

CHERRY RED RECORDS
PRESENTS



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Tracks 1-5 recorded in 1972 at The Way We Live's studio, Rochdale, Lancashire for inclusion on the third (abandoned) Dandelion album, "*High Mass*". Produced by Beau (as John Trevor) and John Brierley. Grateful thanks – now as then – go to Jim Milne and Steve Clayton of The Way We Live / Tractor®.

Tracks 6-10 from the then-unissued album, "*Twelve Strings to the Beau*". Recorded at Tractor Sound Studios, Heywood, Lancashire, 16th & 17th February, 1975.

Tracks 11-15 from the Edge Of The Dark sessions, an extensive collection of unreleased experimental pieces recorded at TM Studios (Derbyshire and Hertfordshire) between 1978 and 1992.
Produced, performed and engineered by Beau.

Tracks 16-18 recorded at TM Studios, Hertfordshire.
Tracks 16-17 – demo recordings from 1985
Track 18 – test recording from 11th August 1982

1 The Smoke Of Eden (4.01)

You rise to meet me;
Here you greet a stranger in this early dawn
As many more have yet to come.
The generation yet unborn
Will arise before it has begun
To see the Smoke of Eden (rise...)

You try to shame me.
Here, the game is played by one who cannot lose
But only gain and gather in.
The body where all souls are fused
Can call to all from that wherein
There lies the Smoke of Eden (lies...)

And you try to take me.
Here you break a vow you never meant to keep
But only wait and take your turn.
While darkened cities lie asleep
Will you fire a world so often burned
And free the Smoke of Eden (fires...).

You rise to meet me;
Here you greet a stranger in this early dawn
As many more have yet to come.
The generation yet unborn
Will arise before it has begun
To see the Smoke of Eden (rise...).

2 The Last Ballet (2.30)

Before a backcloth made of silk,
A dancing woman leaps
Upon this awesome stage,
And as this apparition sweeps
Before the lights, a glint of gold
Reflected from her eyes
Upon the tear she held so near
To the make-up man's disguise.

In truth, she screams through silent lips
The words she cannot say
To those who cannot hear her cries,
Though scream as hard she may.
The deep consuming blackness
That exists behind the light
Is beckoning the dancer
In the stillness of the night.

And she asks of those who see her dance
That they might understand
The movement of the twisting feet
And the waving of the hand.
She asks her audience to live
Within what she creates,

And to this end, the body sings
And the dancing mind translates.

The Musical Director brings
The consummating chords
To an audience awaiting this,
The moment it applauds.
And the ballerina's body lies
So silent on the ground.
The dance is past, and in the end,
She never hears a sound...

3 My Star (3.24)

Sheltered in my pocket –
Her skin opaquely pearled –
She lies, wrapped in silver foil
And protected from the world.
And jealously preserved,
So that no one else may see
The light that shines so brightly
On the island that is me...
My star... my star...

Something that remained
At the ending of a dream –
Something that my eyes
And mine alone have ever seen.
'Tis only when I'm lonely
That she shines upon my face –
Momentary freedom from
Her silver hiding place...
My star... my star...

Time and time again
When I need a helping hand,
My luminous deliverer
Is there to understand
The purpose of my being,
Both tomorrow and today –
To show me in the dark
A little light from far away...
My star... my star...

And may she always glimmer
In the darkness of my night
And through the gloomy days
When I need a little light;

Through the clouds of morning
And across the poison sea
To the island of contentment,
The island that is me...
My star... my star...

4 St Elizabeth Of Hungary (2.59)

When the narrow streets were ringing
With the crying of the poor,
As the frozen fist of famine
Hammered hard on every door,
From the Chateau on the hill
And down across the valley floor
Came the hand and the heart
Of the Lady.

She carried from the bakery
Of the castle on the hill
An apronful of new-made loaves,
Her goodness to fulfil.
Against her husband's hard command
She took the manna still
And gave it with the heart
Of a Lady.

Again and yet again she came
The sun-fused earth to cross,
Carrying the bread of life
To lives so nearly lost
Until the hour her husband
Made her realise the cost
Of giving with the heart
Of a Lady.

