

Track 1: From My Window

by Eamon Friel and Dave Duggan (PRS)

1. Once upon a time, the story goes
In some land of dreams, God only knows
Child I see you still
Playing on the hill
Happy ever after, I suppose
2. Sun and rain and wind there seemed to be
Always shelter underneath the tree
Jupiter and Mars
Window full of stars
And the child that played and dreamed was me

But the clocks go round and round like ragged rascals
What was morning soon is afternoon
No more land of make believe but still I'm certain
From my window I can see the moon

3. Still the sea has lullabies to croon
In the night it sighs its simple tune
Where the wind still sings
Like a sweep of strings
From my window I can see the moon

But the clocks go round and round like ragged rascals
What was morning soon is afternoon
No more land of make believe but still I'm certain
From my window I can see the moon

4. Tell me that the dreams are dead too soon
Tell me that the times are out of tune
Say I've lost my way
I can only say
From my window I can see the moon

Track 2: The Holland Mistress

trad arr. Jones/Wood (PRS)

1. I was brought up in Sheffield, but not of high degree
My parents loved me dearly, they had no child but me
When I was bound apprentice, I could no longer stay
So very soon to London, I thought to run away
2. A rich and handsome lady, from Holland she was there
She offered me great wages to serve her for a year
I had not been in Holland some years but two or three
Until my lovely mistress grew very fond of me
3. She said her gold and silver, her houses and her land
If I'd consent to marry her should be at my command
I'll wed with none but Molly, your pretty chambermaid
Excuse me, my dear mistress, she has my heart betrayed
4. Then in an angry passion away from me she's gone
Promising her vengeance before it was too long
A gold ring from her finger, as she was passing by
She slipped into my pocket, and for it I must die
5. Now on the Monday after in haste then I was called
Before a dreadful justice to answer for the fault
Though long I pleaded innocence, it was of no avail
She swore so sore against me that I was sent to jail
6. My mistress swore I robbed her, which was not my intent
Because I would not marry her, she did it from contempt
From that place of confinement she's brought me to the tree
Oh, woe be to my mistress for she has ruined me
7. All you that stand around me my wretched fate to see
Don't glory in my downfall but rather pity me
Don't blame me, I am innocent, I bid the world adieu
Farewell, my pretty Molly, I die for love of you.

Track 3: Two Year Winter

Words by Anne Hills, music and arrangement by Bill Jones (PRS/ASCAP)

1. At the end of a two year winter
I still won't take bets on the weather
The snowdrops bloom beneath my feet
But this silent valley is still so deep
Covered with ashes and cinder
And the ashes stand out against the white
Even as spring rains fall in the night
They weep like willows for all my friends

And the snowy brown hills look like pintos' backs
Running away down a lonely track
And the rains fall down as this winter ends
And look how low the birches bend

2. At the end of a two year winter
I just can't let go of the sorrow
I look at the sky and I ache for blue
Wandering snowblind and lost to you
While icicles tremble and splinter
And the ice-blocked rivers break and flow
As I breathe in the last breath of snow
Weep like willows for all my friends

And the snowy brown hills look like pintos' backs
Running away down a lonely track
And the rains fall down as this winter ends
And look how low the birches bend

Two year winter, and maybe three

Track 5: The Story of Our Darling Grace

words by Bill Jones, tune traditional Irish, arr Jones/Hardy/Sykes/Angel (PRS)

1. All you from England, you will know her name
The story's taught at school and the books proclaim
A Victorian heroine of great renown
and her name it was Grace Darling from Bamburgh town
2. William her father worked on the Longstone Light
The galeswept Forfarshire ran aground one night
Daybreak arrived, Grace with keen eyes saw
Men clinging to Harcar rock out a mile from shore
3. They rowed the coble out in a violent tide
Rescued the nine whose forty mates had died
The second time William took the boat alone
Through the storm they nursed the men in their lighthouse home
4. Broadships bent the truth for to sell their wares
The Darling's story changed far beyond compare
"Grace of womanhood, darling of mankind"
made their English rose all for a penny a line
5. Artists arrived to capture her dainty face
Pedlars hawked locks of hair and her rocktorn dress
Boats came to Longstone with their sightseeing crew
Grace yearned for solitude as the circus grew
6. Four years' attention after that fateful night
Never too strong, Grace she took ill and died
Even the Queen sent money for her grave
Grace was hailed an example for the Victorian age
7. Over the years the legend has changed and grown
Bamburgh's lighthouse watching over the stone
See the museum and her resting place
Find the truth in the story of our darling Grace

Track 6: The Lover's Ghost

Trad/Jones arr. Jones /Jayasinha/Sykes/Angel (PRS)

1. Oh you're welcome home again, said a young man to his love
I am waiting for you many's the night and day
You are tired and you are pale, said this young man to his dear
You shall never again go away
I must go away she said, when the little lark will sing
For here they will not let me stay
But if I had my wish, oh my darling she said
This night should be never never day
2. Oh my pretty pretty lark, oh my handsome little lark
I pray you will not sing before the day
And your bed shall be made of the very beaten gold
And your wings of the silver so grey
But oh this pretty lark, this handsome little lark
He sung loud a full hour too soon
Oh my true love, she said, it is time for me to part
It is now the going down of the moon
3. And where is your bed, oh my dearest dear he said
And where are your white holland sheets?
And where are the maidens, my dearest love he said
That wait on you while you are asleep?
The clay is my bed, my dearest dear, she said
The shroud is my white holland sheet
Oh the worms and creeping things, well they are my waiting maids
To wait on me while I am asleep
4. Oh when you have gone away, said the young man to his love
I'll recall the banks where you and I did walk
But the rose, the fairest flower that ever blossomed there, he said
It has died away and withered on the stalk
My little love he said, my handsome little love
When will you ever leave the clay?
When the fish grow wings and fly, and the seven seas run dry
And the rocks melt in the heat of the day.

