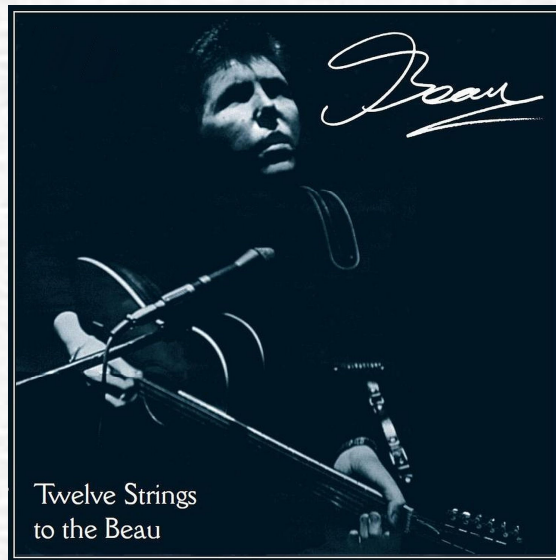


**CHERRY RED RECORDS**  
**PRESENTS**



Now available digitally from [Amazon](#), [iTunes](#) and all popular streaming services

Recorded at Tractor Sound Studios, Heywood, Lancashire

16th & 17th February 1975

Engineered by Alan Burgess

Cover photo by Pete Sanders

Produced by John Trevor

All songs written by C J T Midgley

Published by CeeDee Music

except 11, 12 & 13 published by Cherry Red Songs

## **1 Love Is (3.27)**

*I've never majored on love songs – there are already so many great ones out there and so many other topics that need to be written about. But when I do, I try to make them count!*

When you describe the sun  
You describe what makes it shine for you,  
Not in the words you use  
But in the way your smiling eyes convey the meaning.  
When you discuss the stars  
You discuss the way you feel for them,  
Not in the words you use  
But in the way you hold your cloak about your body.  
And love is appreciation  
And understanding of value.

When you describe the cold  
You describe the fire that's warming you,  
Not in the words you use  
But in the way your face reflects the warmth within you.  
When you discuss the night  
You discuss the hours that went before,  
Not in the words you use  
But in the way the rain is falling on your window.  
And love is appreciation  
And understanding of value.

When you describe the world  
You describe what makes it turn for you,  
Not in the words you use  
But in the way we sing our tuneless songs together.  
When you discuss your dreams  
You discuss what makes them real for you,  
Not in the words you use  
But in the way you know no fear when you awaken.  
And love is appreciation  
And understanding of value.

## **2 The Roses Of Eyam (4.54)**

*... is the true story of an event that took place during the Great Plague of 1665. It concerns the famous and heroic act of self-sacrifice by the inhabitants of the Derbyshire village of Eyam.*

*This version is the first "official" taping of the song and was recorded seven years before Roy Bailey featured 'The Roses Of Eyam' on his 1982 LP, "Hard Times".*

The earth beneath the surface dust  
Is cold and damp and raw  
And, holding but the memories  
Of what has gone before,  
Can almost be forgiven  
For remembering the dream  
Of the wall of stones around the homes  
Of the villagers of Eyam,  
Of the villagers of Eyam.

In August sixteen-sixty-five  
Along the cobbled roads,  
Between the houses dark and high,  
The carriers with their loads  
Were leaving for the northern towns  
The capital and crown,  
And also leaving far behind

The plague of London town,  
The plague of London town.

George Vicars was the tailor  
To the village life of Eyam,  
And to his house a case of clothes  
From London town was seen  
To be delivered one fine day  
In September '65,  
And never more was tailor Vicars  
Ever seen alive,  
Ever seen alive.

The scars upon his face and chest  
Were many to behold  
And, lying by the fevered body  
Now so very cold,  
The case from London opened wide,  
The clothes all neatly hung,  
And from the bell upon the church  
The knell of death was rung,  
The knell of death was rung.

There followed sixty, scarred and bleeding,  
Buried in their graves  
As Thomas Stanley stood above  
And told them "Jesus Saves".  
But Stanley was a puritan,  
An enemy to heed  
To Mompesson (the Anglican  
Who held the rectors creed,  
Who held the rectors creed).

The differences between the men  
That were so very wide  
Were shattered by the desperate need  
And rudely cast aside.  
The forces of the two were joined.  
Their words were not in vain.  
They told the villagers of Eyam,  
"The plague must be contained,  
The plague must be contained".

