

CHERRY RED RECORDS
PRESENTS



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The 'Creation' album was recorded over three days in 1971 at Hollick & Taylor studios, Birmingham, England. Musicians involved were myself (Beau), Steve Clayton and Jim Milne of The Way We Live.

Control room duties were handled by John Brierley, The Way We Live's recording engineer and producer, and studio owner/chief engineer, John Taylor.

For musos out there, I played my Harmony Sovereign H-1270 12-string guitar on all the songs; also clavichord on 'April Meteor' and Farfisa organ on 'Creation'. Jim took all other guitar and bass parts and sang harmony vocals on 'Release', and Steve played all drums and percussion. If I remember rightly, Jim used a Gibson SG as his main electric instrument, and a home-built bass! Steve used his Ludwig kit.

The sleeve for the album was created by Forehead Designs, London, under the supervision of John Peel's business partner (and Dandelion co-owner) Clive Selwood. The photo on the back was taken at a park in Leeds called The Hollies by Ken Willcock, a photography student. Forehead went on to design several covers for later Dandelion albums.

There is however a story behind the cover design.

Originally, a totally different sleeve had been planned. Created by Nick Cudworth (of the band Siren), John Jones and Boris Brook, the sleeve was even printed and is now something of a collectors' item. But the concept of this first cover was thought to be too dark and forbidding, so the new, more optimistic 'sunrise' sleeve was produced.

This is how the first design looked. In retrospect, I think we were right to go with Plan B!



'Creation Recreated' – credits ...

Tracks 1 – 11: recorded for the original 'Creation' LP.
The album was produced by Beau with thanks to John Brierley and Clive.

Recording Engineer: John Taylor (Hollick & Taylor)
Mixing Engineer: Phil Dunne (Marquee Studios, London)
Remix Engineer for this presentation (tracks 2, 5, 7 & 10): Trevor Midgley (TM Studio, Hertfordshire)

Back cover photograph: Ken Willcock
Sleeve Design: Forehead Designs

Special thanks (now as then) to Jim Milne and Steve Clayton of The Way We Live (later Tractor®)

Tracks 12, 13 & 22:
produced, performed and engineered by Beau at TM Studios, Derbyshire and Hertfordshire, England

Tracks 14 – 18:
recorded in 1972 at 'Dandelion Studios, Rochdale' with The Way We Live / Tractor®.
Tracks 16 – 18 from the unreleased album, 'High Mass'.
Produced by John Trevor and John Brierley

Tracks 19 – 21:
recorded on the 16th & 17th February 1975 at Tractor Sound Studios, Heywood, Lancashire
for the unreleased album, 'Twelve String To The Beau'.
Produced by John Trevor, engineered by Alan Burgess

All songs written by C J T Midgley
Tracks 1 – 11, 14, 15 published by Biscuit Music Ltd.
Tracks 12, 13, 16 – 22 published by Cherry Red Songs

1 Nine Minutes (2:51)

...is the story of a fictional train wreck.

I say fictional, but there were several incidences in the early '70s of vandals targeting the railway system. Some did indeed put obstructions in the way of speeding trains; others dropped chunks of concrete and wood from bridges as trains were passing underneath. Nasty!

I think the song took four takes to get right. To simulate the sound and feel of a train, Steve Clayton thought of rubbing together two pieces of sandpaper. My main memory of the recording is of the small pile of sand slowly accumulating round Steve's feet!

At 4am the 3.19 was hurrying through the night.
John Ridges saw the dull reflected glowing panel light.
Beneath his hands, the warm controls responded to his touch
As he drank a little coffee, though he didn't care for much.

He also had a bite to eat, a thing he liked to do;
The cutting here was long and clear, the engine driver knew.
And then a strange thing happened; felt like something breaking free
As the lines appeared to lift a fraction, momentarily.
And the time was 4.03.

He never saw or understood why anything was wrong;
The glowing gauges disappeared, his instruments had gone.
He heard a sound, though what it was his mind could not deduce.
He couldn't see, as others could, the giant breaking loose.

Amid the screams of tortured steel, he tried to stop the train.
The flying sparks before the eyes that wouldn't see again
Were coming through the cabin floor, now gone without a trace,
And Driver Ridges felt the cooling wind upon his face.