"My Lady, tell me what is this
Your apron doth conceal?"
She shook her head, but still he pressed,
"Pray, tell me if you will!"
So should she lie, or yet allow
The truth to be revealed?
"I have roses, my Lord,"
Lied the Lady.

"So show me, madam, I must see
These roses which you hide,
For I believe you carry bread
And I believe you lied!"

And saying so, he tore her apron
Down the left-hand side
And crimson roses fell upon the highway.

“So show me, madam, I must see
These roses which you hide,
For I believe you carry bread
And I believe you lied!”
And saying so, he tore her apron
Down the left-hand side
And crimson roses fell upon the highway.

5 High Mass (3.49)

And the thunder came from behind the hill
At midnight on the eventide of Christmas,
And the congregation watched the golden cross
Begin to crust in golden blisters.
Then the lightning came,
And the church bell fell from within the flames
And the frightened children there within
Lifted up their eyes to stare at him...

And He came with little more
Than anyone within the humble congregation,
But his eyes were bright from behind the smile
That carried him from deep in the foundations.
Then He raised his hand
And the children laughed and the people sang
And the golden minds were flying free
There amidst the falling masonry...

And He seemed to try, to try, to try, to try to speak
But no one there could hear him,
For although He stood amid the congregation
There was no one standing near him.
Then He spoke The Word
And the Father's voice alone was heard
As He told His children what to do;
To the catholic Christian, Moslem, Jew
He said, “Help me! Help me! Help me!
Help me! Help me! Help me!
Help me! Help me! Help me! Help me!
Help me! Help me! Help me! Help me!
Help me! Help me! Help me! Help me!
Help me! Help me! Help me!
Please...!!!”

6 Bristol Museum (2.24)

In the wake of the motorboat, sunlight did dance
A believable tango on the roadway to France
To the strains of the orchestra's Latin "*Te Deum*"
Out of the windows of the Bristol Museum,
Out of the windows of the Bristol Museum.

The handles that power the stately machines
Are held by the killers who sweep the latrines.
The virus is laughing, as obviously
The brushes are hung from the Bristol Musee,
The brushes are hung from the Bristol Musee.

The rows of medallions that hang on the chest
Of the hair-covered General now jingle to rest.
His jeep and his driver the law contravene
As they park 'neath the shadows of the Bristol Museen,
As they park 'neath the shadows of the Bristol Museen...

Bristol was quiet in enemy hands,
A Bavarian accent intoning commands
Gave few crumbs of comfort as voices cried "Schnell!"
And the bolts on the scaffolding parted and fell,
And the scaffolding fell from the Bristol Musell...

The motorboat complement never got through.
The radio reported them long overdue,
Then the strains of an orchestra played a "*Te Deum*"
From a concert recorded at the Bristol Museum,
From a concert recorded at the Bristol Museum.

7 The Commodore (3.14)

Now the ship of state is sailing
On a cold tempestuous sea.
She's far out on the ocean
And she's crewed by you and me.
And we haul on the mainsail halyard
And, obeying each command,
We ask, "Is there but one of us
Can find for us some land?
A Commodore, a Commodore,
A Commodore, a Commodore!"

Oh, the Captain gives the orders
When he sees the changing sky –

The billowed sails are quickly reefed
And no one tells us why.
And no one thinks to ask him,
For he is in command
And he will never tell us
That our fate is in the hand
Of the Commodore, the Commodore,
The Commodore, the Commodore.

We've sailed for seven years
And only ocean have we seen
In shades of blue and grey
And all the colours in between,
And the singing of the rigging
Is the only music heard
With the cursing of the bosun
But we never heard a word
Of the Commodore, the Commodore,
The Commodore, the Commodore.

And now the sun is rising
Casting shadows on the decks;
And we gaze upon the yardarm
And we see the broken necks;
And we ask, "Who gave the order?"
And then we turn and see his face –
Standing on the quarterdeck –
The silk and gold and lace
Of the Commodore, the Commodore,
The Commodore, the Commodore.

And the light shines all around him
And his face sets hard and stern,
And we fall upon our faces,
As he screams, "You never learn!"
And then he points a blinding finger
At those who wait to die,
As the oil below the ocean
Forms a fountain in the sky
For the Commodore, the Commodore,
The Commodore, the Commodore.

