hope with desire
Each rhyme and riff fuelling an inner fire.

**Like the sun holds court for an audience of planets that need
its radiance to thrive**
**Lyrics lift me as the music flows and frolics and a spark in
my soul comes alive.**

And the sun shines on
 As dark clouds gather
And the sun shines on
 While thunder rolls
And the sun shines on
 As lightning strikes
And the sun shines on
 And the storm moves along

**Like the sun holds court for an audience of planets that need
its radiance to thrive**
**Lyrics lift me as the music flows and frolics and a spark in
my soul comes alive.**
Yes a spark in my soul comes alive.

Let the Music Take You Away

(Maureen Pollard, Matt Kowalyk and Saskia Tomkins)

Also known as Mrs. Doyle's song, as I understand she likes a nice waltz on a record.

When it feels like too much
Feels like you've lost your touch
And nothing is going your way
Though you feel all alone
You're not on your own
It's just that you've had a rough day
Close your eyes and believe
Peace is yours to receive
You can find your rhythms in life
Take one breath at a time
There's no reason or rhyme
To surrender to pain and strife

**So when you don't feel strong
Put on your favourite song
Let the music take you away
Let the music take you away**

Play the songs that you love
The notes rising above
Whatever is bringing you pain
Turn the volume up high
You can sing, you can cry
Let emotions fall free, like rain

**Yes when you don't feel strong
Put on your favourite song
Let the music take you away
Let the music take you away**

You can only be you, it's true
No matter what others want you to do
Embrace who you are,
Shine bright like a star
You're the melody of a sweet tune.

**And when you don't feel strong
Put on your favourite song
Let the music take you away
Let the music take you away**

She Could Talk

(Maureen Pollard, Matt Kowalyk and John Sharkey)

Inspired by the 30 Day Music Writing Challenge, this is a fun little self portrait that my family might one day play at my funeral, with my blessing.

Oh she could talk (yes she could talk)
The wet off of water,
The whiskers off a walrus
And just look where it got her

Oh she could talk (she could talk)
The leaves off a tree
The ink off of paper
And the patience out of me

Oh she could talk (she could talk)
Though for silence you'd yearn
She would tell a dandy story
Lessons you were meant to learn

Oh she could talk (she could talk)
The butter off your popcorn
The shine off your apple
In the evening or in the morn

Oh she could talk (she could talk)
Her voice was strong and sure
And though her voice is silent now
Her stories will endure

