



Autumn Is Knocking At Our Door

(chorus)
Autumn is knocking at our door, my love,
Summer will never return,
We've left spring behind in the mazes of our minds,
Swiftly seasons silently slip by.

I remember the first time I held you in my arms,
The sweet bells of London seemed to ring,
Your eyes were as bright as the guardians of the night,
Your hair was black as any raven's wing.

(chorus)

We walked hand in hand across high, heathered hills,
Together we pulled wild mountain thyme.
Among the sweet primroses, when you and I lay down,
The small birds kept singing all the time.

(chorus)

There were days when we waited, broiling in the sun,
While our thumbs turned a darker shade of brown.
Or we shivered in the wind, cursed the driving rain,
And prayed The Seven wouldn't let us down.

(chorus)

I recall still the chill of an early winter's morn,
The wood was a wonderland in white,
And the twisting tinselled path that twined amidst the trees
Glistened in that snowy-sunday light.

(chorus)

Your eyes are just as brown as the eyes of a fawn,
Your breast still as soft as down,
But our sunflower seed has taken roots and grown,
I know we've nearly sung the seasons round.
Autumn is knocking at our door, my love.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: Hammer Musik

G.

.....

(chorus)

Autumn is knocking at our door, my love,
G D G C G
Summer will never return,
G A D
We've left spring behind in the mazes of our minds,
G Em C G
Swiftly seasons silently slip by.
G D G

I remember the first time I held you in my arms,
G D G Em
The sweet bells of London seemed to ring,
Em C D
Your eyes were as bright as the guardians of the night,
D G Em C G
Your hair was black as any raven's wing.
G D

.....

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Autumn Is Knocking At Our Door " Intercord. 1980

Colin Wilkie on " Unbounded " (with Marfanone) Timberland. 1995

Colin Wilkie on " Empty Chairs " pläne 1996

Dominikus Plaschg on " Resonanzen " 1996 ?

The Bells Of London

Come and see the town I was born in,
Take a walk along with me.
All the wealth, and all the poverty
Are there for you to see.
I can show to you some bad things,
I can show you sights so fair.
There she stands: The Tower of London,
Tell me what compares.

chorus)

See the River Thames a-flowing,
Untouched by time.
See Saint Pauls in all its glory,
Hear the bells of London chime.

See the Rolls and see the Bentleys,
See the Jags go gliding by,
See the bomb-sites, derelict houses
Where the tramps live and die.
Walk through the parks, walk by the river,
See the Horse Guards on parade,
Visit the Abbey at Westminster,
Where many great men are laid.

(chorus)

Down the lane on a Sunday morning
You'll find bargains by the score;
See the stalls of whelks and winkles,
Jellied eels galore.
See the roads, both broad and narrow,
See the coppers on their beats,
Hear the cries of London barrow-boys
Ringing through the streets.

(chorus)

Watch the porters down in Smithfield,
Watch the buskers in Leicester Square,
See the big red busses rumble by,
Hear the taxis' blare.
Smell the fish down in Billingsgate,

Smell the West End's smart perfumes,
Smell the docks, the East End factories,
Smell the gasworks' fumes.

(chorus)

See the statues, see the fountains,
See the dirt and smell the smells,
Hear the noisy beat that's London,
Listen to her bells.
See Big Ben and the House of Commons,
See the slums in Bethnal Green,
Go down The Mall and see the palace
Where centuries guard the queen.

(chorus)

And when you've seen the things I mention,
You've really only just begun,
You'll never know the whole of London
Though you live to a thousand and one.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: B. Feldman & Co.Ltd

Bb. Capo on 3

Come and see the town I was born in,
G Bm C Am G
Take a walk along with me.
G Bm C D
All the wealth, and all the poverty
G Em C D G
Are there for you to see.
G C D
I can show to you some bad things,
G Bm C Am G
I can show you sights so fair.
G Bm C D
There she stands: The Tower of London,
G Em A D G

Tell me what compares.

Am G D

See the River Thames a-flowing,

G Bm C Am G

Untouched by time.

Bm Am

chorus)

See Saint Pauls in all its glory,

G C G C D

Hear the bells of London chime.

D C EmAmG D

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Sunflower Seed " Da Camera. 1970

Colin Wikie on " Autumn Is Knocking At Our Door " Intercord. 1980

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Sunflower Seed " RBM. 2000

Written in September 1966, the original lyrics were one continual hymn of praise to the wonders and beauties of London. Shirley said: " I love the tune, but the words are rubbish. Look out of our window (at the time we lived on the 18th floor of a huge, dirt and garbage surrounded block of council flats in Hackney) there's nothing wonderful or beautiful out there, is there ? " She was absolutely right, so I rewrote the lyrics in a more realistic way: juxtaposing the glories of London with her less salubrious sides.

Carved In Stone

How would you feel if you saw your own name
Carved in stone in the graveyard ?
chorus) Tell me;
How would you feel if you saw your own name
Carved in stone in the graveyard ?

It's so hard for a little boy to comprehend,
When at the start he reads the end
In letters carved in stone
In the graveyard.

(chorus)

He had no chance, the choice was theirs to choose,
Now in bewilderment he stares, confused,
At letters carved in stone
In the graveyard.

(chorus)

Although they love me, still my parents mourn
For my elder brother, their first born.
They're certain he'd have been everything I'm not,
And I can't compete with the image they've got.
Although they don't want to be unfair,
Sometimes it's hard to bear.
They're sure he'd have been gentle, godly, mild,
Whilst I am firey, fault-filled, wild.

(chorus)

For the name I see in the cemetery
Is the same name that belongs to me,
It's a name I see everyday
Carved in stone in the graveyard.

.....
Bm:capo 2

How would you feel if you saw your own name
Am G Am Em
Carved in stone in the graveyard ?
Am G Am
chorus) Tell me;
Am
How would you feel if you saw your own name
Am G Am Em
Carved in stone in the graveyard ?
Am G Am

It's so hard for a little boy to comprehend
Am F G Am
When at the start he reads the end
Am Dm G7 Am
In letters carved in stone
AmG Em
In the graveyard.
G Am

Although they love me, still my parents mourn
C F G7 F G7 Am
For my elder brother, their first born.
Am F G C Am
bridge) They're certain he'd have been everything I'm not,
Am F G7 C
And I can't compete with the image they've got:
C F G7 C Am
Although they don't mean to be unfair,
AmF G7 C
Sometimes it's hard to bear.
F G Am
They're sure he'd have been gentle godly, mild,
Am F G7 C
Whilst I am firey, fault-filled, wild.
C F G7 A

My favourite painter: Vincent van Gogh was born on March 30th, 1853 - exactly one year, to the day, after the birth of his deceased brother. His parents, bizarrely, gave him precisely the same names as his dead sibling : Vincent Willem.

Central Ferry No.2

In the harbour of my mind, moored by memories
Green chains of time,
Listing gently to the side,
On waves of reverie she rides, forever true:
Central Ferry No.2

Down the tideway of my dreams, she goes sailing
Again for me,
To the island, glistered lights
On the turning wheels of night, forever true:
Central Ferry No 2.

bridge)

Swedish summer,
Warm as wine,
Love that blossomed,
Love that died.

But the ferry still remains, on streams of fantasy
She returns,
Ever moving, like the sea,
Ebbs and flows eternally, forever true:
Central Ferry No 2.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: B.Feldman & Co. Ltd

C.

In the harbour of my mind, moored by memories
C F Em Am Em
Green chains of time,
F G
Listing gently to the side,
G C F Em
On waves of reverie she rides, forever true:
F C Em G F G Em
Central Ferry No.2
F C F C

bridge)
Swedish summer,
A G
Warm as wine,
A G
Love that blossomed,
A E
Love that died.
C D

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Sunflower Seed " Da Camera. 1970

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Sunflower Seed " RBM 2000

In 1968 Shirley and I were singing, once again, for the summer season, in a small Stockholm cabaret named " Chaos ". We had met Odetta earlier that year at the Burg Waldeck Festival, and when she came to do a concert, we naturally spent time together. There are ferry boats which constantly move among the islands, and she told us of one she could see from the bedroom window of her hotel: " Central Ferry No. 2 " (which had a perpetual list to starboard) that voyaged, so truly, back and forth to Gröna Lund.

The Day The River Died

Formed from a single drop of water,
In the dark womb of the earth,
Rising to the surface
In celebratory birth.
Sprung from a spring into a brook:
Effervescent and pristine,
Sticklebacks and minnows glide
Over pebbles, crystalline.

Formed from a single drop of water,
Now a dazzling, dancing stream
Spiralling through spinneys,
And the marsh's mellow green.
Moving swifter as it passes
Through the soft lap of the downs,
Meandering through meadows,
Hamlets and towns.

chorus)

The Danube, the Tiber,
The Shannon, the Seine,
The Ganges, the Nile, Mississippi,
The Amazon, Volga,
The Jordan, the Rhine,
The Clyde, the Murray, the Yangtze,
And the timeless Thames flows sweetly.

Formed from a single drop of water,
Flowing forward, restlessly,
Curving, carving, creating
A landscape naturally.
Underneath its surface teems
A multiplicity of life.
Its banks abound with blossoms,
Bird, beast, butterfly.

Formed from a single drop of water,
Now a tributary in haste,
Speeding on its way to
Where the major river waits.
At the confluence the currents
Race together and combine

Into a mighty waterway
Growing greater, deeper, all the time.

(chorus)

Formed from a single drop of water,
Born to roll majestically,
Yet damned to exploitation,
Manhandled barbarously.
Misused and maltreated,
Its bounty plundered recklessly,
Poisoned and polluted
On its journey to the sea.

final verse)

And the water-meadows misty dawning
Moved from morning into mourning,
The rushes and the reeds
Changed to widows' weeds,
The flora faded, the fauna fled,
The wild birds took to flight,
And the weeping willows withered
On the day the river died.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

D

Formed from a single drop of water,
D A D A
In the dark womb of the earth,
G A D A
Rising to the surface
G A D Bm
In celebratory birth.
BmG A
Sprung from a spring into a brook:
D A D A
Effervescent and pristine,
G A D A
Sticklebacks and minnows glide
G A D Bm
Over pebbles, crystalline.
Bm G A

chorus) The Danube, the Tiber,
 A Em B7
 The Shannon, the Seine,
 B7 C D
 The Ganges, the Nile, Mississippi,
 D C D G Em
 The Amazon, Volga,
 Em B7
 The Jordan, the Rhine,
 B7 C D
 The Clyde, the Murray, the Yangtze,
 D C D G Em
 And the timeless Thames flows sweetly.
 Em C D G A

final verse) And the water-meadows misty dawning
 A F G C Am
 Moved from morning into mourning,
 F G C Am
 The rushes and the reeds
 Am Dm G
 Changed to widows' weeds,
 Dm G
 The flora faded, the fauna fled,
 G F G C Am
 The wild birds took to flight,
 Am Dm G
 And the weeping willows withered
 G F G C Am
 On the day the river died.
 Am F G A

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Donaumusik " Intraton. 1999

Colin Wilkie on " Best of Felsenkeller Vol. 1 " 1999 ?

We Don't Inherit The Earth

Intro)

We stand astride the planet:
A colossal Colossus of Rhodes,
Enveloped in our egos,
Enraptured by the victor's pose.
We bend the laws of Nature
To serve our selfish needs,
Ignoring consequences
Determined by our deeds,
And forget one simple fact:

chorus)

We don't inherit the earth,
It isn't ours to give or take,
Our one responsibility
Is to conserve it for our children's sake.
Yet we use it and abuse it,
We disfigure and defile,
And forget we don't inherit the earth;
We only borrow it for a while.

It seems we're too blind to see
A dying forest for the trees.
Pollution daily grows
Where once sweet water flowed.
The debts of destruction
That we build our lives upon,
Are left for future generations
To pay when we are gone.

(chorus)

Scientific researchers sought a source
Of power that was cheap and clean,
But radioactive waste and leaks
Haunt the nuclear dream.
Radiation knows no borders,
And, as the midnight chimes begin,
We're confronted by the dangers:
There's fear and fallout on the wind.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

C,

We stand astride the planet:

C G C
A colossal Colossus of Rhodes,
C G C

Enveloped in our egos,

F G C

Intro)

Enraptured by the victor's pose.

C F G

We bend the laws of Nature

G F G C

To serve our selfish needs,

C F G Am

Ignoring consequences

Am F G C

Determined by our deeds,

C G Am

And forget one simple fact:

Am F G

We don't inherit the earth,

G C Am

It isn't ours to give or take,

Dm G

Our one responsibility

G C Am

chorus)

Is to conserve it for our children's sake.

Am Dm G

Yet we use it and abuse it,

G F Em

We disfigure and defile,

Em F G

And forget we don't inherit the earth;

G C Am

We only borrow it for a while.

Am F G C

It seems we're too blind to see

C Am

A dying forest for the trees.