The grinding ceased; the stricken train came slowly to a halt,
And some survivors still maintain it was all the driver's fault.
But no one caught a fleeting glimpse among the trackside pines
Of the smiling face of the one who placed the rocks upon the lines.
And the time was 4.09.

2 There Once Was A Time (classic remix) (3:38)

The sound mix of the 'acoustic' songs on the original 'Creation' LP was, to say the least, eccentric. Even Bo from IT Magazine commented on them in his review back in June 1971, and I quote; "... if there's old Beau just singing and playing into the mike all on his own, it's a bit daft having his voice on one side of the room with his guitar on the other."

The mixes may have been of their time, but I've always suspected the wide separation tends to detract from what I think are quite pretty songs. I'm really pleased to include 'classic remix' versions of all four of those numbers for the first time on 'Creation Recreated'

In his book, 'Electric Children', Jacques Vassal said of 'There Once Was A Time', "... (it) is a painfully accurate portrayal of a decaying beauty queen". Others have seen it less romantically as a side-swipe at vanity! Put these two together, and you get pretty close to what I was intending.

There once was a time when she couldn't pass a mirror,
She had to take a look to see her hair was straight,
That her make-up was in perfect shape.
And they once said she had a face to wake the dead,
Or at least she believed she remembered they had said
She was something they had never seen before.

So what can have happened to have turned her this way,
Creeping down the corridors, trying to hide her face,
Suffering some terrible disgrace?
Avoiding the stares of the people passing by,
Refusing to give to the curious wandering eyes
The pleasures of remembering the face they knew.

For she had believed in the days when she was young
That her youth was eternal, and never could become
A thing of which she had to be ashamed.
Now her face was full of wrinkles and her hair an iron grey,
Her youth was in the distant past, a long, long time away.
She never guessed it could appear so far away.

And there once was a time when she couldn't pass a mirror,
She had to take a look to see her hair was straight
And that her make-up was in perfect shape.
And they once said she had a face to wake the dead,
Or at least she believed she remembered they had said
She was something they had never seen before.

3 Spider (2:39)

'Spider' has at its heart the sort of philosophical contradiction that underpins the 'Creation' album itself. The album is subtitled "as creation destroys so destruction creates...": 'Spider' could be subtitled "...in perfection lies death..."; for despite the beauty of her fragile handiwork, even the spider comes to an end when "...nature takes the net away".

And so she weaves in perfect line,
Silken spittle tracing out a net
So delicate and yet
In this perfection
Here lies death.

And so she labours on and on,
Wavering a second here and there
To make some small repair
As countless years have led
Her to.

And so she will, continuing
Her life's endeavours beauty bound to death,
That she might take her breath
'Til nature takes
The net away.

4 April Meteor (2:42)

Writing in 'Time Out' in 1972, Al Clark said of 'April Meteor', "... (it is) a Moog-haunted picture of death seen as travel through time and space." Yeah well, nice one, Al!

One night in April 1970, I was standing outside my home in Leeds when I saw a bright light flash across the sky from east to west. The following day, all the newspapers carried the story of a meteorite that had flown in low across the north of England, crossed the sea and come to earth in a bog in Ireland.

What struck me was the irony that a piece of rock which had probably been hurtling round the universe since the dawn of time should end its billions of years of travel in an Irish bog! So I wrote 'April Meteor'.

In a flurry of cascading stars,
In colours blue and green, she burns
A trail of fire across the evening sky;
And so into oblivion,
And so she must die.

From the reaches of the universe,
Through countless million years she flew
Towards her final fateful destiny.
Uncharted wastes of cosmic void
Brought her to you, led her to me.

Her flight of self-destruction flown,
The outward reaching atmosphere
Will burn the final grains of astral dust.
This atmosphere we trust
As we always must.

So in a flurry of cascading stars,
In colours blue and green, she burns
A trail of fire across the evening sky;
And so into oblivion,
And so she must die.

And so into oblivion,
And so she must die.

5 Is This Your Day (classic remix) (3:06)

'Is This Your Day' is a simple song that says even the most mundane day can turn into something special. Nothing very profound. I guess most of us have had days where our lives have unexpectedly changed – hopefully, more for better than for worse...

