

This album has been such a joy to work on. Thanks to our Sovereign God, who has “revived” a part of the history of our families.

Thanks to Bil VornDick for the guidance, ideas, and long hours, and for keeping us laughing through it all. Thanks to Mike Curb, the Mike Curb College of Entertainment and Music Business at Belmont University, and the Country Music Hall of Fame

for the opportunity to record in Historic RCA Studio B, especially on its 50th anniversary. What a special experience it has been for our families!

Thanks to Michael Janas for all your help and hospitality at Studio B. Thanks to Kenny Malone, Charlie Chadwick, Julie Adams, and Drew Covington for lending us your time and talent.

Thanks to Boots Randolph and Charlie McCoy for sharing your amazing gifts with us. Thanks to Jim Stewart and Jonathan Russell for helping to get us pointed in the right direction. Thanks to Suzy Bogguss for the encouragement and support.

“But grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, to Him be the glory, both now and to the day of eternity. Amen.”

2 Peter 3:18

May we always be used to share this grace with others.



## from MEAGAN

Music is such a gift from the Lord. Jason and I are both blessed to have a rich family heritage in this respect. Uncle Chester has had, and will continue to have, a huge impact on me – there will never be another quite like him. All I can do is use what gifts I have been given to bring glory to the One who gave them to me in the first place. Hopefully that is what I have done!

Thanks to my entire family for their love and support and for all the sacrifices they have made to provide for me both physically and spiritually. Thanks to my parents for the example they set for me – even now. Thanks to my grandmother, Billie Rose, for singing with me in the car all those years, pushing me to open my mouth and helping me to relive and understand our family history. Thanks to my husband, Chris, for loving me and pushing me to grow in so many ways. Thanks to Matt, Brandon and Katie for always looking out for me. Thanks to Jenny for listening and to Tim for singing with me in the very beginning! Thanks to Aunt Onie, Merle, Jonathan, Carrie, Mandy and Chad for your support! Year after year, the Lord has placed people in my path to direct me in His ways. I am thankful for each one of you – far too many to name. Finally, thanks to all who have helped me with the guitar over the last seven and a half years.

## from JASON

Wow... words can't express the sense of awe I have felt throughout the production of this album. It has been amazing to be a part of something so special. Playing the same piano that my Grandad played on the original, timeless recording of Last Date; recording in the same studio that has produced legend after legend for half a century; sharing the experience with such an amazing group of musicians who pour their heart and soul into every note of every song – I am humbled and eternally grateful for the opportunity Meagan and I have been given.

I am also thankful for the unwavering love and support of my family and friends. Mom, Dad, and Josh, I can't tell you how much it means to me that wherever I am, there you are too – usually cleaning up behind me and carrying my gear! Grandma and Nannie, you mean the world to me, and I hope that one day my grandkids will enjoy being with me as much as I love having you in my life. Natalie, I am so thankful that you have been by my side during this project – thank you for sharing in my excitement every step of the way. I can't possibly name everyone for whom I am grateful, but I thank God for how you have all impacted me in different ways throughout my life. God has blessed me with much – and it is my hope that my life will be a blessing to Him.

## HAMMER AND NAIL

Nail and hammer, hammer and nail  
I need a lifeboat that's set to sail  
Cross this ocean of tears I've cried  
The time has come to turn the tide

Thread and needle, needle and thread  
I need a sail made of crimson red  
I wanna be seen from miles away  
I'm lost at sea and I wanna be saved

Blow, wind, blow, set me free  
A storm called love made a wreck of me  
I'm tossed and turned, I'm in the dark  
All my dreams got torn apart  
At the bottom of my deep blue heart

Pen and paper, paper and pen  
I need a bottle to put a message in  
And I hope it won't sink to the ocean floor  
I'm still a far cry from the shore

*Written by Suzy K. Bogguss & Gary Scruggs.  
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Lil Isabelle Music / BMI*

## I CAN HEAR KENTUCKY CALLING ME

### FIELDS OF GOLD

You'll remember me when the west wind moves  
/ Among the fields of barley / You can tell the  
sun it its jealous sky / When we walked in fields  
of gold

So she took her love for to gaze awhile / Among  
the fields of barley / In his arms she fell as her  
hair came down / Among the fields of gold

Will you stay with me, will you be my love /  
Among the fields of barley / And you can tell the  
sun in its jealous sky / When we walked in fields  
of gold

I never made promises lightly / And there have  
been some that I've broken / But I say in the days  
still left / We will walk in fields of gold / We will  
walk in fields of gold

Many years have passed since those summer days  
/ Among the fields of barley / See the children  
run as the sun goes down / As you lie in fields of  
gold

You'll remember me when the west wind moves  
/ Among the fields of barley / And you can tell  
the sun it its jealous sky / When we walked in  
fields of gold

*Written by Sting. © EMI Blackwood Music Inc. &  
obo Magnetic Publishing Ltd. / BMI*