Am F G

Pollution daily grows
G C Am
Where once sweet waters flowed.
Am F G
The debts of destruction
G F Em
That we build our lives upon,
Em F G
Are left for future generations
G C Am
To pay when we are gone.
AmF G C

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Empty Chairs " pläne. 1996

Colin Wilkie on " Tonartisten " Intraton. 1999

Colin Wilkie on " Lieder einer Sommernacht " Bruno. 2001

Colin Wilkie on " Wir bauen ein Haus " Bruno 2005

Echoes Of Old Love Songs

When a nightingale at noon sings
As if the universe was Berkley Square.
When a lark in the morning soars
Into a starlit, moonbright, midnight air.
These subteties of symmetry:
Without reason, without rhyme,
Like dancing feet
That miss the beat,
Stepping slightly out of time,

chorus)

Are the echoes of old love songs,
Borne on a breeze.
The echoes of old love songs,
Memories.

When fragile filigrees fall
White against a cloudless August sky,
When torrential rain's unceasing
Yet the river beds run dry.
Those long forgotten fantasies
Of images unborn,
That still remain, and return again,
To delineate the dawn

(chorus)

bridge)

Old love songs
Drifting down a daydream,
In a hazy pastiche of the past,
Never fade: like evanescent moonbeams,
Old love songs last.

When autumn leaves grow green,
Or springtime flowers fade to brown,
When sunshine lights the streets
As the curtains of night close down.
Those unexpected visions:
Unawaited, unforseen,
Like shimmering shades of grey on grey
From a silent picture scene

(chorus)

dropped D

When a nightingale at noon sings
D G F#
As if the universe was Berkley Square.
F# A7 D
When a lark in the morning soars
D G F#
Into a starlit, moonbright, midnight air.
F#A7 D
These subteties of symmetry:
D A7 Bm
Without reason, without rhyme,
Bm A7 D
Like dancing feet
D Bm
That miss the beat,
Bm A7
Stepping slightly out of time,
A7 C A

chorus)

Are the echoes of old love songs,
A D G F#
Borne on a breeze.
A7 D
The echoes of old love songs,
D G F#
Memories.
A D

bridge)

Old love songs
Bm
Drifting down a daydream,
A
In a hazy pastiche of the past,
Bm A
Never fade: like evanescent moonbeams,
Bm A

Old love songs last.
Bm A E

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Echoes Of Old Love Songs " Shamrock. 1990

Emily-Anne

Emily-Anne picks up her home:
A tattered book, a toothless comb,
(chorus) A yellowed letter singing praises to her charms.
She packs away her memories,
With the bottle that brings ease,
In the battered bag she clutches In her arms.

Raucous rooks disturb the northern morn,
From the trees outside the town.
A goods-train shakes the railway bridge's dust
On her " Daily Mirror " eiderdown.
And the mill-girls shudder from their sleep,
Dreams of princes dying with the dawn.
Clogs that clatter on the cobbled road
Warn her that another day is born.

(chorus)

Cockney sparrows squabble constantly,
Scrabble for the crumbs around her feet:
She breaks the barren bread of poverty,
Shares it with the sorrows of the street.
And the pigeons on the pedestals
Desecrate the sleeping statues stones,
They're immune to authority,
She sees the time has come to go.

(chorus)

Finches fidget in the hawthorn hedge,
Bees desert the Kentish country lane,
She reads the signs and searches for a barn,
To shelter from the coming of the rain.
And as she huddles in among the straw,
She feels his gentle hand caress her waist,
When the drumming of the raindrops cease,
The fiction of his face begins to fade.

(chorus)

Seagulls circle over lazy waves,
 Seaweed scents the sunlit Sussex sand,
 She holds a shell between her fingertips:
 Wrinkled like the skin upon her hand.
 Laughing, shouting kids on skipping feet,
 With their spades and buckets scurry by.
 While the ocean of her loneliness
 Stretches to the margins of the sky.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
 published by Maybourne Music

.....
 D. capo 2.

Emily-Anne picks up her home:
 C F G
 A tattered book, a toothless comb,
 G C Am
 (chorus) A yellowed letter singing praises to her charms.
 Am F G C
 She packs away her memories,
 C F G
 With the bottle that brings ease,
 G C Am
 In the battered bag she clutches In her arms.
 Am F G C

Raucous rooks disturb the northern morn,
 G C
 From the trees outside the town.
 G C
 A goods-train shakes the railway bridge's dust
 G C
 On her " Daily Mirror " eiderdown.
 G C
 And the mill-girls shudder from their sleep,
 Am G
 Dreams of princes dying with the dawn.
 C Am D7 G
 Clogs that clatter on the cobbled road
 Am G
 Warn her that another day is born.
 C Am D7 G

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Echoes Of Old Love Songs " Shamrock. 1990

Reinhardt Mey on " I Wish I'd Written That Song " pläne. 1996

Colin Wilkie (with Feelsaitig) on " Sweet ugly fifteen " Intraton 1997

Colin Wilkie (with Feelsaitig) on " Donaumusik " Intraton. 1999

Vincent, Shirley and I were sitting on the beach at Rustington, when a " bag-lady " sat down about 100 yards away from us. I began to wonder who she was, and how perhaps her life had been.

Empty Chairs

Empty chairs, empty chairs,
Lost in empty rooms,
Trapped between the shadows and the sunlight.
chorus) Empty hopes, empty schemes,
Empty promises and dreams,
Lost between morning and midnight.

The silent cyphers show how desolation grows:
The unlit briar pipe and the candle-holder.
Dissolution and distrust as the bonds of friendship rust,
And the spark of vital warmth glows ever colder.
Empty chairs.

(chorus)

Angry voices, angry words, angry arguments,
Absurd accusations like: " The murderer has flown ! "
Beat upon the brain like pernicious pain
From hammer blows upon exhausted heads.
Empty chairs.

(chorus)

The torment and the tears, the frustration and the fears,
Foaming on the edge of eruption,
Till boiling- point is reached, the barriers are breached
And the torrent flows in deadly destruction.
Empty chairs.

(chorus)

Footsteps drawing near, the sodden sweat of fear,
A razor glistens in the evening light.
A look, a word unspoken, the sacrificial token
Is presented to a lady of the night.
Empty chairs.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: Maybourne Music

Cm. capo 3

Empty chairs, empty chairs,
Am Dm
Lost in empty rooms,
Em Am
Trapped between the shadows and the sunlight.
C G Am
chorus) Empty hopes, empty schemes,
Am Dm
Empty promises and dreams,
Dm Em Am
Lost between morning and midnight.
C G Am

The silent cyphers show how desolation grows:
Am F Em C G Am
The unlit briar pipe and the candle-holder.
Am Em F Em
Dissolution and distrust as the bonds of friendship rust,
Em F Em C G Am
And the spark of vital warmth glows ever colder.
Am Em F G
Empty chairs.
G Am

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Empty Chairs " pläne. 1996

Colin Wilkie on " Best of Felsenkeller Vol,1 " Intraton. 1999 ?

My interpretation of the van Gogh paintings: " Gaughin's Chair " and " Vincent's Chair " which, to me, symbolise the demise of their troubled friendship, which climaxed in the Christmas Eve 1888 incident - when Vincent first threatened Gaughin with a razor, then later sliced off his own earlobe and gave it, wrapped in linen, to a prostitute.

It took above one hundred men to bring the fierce knight down.
 D C D Em D Em
 They fought throughout the afternoon, till force of arms it did prevail,
 Em D Em D
 Epelein von Gailingen in iron chains was bound.
 C D Em D Em

chorus) Epelein will not hang in Nuremberg,
 Em D Em D
 Will not dance on the gallows tree,
 C D
 Nor pay no hangman's fee.
 D Em D Em

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Morning " pläne. 1972

Vincent Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " I Wish I'd Written That Song " pläne. 1996

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Morning & Outside The City " pläne. 2005

Susi Kröher told me this story, which, at once, fired my imagination. As I was unable to find a German version (although I thought there would be umpteen folk-hero ballads about him in various books) I just had to write my own.

Even Oak-Trees Fall

chorus)

Even oak-trees fall
At their designated time,
The rites that rule
The ruthless rhyme
Make victims of us all.
Even oak-trees fall.

You played the game your way,
Rewrote its laws day by day
To top the old grey howler's score,
And keep him from the door.
So it was hard to believe
You had no joker up your sleeve
To back your bluff, when the deal went down,
In that final fateful round.

(chorus)

When your temper flared,
Your foes were running scared.
The hugs, the humour, the booming laugh
Were reserved for those you loved.
And you seemed like a rock.
Impervious to the shockwaves
From malevolent storms of life:
Predestined to survive.

(chorus)

Through my sorrow and pain,
I hear your voice again
Ringing out defiantly:
Unafraid, unchained and free.
For at the very end
You wouldn't bow, you wouldn't bend,
Your spirit still stood tall,
But even oak-trees fall.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

B. capo 4

Even oak-trees fall
G Am
At their designated time,
D G Em
The rites that rule
Em C D
chorus) The ruthless rhyme
D G Em
Make victims of us all.
Em C D Em
Even oak-trees fall.
C D G

You played the game your way,
G Am
Rewrote its laws day by day
C D G Em
To top the old grey howler's score,
EmC D G Em
And keep him from the door.
Em C D G
So it was hard to believe
G Am
You had no joker up your sleeve
C D G Em
To back your bluff, when the deal went down
EmC D G Em
In that final fateful round.
Em C D G

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Empty Chairs " pläne. 1996

Joana on " I Wish I'd Written That Song " pläne. 1996

To the memory of my old china: Martin Winsor - a great singer, entertainer and personality who is sorely missed by all the Wilkies

First Flight Calypso

I'm sitting in this aeroplane
Like I haven't got a care,
But me legs are weak, me heart skips a beat,
It's me first time in the air.
We're flying high, in the sky,
So high above the ground.
It is comforting to know
That what goes up must come down.
It is comforting to know
That what goes up must come down.

The stewardess is a pretty thing,
And I like the way she walk.
I love the whisky that she bring,
And I like the way she talk.
She looks so cool in her uniform
As she strolls across the floor.
The pilot he looked much too young,
I just hope that he's flown before.

Now, I ain't got no head for heights,
I get dizzy and awful sick
When I walk upon a Persian carpet
With a pile that is thick.
So imagine my consternation when
Through the window I could see
Lots of people walking round,
Just as tiny as can be.

I says to me neighbour, kind of scared,
" Hey man, just look at the ground.
The people they're so tiny,
They just like ants scurrying around. "
Me neighbour only laughed and said:
" Hey man, don't get in a sweat.
Those are ants that you can see,
The 'plane hasn't taken off yet. "

I've already smoked ten cigarettes,
I can't concentrate on me book,
The passenger across the aisle

George Barker

You're a miner's son, in a mining town,
And you're born to work all your life underground.
You go to school and you learn to write,
Then you say farewell to the light.

chorus)

God bless the N.C.B.
Guard them till the end.
God bless the N.C.B.
The miner's own true friend.

George Barker took his boots and his pick,
And for forty years sweated down in the pit.
Took his lamp and made his way
To that hole in the ground where it's night all day.

(chorus)

George worked at the coal 'neath the Durham fields,
Till the dust clogged his lungs, and his senses reeled.
Though injured twice he still carried on
Working to keep his wife and home.

(chorus)

They made George redundant in '63
When they went and they closed the Lambton D.
They said: " Poor man, you're in a fix,
So we'll pay you a pension of five pound six. "

(chorus)

Two years with his pension George struggled on,
Then The N.C.B. said: " We want your home.
Barker you must leave your colliery house,
We need it for a miner who's working for us. "

(chorus)

" Oh no ! " cried George, " I'm a miner who's sick,
But for forty years I worked down in your pit.
I workd just as hard as I knew how,
Please don't take my home from me now. "

(chorus)

But the N.C.B. said: " Barker, you must go,
Your home is important to us, you know.
We need your house for a miner who's fit
To work for us, way down in the pit. "

(chorus)

" I was put on the scrap-heap by the N.C.B.
Now I'm fifty-seven what will happen to me,
And my wife, and my daughter, " George Barker said,
" When they have no roof up over their heads ? "

(chorus)

So all you miners, wherever you be,
Put your trust in the N.C.B.
But don't get injured, and don't fall sick,
Or you might get a notice to quit.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
publishd by: B. Feldman & Co. Ltd

Em

You're a miner's son, in a mining town,
Em G Em Am D
And you're born to work all your life underground.
D G Em Am D
You go to school and you learn to write,
D EmG Em Am D
Then you say farewell to the light.
G Em Am D

chorus)

God bless the N.C.B.
G C D
Guard them till the end.
G C D

God bless the N.C.B.
G C D
The miner's own true friend.
D C D

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wikie on " Folk Scene " 1966

Written in 1966 after reading a newspaper article describing the fate of this miner who, in his own words, was " ...put on the scrap-heap... " by the National Coal Board. Thirty years later, two American friends of mine were conversing with some Brits; for some reason my name was mentioned, and the woman said: " Colin Wikie ? Do you know him ? He wrote a song about my father "

Glencoe (Bitter Cold)

chorus)

Bitter cold was the night
Bitter cold was the wind,
Bitter cold the drifts
Of February snow.
More bitter than cold
Were the hearts of the men
Who ravished Glencoe.