A day in time is little
Meaning nothing save the daylight
In the hours before the sunset
Ushers in the black of night;
The noise between the shadows
Of beginning and of ending,
Of the silence of the starlight
From day to day transcending.
Is this your day? Is this your day?
Is this your day? Is this your day?

And yet a day can follow
That can change with every hour
Your pattern of existing thought;
The sun will change the flower.
The flower will grow from nothing
And its perfume fill your senses.
Another morning lights the day,
Another life commences.
Is this your day? Is this your day?
Is this your day? Is this your day?

Another life to lead the path
Where other beings follow
The footsteps of a chosen friend
Which lead to their tomorrow.
Another life to hold you tight
Within the web it's weaving.
The feeling that, despite yourself,
You're sad that you are leaving.
Is this your day? Is this your day?
Is this your day? Is this your day?

6 Creation (4:08)

The swirling sounds on 'Creation' with its repeated guitar figure and that inexorable doomy bass tell the same story as the whispered lyric. Even if you can't pick up on all the words, you know what the song's about; right down to the rumbling explosion at the end ("For here, creation's only fault its own destruction bought").

The swirling, superheated mists –
A formless shape, an energy –
In silence crossed the nothingness,
Its negative identity

To be transformed with passing time;
Earth to be its name.

This incandescent vapour cloud
Wherein the germs of life are massed
Has issued from the depths of time,
The great explosion aeons past.
And the heat began to dissipate,
So Earth began to form.

And first, there rose the boiling sea
That hissed against the glowing land;
The sulphurous, choking atmosphere
That life could not withstand;
And yet, from this inferno came
Man... Man...

The monster that creation made,
The Human Being, now enlists
The power of the Universe –
Those swirling, superheated mists.
For here, creation's only fault
Its own destruction bought.

7 Blind Faith (classic remix) (3:53)

I've never understood Faith – what the dictionary describes as “...the assent of the mind to the truth of what is declared by another”. It makes no sense to me to accept “the truth of what is declared by another” just because he declares it.

I have no problem with moral codes or personal convictions. But I have real difficulty with blind faith – hence the song.

He who takes the bread shall live for ever;
He who drinks the wine shall perish never.
He who understands the light within
Can now begin to know the reason.

He who heard these words was torn asunder,
Seeing his lasting peace upon the thunder
Clouds. A perfect dream in silence rides
And woe betides the poor believer.

He who sees the vision where his dream lies
Merely casts a stone towards the sunrise;
Merely follows on towards the glow
As long ago he was commanded.

He who takes the bread takes an illusion;
He who drinks the wine drinks to confusion.
Staring through the light before his eyes,
You realise this man is blind.

Staring through the light before his eyes,
You realise this man is blind.

8 Ferris Street (2:18)

In the 1960s, in cities and towns throughout the UK, vast numbers of old houses and streets were torn down.

In many ways, this was a good thing – much of the housing was old and sub-standard. Problem was, the high-rise towers and concrete estates that replaced them were both poorly designed and ill-conceived, and communities that had flourished and supported each other for decades were destroyed forever. 'Ferris Street' tells of the destruction of one such neighbourhood.

The bass intro was shamelessly copied from Elvis's 'Baby, I Don't Care', but Jim Milne's wah-wah guitar is wholly original, and fits the mood of the song perfectly.

The memories had begun to fade
Until the story was relayed
By someone whom I chanced to meet
Of what he'd seen of Ferris Street –
Of what he'd seen of Ferris Street.

And so it was that I returned
To see the street that I had spurned
And from its grip my presence torn,
From Ferris Street where I was born –
From Ferris Street where I was born.

A hundred years the wind has blown
The dust across the cobblestones.
It even blew their hopes aside
For here they stayed and here they died –
For here they stayed and here they died.

But time has brought the last defeat,
And here I stand on Ferris Street;
The iron girders red with rust,
The stonework lying in the dust –
The stonework lying in the dust...

Of Ferris Street.