8 Cartoon (3.44)

In the palest light, a hand bejeweled
Beckoned through the leaded panes
The leader of the four white stallions,
Standing silent on the stones

Without recourse to bit or reins.
“Take your beasts, oh trusted friend –
Bring the cattle from the train.”
And saying so, the window opened.
All the jewels flashed together.
There upon the stones lay strewn
A hundred ears of golden grain.

The stallion reared above the window,
Once again now tight secured.
The other three behind their leader
Followed him where he may lead them,
Confident in life assured.
There behind the leaded window,
Lanterns to dispel the gloom
Lit the loaves and sacks of grain
That piled up to the oaken rafters –
Echoes of the drunken laughter
Coming from the room.

The stallion led the slow procession,
Naked in the freezing night.
Millions passed the lighted window,
Begging for a hand of meal,
Disappearing out of sight.
In the room, the party blossomed.
In the room where lanterns shone,
All the wine has now been taken:
All the grain has now been planted:
All the bread has now been eaten:
Even the house has gone...

9 Why Do You Laugh? (8.49)

The truck there on the skyline was waiting to explode
As angels sang in harmony on our side of the road.
Two country music virgins in lemon-coloured frocks
Found Negroes in the woodpile with keys to all their locks.
But me, I walk the centre line, the left and right is blurred.
The path I walk is shining white, and I am not deterred.

The mindless open window (or so the story ran)
Encouraged those with aerosols to turn their pressure can
With the buttons pressed together. The thousand snowflakes flew,
And the wind took up the story as they all came rushing through.
And me? I caught a mouthful for my collecting tin
To teach me to be standing on the outside, looking in!

The wastrels in the alleys who beg their winters' salt
Should not condemn too lightly, for others have their faults.
The black and white collectors whose only words are "Yes"
And "No" are learning other lines like "I could not care less".
But me, I walk between them; I pass the alleys by,
Both through a sense of justice and also being shy.

The desolate Commander, who sees his force has flown,
Still commands the Sergeant whose stature now has grown
To ultimate dimensions far greater than they knew
In the hours before the enemy demobilised the crew.
But me, I see the lizard that no one seems to note
Studying the Sergeant and peering down his throat.

The sandboy scours the beaches with each successive tide,
Trying to find the secrets that the shoreline tries to hide.
But no one ever told him – for no one ever knew –
The exercise is futile if your face is turning blue.
But me, I never argued or risked a dry repulse.
I watched him stick his neck out and I judged the end results.

The sickness in the hospital was carefully detailed.
Its pulse was taken daily; and then the heating failed!
The patient grew delirious; ran naked round the ward
Shouting down the microphone, "I really can't afford..."
But me, I'm not a doctor, or a blacksmith or a corpse.
(The bellows don't affect me, and I cannot ride a horse!)

So the half-demented soldier with the semi-sharpened blade
Stands beneath the interchange the engineers have made.
From here he never ventures, the laughable recluse;
His pay is in his pocket, if that is any use.
But me, I never noticed (and no one put me wise)
As quietly I drove my car across the soldier's eyes.

The militant magician, his heart upon his sleeve,
Severed all of the arteries that the others tried to thieve.
But with a cry of victory that nothing else could bring,
The butcher stole the audience and turned his veins to string.
But me, I never comment, for who am I to mind
The magic of the butcher whose bacon has no rind?

The so-elusive doctor with the journalists' degree
Always makes the surgery a second before me.
Of course, it's true he lives there – his castle is his home.
His daughter is a genius – she invented "*Crazy Foam*".
But me, I never notice her steal her father's pride;
His words possess a beauty in the way that they prescribe...

The monkeys in the circus up on the high trapeze
Scatter words of wisdom, at the same time as the fleas
Come flying through the spotlights to where the safety net
Catches all the ashes from the monkey's cigarette.
But me, I use an ashtray and antiseptic cream;
The monkeys may be filthy, but I am very clean...