From Ballachulish
The Argylles marched:
Campbell of Glenlyon
At their head.
They asked us for quarters,
We welcomed them in,
They gave us no quarter
When the slaughter did begin.

(chorus)

Lindsay, the liar, said:
" We come as friends. "
Though surrounded by soldiers
We accepted his word.
In his pocket were orders
From King William that read:
" Put the whole of Clan MacDonald
To the sword. "

(chorsu)

They drank of our whisky,
They drank of our wine,
They ate of our meat,
Our salt and bread.
Then at five in the morn
Those cowards arose
With murderous intent,
Our blood to shed.

(chorus)

Duncan Rankin
Was the first to fall,
Redcoat bullets
Buried in his breast.
Then Alisdair MacDonald died,
A dram in his hand;
Our chief had poured a glass to toast
The health of his guests.

(chorus)

Some of us died
In the arms of our wives;
The blood of our children
Stained the snow.
But some of us survived
The treachery, to tell
About the murderers who massacred
The MacDonalds of Glencoe.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

C

chorus)

Bitter cold was the night
C G C
Bitter cold was the wind,
C Am G
Bitter cold the drifts
G C G C
Of February snow.
G Am F G
More bitter than cold
G F Em
Were the hearts of the men
Em F C G
Who ravished Glencoe.
G F G C

From Ballachulish
 C G F
 The Argylles marched:
 F C G Am
 Campbell of Glenlyon
 F G
 At their head.
 C F G
 They asked us for quarters,
 G F G
 We welcomed them in,
 G C Am
 They gave us no quarter
 Am F G
 When the slaughter did begin.
 G C F G

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Empty Chairs " pläne. 1996

The Wilkies are members of the large, and famous, Clan MacDonald. The full
 horrifying, bloody, story of deceit and treachery is described, in detail, in John
 Prebble's brilliant book " Glencoe " from which I gleaned much information as well as
 inspiration.

Going To The South

chorus) I'm going to the south, going to the south,
Going to leave these northern towns behind me.
I'm going to the south, going to the south,
Soaking up the southern sun you'll find me,
I'll be revelling in the light,
Revelling in the light
That the south provides.

I served my apprenticeship
Where grey skies promise rain,
Slag heaps are the only hills
To rise above the plain.

(chorus)

I'm going to say farewell
To Antwerp and Amsterdam,
Pick up my pack and turn my back
On the quaysides of the Seine.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

E capo 2

Going to the south, going to the south
D G D G D
Going to leave these northern towns behind me.
D G A D
I'm going to the south, going to the south
D G D G D
Soaking up the southern sun you'll find me
G A D
I'll be revelling in the light,
D C D
Revelling in the light
C D
That the south provides.

E

A

I served my apprenticeship
F#m E
Where grey skies promise rain,
E F#m E
Slag heaps are the only hills
F#m E
To rise above the plain.
E F#m E

Celebrating van Gogh's decision to move to Provence.

Gold Into Lead

Everything I touch breaks in pieces,
My castles crumble round my head.
I'm endowed with the Midas myth in reverse:
I turn gold into purest lead.

I am a magnet for misfortune,
At losing I am the master,
Every move I make, every step I take,
Leads straight to the next disaster.

bridge 1.) Like the sword of Damocles
 A curse hovers there in wait,
 If I dare to bare my neck
 It cries: " Decapitate, decapitate ! "

Everywhere I go I cause disruption,
I get in everybodys' way,
I build my hopes upon shifting sands:
My towers tumble and decay.

I'm like a schooner in a maelstrom,
Buffeted by the gale,
I just blunder around until I run aground
With broken mast and sagging sail.

bridge.2.) I ought to keep my feet upon the earth
 And never try to fly at all
 For, like ill-fated Icarus,
 I know I'm bound to fall,
 I'm bound to fall.

Repeat first verse

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

Everything I touch breaks in pieces.

C F G7 C

My castles crumble round my head,

C F G7 C

I'm endowed with the Midas myth in reverse:

C F G7 C Am

I turn gold into purest lead.

Am F G

bridge)

Like the sword of Damocles

A D E

A curse hovers there in wait

E Fm E

If I dare to bare my neck

A D E

It cries: Decapitate, decapitate.

E Fm E

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " The Long Weight " Snoog. 1988

In a letter to his brother Theo, Vincent van Gogh bemoaned his gaucheness, and apparent inability to meet the " social norm ", saying that when he entered a room he had the feeling that people regarded him as they would a big, blundering dog, expecting him to create devastation wherever he went.

I Am Caged

chorus) I am caged, I am bound,
Will I never burst through these bars ?
Must I grieve on the ground,
While my soul seeks to stagger the stars ?
Must I endlessly tumble in turmoil
Through the labyrinth of my mind ?
Will I never break free ?
Will I never take wing.
Leave this incarceration behind ?
I am caged.

I wrestle, I strive and I struggle,
I kick at the traces that hold me.
I fight to escape from the clutch of
The unyielding web that enfolds me.
I am caged.

(chorus)

I twist and I turn in a turmoil,
I claw at each brick in the wall,
Though my fingernails bleed and I ache in each bone,
I get up every time that I fall.
I am caged.

(chorus)

I rage and I writhe and I roar like
A matador caught on the horns,
And pray in due time after rain will come joy
And white blossom will bloom on the thorns.
I am caged.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by; maybourne music

.....,,
E

chorus)

I am caged, I am bound
E A
Will I never burst through these bars ?
A Ab A
Must I grieve on the ground
A E A
While my soul seeks to stagger the stars ?
A Ab A
Must I endlessly tumble in turmoil
A E A
Through the labyrinth of my mind ?
A B7 E
Will I never break free ?
E Am
Will I never take wing
Am Dm
Leave this incarceration behind ?
Dm F E
I am caged
A E

I wrestle, I strive and I struggle,
E D E
I kick at the traces that hold me
E F'm E
I fight to escape from the clutch of
E D E
The unyielding web that enfolds me
E F'm E
I am caged.
A E

.....
In one of his letters to Theo, Vincent said he felt unable to break out of his cage, and express himself in paint the way he wished. The lines " And pray in due time after rain will come joy, And white blossom will bloom on the thorns. " are taken directly from his own words.

I Have A Dream

I have a dream, he said,
I have a dream that the nation will rise,
United together, proclaim to the skies:
Men are all born to live equal and free.
I have a dream, I have a dream.

I have a dream, he said,
The red hills of hatred will crumble and go,
Each valley exalted, with blossoms of brotherhood
Flourish and grow.
I have a dream, I have a dream.

I have a dream, he said,
The great bell of freedom will ring in the land,
In love and in peace, the black and the white
Will walk hand in hand.
I have a dream, I have a dream.

I have a dream, he said,
The deep starless midnight will fade in the past,
My people will sing: " Great God a-mighty
We're free at last. "
I have a dream, I have a dream.

The murderer's gun it roared,
The bullet it sped, and the leader lay dead,
His dream stays alive and will prosper and thrive,
You may 'buke us and scorn us, but you'll never win.
We have a dream, we have a dream.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: B. Feldman & Co Ltd

D

I have a dream, he said,
D C D
I have a dream that the nation will rise,
Em F#m Bm
United together, proclaim to the skies:
BmG A G A

Men are all born to live equal and free.
G A G E
I have a dream, I have a dream.
C G A D

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Sunflower Seed " Da Camera. 1970

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Sunflower Seed " RBM. 2000

Based on Martin Luther King's famous speech, and his tragic assasination.

Icy Acres

chorus) Farethee well ye icy acres, farethee well ye whaling ground,
Farethee well ye Banks o' Greenland,
Weary whalers homeward bound.

Home, where grasses lace the willow
By a river running free,
And the waters, sweetly flowing,
Turn toward the open sea.

(chorus)

Home, where breezes bend the blossom,
Where the oak and the apple grow,
God forgot the green in Greenland,
He made the flowers from ice and snow.

(chorus)

Six months we've been a-hunting,
Through a Hell of frozen flame,
Now our hearts like sails are billowing,
As we turn for home again.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: Chappell

G.

chorus) Farethee well ye icy acres, farethee well ye whaling ground,
G C G Em Am D
Farethee well ye Banks o' Greenland,
G C G
Weary whalers homeward bound.
G Em D G

Home, where grasses lace the willow
 D Em
 By a river running free,
 D G
 And the waters, sweetly flowing,
 D Em
 Turn toward the open sea.
 G C D

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Wild Goose " (with Albert Mangelsdorf,
 Joki Freund and the Jazzensemble des Hessischen Rundfunks) MPS .1969

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Morning " (with Günther Leimstoll Band) pläne
 1972

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Jazz Meets The World " (with Albert Mangelsdorf,
 Joki Freund and the Jazzensemble des Hessischen Rundfunks) MPS .1975

Woodbine Lizzie on " By Numbers " Fellside. 1979

Gary and Vera Aspey on " Stories, Songs and Humour " Dingle's. 1982

Th'Antique Roadshow on " Collection " Antique. 1999

Woodbine Lizzie on " Rolling Down To Old Maui " Fellside. 2000 ?

The Stormy Weather Boys on " Home From The Sea " SWBCD. 2001

Shellback Chorus on " Shellburst " Fleetwood Folk. 2001

The Cromer Smugglers on " When The Tide Turns " RBM. 2001

Maske Fishermen's Choir on " Yorkshire Pride " HRS. 2002

Wind That Shakes The Barley on " Kissing Spell. 2003

Audrey Todd on " Audrey Todd " New Zealand ?

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Morning & Outside The City " pläne. 2005

I started this song in Stockholm, August '67 and finished it in Bern, September '67. There are a great many songs about whalers going to Greenland, or being in Greenland, from the days when Britain was, unfortunately, engaged in the terrible slaughter of this wonderful animal for commercial reasons, but I knew of none which said they were going home ! Its first printed appearance was in a collection of contemporary songs produced by the English Folk Dance and Song Society book entitled: " Folk Song Today Vol. 3 " published 1970.

Apart from Shirley and myself, several artists - beginning with Vera and Gary Aspey - have recorded the song, and always given me credit for both words and music, however when it was recorded by the Marske Fishermen's Choir, they printed: "Traditional " (Copyright Control) in the sleeve notes, claiming it was a traditional whaling song from Whitby. They changed my original chorus: " Weary whalers homeward bound " to " Whitby whalers homeward bound " thereby giving it a personalised flavour (good old " folk-process " methods) and someone also penned an additional verse. I was, naturally, curious and wrote to them asking who had written the " new " verse and who had had the idea to " Whitbyise " the chorus. Unfortunately I've never had a reply to my enquiries.....still, I suppose, it's pretty cool to have one's song regarded as being good enough to be " traditional " .

If I Only Knew How

If I only knew how to turn the tide of time back,
If I only knew how to take those words I said back,
I could write a different story,
With a happy end.
I could win your love again
If I only knew how, if I only knew.

If I only knew how to restrain a heart that's wandered,
If I only knew how to regain a love I squandered,
Like a spendthrift sailor
I just let it slip away.
I'd begin with yesterday
If I only knew how, if I only knew.

If I only knew how to phrase my feelings clearly,
If I only knew why the words I write are merely
Shadows of the sonnets
I hear singing in my mind,
I'd reveal them, unconfined,
If I only knew how, if I only knew.

If I only knew how to heal the hurt that haunts you,
If I only knew how to ease the ache that taunts you,
I could take you in my arms
And purge you of your pain,
I could win your love again
If I only knew how, if I only knew.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: Maybourne Music

.....

C.

If I only knew how to turn the tide of time back,
C Am Dm G
If I only knew how to take those words I said back,
C Am Dm G
I could write a different story,
F G
With a happy end.
C Am
I could win your love again
Am F G
If I only knew how, if I only knew.
F G C Am F G C

.....

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " The Long Weight " Schnoog. 1988

Colin Wilkie (with Peter Ratzenbeck) on " Over The Years " Shamrock. 1990

Colin Wilkie on " Unbounded " (with Marfanone) Timberland. 1995

Liederjan (as: " Wüsste ich nur wie ") on " I Wish I'd Written That Song " pläne.
1996

Liederjan (as: " Wüsste ich nur wie ") on " Die Wirrtwosch " Stockfisch. 1996

The Incredible Bouncing Benny

See him bop down the street, like he's springs in his feet,
The people stop and turn when he
Goes leaping along, singing his song:
The Incredible Bouncing Benny.