9 Release (2:36)

When I came up with 'Release', I hadn't heard 'Pirate Jenny' from Brecht & Weill's 'The Threepenny Opera'. But 'Release' tells a similar story. Here, we also have someone daydreaming about settling a score. I once worked for a man who would say nice things to your face, then do everything he could to undermine and destroy you. There was nothing I could do; I was just a kid and he had the power. But I could dream...

Drowning in a sea of righteousness,
There's only me and the caresses
Of the waters of my brain
That rise and fall in me again
And leave me lying.
Set against the season's whitest snows,
So my inadequacy shows
As I fight against the pain
On the bed where I have lain
Alone and crying.

Behind the charity charade
There lies the gleaming silver blade
That treats my body with disdain
That evermore it shall remain
There petrifying.
Destined for consumption by the crowd,
I ride along, aloof and proud
To be amongst the fold again
And to no longer be insane
But slowly dying.

Or maybe buying my time...

10 A Reason To Be (classic remix) (3:20)

'A Reason To Be' really takes over where 'Blind Faith' left off. It tells of someone searching for a reason for his existence, but ultimately finding there is none. It's not a bleak song; just one that confronts reality. Which, I appreciate, to many is bleak...

A reason to be for the lost souls of freedom;
The search for the key to a life to succeed them
A rock in their hand
Which soon turns into sand.

A prayer to be borne on the wings of their blindness
Is carried aloft in a spirit of kindness;
And flying so high,
So the spirit dies.

And where will you go,
Where will you go?
And where will you go?

Only Heaven knows
That one day I'll find, that one day I'll see
A reason to be...

A reason to be that is mine for the taking;
A reason to cry at the moment of breaking
As slowly you fall
With nothing left at all...

As slowly you fall
With nothing left at all.

11 Silence Returns (3:53)

This is a cruel song. It's about the violence of silence. It's about the withholding of help when help can be given. And it's about the choices we make. The vocal line tells the story to the point where a choice has been made and silence has returned. Then the music shows us the consequence...

'Silence Returns' was recorded in a single take with just the one lead guitar overdub by Jim Milne. The mixing session at Marquee Studios was perhaps more important on this song than on any of the others. To achieve maximum effect, it was vital that Jim's lead guitar kicked in at just the right moment.

Because the song has a rather uneven time figure, Phil Dunne (the mixing engineer) had some difficulty triggering the lead guitar channel at just the right time. So it fell to me to throw the switch. And the result was what IT Magazine described as "... one of the most shocking moments in rock!" Which I take as a compliment!

The silence is broken by somebody crying,
Trying to be heard, never a word.
Always the attitude
Sort out your own, always alone,
Wishing for something the world is denying.
Out in the wilderness, somebody's crying.

Somebody wishing for something to happen,
Wishing to tell, wishing to hell
Someone was listening,
Someone who cared, never despaired.
Someone to lean on and someone to trust.
Who needs your assistance, and finds your disgust?

Something that you have the power to give,
To give or to take. To make or to break
The innocent spirit
Of somebody's hope; assistance to cope.
The water that heals or the fire that burns?
Out in the wilderness, silence returns...



Bonus Songs...

12 Shadows Of The Moon (3:36)

'Shadows Of The Moon' was the third song in a celestial-type trilogy written at the height of the manned space programme in 1970/71. The other two were 'Creation' and 'April Meteor'.

Originally considered for the album, including 'Shadows...' would have given the collection a decidedly cosmic – and inappropriate – skew. So it was put aside. But good songs never die. Nor do they fade away! This version was eventually recorded in August 1978.

The sunset in the Western skies,
 Its gold and red and black display
 Disappears and paves the way
 For the pure white reflected light
 Of the silent Moon,
 Floating slowly across the spangled velvet screen
 Of the universe.

The flame of its creation burned,
Remaining for posterity;
Dusty seas, serenity;
Another day, a lonely day
With no life to live.
Plods its lonely path into eternity
'Round Mother Earth...

So contrast to the searing Sun
The gentle shadows of the Moon,
Silent night, gone so soon,
Taken in a wilderness
Of morning sky;
Lost, but still remembered in the memory's eye
From whence it came.

The flame of its creation burned,
Remaining for posterity;
Dusty seas, serenity;
Another day, a lonely day
With no life to live.
Plods its lonely path into eternity
'Round Mother Earth...