The shining Iron Maiden with her undemanding games
Plays with anybody but will never ask their names,
Except a case remembered when once she did relent –
She overheard her son as he became an ornament –
But me, I know the reasons that she could not discern.
It's not for her to criticize, and so be out of turn.

The doorman bows politely in his mink and ermine suit.
His manner is provincial (and immaculately cute!).
He passes out the papers the visitors must see
But carefully disguises the copies on his knee.
But me, a listless orphan with everything to lose,
Became condemned for breathing and the creaking of my shoes.

The consequential critic, his Rizla carefully rolled,
Seeks to disassociate the eunuch in the fold,
But there the blind defeat him by kidnapping his child
In deference to the wishes of those that he defiled.
But me, I see it differently, as one more broken chance.
His crystal-clear perception is once again enhanced...

10 Goodbye (2.33)

...now it has gone, like the ending of a dream,
It has gone. All the things that might have been –
Disappeared.
It has passed the only way it could,
It has passed as the vein that brings the blood
Is unseen.

Can you not see? It is passing by you now –
Can you not see? I can't even show you how
To believe
That it is yours; to have but not to hold,
It is yours. Is the mine so full of gold
Before your eyes?

Can you not see there is something there for you?
Can you not see there is something there for you...
And for me... And for me?

And now the time is passing swift away,
Now the time draws the closing of my day
And of yours.
So say goodbye to those who must belong,
Say goodbye; for this cannot be wrong
To say.

It never came; but you were not to blame
It never came (I mean, you without the name
Or the dream).
Now it has gone, but how are you to know
That it has gone and that you are next to go
So goodbye...
Goodbye...
Goodbye...
Goodbye...
Goodbye...

11 Flowers Of The Sea (6.05)

Oh, the cries that you hear are the signals of pain,
And the broken remains of a Cherokee plane
Lie shivering out in the cold mountain rain
And no one appears to be hearing.
The radio crackles with pure white noise
And the bears dance around the clearing:
Dancing around the Flowers of the Sea –
Hmmm...

Such a dangerous scent is the perfume of hate
That infiltrates down through the chancery gate
And wafts through the window a moment too late
For anyone there to prevent it.
For such is politeness – frustrated and kind –
Even though it may resent it
When perfumed like the Flowers of the Sea –
Hmmm...

U38 slipped through the blockade
With the one mistake that the cruiser made.
And the voice-tube crew was unafraid,
And so was Kapitän Liebig.
And then a depth charge carried his stern away –
“Auf Wiedersehen, Achtunddreißig!” –
For you were only Flowers of the Sea –
Hmmm...

The Welsh medallion dangled and hung.
Its crimson dragon in the mid-day sun
Was sweating the way its mother had done
(And she had been a Merino!)
She came to rest upon a Guardsman's chest
Underneath the trees so green-o –
Another tender Flower of the Sea –
Hmmm...

All the light that comes from the spotlight's beam
Is sometimes so diffuse it seems
To waste the time of the air it cleans –
If indeed it cares a beanpole.
Why cannot light be laser-bright?
And the moon is but a keyhole
Peering at the Flowers of the Sea –
Hmmm...

All the wild mosaic in Pharaoh's tomb
Kissed the economic boom
And placed a crown on he for whom
The broken stones were scattered.
For Pharaoh was a man who could
Admit to being flattered,
Commanding all the Flowers of the Sea –
Hmmm...

John was a white and honest man –
At least, he was when this began –
But then Mahomet's greatest fan
Turned him into a heathen.
His car became a mobile tomb
And now the odds are even.
And John has joined the Flowers of the Sea –
Hmmm...

All the moths awoke and saw the Sun,
And with a rush they rose as one,
But with no power to stop them come
The Sun turned tail in terror.
But still some light is left to see
Up on the High Sierra
Where still are growing Flowers of the Sea –
Hmmm...

12 Birds (3.59)

Come you who ask of me
All of your questions and your answers –
Your poets and your painters,
Your singers and your dancers
On stages lit by lanterns;
The shadows of the candle,
Unfolding in the alleys
Leading to the greater scandal...
And somehow through the din, someone sings
A song of a million wings...