Is it a bird ? Is it a plane ? Is it Superman again ?
Is it Batman after the enemy ?
No, the demon of dash, with the speed of The Flash,
Is Incredible Bouncing Benny.

chorus) Bounce, bounce, bounce Benny, bounce, oo-who-oo
 Bounce, bounce, bounce Benny, bounce, oo-who-oo.
 Yeah!

bridge) He like a shot from a gun, he got Thomas on the run.
 He got us all spaced out, I tell you, man;
 He like a parched pea in a frying pan.

He can stalk the dinosaur, like you never saw before,
I knew a few who could, but not many,
And none could hold a candle to the geezer with the handle:
The Incredible Bouncing Benny.

He can strut, he can stroll, he can rock, he can roll,
Cakewalking, Shimmy: ten-a-penny.
Even Sister Kate say she wish she could shake
Like Incredible Bouncing Benny.

(chorus)

(bridge)

He can hop he can scotch, everybody gotter watch,
The kid got energy a-plenty.
His blonde Barnet flies as he swoops on by;
The Incredible Bouncing Benny

See him bop down the street, like he's springs in his feet,
The people stop and turn when he
Goes leaping along, singing his song:
The Incredible Bouncing Benny.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

G.

See him bop down the street, like he's springs in his feet,

G
The people stop and turn when he
G D
Goes leapng along, singing his song:
D C D G Em
The Incredible Bouncing Benny
Em C D G

chorus)

Bounce, bounce, bounce Benny, bounce, oo-who-oo
G C G
Bounce, bounce, bounce Benny, bounce, oo-who-oo.
G C G
Yeah!
G

bridge)

He like a shot from a gun, he got Thomas on the run.
Am D C G
He got us all spaced out, I tell you, man;
G Am D
He like a parched pea in a frying pan.
D C D

(Known) recording histopry:

Colin Wilkie on " Echoes Of Old Love Songs " Shamrock. 1990

Colin Wilkie (with Andy Irvine and Peter Ratzenbeck) on " Live At Kultodrom " 1990

Bill Ramsey on " I Wish I'd Written That Song " pläne. 1996

Colin Wilkie on " 20 Jahre Feelsaitig - Jubiläums Konzert " Intraton. 2004

It's Cold She Said

" It's cold, " she said.
" What shall I do now ?
I just don't know, " she said.
" I watched him shut the door,
Then heard him walk away,
And now it's cold, " she said.

" It's cold, " she said.
" There's no use my calling
Out his name, " she said.
" It's no good, for nothing's
Going to change his mind,
Yesterday is dead. It's cold, " she said.

bridge)

" All we had,
Everything we shared
And dared to dream,
Have proved to be
As permanent as
Ripples on a stream. "

" It's cold, " she said.
" Now that he's gone
And I'm alone, " she said.
" I remember each
And every solitary word.
It's cold, " she said.

(bridge)

" It's cold, " she said.
I failed to comprehend,
But who's to blame ? " she said.
Silent mirror surfaces
Reflect the empty room.
" Oh God ! It's cold, " she said.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

G.

" It's cold, " she said.
G C
" What shall I do now ?
D
I just don't know, " she said.
D C G
" I watched him shut the door,
G C D
Then heard him walk away,
D G Em
And now it's cold, " she said.
C D G

bridge)

" All we had,
Bm Em
Everything we shared
F#m
And dared to dream,
Em
Has proved to be
Bm Em
As permanent as
F#m
Ripples on a stream. "
A

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Echoes Of Old Love Songs " Shamrock. 1990

Jim Laker Took All Ten

The sweetest sight in all the world,
From an oak-ringed rustic scene
To Bombay or Barbados,
Is the white upon the green.
The sweetest sight I ever saw,
I'll never see again,
Was in the town of Manchester;
Jim Laker took all ten.

The rhythmic run, the easy arm,
The mastery of flight,
The change of pace, the finger snap
That causes spin to bite,
Were fused in one together
At Old Trafford's Stretford End,
When England kept " The Ashes, "
And Jim Laker took all ten.

The ball, just like a hovering hawk
Tossed from a falconer's hand,
Swooped in hunger for the kill
When the hunter did command.
We will never witness
Such a feat again,
The Aussie wickets tumbled
And Jim Laker took all ten.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: Hammer Musik

D. capo on 2

Leap, leap before you look !
C F C F G7 C
Leave the leaves of the Golden Book
Am Em G
To fastidious fools who relish the rules.
G C Am F Em
Stomp on the system, weaken its walls,
F G C Am
Cultivate Karma, grab Fate by the balls,
C F G A
And leap before you look !
A F G C

chorus) Leap, leap, before you look !
F C F G7 C
Leap, leap, leap before you look !
F C F G7 C

bridge) You're never going to reach your goal
F G7 Am
If you grovel to the whims of the gods.
Am F G C
Slip from their sedulous chains of control,
C Am F Em
Back yourself to beat the odds, and
F G
Leap before you look !
F G7 C

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Echoes Of Old Love Songs " Shamrock. 1990

Le Clou (as " Saute Sans Regarder " on " I Wish I'd Written That Song " pläne. 1996

The Märchengarten

We're going to go to the Märchengarten,
Soon as the weather's fine and fair.
chorus) We're going to go to the Märchengarten,
We can spend the whole day there.

Who we going to take to the Märchengarten ?
Jack and Maggie and Martin too,
Derroll, Danny, Oma, Grandma,
Uncle Stuart and Auntie Sue.

(chorus)

We're going to go with Steve and Ingrid,
All their kids can hardly wait,
Henry, Vreni, Hein and Susi,
Fill the garden with our matees.

(chorus)

What'll we see in the Märchengarten ?
Great big giant in the castle hold,
Cinderella, Tischlein-deck-dich,
See the donkey spitting gold.

(chorus)

After we've seen the dancing slippers,
Seen the horrid-lady-nose,
We'll go sailing through the tunnel,
See the tailor stitching clothes.

(chorus)

When we leave the Märchengarten,
Buy us a tube of bubbly soap,
Puff up a bubble as big as a dream,
Over the houses we will float.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

D. capo 2

We're going to go to the Märchengarten,
C F G7
Soon as the weather's fine and fair.
C F G7
chorus) We're going to go to the Märchengarten,
C F G7
We can spend the whole day there.
C F G7 C

Who we going to take to the Märchengarten ?
C F G7
Jack and Maggie and Martin too,
C F G7
Derroll, Danny, Oma, Grandma,
C F G7
Uncle Stuart and Auntie Sue.
C F G7 C

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie, Shirley Hart & Vincent Wilkie on " Outside The City " pläne. 1974

Colin Wilkie, Shirley Hart & Vincent Wilkie on " Morning & Outside The City " pläne.
2005

The cattle low upon the hillside,
D F#mD
And turn, like shadows, through the trees.
Em A D

(Known) recording history:

Shirley Hart on " Morning " pläne. 1972

Shirley Hart on " Morning & Outside The City " pläne. 2005

My Woman

Did you see my woman walking in the garden, yesterday ?
The roses blushed and tried to hide
For she's twice as fair as they.
And the lilies turned quite pale, as she passed them on her way.
Did you see my woman walking in the garden yesterday ?

Did you hear my woman singing in the garden, as you passed by ?
Setting all the echoes ringing
With her voice like silver wine.
And the nightingales fell silent, blackbirds ceased their roundelay.
Did you hear my woman singing in the garden yesterday ?

If you'd seen my woman walking, if you'd heard my woman sing,
Then you'd know why in our garden
All the whole year round it's spring.
If I wrote from now till ever, love songs daily, by the score,
I'd never write a song like her, she's the loveliest song of all.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: Hammer Musik

C.

Did you see my woman walking in the garden, yesterday ?
C F G C Am Am7 G
The roses blushed and tried to hide
C F G Am
For she's twice as fair as they.
Am G C
And the lilies turned quite pale, as she passed them on her way.
G C G C G C Am D7 G
Did you see my woman walking in the garden yesterday ?
C F G C F G C

(Known) recording history:

Hannes Wader (as " Im Garten ") on " Wieder Unterwegs " pläne. 1979

Colin Wilkie on " Autumn Is Knocking At Our Door " (with Hannes Wader)
Intercord. 1980

Colin Wilkie on " Folkfestival Kaltenburg " HeiDeck. 1997

Colin Wilkie on " Lieder einer Sommernacht " Bruno. 2001

Whilst rehearsing, various songs for the album: " Autumn Is Knocking At Our Door ", in Hannes Wader's mill, he suggested I record " My Woman ". The following morning he produced a set of beautiful German words, based on my song, which he'd written during the night. For the album I then sang the first two verses in English, Hannes sang his two verses in German, and we sang the last

verse together.

Natchitoches

Me and Rapid Roy, at the Top Hat Bar and Grille,
Ran into the roller derby queen.
She said: " I'm leaving here, tomorrow's going to be a brighter day,
New York's not my home, it ain't my scene. "

chorus) I bet if Leroy Brown hadn't come to town,
You'd have got them car wash blues,
Or taken to the road again;
Walking back to Georgia
Singing : " Hey tomorrow. "
Or waiting in that Alabama rain.

There's one less set of footsteps upon our floor,
There's one less heart to turn a rhythmic rhyme.
There's one less voice to tell about another day;
For there ain't no next time, this time.

(chorus)

bridge) A summer star was rising,
Shining brightly as it soared.
Louisiana autumn skies
Played one final chord.

Now photographs and memories are all that remain,
With Maury's sweet guitar to underline
The pathos. The dreams you dreamed vanished in the fall,
Why did it have to be the hard way every time ?

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

G

Me and Rapid Roy, at the Top Hat Bar and Grille,
G Em A D

Ran into the roller derby queen.

F Em D
She said: " I'm leaving here, tomorrow's going to be a brighter day,
D G Em A D
New York's not my home, it ain't my scene. "
Em A B7

chorus)

I bet if Leroy Brown hadn't come to town,
B7 C D
You'd have got them car wash blues,
D C Em G D
Or taken to the road again;
D G Em A
Walking back to Georgia
C D
Singing : " Hey tomorrow. "
D G Em
Or waiting in that Alabama rain.
EmC D

bridge)

A summer star was rising,
E F#m
Shining brightly as it soared.
F#m A F#m
Louisiana autumn skies
E G
Played one final chord.
C D

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Echoes Of Old Love Songs " Shamrock. 1990

On September 20th, 1973, one of my favourite songwriters: Jim Croce, along with five others, including his constant compnion and highly talented lead guitarist: Maury Muehleisen, died in a plane crash near Natchitoches, Louisiana, when their light plane snagged a treetop at the end of the runway whilst taking off from a small airstrip at night. Jim's tragic death at the age of 30, cut short what was obviously going to be a brilliant career. Croce fans will spot immediately that my " homage " to him is constructed, in the main, from the titles of several of his songs.

The National Seven

The National Seven's long and hard, the longest road in France,
Runs from Paris to the sea and it gives no second chance.
It's long and hard and lonely, your courage dies inside,
Standing by that highway, just trying to hitch a ride.

Sometimes you sweat beneath the sun, or curse the driving rain,
Swear you'll never ever ride that damned old road again,
But the Seven's like a fever, buzzes in your brain,
You leave the roofs of l'Odeon and you're on the road again.

Some drivers roar on by you with a mean, unfriendly stare,
Others turn their eyes away pretending you ain't there,
Then a car pulls up beside you, says: " Where d'you want to go ? "
You know there is no turning back when you pass through Fontainebleau.

Farewell Nevers and Moulins, and farethee well Lyons,
There'll be some dancing on that bridge when we hit old Avignon,
For the air is getting warmer in the valley of the Rhone,
The river runs beside you and the mountains they have grown.

The scenery's a knock-out, takes your breath away,
When you see the glint of waters, man, you're nearing St. Tropez.
Then the coastline's wide and waiting, along that coast I'll roam,
And I'll make my money singing, if them cops leave me alone.

coda) The National Seven's long and hard.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: B. Feldman & Co Ltd

.....
E capo on 2

The National Seven's long and hard, the longest road in France,
D C D C D
Runs from Paris to the sea and it gives no second chance.
D C D C G A
It's long and hard and lonely, your courage dies inside,
A G Em G Em
Standing by that highway, just trying to hitch a ride.

G Em C D

coda) The National Seven's long and hard.
D C D

(Known) recording history.

Colin Wilkie on " We Travel The Road " Polydor. 1965 ?

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Sunflower Seed " Da Camera. 1970

H.Hoffmann's kleine Kapelle on " I Wish I'd Written That Song " pläne. 1996

Colin Wilkie on " Empty Chairs " pläne. 1996

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Sunflower Seed " RBM. 2000

Shirley and I spent several years singing on the streets; mainly Belgium, Switzerland and France, and the road we hitched in France (godknows how many times !) from Paris down to the Cote d'Azur and back (we occasionally used the Route Napoleon) was the N7. It was perfectly obvious that I'd write a song about it.