13 Rank & File (2:35)

Statistically it's impossible to predict the actions of a single person but a crowd of ten thousand poses no problem at all. However, some out there don't want to predict; they want to control – Adolph Hitler was probably the 20th Century's most appalling example throughout his twelve years of power between 1933 and 1945.

'Rank & File' was written in March 1972 on the cusp between the 'Creation' and 'High Mass' album sessions. In February of that year, mineworkers' union leader Arthur Scargill – a charismatic speaker and fellow Yorkshireman – led a blockade of the Saltley Coke Works near Birmingham. Irrespective of politics, I found his oratorical powers and the fanatical support of his followers truly disturbing. Hence 'Rank & File'...

In fairness, the piece wasn't in keeping with the theme I had in mind for the upcoming 'High Mass' project, so it was just filed away.

That might have been the end of the story. However, twelve long years later that same Arthur Scargill led the mineworkers in a totally disastrous year-long strike from which neither they nor the industry ever recovered; and I remembered 'Rank & File'.

I dug out the demo from a bunch of old papers and put down this version in November 1984. If the song has a moral, I guess it's 'beware the power of the orator'.

We are the rank and file who cannot be bought,
The faceless ones and loyal ones in action, power and thought;
In action, power and thought...

We are the ones they want, the ones that you can trust
If the priests of class exalt the mass to fire, storm and dust,
To fire, storm and dust...

We are the rank and file,
We are the rank and file.

Who are the brothers' grim who stand before the room
Of the stone-ground poor who can't be sure who tells the lies to whom?
Who tells the lies to whom?

We are the ones to watch, we're never the ones to blame
And we lie and wait and we hibernate, one undisputed aim,
To re-appear and claim...

We are the rank and file,
We are the rank and file,
We are the rank and file.

14 Sky Dance (Take One) (2:53)

Beau – lead vocal, 12-string guitar, electric bass

Jim Milne – twin lead guitars, rhythm guitar, backup vocals

Steve Clayton – percussion

When 'Sky Dance' appeared on Dandelion's 'There Is Some Fun Going Forward' LP, very few people knew of this totally different recording of the tune, put down a couple of weeks prior to its better-known trippy cousin. Unlike the released version, 'Sky Dance (Take One)' is a raucous rock song, recorded a clear two years before AC/DC first ventured into a studio and four or five before the world began to think about punk.

The 'Sky Dance' takes are really the first recordings for 'High Mass', intended as my third Dandelion album. Like so many tracks on that unreleased set, they took their inspiration from the Troubles in Northern Ireland; in this case the appalling sight of young kids of eight and nine being encouraged to hurl rocks and petrol bombs at armoured vehicles.

When your dreaming seems like ending
And you've nothing more to say
From the shelter of the silence
That is yours in every way,
Then you take your last solution
In the twinkling of an eye
And you place it in your children's hands
And you stand and watch it die –

And then you lift it to the sun
And you blow it hard and you blow it blind,
And you don't see where it's landed
And I believe you do not mind –
You do not mind, you do not mind...

When your children's hands lie bleeding

On the young and tender grass,
You magnify your discontent
And you cannot let it pass.
So you take a stone in your good hand
And you throw it at the sky
And your cause is riding on that stone
And you wave your cause goodbye –

And then you lift it to the sun
And you blow it hard and you blow it blind,
And you don't see where it's landed
And I believe you do not mind –
You do not mind, you do not mind...

15 Sky Dance (2:55)

Beau – lead vocal, 12-string guitar, electric bass

Jim Milne – acoustic guitars, 'flute' guitar, backup vocals

Steve Clayton – percussion / tambourine

... the official release of the song with a small lyric change. It appeared under the name of John Trevor on Dandelion's 1972 swan-song album.

When your dreaming seems like ending
And you've nothing more to say
From the shelter of the silence
That is yours in every way,
Then you take your last solution
In the twinkling of an eye
And you place it in your children's hands
And you stand and you watch it die –

That's when you lift it to the sun
And you blow it hard and you blow it blind,
And you don't see where it's landed
And I believe you do not mind –
You do not mind, you do not mind...

