



To put it plainly, we just couldn't stop writing songs. To try and put it more poetically, it feels like we were standing on the edge of the folklorian woods and had a choice: to turn and go back or to travel further into the forest of this music. We chose to wander deeper in and my collaborators and I are proud to announce that my 9th studio album and folklore's sister record is here. It's called evermore.

I've never done this before. In the past I've always treated albums as one-off eras and moved onto planning the next one as soon as an album was released. There was something different with folklore. In making it, I felt less like I was departing and more like I was returning. I loved the escapism I found in these imaginary/not imaginary tales. I loved the ways you welcomed the dreamscapes and tragedies and epic tales of love lost and found. So I just kept writing them. And I loved creating these songs with Aaron Dessner, Jack Antonoff, WB, and Justin Vernon. We've also welcomed some new (and longtime) friends to our musical kitchen table this time around...

Before I knew it there were 17 tales, some of which are mirrored or intersecting with one another. The one about two young con artists who fall in love while hanging out at fancy resorts trying to score rich romantic beneficiaries. The one where longtime college sweethearts had very different plans for the same night, one to end it and one who brought a ring. Dorothea, the girl who left her small town to chase down Hollywood dreams - and what happens when she comes back for the holidays and rediscovers an old flame. The 'unhappily ever after' anthology of marriages gone bad that includes infidelity, ambivalent toleration, and even murder. The most righteous motive, to avenge the fallen. The realization that maybe the only path to healing is to wish happiness on the one who took it away from you. One starring my grandmother, Marjorie, who still visits me sometimes...if only in my dreams.

I wanted to surprise you with this the week of my 31st birthday. You've all been so caring, supportive and thoughtful on my birthdays and so this time I wanted to give you something! I also know this holiday season will be a lonely one for most of us and if there are any of you out there who turn to music to cope with missing loved ones the way I do, this is for you.

I have no idea what will come next. I have no idea about a lot of things these days and so I've clung to the one thing that keeps me connected to you all. That thing always has and always will be music.

And may it continue, evermore.





Life was a willow and it bent right to your wind

And the road not taken looks real good now





*Actually
I always felt I must look better in the rear view*

Because I dropped your hand while dancing





I made you my temple, my mural, my sky



I think I'm gonna call him out



*Honey, when I'm above the trees
I see this for what it is*



*Down
in the
park*

Honey, making a lark of the misery





Forever is the sweetest con



My pain fits in the palm of your freezing hand



Did I paint your bluest skies the darkest gray?

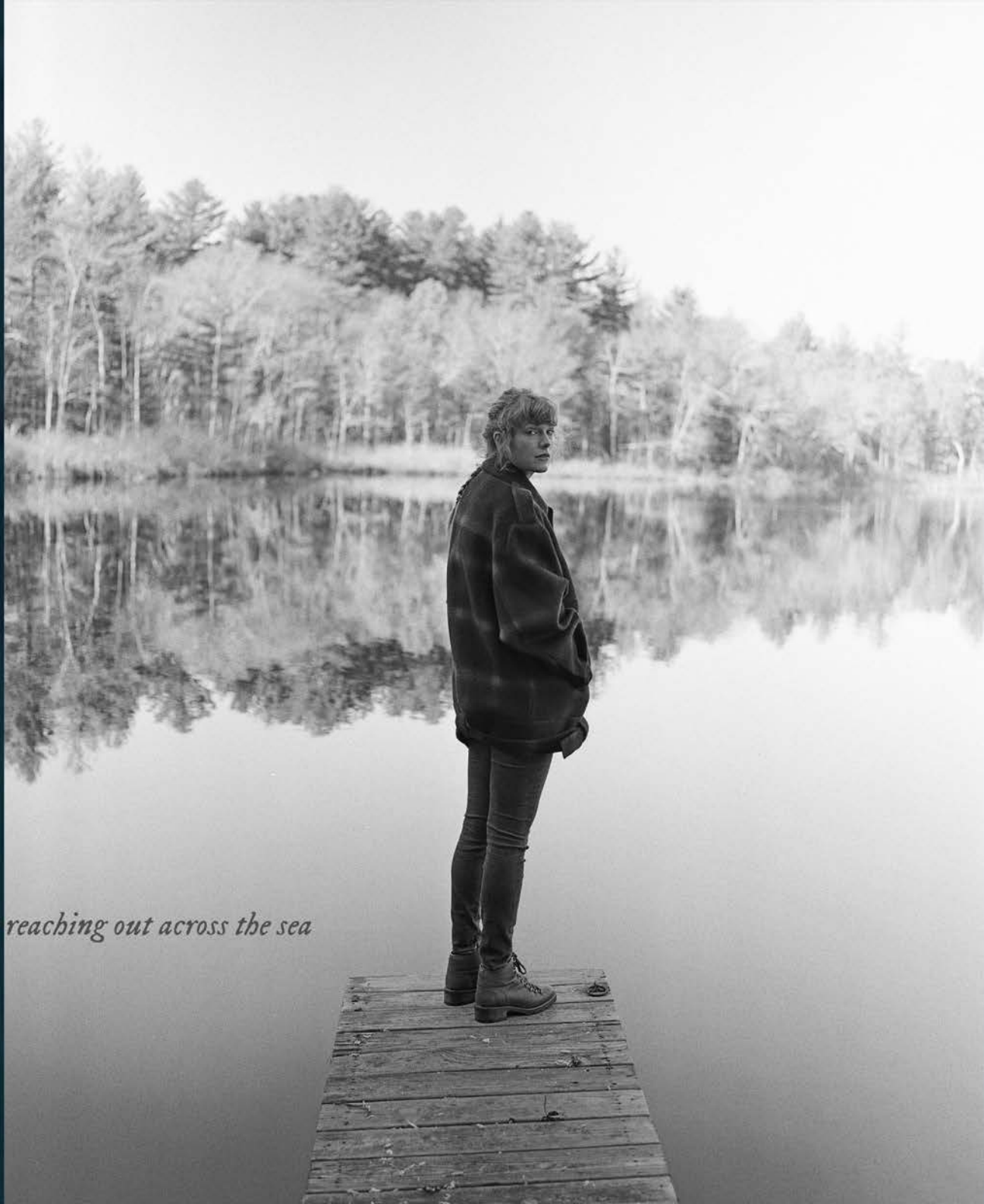
My mind turns your life into folklore



Never be so kind you forget to be clever

Never be so clever you forget to be kind





Guilty, guilty reaching out across the sea



I'd meet you where the spirit meets the bones



Writing letters addressed to the fire



And I was catching my breath