Nature Speaks With A Thousand Voices

chorus) Nature speaks with a thousand voices,
I listen with my soul
To the words she brings,
To the songs she sings,
To the music in the river's flow,
Music in the river's flow.

I wander alone through meadow and field,
Knee-deep in clover and grass,
Or lazily lay in sweet-smelling hay
To watch the day drift past.

(chorus)

I ramble through woods, in the bosky dark,
Where branches brush my hair.
From afar I can hear the lyric-lark
As she soars into the air.

(chorus)

bridge) I dream with the stream,
I ponder with the pool
Where sticklebacks gleam
In waters cool.

(chorus)

The ploughman ploughs, the sower sows,
The seeds grow in the ground,
Till the ravishing reaper swings his scythe
And cuts them down.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

C: capo 5

Nature speaks with a thousand voices
G D G
I listen with my soul
G C D
chorus) To the words she brings
D C D
To the songs she sings
D G Em
To the music in the river's flow,
Em Am D
Music in the river's flow.
Am D G

I wander alone through meadow and field,
GF G F G
Knee-deep in clover and grass,
G C G
Or lazily lay in sweet smelling hay
G F G F G
To watch the day drift past.
G C

I dream with the stream
C D
I ponder with the pool
C D
bridge) Where sticklebacks gleam
C D
In waters cool
D E

Kicked off by a phrase used by Vincent van Gogh in a letter to his brother Theo.

Never Should Have Said Goodbye

I got a certain sense of feeling foolish:
Like Cyrano behind his tree,
Hiding his nose beneath his prose,
Roxanne simply giggles at me.

I got a certain sense of seeming stupid:
A Hamlet who forgot his words,
My soliloquy was not to be,
My act is strictly for the birds.

Well, there were times you made me feel unhappy,
And there were times when I made you cry,
But we belong together;
I never should have said goodbye,
Never should have said goodbye.

bridge)

Without your love I'm like a sailor in a gale,
Lost on a ship without a sail.

I got a certain sense of reservation,
Though there is nothing to conceal,
How I deride my foolish pride,
I have to tell you how I feel:

I simply don't want to go on without you,
I don't know why I ever tried,
For we belong together:
I never should have said goodbye,
Never should have said goodbye.

bridge)

For with your love I'm like a galleon in full sail,
Able to face the fiercest gale.

I got a certain sense of superstition,
And though I know it may sound strange,
Maybe I should knock on wood
To try to get my luck to change.

And if it does I'll always be beside you,
Love you till the day I die,

For we belong together:
I never should have said goodbye,
Never should have said goodbye.

words: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music
music: Werner Lämmerhirt
published by: Manuscript

D. capo on 2

I got a certain sense of feeling foolish:
C F G C
Like Cyrano behind his tree,
C F G C
Hiding his nose beneath his prose,
F G C Am
Roxanne simply giggles at me.
Am D7 G

Well, there were times you made me feel unhappy,
G F G C
And there were times when I made you cry,
C F G C
But we belong together;
F G C Am
I never should have said goodbye,
CF G C
Never should have said goodbye.
F G C

bridge)

Without your love I'm like a sailor in a gale,
G C G C
Lost on a ship without a sail.
Am G

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Echoes Of Old Love Songs " Shamrock. 1990

The Night Cafe

There's an aura of doom in the blood red gloom
Of the night cafe.

There are depths of despair on the smokey air
Of the night cafe.

Undercurrents of crime and violence bide their time
In the night cafe,
In the night cafe,
In the night cafe.

You can almost smell the furnaces of hell
In the night cafe.

Every star is crossed, every soul is lost
In the night cafe.

Accumulations of woe sweep over you as you go
Into the night cafe.

bridge 1.)

Dejection, pain and sorrow
Ooze from every wall.
Rejection of the morrow
As the drunken curtains fall.

Absinthe fuddles the brain, saps the strength of the sane,
In the night cafe.

Every soul is laid bare as the heartaches blare,
In the night cafe.

Nausea takes its toll, glasses tumble and roll
In the night cafe,

bridge 2)

Reflected in the mirror:
The eyes of the living dead,
Subjected to the terror
Of the horror in their heads.

There is nothing beyond this Slough of Despond,
It's the night cafe.

It's the ultimate defeat at the end of the street,
It's the night cafe.

Abandon hope all ye who enter here with me,
It's the night cafe,
It's the night cafe,
It's the night cafe.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

E.

There's an aura of doom in the blood red gloom

E
Of the night cafe.

A
There are depths of despair on the smokey air

A E
Of the night cafe.

A
Undercurrents of crime and violence bide their time

E B Ab A
In the night cafe,

A E
In the night cafe,

E B7
In the night cafe.

B7 E

bridge)

Dejection, pain and sorrow,
G D Em

Ooze from every wall.

C D

Rejection of the morrow

G D Em

As the drunken curtains fall.

C D

In Arles there used to be a cafe (now a supermarket !) which was made famous by Vincent van Gogh's pictures of it. He painted a wonderful night scene of the cafe's terrace, and one of its interior, which he himself described as being a place with a very threatening nature, where one felt violence could break out at any minute.

No More

chorus)
No more, no more
Will your vibrant visions pour
From dancing, burning brushes
To illuminate our days.
No more, no more
Will your radiant colours roar
In iridescent ecstasy:
Dazzling displays,
No more, no more, no more.

The wind whips the wheatfield,
Like a boundless golden sea
It swells and surges on the tide,
Waves of catastrophe
Sweep toward the shoreline
Ruthlessly.

(chorus)

Dark clouds looming,
Sultry, stormy blues,
Of lowering loneliness
In cataclysmic hues,
Obscure the southern sun
From view.

(chorus)

Black-winged, relentless
Symbols fill the air,
The sacrificial victim
Of the angry skies prepares
To seek oblivion as an answer
To despair

(chorus)

words & music. Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

D capo 2

No more, no more
C F Em
Will your vibrant visions pour
Em C G7 Am
From dancing, burning brushes
Am F G
chorus) To illuminate our days.
G C Am
No more, no more
F Em
Will your radiant colours roar
Em C G Am
In iridescent ecstasy:
Am F G
Dazzling displays.
C Em Am
No more, no more, no more.
Am F G Am

The wind whips the wheatfield
F G
Like a boundless golden sea
G C Em Am
It swells and surges on the tide,
Am F G
Waves of catastrophe
C Am
Sweep toward the shoreline
Am7
Ruthlessly.
Am7 G

On July 29th 1890, aged 37 yeears old, Vincent van Gogh died. The last picture he painted before his tragic suicide was the highly charged, doom-laden " Crows Over A Wheatfield "

Old Movies Make Me Cry

Old movies always make me cry:
There's a tremor in the tension
Of pictures passing by,
There's a sadness in their shimmer,
Like the spectre of a sigh.
Old movies always make me cry.
Old movies make me cry.

Old movies always make me cry:
The omnipotence of innocence,
Defined in black on white,
As flickering fantasias
Beguile the gypsy night.
Old movies always make me cry.
Old movies make me cry.

Old movies always make me cry:
The devious devices
Of a scenic-centred rune.
The seduction of the senses
By a painted- paper-moon.
Old movies always make me cry.
Old movies make me cry.

bridge)

The shifting sands,
An arabesque diversion of delight,
Before valentinoed heroes
Put the enemy to flight.
Old movies make me cry.

Old movies always make me cry:
The complicity of comedy,
The hardy-furrowed frown
Of stoic resignation,
Burdened by a laurel-crown.
Old movies always make me cry.
Old movies make me cry.

G

Old movies always make me cry:
G D G Am
There's a tremor in the tension
Am D Em
Of pictures passing by,
EmC D
There's a sadness in their shimmer,
D G Em
Like the spectre of a sigh.
Em C D
Old movies always make me cry.
Am D G Am
Old movies make me cry.
Am C G

bridge)

The shifting sands,
G F
An arabesque diversion of delight,
F G C Am
Before valentinoed heroes
Am F G
Put the enemy to flight.
G C A
Old movies make me cry.
C D G

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Empty Chairs " pläne. 1996

One More City

One more city, one more town,
One more long, long road to travel on,
One more lonely day to pass,
One more empty whisky glass,
One more girl to forget me when I'm gone.

I must get out on the road,
Even though I'd rather stay with you,
But I'm scared that if I do
I might fall in love with you,
And that, my friend, is a thing I mustn't do.

If I'd known before we kissed
That I'd feel the way I do,
I would have never, ever passed your way,
But in the silence of the night
When you held me, oh so tight,
Was then I knew I must be on my way.

So I thank you for the wine
And for the night you lay there by my side.
I will think of you awhile;
Your eyes, your hair, your smile,
While I'm waiting for a car to let me ride.

Guess I'll go down to the south,
Where the wind and the sun will burn me brown,
Where waiting there for me
Are the mountains and the sea,
And another lonely, lonely town.

One more city, one more town,
One more long, long road to travel on,
One more lonely day to pass,
One more empty whisky glass,
One more girl to forget me when I'm gone.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: Dick James Music Ltd

.....

A. capo on 2

One more city, one more town,
G C G C
One more long, long road to travel on,
G C Am D
One more lonely day to pass,
G C G Am
One more empty whisky glass,
Am G C
One more girl to forget me when I'm gone.
G F Em Am G

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Makaber Macht Lustig " Xenophon. 1967 ?

John Pearse on " One More City " Transatlantic. 1969

Colin Wilkie on " Sunflower Seed " Da Camera. 1970

Hannes Wader (als " Manche Stadt ") on " Der Rattenfänger " Philips. 1973

Colin Wilkie on " Autumn Is Knocking At Our Door " Intercord. 1979

Hannes Wader (als " Manche Stadt ") on " Liebeslieder " pläne. 1986

Colin Wilkie on " Nightfall " (with Peter Ratzenbeck) Shamrock. 1996

Colin Wilkie on " I Wish I'd Written That Song " (with Peter Ratzenbeck) pläne.
1996

Hannes Wader (als " Manche Stadt ") on " I Wish I'd Written That Song " pläne.
1996

Hannes Wader (als " Manche Stadt ") on " Auftritt " pläne. 1998

Colin Wilkie on " Sunflower Seed " RBM. 2000

Colin Wilkie on " Lieder einer Sommernacht " Bruno. 2001

Colin Wilkie on " 20 Jahre Feelsaitig - Jubiläumskonzert " Intraton. 2004

Painfully Sad

chorus) It was so painfully sad to see him,
To witness the anguish that sears his soul.
Inexorable passions plague his mind,
Ineluctable chains chafe and bind,
Inextricably caught, confused, confined,
So painfully, painfully sad.

Balancing on the brink of disaster:
One false step is all it takes,
Twisting and turning ever faster
The yawning vortex waits,
So painfully, painfully sad.

(chorus)

Though overwhelmed by adversity
He never surrenders, continues to fight.
Alone in his sorrow and suffering
For there's no-one to alleviate his plight,
So painfully, painfully, sad.

(chorus)

words & music. Colin Wilkie
published by: Maybourne Music

.....
C

chorus) It was so painfully sad to see him
C F G7 C Am
To witness the anguish that sears his soul
Am F G
Inexorable passions plague his mind,
G F G C Am
Ineluctable chains chafe and bind
AmF G C Am
Inextricably caught, confused, confined,
Am F G C Am
So painfully, painfully sad.
Am F G C

Balancing on the brink of disaster
F Em
One false step is all it takes,
Am D7 G
Twisting and turning ever faster
F Em
The yawning vortex waits,
Em Am D7 G
So painfully, painfully sad.
G F G C

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Empty Chairs " pläne. 1966

After Vincent van Gogh had sliced a piece from his ear, his brother Theo visited him in Arles. Theo, in a letter to his wife said: " It was painfully sad to see him in such a condition. "

Peggy In The Park

Day's work is done,
Factory whistle blowing.
Roar of machines
Dying as their wheels start slowing.
I'm going home with springtime in my walk,
Tonight I'm meeting Peggy in the park.
Peggy in the park.

bridge)

Goodbye to my bench,
And the foreman's eagly-eye
Watching every move I make,
Like a time- and-motion spy.
It's time to punch the clock,
I'm a freeman at last,
Tonight I'm meeting Peggy in the park.

I don't smell the fumes
That linger on the London air.
Don't even hear
The street cries, or the traffic's blare,
I can only hear a song, singing in my heart,
Tonight you're meeting Peggy in the park.

Hand in hand
We'll wander all alone,
Between the trees
To a place we call our own,
We'll sit on a bench, waiting for the dark.
Tonight I'm meeting Peggy in the park.
Peggy in the park.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

C.