Track 7: Hey Away

trad/Jones arr. Jones/Hardy/Wood/Jayasinha/Sykes (PRS)

1. I'll make for your daddy his favourite meal
Though he's a long time away on the keel
We'll dance a slow waltz and a homecoming reel
And I'll have a kiss from my Johnny

*Chorus Hey away, my own sleepy child
Hey away, lie still for a while
Hey away, just dream with a smile
For tomorrow we'll both see your Daddy*

2. My little one, you've got your daddy's fine chin
Blue piercing eyes that show you are his kin
And though you're still small, well you know how to sing
Since you belong to my Johnny

Johnny he once was a clever young lad
Last night he drunk all the money he had
Early on, he didn't act too bad
He looked as fine as any

Chorus

3. Your tired rosy cheeks they are dimpled and round
And like your dad you are sturdy and sound
You're worth to me more than pennies and pounds
You're altogether bonny

When daddy gets drunk he will take up a knife
And shout and he'll threaten that he'll take my life
Who would not be a keelman's wife
To have a man like Johnny.

Chorus

4. It'll soon be the time to get breakfast fried
I'll sweep the ash from the coaly fireside
Then on your daddy's knee you'll take a ride
When he comes home to Mammy

Chorus

Track 8: Lost Chances

Words by Anne Hills, tune trad. Irish, arr. Bill Jones (PRS/ASCAP)

1. The river of regret runs outside my door
And it's risen, with slow rage, into a flood
I've walked beside its banks and heard its song before
I've lost some tears and treasures to the mud
When I was young it was just inches wide
A tiny silver ribbon on the ground
I stood up, strong, my feet on either side
Without any fear that I might drown
2. The song the river sang was melodious and sweet
And in childhood, I'd hear it in the night
With tales of dragons slain, love's pleasure and deceit
Of mystery, magic and delight
So when I listened to the ancient rhymes told
I thought the world would be some fairyland
Where all true love is rewarded, as of old
And gentle griffins eat from my hand
3. Oh, from the very first, love stole all my years
For I wore my heart lightly on my sleeve
And with each dying dream, I cried waves of tears
Caught up in passion, only soon to grieve
Unknowingly, I fed its dark currents deep
With hasty, careless choices, gazed ahead
Now, time worn thin, I find I cannot sleep
As night bids the rising tide to bed

Child, you will have a river all your own
I pray a creek, just good for skipping stone

Track 10: The Two Brothers

By Pete Morton (Harbourtown Music)

Track 11: The Haymakers

song and tune trad arr. Jones/Wright/Wood/Sykes/Angel (PRS)
instrumental tune is Mac's Fancy (traditional)

1. It was in the month of July in the rosy time of the year
Down by the flowery meadows where the water does run clear
Where the lambs and little fishes, they do merrily sport and play
And the lads and the lasses, they go tumbling through the hay

Chorus

*La-de-dee dai the fol the dee, la de dee dai, la de dee dai,
La de dee dai the fol the dee*

2. Then up comes lovely Johnny with a pitchfork and a rake
And up comes lovely Molly the hay bale for to make
They tie the rope so merrily as the nightingale does sing
From morning until evening they were at the haymaking

Chorus

3. Then up come the mowers the hay for to cut down
With their scythes upon their shoulders and their hair a lovely brown
Then up come the labourers the hay for to shake out
And when they've got it all cut down they tossed it all about

Chorus

4. It was coming up to Saturday and all would get their fee
Aye, and all these jolly haymakers were feeling blithe and free
The number of these haymakers as near as I can say
Was five and twenty boys and girls a tumbling through the hay

Chorus

5. When nine short months were over and all was passed and gone
There were five and twenty boys and girls a making their sad moan
Oh hush a bye babby, these fair maids they did say
And many's the time they wished they ne'er had tumbled in the hay

Chorus

Track 12: Bide

trad/Jones (PRS)

1. The lady in her bower stood as he walked up the road
I wouldn't be a blacksmith's wife for any chest of gold
And it's bide, lassie bide, make sure you know your mind
Your wishes will all be granted, and that'll lay your pride
2. If you are a heron and you fly up in the air
I'll be a graceful diver, and we'll fly pair and pair
And it's bide, lassie bide, make sure you know your mind
Your wishes will all be granted, and that'll lay your pride
3. If you turn into a hare and run upon the hill
I'll become a greyhound, and chase you round until
You will bide, lassie bide, make sure you know your mind
Your wishes will all be granted, and that'll lay your pride
4. When you change into an eel and swim around the burn
I'll become a noble trout, and give your eel a turn
And you'll bide, lassie bide, make sure you know your mind
Your wishes will all be granted, and that'll lay your pride
5. She became a meadow, and he became a rake
And all the ways she turned herself the blacksmith was her make
And it's bide, lassie bide, make sure you know your mind
You'll be a canny smith's wife, and that'll lay your pride