Follow the swallow, after the eagle,
After the magpie, after the starling,
After the kestrel, after the sparrow
After the bluebird, after the heron,
After the gannet, after the puffin,
After the penguin
Follows the lemming...

Come sane and sane together,
The starling in your reason
That makes you follow blindly
On the leader of the season
Will take you through the blackness
That is flapping all around you,
And take you through your senses
And finally confound you,
And land you where you did not wish to go...
And talk to you in words you do not know...

Follow the swallow, after the eagle,
After the magpie, after the starling,
After the kestrel, after the sparrow
After the bluebird, after the heron,
After the gannet, after the puffin,
After the penguin
Follows the lemming...

Follow the swallow, after the eagle,
After the magpie, after the starling,
After the kestrel, after the sparrow
After the bluebird, after the heron,
After the gannet, after the puffin,
After the penguin
Follows the lemming...

Come you who light the candles
Like no one ever lit them,
Who fashion cloaks for guilty men
And fashion men to fit them;
Whose guarantee of profit
Is the price of every silence;
Whose livelihood is diarising
Cruelty and violence.
Let he who goes guiltless throw the stone.
Let those who falsely witness, go home...

Follow the swallow, after the eagle,
After the magpie, after the starling,
After the kestrel, after the sparrow
After the bluebird, after the heron,
After the gannet, after the puffin,
After the penguin
Follows the lemming...

13 Jigsaw (2.27)

“It’s only an obsession,”
Said the lady to the gent,
“It’s one of life’s eternal great escapes.”
The jigsaw seller smiled and said,
“I’ve something here for you –
The puzzle of a hundred thousand shapes!”
And so it was delivered.
In a box without a clue,
In pieces without any edge or line;
But slowly, day by day she worked
And year by year it grew
To a pattern even she could not define.

Never knowing her direction,
Working blind without a guide,
The break came in a flash the day she saw
Depicted was her room
With herself viewed from behind,
There finishing a puzzle on the floor.
As another thousand pieces
Quickly tumbled from her hand
And almost on their own fell into place,
So there behind the figure
In the picture on the floor
At the window in the door appeared a face.

The final set of pieces
And the puzzle was complete –
An air of deep contentment came to pass.
Her life with jagged edges lay in pieces at her feet
As she turned to hear the sound of breaking glass...

14 The Mirror (4.52)

The mirror never lies throughout your youth,
Though perhaps it might exaggerate the truth.
The mirror never jokes about the news
When asked about the face that it reviews.
But if it shows up signs it traces in the lines
What more are you entitled to?
If you are wise there will be no surprise.
When you are young, the mirror never lies.

The mirror never cheats, it guarantees;
Rejecting all responsibilities.
The mirror never twists and never bends.
It shows you almost all that it intends.
And sometimes, it is hard; it takes you off your guard.
You can't select what to reject.
The sick defeats and sad retreats
And guarantees that the mirror never cheats.

The mirror never hates or is unfair;
It freezes for you only what is there.
The mirror never smiles to ease your mind.
It never knew the meaning of unkind.
And sometimes in the night, stood blinking in the light,
You are shown something unknown.
Whatever waits, it all relates
And it's unfair that the mirror never hates.

Whatever waits, it all relates
And it's unfair that the mirror never hates.

15 Reflections (2.39)

My life advances, youth to age;
To elder sage, and to despise
The children sitting at my feet
Who nod their heads and patronise,
And listen to my tales of life
That they were taught in school.

The vision of an older man
Long since began to hinder me,
As through the fog of failing sight
I stumbled; and then suddenly –
A lens to aid my ageing eyes
And again, I'm twenty-one...

The bloody river's running strong,
The River Somme, the glory bought
By sacrificing hopeful lives –
The cannon fodder. Sharp and short
Was death upon the poppy fields
That ever after grew.

And I shouted, "Stop the pounding guns!
The river runs, and I am dead!"
But Haig commanded, "Battle on!"
And with bullets whistling round my head,
At the age of only twenty-one
I also cried for peace...
At the age of only twenty-one
I also cried for peace.