Day's work is done,
C Am
Factory whistle blowing.
Dm G7
Roar of machines
C Am
Dying as their wheels start slowing.
Dm G7
I'm going home with springtime in my walk,
F G7 C Am
Tonight I'm meeting Peggy in the park.
F G7 C
Peggy in the park.
F G7

bridge)

Goodbye to my bench,
Am D
And the foreman's eagle-eye
D Em G Am
Watching every move I make,
Am D
Like a time- and-motion spy.
D Em G Am
It's time to punch the clock,
C G
I'm a freeman at last,
G F G
Tonight I'm meeting Peggy in the park.
F G7 C

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Echoes Of Old Love Songs " Shamrock. 1990

Pictures

Come closer to me, I'll paint for you a song,
Paint for you a rhythmic, rhyming scene,
On the canvas of your mind,
Caught in colours unconfined.

Come closer to me, and wander through my world,
Voyage through the visions I have seen,
Let me lead you by the hand
Through my wordy wonderland.

bridge)
Barons and beggars bow
To dreams of the dawn,
But only the poets share
The secrets that are born.

Come closer to me, and hear my symbols sing,
Listen to a symphony of sound:
Tinkling, trembling, ciphers fall
Like a verbal waterfall.

bridge)
Leaders and ladies learn
The taste of the wine,
But only the dreamers share
The secrets of the vine.

Come closer to me, I'll paint for you a song,
Paint for you a rhythmic, rhyming scene,
On the canvas of your mind,
Caught in colours unconfined.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: B.Feldman & Co. Ltd

C.capo on 5

Come closer to me, I'll paint for you a song,
G Am D G C Bm
Paint for you a rhythmic, rhyming scene,
C Bm Em

On the canvas of your mind,
C D Em
Caught in colours unconfined.
Am D G

bridge)
Barons and beggars bow
A D
To dreams of the dawn,
A Bm
But only the poets share
A D
The secrets that are born.
D Em A D

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Sunflower Seed " Da Camera. 1970

Colin Wilkie on " Sunflower Seed " RBM. 2000

It's a gallon of sweat for an acre of land,
E A Bm F#m E
And twelve hours work for the sores on your hand
E F#m Bm F#m E

chorus)

You're rolling the 'dozers, swinging the cranes,
E Bm E Bm E
Levelling earth, till it drives you insane.
Bm E F#m E

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Outside The City " pläne. 1974

Colin Wilkie on " Morning & Outside The City " pläne. 2005

Winston Young, a Canadian banjo-player and guitarist who sang with his wife Mary-Jane, came to play for a while in Britain, where we met and became firm friends. However, back home, Winston was, by choice, a pipeliner, and this song was written after many long, interesting talks with him about the hard life involved in working on the pipelines

The Potato Eaters

When evening comes, dusk ends the toil,
Work-knotted veins live from the soil,
Sweat starts drying on the weathered heads
And the earth-stained palms.

From darkening fields, amid the twilit furrows,
Down rutted roads, among the shadows,
The home-bound hoes on shoulders shine,
Tired feet trudge on.

The cottage door creaks open wide,
The hungry souls step inside,
A candle flickers in the darkness,
The lamp goes on.

The lamplight's glow gleams in the gloom,
The smell of coffee fills the room,
A dish is taken to the table,
The meal begins.

The hardened hands that dig into the dish
Are the very hands that dug the earth,
And the weary eyes confirm
They have honestly earned their food,
When evening comes.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

F capo 5

When evening comes, dusk ends the toil
C Am F G
Work-knotted veins live from the soil,
C Am Em F G
Sweat starts drying on the weathered heads
F G C Am
And the earth-stained palms.
Em G

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Outside The City " pläne. 1974

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Morning & Outside The City " pläne. 2005

In the spring of 1885, Vincent van Gogh produced what is undoubtedly his first masterpiece - a painting of farm workers gathered round a table for their evening meal of potatoes and coffee.

Put Your Hand In Mine

Put your hand in mine, and walk beside me through the days,
Where the path of time turns upon its devious ways.
On the troubled road of love we'll travel side by side,
Where the brambles spread their fingers, I will be your guide.
Put your hand in mine, my love.

I'm no knight of old to slay a dragon, just for you.
Nor a hero bold to fight and maybe die for you.
I can't swim the restless ocean, nor climb a mountain high,
All that I can do is love you till the day I die.
Put your hand in mine.

When I lie with you, in the warmth of your embrace,
The Emperors of the world would trade their kingdoms for my place.
I can't bring you gold or ermine, spices rare and sweet,
I can only bring my dreams and lay them beneath your feet.
Put your hand in mine, my love.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: Dick James

B.capo on 3

Put your hand in mine, and walk beside me through the days,
G Am G Am G C G
Where the path of time turns upon its devious ways.
G Am G Am G C G
On the troubled road of love we'll travel side by side,
D Em G Am Em D Em G Am
Where the brambles spread their fingers, I will be your guide.
D Em G Am Em F G
Put your hand in mine, my love.
G AmG

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wikie on " Morning " pläne . 1972

Colin Wilkie on " Folklore International " pläne. 1976

Colin Wilkie on " Morning & Outside The City " pläne. 2005

Red Wine

(chorus)
Red wine, red wine, your colour's devine,
You've stolen my heart, you queen of the vine.
Keep your gin and your beer, for the cup of good cheer,
Just pour me a glass of red wine.

I've travelled around from town to town,
No money nor fame did I find,
But one thing I found as I travelled around,
I found I'd a taste for red wine.

(chorus)

Some folk say that health is much greater than wealth,
Some say that women are fine,
But no woman's lips could compare with one sip
From a glass full of sparkling red wine.

(chorus)

I've sampled them all, from the great to the small:
Bordeaux, Cote du Rhone and Stockheim,
Chateau Neuf, Beaujolais, tried home-brew on my way,
I just love the taste of red wine.

(chorus)

And when I grow old and can wander no more,
And I'm reaching the end of the line,
I'll just sit here and dream of the places I've been,
And pour me a glass of red wine.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: Maybourne Music

Eb. capo 3

Red Wine

(chorus)

Red wine, red wine, your colour's devine,
C Am F C
You've stolen my heart, you queen of the vine.
C Em D7 G
Keep your gin and your beer, for the cup of good cheer,
G F C Am
Just pour me a glass of red wine.
Am C G7 C

I've travelled around from town to town,
C Am F C
No money nor fame did I find,
C G7
But one thing I found as I travelled around,
G7 F C Am
I found I'd a taste for red wine.
AmC G7 C

Rides Of The Fair

On the day you was born I thought I'd leap the moon,
You was everything for which I'd ever longed,
I'd have bought you the stars, but, as usual, I was broke,
So I just wrote for you a song.
And I called you " my rhymes harmonised " my son,
Called you " The wine in my glass "
As my rhymes turn in time, and the wine matures,
The days and the years hurry past.

The first time I held you, I feared I would wake
To find it had all been a dream,
Reality broke through, I found it was true,
I was smug as the cat that copped the cream.
And I sang you to sleep in my arms, my son,
Walked you for miles in your pram,
With my woman at my side I was a symphony in pride,
The opus of a family man.

We've skipped stones on the sea, gathered shells along the shore,
Played football and cricket in the road,
We've got soaked to the skin kicking puddles at the sky,
Gone sledging down hills when it snowed.
We've ridden the rides of the fair, my son,
Flown over clouds in a plane,
But life's not only fun and we've had our share
Of anger, and sorrow, and pain.

But for every tear there have been countless smiles,
Countless hugs for every hurt,
Countless signs to show how much we care,
Countless affectionate words.
For love is the name of the game, my son,
To win it you have to stake all.
Respect is the king, admiration is the queen,
But friendship's the ace in the hole.

Now you've grown taller than the woman that I love,
You'll be taller than me before long,
I would buy you the Universe, but naturally I'm broke,
So I've just written you this song.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: Hammer Musik

C

On the day you was born I thought I'd leap the moon,
C F G C Am
You was everything for which I'd ever longed,
Am F G C
I'd have bought you the stars, but, as usual, I was broke,
C F G C Am
So I just wrote for you a song.
F G C
And I called you " my rhymes harmonised " my son,
C F G C Am
Called you " The wine in my glass "
F G C
As my rhymes turn in time, and the wine matures,
C F G C Am
The days and the years hurry past.
Am F C G

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Rides Of The Fair " Intercord. 1981

Shackleton, Worsley And Crean

We sailed for Antarctica's acres of snow,
Were trapped in a slow-closing vise:
Our ship " The Endurance " failed to endure
The embrace of the ravishing ice.
Twenty-eight seamen were all that survived,
The ocean swallowed our mates.
Adrift in three boats on the world's farthest sea,
We'd no wireless to signal our fate.

Alost and alone our spirits sank low,
As the warship of Death hove near,
Then Shackleton said: " Lads, we're going to go home,
First to Elephant Island we'll steer. "
The sound is the sound of an ivory coast,
With a climate humid and hot,
But no elephants lumber across this bare isle,
And the jungle's a tangle of rock.

Shackleton said: " Wait here till I return. "
Then he challenged the ice-flows and gales,
In a twenty-foot boat, with a handful of men,
Near one thousand miles they sailed.
They reached South Georgia's ragged south side:
Where no man had landed before.
Their courageous craft was shattered and torn
By the terrible teeth of the shore.

" There's only one way if we're going to fetch help
For our comrades we left behind
On Elephant Island, " Shackleton said,
" We must walk to Stromness, or they'll die. "
So " Canny Jack " Shackleton, Worsley and Crean
Fixed screws to the soles of their boots;
Marched over the mountain's unexplored range,
With no map to charter their route.

They battled their way to the crest of a ridge,
Each breath like the stab of a knife;
They couldn't see to climb down, for darkness had come.
Shackleton said: " Then, we'll slide. "
" Canny Jack " Shackleton, Worsley and Crean

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Echoes Of Old Love Songs " Shamrock. 1990

Silent Spring

Silent spring, no birds singing, silent spring,
No birds flying, only the dying:
Dying on the wing, in the spring.

Silent spring, no flowers growing, silent spring,
No buds blooming, only the dooming:
Looming o'er the seeds, in the spring.

bridge) The city's face turns to the wall,
 The bridges buckle, bend and fall.
 In the

Silent spring, no fish jumping, silent spring,
No fish leaping, only the weeping
Of salmon as they die in the spring.

bridge) The rivers cease to flow, the sea has dried,
 Sublime the genosucide
 In the

Silent spring, no babies laughing,
Silent spring, no kids playing,
The " colour of saying " has faded to dust
In the silence of the silent spring.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: Chapell & Co.Ltd

A

Silent spring, no birds singing, silent spring,
A F#m A F#m
No birds flying, only the dying:
F#m A Bm F#mE
Dying on the wing, in the spring.
F#m E F#m

bridge)

The city's face turns to the wall,
E A E A
The bridges buckle, bend and fall.
E A B7
In the
E

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Sunflower Seed " Da Camera. 1970

Colin Wilkie on " Autumn Is Knocking At Our Door " Intercord. 1980

Colin Wilkie on " Sunflower Seed " RBM. 2000

Written in Bern: September 16th & 17th 1969, after reading Rachael Carson's chilling book: " Silent Spring " detailing the dangers of both domestic and industrial use of insecticides and pesticides, which can, eventually, lead to the ultimate destruction of all living things.

Snowy City Scenery

I waited for you underneath the railway arches,
They trembled in the thunder of trains passing by.
A streetlamp cast its glow upon our chilly city scene,
Snowflakes tumbled from the sky.

I lit another cigarette, the blue smoke drifted
Like a winter wraith upon the cold night air.
You stepped between the shadows with your coat
Wrapped right around you,
Snowflakes glistened in your hair.

(chorus)

Snowy cities certainly seem to make me frown,
Remembering the sweet dreams of the past.
Snowy city scenery always brings me down
Remembering a dream that didn't last.

We walked together through the park, down to the river,
Whispering the sort of secrets only two can share.
The wild wind set the clouds a-skipping, so the stars they shone
Like the snowflakes shining in your hair.

(chorus)

The seasons changed their minds, and now winter's vanished,
Songs of city sparrows fill the springtime air.
You changed your mind, and left me as your love melted away:
Like the snowflakes melting in your hair.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

C. capo 5

I waited for you underneath the railway arches,
G Em C D
They trembled in the thunder of trains passing by.
D G Em C D
A streetlamp cast its glow upon our chilly city scene,
D C D G Em
Snowflakes tumbled from the sky.

Snowy Sunday

All the houses were decked in snow, their roofs shining white,
But the sky it was grey above, in the clear winter light.
And we pulled our collars high against the cold,
As we walked through the snowy Sunday.

Tyres swished on the busy street as the cars passed us by,
But when we turned into the wood we left all noise behind,
Then the silence closed around us like a glove,
As we walked through the snowy Sunday.

The wood was a wonderland, all the tress tinselled white,
And we strolled through it hand in hand in the clear winter light,
Every branch was spangled like a Pierot's suit,
As we walked through the snowy Sunday.

