

D sus4 A add2/C# D sus4/B G
When he sleeps then he dreams he's a farmer again
D A add2 D
But he wakes as a man of war

When his father fell the land was carved
One piece for every son
There was barely enough for a family to feed
Hardly enough for one
So he went to the harbour, stood on the quay
Saw the waves crash to the shire
Turning the cries of a man of the land
Into a man of war
Strong winds, bring him back, haul away

The Well

D Emin G D sus4
Forty long days of sun beating down
G maj7 D
Hillside the colour of rust
Emin G D sus4
The grass in the fields wither'd and brown
A add2 G B min
A countryside choking in dust
A add2 G A
Oh I am your man I'll find you water deep underground
G Bmin A add2 G Bmin
Leave me alone to walk on your land
A add2 D sus4
I will enter my dreams
G Bmin A add2 G
As the hazelwand turns and twists in my hands
Emin G A add2
A hundred feet over a stream
G A
So swift, so pure and clean

It will not be bought, bartered or sold
Traded like iron or coal
Those who seize water like silver and gold
Will only find ice in their soul
A desert where nothing will grow

The Oak

A min G E min A min G E min
For shelter and shade has the oak tree grown

A min G A min G Emin
The ship, the cradle, the hearth and home

A min G E min A min G Emin
Arms so strong they hold the sky

A min G A min G Emin
Stood so long that the heart can't die

A min G E min
The limbs, the veins, the head and the heart

A min G E min
The earth, the roots, the leaves and the bark

Tear the branch and your crops will fail
Break the bough and your fleet won't sail
It cries when the black rain burns
Trees die when the seas return

There are additional verses to these songs, but these are the ones used in the medley.

Don't It Feel Good (Knightley)

The only surviving song from Steve's stint in the London pub-rock scene of the early eighties with his band Short Stories. One of the first songs Show of Hands played when Phil and Steve first got together.

B min
The light on the street

A add2
It shadows your face

G
Smiles disappear

D add2 A add2
Leaving no trace

B min
You turn to go

A add2
I whisper your name

G
Now that I know

D add2

Far away from friends and relations

G A
I'm bound for America

Now Mary she's my heart's delight
My joy and only care
It was her cruel father
Who would not let me stay there
But absence makes the heart grow fond
And when I am o'er the main
May the lord protect my darling girl
'Til I return again

I wish I was in sweet Dungloe
All seated on the grass
And by my side a bottle
And on my knee a lass
I'd call for liquor of the best
And pay before I go
And I'd roll my Mary in my arms
In the town of sweet Dungloe

The Bristol Slaver (Knightley)

The notorious 'three way trade' brought great prosperity to the city of Bristol. It was therefore astonishing that the national coverage in the UK of Bristol's 1996 'Festival Of The Sea' did not once mention the word 'slavery'. This song is a small attempt to redress that imbalance.

Dm Bb
From this house on Clifton
C Am
I see ships under sail
Dm Bb
Through St Pauls to the harbour
C A
Tied up in the basin lie a dozen floating jails

Dm Am G
For profit and promotion Oh no no
C F
I steer a Bristol slaver
Dm Am
Selling lives across the ocean Oh no no
G C F
No man on earth can save you

My head was full of drink love and I didn't think of you
And now I'm forc'd to go and join the orange and the blues
Our ship she waits at anchor to take the flowing tide
I'll return love, I'll return love
In the springtime and I'll make you my bride

So early the next morning before the break of day
The captain gave his order and my love march'd away
All in your ranks and file boys, all on your native shore
Fare thee well love, fare thee well love
Fare thee well love, you're the lad that I adore

But I hope you never prosper and I hope you always fail
At ev'rything you venture I hop you ne'er do well
And the very ground you walk upon may the grass refuse to grow
Since you've been the, since you've been the
Very cause of my sorrow, grief and woe

Well it's true my love has 'listed and he wears a blue cockade
He is a handsome young man, like wise a roving blade
He is a handsome young man and he's gone to serve the king
While my very, while my very
Heart is aching all for the love of him

Cutthroats, Crooks & Conmen (Knightley)

One of the more political Show of Hands songs, about privatisation and its effects, this song seems to strike a chord wherever Show Of Hands play.

A
It's open day at my old school
G A
I went along with a couple of friends

And the money they hoped to raise

It isn't for a swimming pool
G A
The money was for paper, books and pens

D G A
Cutthroats, Crooks and Con-men running this jail
Bm D
Is there anything left in England
A G D
Not for sale

Out on the playing fields rows of houses stand
Orange lights bleach out the dark
The nets came down they had to sell the land
There's a supermarket out in the park

Cutthroats, Crooks and Con-men running this jail
Is there anywhere in England
Not for sale

D
In whose name was laid this curse
G A
Fix the price but hide the worth from public eyes
D
Power, Schools, Mines, Phones,
G A
Water, Health and anything else we used to own
Bm D
Is on the shelf of England
A G D
Up for sale

Worn out trains torn up tracks
From days of coal and the age of steam
Too late now we can never go back
Seems like sometimes we've sold our dreams

Cutthroats, Crooks and Con-men running this jail
Is there anything left in England
Is there anywhere left in England
Is there anyone left in England
Not for sale

The Preacher (Knightley)

In American tradition there is a well-documented association of sex with death. This song is set in the rather 'Gothic' landscape of Portland, an island off the coast of Dorset, Southern England, whose main source of employment for years has been in the stone quarry. This song relocates an American 'frailing banjo' style to an English setting.