When your children's hands lie bleeding
On the young and tender grass,
You magnify your discontent
And you cannot let it pass.
So you take a stone in your good hand
And you throw it at the sky
And your cause is riding on that stone
And you wave your cause goodbye –

That's when you lift it to the sun
And you blow it hard and you blow it blind,
And you don't see where it's landed
And I believe you do not mind –
You do not mind, you do not mind...

16 The Little Sister (2:14)

Beau – lead vocal, rhythm & lead 12-string guitar

Jim Milne – rhythm guitar, electric bass, backup vocals

Steve Clayton – percussion / handclaps

‘The Little Sister’ has the same roots as ‘Sky Dance’; but at least this song can celebrate the triumph of innocence over corruption.

The rock that stood against the night
In silhouette above the sea,
This great embodied permanence,
Its inorganic innocence
A lamp that led the little sister
Up the winding hill.

The stave they placed within her hands
She held aloft above the stones
And fell as it was meant to be.
This final kakistocracy
Could smile as in the last ascent
She stumbled on the hill.

She rose again to reach the top,
To face the famous headland wind,
And stemmed the tears behind her eyes.
The silent ever-busy skies
Were bringing in the cirrus clouds
From all eternity.

And here the citadel was built;
Its walls the little sister’s cloak;
Its light the light that lives within.
The memory of any sin
Was taken on the smallest cloud
And never seen again.

17 This Testament (3:32)

Beau – lead vocal, 12-string guitar, electric bass

Jim Milne – lead & 2nd guitar

Steve Clayton – percussion / ‘rolling cymbal’

Though it’s certainly not true of many individuals, mankind as a species seems to gravitate naturally towards war. The irony is, that’s probably why we’ve advanced as we have. Forty years on from when ‘This Testament’ was written, I’m still daily surprised at man’s inhumanity to man; which is why the song’s final words are still not a contradiction in terms.

To thee my country I bequeath
A world of my unspoken dreams;
The land of silent make-believe
Wherein the conquerors of schemes
That only can improve this life

Shall evermore be banned.

To thee my children I release
Thy spirit which is thine to keep
Until this land be wakened from
Its silent anaesthetic sleep;
That it may never sleep again –
That it may never die.

To thee my brethren I request
That you will guard this fading word;
That you may place the gift of time
Upon it that it may be heard;
That everyone might understand
Iconoclastic Peace.

18 The Special Night (2:59)

Beau – lead vocal, 12-string guitar

Jim Milne – 2nd guitar

Steve Clayton – picked autoharp

A strange piece. I've been asked many times how come a convinced atheist makes use of so much religious imagery.

Without too much navel-gazing, it's all to do with the poison that seeps into society when politics and religion become intertwined; exemplified by fundamental Islamism today and The Troubles in Northern Ireland when these 'High Mass' tunes were conceived.

It's my feeble and futile attempt to detoxify the body politic. To remind warmongers, who most times have a God, that He really isn't on their side; that He can't be; that, as the White Man's Preacher says in Bob Dylan's 'Hezekiah Jones', "There's a lot of good ways for a man to be wicked".

The special night had ended, or at least the light had come
To re-wake the ancient citizen who saw it all begun;
To rise again, to stretch the arms of an all-embracing power,
And to reap the seed, once planted, now so far beyond the flower...
And what a day this would be.

For this, Adjudication Day, when all souls would be bared,
And the sins of rich and poorer men should equally be shared;
As would the good, wrought equally on each and every man
By He the all-forgiving who was there when time began...
And what a day this would be.

The eyes, for so long closed, surveyed the devastated ground
That once had looked so green; was now a shade of darkest brown.
And the mind behind the eyes could not believe what they could see –
In the cold grey light of morning, how men chose so foolishly –
This, the choice of the free.

No matter how the wise one searched, no judgement could be made

As everything that man had touched he'd managed to degrade.
And finally, he had ensured that nothing else could live,
Leaving nothing to condemn and leaving nothing to forgive...
And a planet blazed in Heaven.

19 The Wind Blows Around Them All (1:38)

... came about when I had the idea for a board game that would keep people quiet throughout the journey. I'd always give them a hope of winning, but there was no way they ever could. In another life that might seem deceitful, even cruel. But there is no other life, so that was never going to be a problem...