I can hear Kentucky calling me / Whispering through my halls of memory / A bluegrass field, a  
maple hill / I loved her then, I love her still / I can hear Kentucky calling me

Front porch dreamers pickin' old guitars / Bony hound-dogs singin' to the stars / The sounds and  
scenes I left behind / Are evergreens upon my mind / I can hear Kentucky calling me

*Written by Boudleaux Bryant and Felice Bryant. © House of Bryant Publications / BMI*

### ANCIENT WORDS

Holy words long preserved  
For our walk in this world  
They resound with God's own heart  
Oh let the ancient words impart  
Words of life, words of hope  
Give us strength, help us cope  
In this world, where ever we roam  
Ancient words will guide us home

Ancient words ever true  
Changing me, and changing you  
We have come with open hearts  
Oh let the ancient words impart

Holy words of our faith  
Handed down to this age  
Came to us through sacrifice  
Oh heed the faithful words of Christ  
Holy words long preserved  
For our walk in this world.  
They resound with God's own heart  
Oh let the ancient words impart

*Written by Lynn DeShazo.  
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### THE END OF THE WORLD

Why does the sun go on shining  
Why does the sea rush to shore  
Don't they know it's the end of the world,  
'Cause you don't love me any more

Why do the birds go on singing  
Why do the stars glow above  
Don't they know it's the end of the world,  
It ended when I lost your love

I wake up in the morning and I wonder,  
Why everything's the same as it was  
I can't understand, no, I can't understand,  
How life goes on the way it does

Why does my heart go on beating  
Why do these eyes of mine cry  
Don't they know it's the end of the world,  
It ended when you said goodbye

*Written by Dee Sylvia & Kent Arthur.  
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Music Sales Corp. / ASCAP*



## DREAM

Dream, when you're feeling blue  
Dream, that's the thing to do  
Just watch the smoke rings rise in the air  
You'll find your share of memories there, so...

Dream, when you're feeling blue  
Dream, and it might come true  
Things never are as bad as they seem, so...  
Dream, dream, dream

*Written by Johnny Mercer.*  
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## WILDFLOWERS

The hills were alive with wildflowers, and I / Was as wild, even wilder than they  
For at least I could run; they just died in the sun / And I refused to just wither in place  
Just a wild mountain rose needing freedoms to grow / So I ran fearing not where I'd go  
When a flower grows wild, it can always survive / Wildflowers don't care where they grow

And the flowers I knew in the fields where I grew / Were content to be lost in the crowd  
They were common and close; I had no room to grow / And I wanted so much to branch out  
So I uprooted myself from my home ground and left / Took my dreams and I took to the road  
When a flower grows wild, it can always survive / Wildflowers don't care where they grow

I grew up fast and wild, and I never felt right / In a garden so different from me  
I just never belonged, I just longed to be gone / So the garden one day set me free  
I hitched a ride with the wind & since he was my friend / I just let him decide where we'd go  
When a flower grows wild, it can always survive / Wildflowers don't care where they grow.

Just a wild rambling rose seeking mysteries untold / No regret for the path that I chose  
When a flower grows wild, it can always survive / Wildflowers don't care where they grow

*Written by Dolly Parton.* © Velvet Apple Music / BMI

## SWEET DREAMS

*Written by Don Gibson.*  
© Sony/ATV AcuffRose Music / BMI

## BE THOU MY VISION

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart  
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art  
Thou my best thought by day or by night  
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light

Be Thou my wisdom and Thou my true word  
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord  
Thou my great Father and I Thy true son  
Thou in me dwelling and I with Thee one

High King of Heaven, my victory won  
May I reach Heaven's joys, O bright Heaven's Son  
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall  
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all

*Public Domain.*

## HOW DEEP THE FATHER'S LOVE

How deep the Father's love for us  
How vast beyond all measure  
That He would give His only Son  
To make a wretch His treasure  
How great the pain of searing loss  
The Father turns His face away  
As wounds which mar the Chosen One  
Bring many sons to glory

Behold the man upon a cross  
My sin upon His shoulders  
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice  
Call out among the scoffers  
It was my sin that held Him there  
Until it was accomplished  
His dying breath has brought me life  
I know that it is finished

I will not boast in anything  
No gifts, no power, no wisdom  
But I will boast in Jesus Christ  
His death and resurrection  
Why should I gain from His reward  
I cannot give an answer  
But this I know with all my heart  
His wounds have paid my ransom

*Written by Stuart Townend.*  
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## SAILS

Sails are just like wings, you can fly from things  
Run before the wind, Lord, let it blow  
Let it rock me slow while I sleep below  
Dreaming dreams that only sailors know

And it will soothe your mind  
Smooth away your lines  
Set your clock back on your own time  
And if you sail with me, we will find the sea  
We will find our love over again

*Written by Johanna D. Hall & John Joseph Hall.*  
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