16 Louis' Fool (3.55)

Once many years ago lived an old, old man
With a pointed hat and a gypsy caravan.
All through his early years at his father's knee
He had learned his trade, certain one day also he
Would be a fool as his father was a fool
As his grandfather had been before him.
Always a fool, with the tricks and with the songs
And the Ladies of the Court to adore him –

So, when his father died on a winter's night
On a damp bed of straw in the dim candlelight,
There, with the tricks and songs so an oath he swore
Not to end his days on a damp bed of straw.
He would be a fool as his father was a fool
As his grandfather had been before him.
Always a fool, with the tricks and with the songs
And the Ladies of the Court would adore him.

He took his tricks and songs and his old caravan
To the Courts of the Barons and the Lords of the land,
And the Ladies laughed at the antics of the knave,
And he ate all the scraps of the venison they gave.

17 The Cumberland Brigade (4.33)

My eyes are ink-stained circles peering through blue darkness,
Staring at the sun, and seeing only rain –
Staring down the valley with its awesome starkness,
Wondering, now I must leave, will I return again –
And the Cumberland Brigade, they are marching to the sea,
Yes, the Cumberland Brigade are behind, and beside,
And are marching out in front of me.

Wharf side cranes lie down the river, strong and sober,
Calling in the distance through the early morning mist.
Lanterns flashing from their jibs say “Hand ’em over!”
Painting sombre pictures Lowry never could resist
And the Cumberland Brigade, they are marching to the sea,
Yes, the Cumberland Brigade are behind, and beside,
And are marching out in front of me.

The ship is big and rusty and it smells of cattle
Groaning in the harbour as they herd us all aboard.
In the hold, we’re sick, but as we ride to battle
We sing songs of England bound to temper every sword
And the Cumberland Brigade, they are marching to the sea,
Yes, the Cumberland Brigade are behind, and beside,
And are marching out in front of me.

I’ve hated every Frenchman since that day in Deauville
When they called for money for the water we did drink.
A Frenchman died upon the bayonet in his flour mill,
Then we drank his water and we didn’t even blink
And the Cumberland Brigade, they are marching from the sea,
Yes, the Cumberland Brigade are behind, and beside,
And are marching out in front of me.

The years came and disappeared with mud and memories,
Fading in the distance as the Christmases rolled by;
Fighting for a hundred yards of dirt; they tell me
There are many reasons why my Cumbrians must die
And the Cumberland Brigade, they are marching from the sea,
Yes, the Cumberland Brigade are behind, and beside,
And are marching out in front of me.

They brought me back to England when the war was over,
And they stood me on the dockside in my tattered uniform.
They put me to a man who sat me on a sofa
And asked me to explain the ink-stained circle I had drawn
And the Cumberland Brigade, they are marching to the sea,
Yes, the Cumberland Brigade are behind, and beside,
And are marching out in front of me.

Oh, the Cumberland Brigade, they are marching to the sea,
Yes, the Cumberland Brigade are behind, and beside,
And are marching out in front of me.

Oh, the Cumberland Brigade, they are marching to the sea,
Yes, the Cumberland Brigade are behind, and beside,
And are marching out in front of me...

18 Red Light In Arcady (2.52)

The white crag hides the eagle,
And the eagle takes the lamb
And carries her to distant crags
From where the flight began.
Like an arrow from a distant bow,
She travels straight and true
And crushes from the gaping breast
The blood that runs in you...

And the Mercedes coughs its way to life
And you are yesterday's child,
You are entangled in the wires,
You are surrounded in the fires,
You are to satisfy desires...
And you are young.

The wicked man remembers
What most of us forget.
And he can recognise deceit
Within himself, and yet
The lessons learned for history –
So seemingly naïve –
Are how much greater is the good
To give than to receive...

And the Mercedes coughs its way to life
And you are yesterday's child,
You are entangled in the wires,
You are surrounded in the fires,
You are to satisfy desires...
And you are young.

I never want to hear
You neither understand nor see.
It simple spoils illusions,
And all the imagery
Is ground into a powder dust

Whose trickle sets you free;
Whose smoulder is the faintest
Glow red light in Arcady...

And the Mercedes coughs its way to life
And you are yesterday's child,
You are entangled in the wires,
You are surrounded in the fires,
You are to satisfy desires...
And you are young.

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