Our breath hung in clouds of white, like the snow covered leaves,
And the snow crunched beneath our feet on the path through the trees,
And we never noticed how the time flew by,
As we walked through the snowy Sunday.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: Feldman

Bb capo 3

All the houses were decked in snow, their roofs shining white,
G Am D G
But the sky it was grey above, in the clear winter light.
G Am D G
And we pulled our collars high against the cold,
G Bm A G
As we walked through the snowy Sunday.
G Am D Am

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Wild Goose " (with Albert Mangelsdorf,
Joki Freund and the Jazzensemble des Hessischen Rundfunks) MPS .1969

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Sunflower Seed " Da Camera. 1970

Franz-Josef Degenhardt (als " Weisser Sonntag ") on " I Wish I'd Written That Song "
pläne. 1996

Franz-Josef Degenhardt (als " Weisser Sonntag " on " ...weiter im Text " Polydor. 1996

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Sunflower Seed " RBM. 2000

The Soldier's Song

If you want to be a soldier, they will teach you how to drill,
Put a gun into your hands and teach you how to wound and kill,
Teach you how to use a bayonet, how to make the enemy run.

chorus) Tow-ri-ah the doodle-addy,
 Tow-ri-ah the doodle-ay.

When I first became a soldier, how me boots and buttons gleamed,
And the birds all gathered round me, just as I had always dreamed.
I'd learned how to bull me kit until it shone as bright as day.

{ chorus)

They taught me how to countermarch, and how to act upon parade,
But somehow they never taught me that I'd ever feel afraid,
But when we first had to fight, me guts they melted clean away.

(chorus)

I learned that tarts who'd loved a soldier, when his buttons gleamed so bright,
Didn't want a shattered man who'd lost his limbs, or lost his sight.
Wounded men are only heroes in the movies that you see.

(chorus)

Now I'm back in Civvy Street, I'll never go to war no more,
I learned that death comes very easy when the big guns start to roar,
I learned that medals on your chest don't feed you when you've got no job.

(chorus)

It's blokes like us that have to fight, to face the bullets when they fly,
While politicians, safe at home, invent the reasons why you die.
When statesmen want another war, just let the bastards fight alone.

final chorus) Tow-ri-ah the doodle-addy, ,
 We will stay safe here, at home !

D. capo on 2

If you want to be a soldier, they will teach you how to drill,
C Am G7 C Am G
Put a gun into your hands and teach you how to wound and kill,
F G7 C Am G
Teach you how to use a bayonet, how to make the enemy run.
F G7 F G

chorus) Tow-ri-ah the doodle-addy,
C Am G
 Tow-ri-ah the doodle-ay.
C Am C

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Morning " pläne. 1972

Colin Wilkie on " Morning & Outside The City " pläne. 2005

The Sounds Of War

Lazy summer sun, through wheatfields wending,
Ending the night.
Sleepy summer stars, in velvet paling,
Hailing the light.
But on the freshly rolled and coffeed air there's a roar:
We're living in the sounds of war.

bridge)

Tanks go rumbling by,
Overhead jet fighters fly,
Young men wear uniform - they wonder why,
So do I.
But our statesmen say
Things have got to be that way,
It's the only way to live in peace,
Is what they believe.
I believe:
We're living in the sounds of war.

In the peacock sky a lark is singing,
Winging above.
On the castled hill, grapes are growing,
Flowing with love.
But over the silence of the foxy wood comes a roar:
We're living in the sounds of war.

bridge)

Tanks go rumbling by,
Overhead jet fighters fly,
Young men wear uniform - they wonder why,
So do I.
But our statesmen say
Things have got to be that way,
It's the only way to live in peace,
Is what they believe.
I believe:
We're living in the sounds of war.

In the bottled room, the rhymer struggles,
Juggles his themes.
In the saffron sun, Vincent dozes,
Cozy in dreams.

Then with a cry he wakes. they've woke him up with their roar:
He's living in the sounds of war.

(bridge)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: B.Feldman & Co.Ltd

C

Lazy summer sun, through wheatfields wending,
C Dm G Am
Ending the night.
Dm G
Sleepy summer stars, in velvet paling,
C Dm G Am
Hailing the light.
Dm G
But on the freshly rolled and coffeed air there's a roar:
Dm Em Am Em Am
We're living in the sounds of war.
Bb F G

bridge)

Tanks go rumbling by,
D G D
Overhead jet fighters fly,
D G D
Young men wear uniform - they wonder why,
D Em Am D
So do I.
G D
But our statesmen say
D G D
Things have got to be that way,
D G D
It's the only way to live in peace,
D Em Am
Is what they believe.
Am D
I believe:
G D

We're living in the sounds of war.
Bb F G

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wikie and Shirley Hart on " Sunflower Seed " Da Camera. 1970

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Sunflower Seed " RBM. 2000

Still I Think Of You

At times when sleep is elusive,
I don't know what I should do,
I let my thoughts take wings and fly,
Then I think of you.
And I remember a summer,
Our love so precious and new,
That was a long, long time ago,
Still I think of you.

When raindrops drum on my window
A dreary, drizzling tattoo,
I let my thoughts take wings and fly
Then I think of you.
And I remember a cornfield,
Bowed in the wind when she blew,
That was a long, long time ago,
Still I think of you.

bridge)

I let my memories take flight,
I never try to hold them still.
I let them spread their wings,
And wander where they will.

When autumn leaves are a-falling,
Like rusty stars from the blue,
I let my thoughts take wings and fly,
Then I think of you.
And I remember a river,
It sang of love so true,
That was a long, long time ago,
Still I think of you.

(bridge)

At times when sleep is elusive,
The moon hangs caught in a tree,
Do your thoughts take wings and fly,
Do you think of me ?
Do you remember that summer,
Our love so precious and new ?
That was a long, long time ago,
Still I think of you.

words: Colin Wilkie
published by: Hammer Musik
music: Werner Lämmerhirt
published by: Manuscript

C.

At times when sleep is elusive,
C Am
I don't know what I should do,
AmF G
I let my thoughts take wings and fly,
C Am
Then I think of you.
D7 G
And I remember a summer,
G C Am
Our love so precious and new,
Am F G
That was a long, long time ago,
C Am
Still I think of you.
G C

bridge)

I let my memories take flight,
G C
I never try to hold them still.
Am C
I let them spread their wings,
C F
And wander where they will.
F G C

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Rides Of The Fair " Intercord. 1981

Werner Lämmerhirt on " Crossroads " Froggy. 1982

Werner Lämmerhirt on " Collection 2 " Stockfisch. 1995

Sunflowers

chorus) In the summer-scented dawn,
Heralding the morning,
Shining symbols of the sun,
Flowers golden as love.

On the meadow of the morn
Standing tall against the sky,
A symphony in blue and yellow
In the solitude of sunrise.

(chorus)

Golden heads raised up like voices
In a song of joy and light:
Ochre, honey, chrome and saffron,
Oh how beautiful is yellow.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

C capo 3

chorus) In the summer-scented dawn
A D E
Heralding the morning
A D E
Shining symbols of the sun
A D E
Flowers golden as love
A D F^m/E A

On the meadows of the morn
G A
Standing tall against the sky
G A

Time Does Not Return

When the first cock crows, and the sun awakes
To dismiss the spinning stars
From the midnight blue of a southern sky,
I can see between my bars;
Tall against the morning-mountains,
Wild, tormented, blasted, burned,
The writhing flames of cypresses:
Time does not return.
Time does not return.

Flowers wither, flowers die
Forgotten and unmourned.
A sickle sweeps, a swathe subdues
The field of ripened corn.
Caught within the wheels of time
The mistral minstrel moans
His dirges to the cypresses.
Time does not return.

bridge)

A superficial suicide
Returning to the fold,
I struggle to the riverbank,
The water was too cold.
Time does not return.

I seize at straws of sanity,
Subjected to the role
Of ministrated malcontent,
The saviours of my soul
Are versed in sacred visions:
Like the Virgin of Lourdes.
I see the soaring cypresses.
Time does not return.

bridge)

Although the colours of the prism
Behind the mists are veiled,
The colour of confinement is
In sombreness detailed.
Time does not return.

As the sun sinks low, and shadows grow,
I can see between my bars
Gnarled trunks and boughs of olive groves,
Bowed beneath the stars.
And tall against the mourning-mountains:
Wild, tormented, blasted, burned,
The writhing flames of cypresses:
Time does not return.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

Em

When the first cock crows, and the sun awakes
Em A
To dismiss the spinning stars
A Em G Em
From the midnight blue of a southern sky,
Em A
I can see between my bars;
A Em G Am
Tall against the morning-mountains,
B7
Wild, tormented, blasted, burned,
C Am F
The writhing flames of cypresses:
F Em Am
Time does not return.
C D Em
Time does not return.
C D Em

A superficial suicide
C D
Returning to the fold,
D G Em

Tomorrow's Turned Into Yesterday

Now and then, now and then
When moon-cast shadows move
Across my sleepless
Midnight window-pane,
I lie awake counting stars instead of sheep;
Bemused, diffused, unable to convey
How tomorrow turned into yesterday.

Now and then, now and then
When sun-lit silhouettes
Salute the dawning of the morn,
Drugged by dreams I struggle from the sheets
Seeking solutions, absolution,
Beneath the shower's spray:
Why did tomorrow turn into yesterday ?

bridge)

It seemed our love
Was sanctified, and sure
To overcome the
Ravages of time.
But though we danced through the dales,
Along the smooth valley floor,
Mountains made from molehills
Proved impossible to climb.

Now and then, now and then
When the turmoil of the town
Thunders down a concrete afternoon,
I hear the sounds
Of unfeeling streets combine
Into a blaring, uncaring, multi-motored bray:
" Tomorrow's turned into yesterday. "

Now and then, now and then
When buildings close their eyes
As the busy city dons the gown of night
I remain
Bewildered in the dark,
Depleted, defeated, powerless to say
When tomorrow turned into yesterday.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: maybourne music

C.

Now and then, now and then
G C G7
When moon-cast shadows move
G7 C Em Am
Across my sleepless
AmF
Midnight window-pane,
G
I lie awake counting stars instead of sheep;
GF G C Am
Bemused, diffused, unable to convey
AmF G7
How tomorrow turned into yesterday.
G7 F G C

bridge)

It seemed our love
Am G
Was sanctified, and sure
G Am G
To overcome the
G F
Ravages of time.
F G
But though we danced through the dales,
G F Em
Along the smooth valley floor,
Em C Em Am
Mountains made from molehills
F
Proved impossible to climb.
F G

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Empty Chairs " pläne. 1966

chorus)

But usually always never.
Am F Em
Sometimes often. but usually not at all. "
F C F G7 C

bridge)

We're like two strangers
G
In a crowded city.
C
We live together,
G
Yet we live on our own.
C D

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Echoes Of Old Love Songs " Shamrock. 1990

The Victors

When I was young the war was raging,
I heard the politicians' prattle,
I ignored my father's warning,
Longed to join the glorious battle.

War was grand and I was young then,
War was a triumphant story,
Through the cheering towns and cities,
We, like victors, marched in glory.

Oh, to hear the drums a-beating,
Overhead the banners flying.
Oh, to hear the cannon roaring
And to see the foemen dying.

Kill for peace and kill for freedom,
Kill because that's what you're paid for,
Kill if winning, kill if losing,
Killing's what a man is made for.

Slowly pass the years of fighting,
More and more young men they're sending
To lie murdered in the sunlight.
On and on it's never ending.

Now I hear the drums a-beating,
In the mud the banners lying,
Now I hear the cannon roaring,
All around my friends are dying.

Through the cold and heat we battled,
Victory was all we sighed for.
Now at last the war is over
Where's the peace we fought and died for.

War is like some mighty flower,
Watered by a mother's crying,
Coloured with the blood of brothers,
Scented by the smell of dying.

Cm. capo on 3

When I was young the war was raging,
Am G Am G Am
I heard the politicians' prattle,
Am Dm
I ignored my father's warning,
Am G Am
Longed to join the glorious battle.
Am C G Am

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " We Travel The Road " Polydor. 1965 ?

Colin Wilkie on " Songs For Peace " Folk Freak. 1983

Although the contents of the song have nothing at all to do with the contents of his film, it was inspired by seeing Carl Foreman's magnificent anti-war movie " The Victors " - hence the title!

I recall that when I first recorded the song for Polydor in the early 60s on Shirley and my first " made in Germany " LP called: " We Travel The Road " it said in the sleeve notes that whilst the lyrics were mine, the tune was a traditional one which I'd learned from guitarist Dave Davies several years previously. Somewhere along the line however (perhaps because it was printed later in a German songbook where I received credit for being the composer as well as the lyricist, and, undoubtedly because over the years I've reworked it) the origins of the melody have been forgotten.

Vincent's Song

You are the light in the skies, oh my son, oh my son.
You are my rhymes harmonised, oh my son, oh my son.
You are the mellow wind, that bends the willow,
You are my sunflower-seed, oh my son.