All of the ladders look to heaven growing longer as they stare,
Their rungs becoming rotten and never getting there –
Oh the wind blows around them all, every one.

All of the snakes, they slither skyward – their skins become entwined.
Although they never make it they merely stay resigned –
And the wind blows around them all, every one.

All of the windows closed their shutters as the bells of justice rang,
Yet this cannot protect them for like gossamer they hang.
Yes, the wind blows around them all, every one.

All of the lakes lie still and waiting in the valleys of the strong.
They're catching as they enter all who entered all along –
Oh the wind blows around them all, every one.

There are three thousand ladders; there are forty thousand snakes;
There are ten thousand windows; there are thirty golden lakes.
And the wind blows around them all,
Yes, the wind blows around them all,
Oh the wind blows around them all, every one.

And the wind blows around them all,
Yes, the wind blows around them all,
Oh the wind blows around them all, every one.

20 Shanty Town (2:49)

... was written around and about the 1971 'work-in' at Upper Clyde Shipbuilders. In fact, the song's working title was 'U C S Revival'. The workers were led by two shop stewards who were to become legendary; Jimmy Reid and Jimmy Airlie. Many jobs were saved through this immensely dignified industrial action.

Mountains of iron grow; mountains of iron grow
To dwarf the rusty streets which lie below.
The heart that once was oak is dead
And buried by the iron plates
That cross the ribs of steel.

Servant and trusting slave; servant and trusting slave –
'Tis here the steed is tamed to ride the waves
By sea-strong sinew, numb and dead,
Cremated by the burning torch
And welded into steel.

Links of the rusty chain; links of the rusty chain
Can hold the hearts of oak and live again;
Can hold the mountain hard and fast
To those themselves who must be held
Within the grip of steel.

21 When All Of The Smoke Cleared (2:11)

At the time I wrote 'When All Of The Smoke Cleared', I'd just read Immanuel Velikovsky's 'Worlds In Collision'. You can tell! OK, there was a time when Velikovsky's theories on Earth's past sounded plausible, but the selective blending of history and myth to substantiate his ideas ultimately consigned him to the realm of pseudo-science. Made for some nice imagery, though...

Bolts of blue lightning burned the heart of the moon.
Day never ended, violence exploded, somebody burst a balloon,
Blinding the brothers who stared at the circle of fire;
Whispering sounds that deaf ears could only desire.
Fading into nothing...

Mountains were crumbling, rivers of blood on the land.
Feeding the bible, lighting a candle, burning the quivering hand,
Handing the honey to all those who knew how to eat;
Kissing the future with its legends and its lies and its deceit.
Giving Joshua Jericho...

Carrying Moses; leading Pharaoh to die;
Beckoning Jesus for you believers, the comet screamed in the sky.
Out in the ether another sun began to rise.
Millions of Moses' saw the seventh sun dawn before their eyes
When all of the smoke cleared...

And finally... a postscript

22 Able Seaman Sperm (1:33)

Not typical 'Beau' fare, this was nonetheless a folk club favourite back in the seventies. Like a hand grenade, it was only to be thrown in when things were getting sticky (no pun intended!). This demo dates from around 1995.

Who's on a mission in the deep blue sea,
Keeping a watch for the enemy,
Meeting danger at every turn?
Able Seaman Sperm.

Who goes visiting in every port,
Keeping his fingers crossed he won't get caught?
Who is resolute and really firm?
Able Seaman Sperm.

They call him Jolly Roger when he hoists up the sail –
He likes to keep ahead and has a hell of a tale.
He once came in a packet from Zanzibar
And steered his way home by the Northern Star...

Oh, who is a hero, much maligned;
A cheeky chappie and a fertile mind;
Quivering quietly from stem to stern?
Able Seaman Sperm.

They call him Jolly Roger, and he'll swear and he'll cuss.
He suffers from a war wound he will never discuss.
He caught it in the packet from Zanzibar
Where he steered his way home by the Northern Star...

Oh, who's spent a fair bit of time inside,
Guilty as charged, along for the ride?
Who has never ever served full term?
Able Seaman Sperm.

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