Bmin G Aadd2 B min
I am the preacher on the island
G Aadd2 B min
Seven years liv'd alone

I got up at dawn to drive to the coast
 E7 Aadd2(iii) E7 Aadd2(iii) E7
 It's fifty miles, an hour at the most
 Aadd2(iii) E7 Aadd2(iii)
 I'm feeling good, the weather is fine
 Aadd2(iii) E7
 Drive down my road, guess what I find

A E
 Cars! As far as the eye can see, just cars
 B
 I would have been there hours ago
 Cadd2 Dadd2 Aadd2(i) E
 But there's miles and miles and miles of cars
 A
 You know now we got the wheels, there's nowhere left to go
 E
 Tearing up the fields turningg country into road
 A F# B
 Cutting down the trees, blasting through the chalk
 Cadd2 Dadd2
 I don't agree but I didn't walk here
 Cadd2 Dadd2
 And you didn't walk here
 Cadd2 Dadd2
 Does anybody walk here or anywhere

I take a chance, take the next right
 Drive down the back streets, nothing in sight
 Picking up speed, making good time
 Take the next left, guess what I find

You know, I got room for five but I sit here aloneee
 I'm giving up, I'm going home
 I drive up and down outside my place
 I want to park but I can't find a space for

The Shout (Knightley)

The call to volunteers who man the emergency services in rural areas. Steve first encountered the Beaminster fire brigade when he got stuck on the roof of his house during a chimney fire... Other part-timers who never miss *The Shout* are the volunteers who man the life-boat at Port Isaac, Cornwall, where Phil and Steve have always been made to feel especially welcome.

(Intro F#m C#m A B)

F#m C#m A B
Only three minutes but I couldn't get out

F#m C#m A B
Car boxed in and no-one about

F#m C#m A B
I ran through the town got there too late

A E D
The first time I'd missed the shout

F#m C#m A B
Cars in collision high up on the downs

F#m C#m A B
Front wheels spinning and the grass all around

F#m C#m A B
Starting to smoulder when they came back

A E D A
In silence making no sound

Bm G D A E
I knew just what they had found

E G A D
Someone was calling (somebody called)

D A G F#m Bm
They never passed by

G D A E
Or closed their eyes

There's a village it lies to the west
That went to the aid of some in distress
Put to sea in the heart of the storm
When half of the world was at rest
To the darkness they gave up their best

Where were you on that day
You know the water is no place for play
You watched as they left the shore
And the sun slipped into the bay
As the tide slowly drifted away

Someone was calling
But you passed by
Oh you just didn't try
Someone was calling
But you passed by
Oh you just closed your eyes

The Blind Fiddler (traditional, arranged by Beer, Knightley)

A traditional American folk song that Phil learnt from the playing of Dan Hartman. It remains one of Show of Hands' most requested songs.

Emin(ii) G Aadd2 Dsus4 Emin(i)
I lost my eyes in a blacksmith's shop in the year of forty six
C Dsus4 Bmin
I was working on a revolver and it was out of fix
Emin(i) Dsus4 C Dsus4 Bmin
I am so sad and lonely and I'm condemned to roam
Emin(i) G Aadd2 Dsus4 Emin(ii) Dsus4 Emin(ii)
'Cos I am a blind fiddler and I'm a great long way from home

Well I've been down to Knoxville and I've talked to Doctor Lane
He operated on one of my eyes but nothing could he gain
I am so sad and lonely and I'm condemned to roam
'Cos I am a blind fiddler and I'm a great long way from home

Well I've got a wife and three little kids and they all depend on me
They're sharing all my sorrows, wherever they may be
And I hope that they'll be careful as through this life they roam
'Cos I am a blind fiddler and I can not help them

I lost my eyes in a blacksmith's shop in the year of forty six
I was working on a revolver and it was out of fix
I am so sad and lonely and I'm condemned to roam
'Cos I am a blind fiddler and I'm a great long way from home

Hook Of Love (Knightley)

Someone once accused Steve of having read their diaries...