You are the warmth in my veins, oh my son, oh my son.
You are the soft summer rains, oh my son, oh my son.
You are the mountain stream, that cools the glen,
You are the whisky in my mind, oh my son.

You are my dreams dressed in blue, oh my son, oh my son.
You are my visions come true, oh my son, oh my son.
You are my fantasies, my misty mountains,
You are the wine in my glass, oh my son.

You are the light in the skies, oh my son, oh my son.
You are my dreams harmonised, oh my son, oh my son.
You are the summer wind, that warms the willow.
You are my sunflower- seed, oh my son.

words & music. Colin Wilkie
published by: B.Feldman & Co. Ltd

C.

You are the light in the skies, oh my son, oh my son.
C F Em Am G
You are my rhymes harmonised, oh my son, oh my son.
C F Em Am G
You are the mellow wind, that bends the willow,
F Em F G
You are my sunflower-seed, oh my son.
C F Em F G C

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " Sunflower Seed " Da Camera. 1970

Colin Wilkie on " Sunflower Seed " RBM. 2000

Written in May 1969 to celebrate the birth of our son: Vincent Thomas Derroll Wilkie.
There are no prizes for guessing after whom he is named.

The Wasteland

A hundred thousand acres of England lie derelict:
The ruins of disused factories, the slag heaps of the mine.
The empty mineral quarries, and gravel pits lie waterlogged,
We could stop the dereliction if we'd only act in time.
But we talk of the cost, and we say it's too great,
We leave it, and leave it until it's too late,
While this great land of ours
Lies rotting under mountains of decay.

What are we doing to our countryside,
The green fields and woods that belong to you and me ?
What are we doing to our countryside,
The land that used to roll serenely to the sea ?
The English rivers once flowed clear and wide,
The oak trees of England once rose to the sky,
But now the land is scarred,
And the wounds are growing deeper every year.

The England of Shakespeare is now only history,
This land he called: " a jewel set in a silver sea. "
For the jewel has been tarnished by " dark and satanic mills "
No Jerusalem is builded there for us to see.
The English rivers now flow full of slime,
The smoke of the factories now blot out the sky,
And the land is laid to waste,
The wasteland grows, and grows, and grows each year.

But it's not just the beauty that's fading from England,
There's danger lurking there, and it's plain for all to see.
Children drown in gravel pits, or die as in Aberfan,
Before we make a move, why wait for tragedy ?
When will blank indifference be seen as a crime ?
We must act now, while we still have the time,
There's no time to delay,
For danger's multiplying all the while.

So England, oh England, don't sleep while the sands run out,
Don't wait until this island is just one big factory.
There's work for the unemployed, there's food for their families,
While they restore our country to the way she ought to be.
And then our rivers will flow clear and wide,

Our houses will stand in a green countryside,
And our children can roam free

coda: On the soft hills of England that sweep down to the sea.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: B. Feldman & Co. Ltd

A.

A hundred thousand acres of England lie derelict:
A F#m A F#m
The ruins of disused factories, the slag heaps of the mine.
F#m Bm E F#m E
The empty mineral quarries, and gravel pits lie waterlogged,
E A F#m A F#m
We could stop the dereliction if we'd only act in time.
F#m Bm E F#m E
But we talk of the cost, and we say it's too great,
E C D C D
We leave it, and leave it until it's too late,
D C D C A
While this great land of ours
A F#m E
Lies rotting under mountains of decay.
E F#m Bm E

coda: On the soft hills of England that sweep down to the sea.
E F#m Bm E A

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Morning " pläne. 1972

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Morning & Outside The City " pläne. 2005

Writing an article in the " Sunday Times ", Hugo Young said that over one million houses could be built on the wastelands of England, of which there were one hundred thousand acres.

Wat Tyler

Wat Tyler was a carpenter, and brave and strong was he,
A son of serfs he made a vow that men should all be free:
" Rise up you men of Colchester, rise up and follow me,
With pikes, and hoes, and spades we'll break the chains of slavery. "

chorus)

Wat Tyler and John Ball,
We'll follow at your call.

" Our parents, and grandparents too, in serfdom they were bound,
And forced to work the nobles' fields and till the tyrants' ground,
But freedom now sings in the air, for freedom we will fight,
So hear the teaching of John Ball: no more shall might be right. "

(chorus)

John Ball he was a man of God, he walked throughout the land,
And talked with all the common men, and told them of his plan.
When the nobles heard about this man their anger it ran high,
They captured him and left him in a prison cell to die.

(chorus)

Jack Straw, the priest, he heard of this and vengeance filled his head,
" I'll know no peace of mind until the nobles are all dead,
Too long they've persecuted us, now we will pull them down,
So stand by me at Tyler's side, when we meet in Brentwood Town. "

(chorus)

Sir Robert Belknap wanted tax, to Brentwood Town he came;
" Pay up your taxes, peasants, pay up in the king's name. "
Cried Tyler: " No, we'll not pay you, for we've been slaves too long. "
He drove the soldiers from the town, the rebellion had begun.

(chorus)

From Essex Tyler rode away, and entered into Kent,
With Robert Cave of Dartford and all his men he went.
They gathered many on the road, brave men who heard the call.
Wat entered into Maidstone Jail, and freed his friend John Ball.

(chorus)

Jack Straw, the priest of Fobbing Marsh, now led the Essex men,
They met with Tyler at Blackheath, and all marched on again,
They crossed the Thames at London Bridge, and a message it was sent:
King Richard he would meet with them on the morrow at Mile End.

(chorus)

Wat Tyler met young Richard the king, and unto him did say:
" There are four charters we demand that you do grant this day:
The right to buy and sell our goods, all serfs are to be freed,
No marchers to be punished, and rents fixed as agreed. "

(chorus)

" I grant this all, " the king he said, " right willingly I yield.
To morrow meet with me again at the place they call Smithfield. "
" I'll meet you Sire, tomorrow eve, " bold Tyler he did say,
" And pledge to you my loyalty until my dying day. "

(chorus)

Wat met the king at Smithfield, and the nobles gathered round,
Then Walworth, mayor of London Town, he cut Wat Tyler down.
His sword spilled Tyler's precious blood upon the cobbled stones,
May his name be damned for ever for the wicked deed he's done.

(chorus)

When he saw his comrade murdered, grief struck in the heart of Ball.
The commons turned in anguish when they saw their leader fall.
The soldiers bound the brave Jack Straw and carried him away,
And cast him in a cell until his execution day.

(chorus)

John Ball escaped to Coventry, but there was hunted down,
And bound in chains was taken into St. Albans Town,
And hanged upon the gallows high, and on that dreadful tree
They left his body swinging there, for every man to see.

(chorus)

The nobles murdered Tyler, and Jack Straw, Grindcobbe, and Bell,
Robert Cave of Dartford, and brave John Ball as well.
They gave their lives for freedom, but they did not die in vain,

For men will rise 'gainst tyranny when they hear Wat Tyler's name.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: B. Feldman & Co. Ltd

D. capo on 2

Wat Tyler was a carpenter, and brave and strong was he,
G7 C Am C Em F G7 C
A son of serfs he made a vow that men should all be free:
C F Em Am D7 G7
" Rise up you men of Colchester, rise up and follow me,
G7 F C Am F G7
With pikes, and hoes, and spades we'll break the chains of slavery. "
G7 C Am C Em F G7 C

chorus) Wat Tyler and John Ball,
G7 C G7C Am
We'll follow at your call.
Am F G7 C

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Morning " pläne. 1972

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Morning & Outside The City " pläne. 2005

I started writing this at 05.30 in the morning, in a cold waiting room at Yeovil station. whilst waiting for the first train back to London; finishing it the following day. The inspiration came from reading: " Who Was Then The Gentleman ? " by Charles E. Israel; an historical novel about the 1381 Peasants Revolt.

Where Were You In The War ?

There's a question I must ask you, there's an answer I must hear,
There is something that I really have to know,
Though it hurts me now to ask it, for you and I are friends:
Where were you in the war ?

Were you flying overhead in the searchlights' probing glare ?
Were you pilot, or the man behind the guns ?
Was it you who pushed the button when the bombdoors opened wide ?
Where were you in the war ?

Were you Admiral of the fleet, or a stoker in a hold ?
A great General, or a soldier in the mud ?
Were you working in the factory building guns, and tanks and bombs ?
Where were you in the war ?

I can see you looking at me with a question in your eyes,
Was it me who left you homeless and alone ?
Was it me who killed your father, bombed your city, killed your friends ?
Where was I in the war ?

We're the ones who fight the battles which the men of war decree,
We're the ones who kill, and we're the ones who die,
We're the ones who pull the triggers that send young men to their graves,
We're the ones who suffer, you and I.

We must fill our minds with reason when the war dogs start their howl,
Though they call us traitors, cowards and the like,
Then our sons will never have to ask each other:
" Where were you in ther war ? "

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: B. Feldman & Co. Ltd

Willow and Rue

Once I had a garden fair, willow and rue now grow,
With blossoms rich beyond compare, willow and rue now grow.
Where are the flowers I planted there, the roses that entwined ?
Where are the flowers I planted there ? Gone with the cold, cold wind.
Willow and rue now grow.

I gathered flowers every day, willow and rue now grow,
But now they've faded all away, willow and rue now grow.
And on the earth the fallen leaves are lying in decay,
Withered petals and broken stems around my garden lay.
Willow and rue now grow.

Once I sat 'neath the tall oak tree, willow and rue now grow,
But now it's the withy branch for me, willow and rue now grow.
Where is the oak and the fine elm tree that in my garden grew ?
All come tumbling to the ground when the bitter wind did blow.
Willow and rue now grow.

Two songbirds in my garden sang, willow and rue now grow,
The echoes with their voices rang, willow and rue now grow.
The sweetest songbird you ever heard has taken wings and flown,
Leaving one small bird behind, and he sings all alone:
Willow and rue now grow.

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: B. Feldman & Co, Ltd

Cm. capo 3

Once I had a garden fair, willow and rue now grow,
Am C G Em Am G Am
With blossoms rich beyond compare, willow and rue now grow.
Am C G Em Am G Am
Where are the flowers I planted there, the roses that entwined ?
C G F Em
Where are the flowers I planted there ? Gone with the cold, cold wind.
C G F Em
Willow and rue now grow.

Am G Am

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Wild Goose " (with Albert Mangelsdorf,
Joki Freund and the Jazzensemble des Hessischen Rundfunks) MPS .1969

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Morning " (with Günther Leimstoll Band) pläne
1972

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Folklore International " pläne. 1976

Colin Wilkie on "Autumn Is Knocking At Our Door " Intercord.1979

Anne Wylie on " I Wish I'd Written That Song " pläne 1996

Anne Wylie on " Anne Wylie Live " FMS 1997

Colin Wilkie and Shirley Hart on " Morning & Outside The City " pläne. 2005

You Won't Get Me Down In Your Mine

chorus)

You won't get me down underground in your mine
Away from the trees and the flowers so fine,
Down in the dark where the sun never shines,
You won't get me down in your mine.

They dig for the coal for the most of their lives,
Away from their children, away from their wives,
To make others rich in the heat and the dark,
Who's going to care when they're too old to work ?

(chorus)

There's many a miner who's died underground,
Died all alone when the roof tumbled down,
Trapped in the dark underneath the great beams,
Choked out his life in the gas-filled coal seams.

(chorus)

I'll work in your factory, I'll work on your farm,
Dig roads till the muscles stand out on my arm.
I fought in your army, I've been out to sea,
But, by Christ, you won't make a coalminer of me.

(chorus)

words & music: Colin Wilkie
published by: B. Feldman & Co.Ltd

Cm. capo 3

chorus)

You won't get me down underground in your mine
Am C G Am
Away from the trees and the flowers so fine,
AmF C G Em
Down in the dark where the sun never shines,
F C G
You won't get me down in your mine.
G Am G Am

They dig for the coal for the most of their lives,
 Am C G Am
 Away from their children, away from their wives,
 AmF C G Em
 To make others rich in the heat and the dark,
 Em F C G
 Who's going to care when they're too old to work ?
 Am G Am

(Known) recording history:

Colin Wilkie on " We Travel The Road " Polydor. 1965 ?

Nic Jones on " Songs Of A Changing World " Trailer. 1973

Johnny Collins on " Free And Easy " Tradition. 1982

The McCalmans on " Peace & Plenty " Greeentrax. 1986

Fairytale on " Live " Fairytale Records. 1990

Tony Ireland on " Live In Germany " Ireland Records. 1995

Tony Ireland on " I Wish I'd Written That Song " pläne. 1996

Dave Anthony on " 31B Victoria " DA. 2001

Johnny Collins on " The Best Of The Early Years " Fellside

An Rinn on " Coal " An Rinn 2005

I was reading about the dreadful mining disaster in Lengede, north Germany and said to Shirley: " You wouldn't get me down in a mine. " Although I've changed the setting to a coalmine, it conveys my feelings to any kind of underground work.