The simple people took their word,  
Agreed to stay and die.  
They built a wall around the hamlet,  
Not so very high,  
But high enough that they should know  
That though it mean their lives,



The plague must stay behind the wall  
With children, friends and wives,  
With children, friends and wives.

For six long months the wall did stand  
And honest to their word,  
The families died. The Friths and Sydalls  
Never more were heard.  
The Thornleys, Hancocks and the Torres,  
All buried in the ground;  
The Coopers and the Vicars  
Never made another sound,  
Never made another sound.

The dawn that rang the final bell  
Left thirty-three alive  
From three-hundred-and-fifty  
In September '65.  
The villagers rebuilt their lives  
With those who still remained.  
The name of Eyam can still be seen;  
The plague had been contained,  
The plague had been contained,  
The plague had been contained,  
The plague had been contained,  
The plague had been contained...

### **3 Miss Alice Preece (2.49)**

*Around the time of 'Miss Alice Preece', there were several cases of abduction of newborns by childless women. I remember one in particular where a woman in nurse's uniform picked up a baby, walked out of the ward and out of the hospital without being challenged. It took several days to find the child. The incident in the song is fictitious, but it isn't atypical of actual occurrences at the time, and the public's reactions to them.*

Miss Alice Preece was thirty-two  
And relatively well-to-do;  
A house and car both in her name,  
A certain modicum of fame.  
The much reported legacy  
As left to her by Aunt Marie  
Provided for her favourite niece  
The daily needs of Alice Preece.

The swirling dust around the feet  
Of children playing in the street  
Was swirling round the rubber wheels  
Which carried baby Susan Niels;

Around the supermarket door  
Where left for not a second more  
Than takes the strength the stranger lacks  
To break the thread that holds her back.

From loneliness within the world,  
Now Alice Preece's baby girl  
Provided her with something more,  
With something to be living for.  
To satisfy the crying need  
Within herself, she did indeed  
Commit the crime that the police  
Laid at the door of Alice Preece.

They took the child and in its place  
They left a feeling of disgrace.  
The mother, Janet Niels, did say  
When asked, "She should be put away!"  
The case is closed on Alice Preece,  
But now whilst a'waiting for release  
She still remembers Susan Niels;  
And wonders what else that reveals?

#### **4 Cartoon (3.46)**

*'Cartoon' talks about colonialism – political, economic and cultural. Sadly, it's got the same resonance today as it had in the '70s. The song uses words as brush strokes to caricature that unholy trinity of masters, enforcers and the downtrodden. Leastways, that's the intention...*

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...

## 5 The Commodore (3.15)

*... is a song about the unseen forces and power-plays that affect all our lives. It was the nineteenth century British Prime Minister Lord Palmerston who first advanced the view that “nations have no permanent friends and no permanent enemies; only permanent interests”. That was then and this is now; and things haven’t changed...*

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.

## **6 Bristol Museum (2.25)**

*A "what if" war fantasy. Many authors have mused on what might have happened had Germany occupied all or part of England in 1940. Well, for a start my guess is 'Bristol Museum' would never have been written ...*

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 Wine Was Sweeter Then (2.52)

*This nostalgia piece was never intended to have an underlying Gallic feel. Yet it's often been perceived as something of a "remembrance of times past". I guess it must be the mention of Pernod and Grand Marnier...*

The wine was sweeter yesterday,  
The tables of the street cafe  
Held Pernod and Grand Marnier;  
The syrup of the summer day.  
Untainted by the clink of ice –  
But side by side with scent of spice –  
Came poems from the flashing pen.  
The wine was sweeter then...

When skies were bluer yesterday,  
The longer summers went their way  
From year to year and day to day;  
To sing a drunken roundelay  
On nights it never seemed to rain;  
To sing the poem once again  
With gaiety, remembering when  
The skies were bluer then.

The firelight flickers – playing games,  
With pine-log perfume in the flames –  
Went dancing on the window panes  
As winter's daylight slowly wanes.  
And shadows that are soft and warm



Kept flickering as they performed  
Mazurkas in the winter's night.  
The fire flickers bright.

The memories have never gone,  
For something somewhere lingers on  
That conjured by nostalgia's wand  
Comes silently from far beyond;  
From pastures where the grass grew high  
And green within the memories eye.  
The memories do themselves fulfil.  
The wine is sweeter still.