(Intro D Amin G D Bmin D Amin G D Bmin D)
Amin G D Bmin
She turns over deep in the night
Amin G D Bmin D
Listens to him sleeping, reaches for the light
Amin G D Bmin D
Dawn approaching, it's almost day
Amin G D Bmin D
She could be waking a thousand miles away
Amin C
But there's a hook of love just beneath the skin
F
And the harder that she pulls away
G

The deeper it goes in
Amin
There's an island out there somewhere
C F
She's too tired to swim
G7
So the tide drifts her back to him

She hates the cold, he hates the heat
She loves the country, he needs the street
He's quick to borrow, she's swift to lend
He's always breaking and she wants to mend
But on a hook of love they turn and they twist
Wounding one another with every lie and every kiss
Like gypsies with daggers, they're tied at the wrist
And they're getting much too close to miss

In all the stories when she was young
There were perfect partners for everyone
You had to keep searching to find the other half
Staring out the window she wants to laugh
We stumble through the darkness stretching out our hands
Just hoping that we'll find someone else to understand
That we're looking out for shelter, longing for romance
But leaving it to luck and chance

He sits down at the table and they share a look
It only lasts a second but she could write a book
For a thousand things were said in the moment that it took
To tie another line on the hook

Cousin Jack (Knightley)

Throughout of the last three centuries, thousands of Cornishmen have sought work overseas, often as miners. In North America they were often referred to as 'Cousin Jack's'. With the threatened closure of South Crofty tin mine in Camborne, Cornwall many more seem set to leave the county, finally bringing to an end two thousand years of mining.

F#m D
This land is barren and broken
E A E
Scarred like the face of the moon
F#m C#m
Our tongue is no longer spoken

of this song is continuous - in fact it is often thought to be a traditional song - and has found it's way into many singers' repertoire.

Bmin
I work my days on a Galway farm
Aadd2
In sun and rain, wind and storm
Bmin
But once a year I chance my arm
Aadd2
And cross the sea to England
Bmin
I scrimp and save two thousand pounds
Aadd2
Spend the week in Cheltenham town
Bmin
But the racing over always down
Aadd2
I come back poor from England

Bmin
I dreamed one night before I left
G
A coal black mare with a white star chest
A
Crossed the line and beat the rest
F#min E
I came back rich to Galway
Bmin
I rose at dawn and drove all day
G
Thinking, wondering all the way
A
Lady luck have you come to stay
F#min E
Or steal away my morning

When I got to Cheltenham town
Irish faces all around
No bed, no mattress to be found
I slept on the hillside
Spent three days at the viewing ring
Saw the horses they led in
Just when I was giving in
I stood and stared in wonder

With stamping hooves and steaming breath

A coal black mare with a white star chest
I ran my fingers down the list
Matched the name and the number
Lady luck had come half way
The horse's name was Galway Bay
Twenty to one the odds that day
I went to make my wager

I counted out two thousand pounds
Held it high slapped it down
The bookie smiled but made no sound
I knew what he was thinking
I was the biggest loser in the land
With a pounding heart, shaking hands
I made my way up to the stand

As the horses came to order
But at the first she nearly fell
I cursed my farmer's luck to hell
The second and third she took quite well
Way behind the leaders
The moving sweetly from the back
She found the rails and caught the pack
Ten to go and from the track
The hooves were drumming thunder

She's catching horses one by one
Bridle flashing in the sun
Eight to go a mile to run
Two were up before her
On the straight down the sped
Left one at the last for dead
Caught the next and by a head
She came home the winner

So I came back to my Galway farm
A wiser and a richer man
Never again I'll chance my arm
Or cross the sea to England
'Cos lady luck was mine that day
I held her close I went my way
Now I raise my glass to Galway Bay
And the dream of a Galway farmer

Exile (Knightley)

In the mid '80's Steve was teaching guitar at a state school in Swiss Cottage, London. At that time there were a number of Ethiopian children newly arrived from Africa. He found both their dignity and displacement very moving. This song is about all people unable to return to their homeland.

F#min7(sus4)
E Dadd2 Aadd2 F#min7(sus4)

I felt a shadow passing over me

E Dadd2 F#min7(sus4)

It could stay for ever more

E Dadd2 Aadd2 f#min7(sus4)

Like a wave I'm breaking far at sea

E Dadd2 C#min7 Bmin

There's no-one to hear the roar

C#min Dadd2 E Bmin

The days are drifting into seasons

C#min7 Dadd2 C#min Bmin

They're the hardest I have known

C#min7 Dadd2

A million spaces in the earth to fill

Aadd2 E Dadd2

But no going home

F#min7(sus4) E Aadd2

There's no going home

Dadd2 E Dadd2 Aadd2

When it thunders from the empty skies I shall be there

Dadd2 E F#min7(sus4)

No one to hold you when the storm birds fly

Dadd2 E

Is there no one left to care

I can dream before the break of day

That I'm back with you again

Then the morning blows it all away

And leaves an echo of your name

Still a thousand miles lie between us

Where we're waking up alone

And what if I could cross a hundred borders

There's no going home

There's no going home

I search the rumours with my hollow plans

When all I want is what's mine

Lost and lonely in a foreign land
I'm left too far behind the lines
I want to hear down the walls between us
I can't do it on my own
A million spaces in the earth to fill

Bmin C#min7 Dadd2 E Bmin

And there's a generation waiting still

C#min7 Dadd2 E

We've got year after year to kill

Aadd2 E Dadd2

But no going home

Aadd2 E Dadd2

But no going home

F#min7(sus4) E F#min7(sus4) E Dadd2 Aadd2

There's no going home

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