

Judy Collins "The Fallow Way"

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I'll learn to love the fallow way
When winter draws the valley down
And stills the rivers in the storm
And freezes all the little brooks

Time when our steps slow to the song
Of falling flakes and crackling flames
When silver stars are high and still
Deep in the velvet of the sky

The crystal times, the silence times
I'll learn to love their quiet breath
While deep beneath the glistening snow
The black earth dreams of violets
I'll learn to love the fallow time

I'll learn to love the fallow way
When all my colors fade to white
And flying birds fold back their wings
Upon my anxious wanderings

The sun has slanted all her rays
Across the vast and harvest plain
My memories mingle in the dawn
I dream of joyful vagabonds

The crystal times, the silence times
I'll learn to love their quietness
While deep beneath the glistening snow
The black earth dreams in of violets
I'll learn to love the fallow times

No drummer comes across the plain
To tell of triumph or of pain
No word of far off battle's cry
To draw me out or draw me nigh

I'll learn to love the fallow way
And gather in the patient fruits
And after autumns blaze and burn
I'll know the feel of still, deep roots

But nothing seem to do or need
That crack the ice in frozen ponds
And slumbering in winter's folds
Have dreams of green and blue and gold

I'll learn to love the fallow way
And listen for the blossoming
Of my own heart once more in spring

As sure as time, as sure as snow
As sure as moonlight and the stars
The fallow time will fall away
The sun will bring an April day
And I will yield to summer's way

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