## 8 Rats (2.34)

*Unlikely as it seems, 'Rats' is based on a true story; all I've done is add a little embellishment. It happened early one morning in Leeds City Centre when the River Aire rose too high at Leeds Bridge. Caused a fair bit of comment at the time. Happily, the drainage problems of yesteryear have now been resolved! One point of interest; other than Suessdorf and Blackburn's celebrated 'Moonlight In Vermont', 'Rats' is the only song I know of that contains not a single rhyme!*

It was 3am and the streets of the city  
Were soaked by the deluge of rain.  
The neon and sodium lights reflected brightly from the polished pavements.  
With no movement save that of the rain itself  
And the alternating colours of the traffic light,  
The streets were silent –  
And then the rats came.

They came from the sewers that overflowed  
With the increasing demands of the flood –  
Out of the drains from all sides they came in their twos and threes,  
Two and three hundreds, two and three thousands until  
The alleys and paths, the bridges and streets,  
The main thoroughfares and the precincts  
All were filled with the scurrying of feet  
And the dull sound of the rain hammering  
Upon the shining black backs of the teeming refugees –

On and on they came to take shelter and to feed  
At the feet of Christ who hung upon the cross  
Outside the Church of the Sacred Heart in the centre of the City's square;  
And here in their hundreds of thousands they ate  
And having done so slipped away into the night  
From whence they had come –

By morning, the waters had subsided  
As had the tide of rats, and the centre of the city was unchanged;

Unchanged except to those whose early journey  
Took them past the Church of the Sacred Heart  
And who noticed in passing that the eyes of the hanging Christ  
Now looked to the darkened sky and the feet were gone...

## 9 Black Raven Of The Morning (1.32)

*For reasons I've never understood, the raven amongst all birds is steeped in symbolism. The death of a raven has been the focus for writers down the years. And it doesn't stop there. Carl Jung thought of the bird as "a symbol of the shadow self, the darker aspects of the psyche". Well, maybe. For me, this song is a study in emotional imagery; nothing more. Quite powerful though...*

From a golden sky a raven falls, a raven dies.  
In the morning cold, silhouetted by the gold,  
She sings like she's never sung before,  
Like she'll never sing again.  
In the crystal cold of dawn  
She will sing her lonely tune.  
Flying on her blazing wing,  
She's the only bird that sings.

## 10 Why Do You Laugh? (8.50)

*'Why Do You Laugh?' is a collection of vignettes based around newspaper articles and news snippets from 1974. Opening with the Troubles in Northern Ireland, along the way we visit vandalism, social deprivation, the impoverished British National Health Service, post-traumatic stress and a whole bunch of other ills of the moment. The piece ends as it began; on an Irish connection. Someone at the time was loudly bemoaning his treatment by the critics, and I thought of Brendan Behan's immortal line, "Critics are like eunuchs in a harem; they know how it's done, they've seen it done every day, but they're unable to do it themselves."*

*Very much of its time, initially the song was to be called 'The Laughable Recluse'. Its slightly arch perceptions were after all mine, and mine alone. But in the event, these were not amusing times. The title was later broadened out beyond that simple phrase taken from verse seven.*

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...

## 11 Shanty Town (2:47)

*'Shanty Town' was written around and about the 1971 'work-in' at Upper Clyde Shipbuilders. In fact, the song's working title was 'UCS 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 –  
Da da da da da da da da...  
And buried by the iron plates –  
Da da da da da da da da...  
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 –  
Da da da da da da da da...  
Cremated by the burning torch –  
Da da da da da da da da...  
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 –  
Da da da da da da da da...  
To those themselves who must be held –  
Da da da da da da da da...  
Within the grip of steel.

Da da da da da da da da...  
Da da da da da da da da...  
Da da da da da da da da...  
Do do do do do do...

Da da da da da da da da...  
Da da da da da da da da...  
Da da da da da da da da...  
Do do do do do do...

## 12 The Wind Blows Around Them All (1:37)

*... 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.  
Yeah, 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,  
Yeah, the wind blows around them all,  
Oh the wind blows around them all, every one.

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

### 13 When All Of The Smoke Cleared (2:09)

*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. Still, it made for some nice imagery...*

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...

### 14 Goodbye (2.33)

*– a song about the fleeting, ephemeral nature of ideas and inspiration.*

...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...

**Trevor Midgley web:**

<http://beausrecordings.blogspot.com>  
<https://www.facebook.com/12StringBeau/>  
<https://twitter.com/tweetsbeau>  
<http://www.trevormidgley.com>  
<http://www.facebook.com/TrevMid>