



#### Notes:

This album has taken a while to put together! Duane has written many songs since our last album "Maybe Someday" (2002) and this represents those that survived the pressure of arranging, playing live and testing by the recording process.

The album name is derived from the name of the painting by Auckland artist Pam Blok which hangs in Duane's house. Images of the painting are used in the booklet insert, the back insert and on the CD. It is titled "Icons of a Winged Seed".

Duane spent half of 2008 visiting relatives in the UK and while in London, had some mates add in other instruments to some of the tracks we had started recording. Thanks to:

Tam Brannan (bass) played on tracks 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 10 and 12.

Mike Patton (mandolin) played on tracks 2, 8, and 12.

Jay Brannan (drums), played on tracks 1 and 12.

Paddy Marchant (concertina), played on tracks 6 and 11.

Sophie Marchant assisted with recording and mixing in London.

## Full Lyrics

### HILLS OF KILDER

*It was a great pleasure to stay for a week in the Lakes District in 2004 and play at the wedding of Nemo and Emily in a superb location high in the hills. There was even a stag watching above ...*

*We were shocked when Emily's Mum and Dad were later killed in a needless car accident not of their fault.*

*This song about a mythical location (Kilder) in Cumberland is dedicated to Charles and Sandy. Charles shot one of the photos of Twisty Willow used on our website and other publicity material when visiting New Zealand.*

1. I know your heart is beating fast  
From the hunting of the mountain deer  
Though your speed none can surpass  
On the bonnie hills of Kilder
2. We hunt the hen upon the moor  
The grouse among the heather  
The fleeted hare with paw so sure  
Around the hills of Kilder
3. Some say no and some say go  
To roam abroad in winter  
Not to miss the Lakeland snow  
Upon the hills of Kilder
4. The fells no place to be alone  
Without your dog beside you  
No signal for your mobile phone  
Upon the hills of Kilder
5. If one should fall you'd be laying still  
Beneath the frosts of Windermere  
Not see a host of daffodils  
Around the hills of Kilder
6. What's your word worth now my friend  
To contemplate Snayfell Pike  
A pleasant week in which to spend  
On the bonnie hills of Kilder

Stone cottage at the centre where  
Nemo and Emily were married

### C THE C

*A song of holidays in Spain when money and the kids were short.*

1. Caught a bumpy plane to Paris,  
Had an eyeful of the Tower  
For 16 hours on a broken truck  
With a pent up impatient shower  
Air conditioning wasn't broken down,  
But the driver knew that we were warm  
We didn't really smell a lot  
We just hummed like bees in swarm

*Chorus:*

- Are we really gonna make it  
Will we ever see the sea  
Are we really gonna make it  
You know that bothers me*
2. The costa-lot was looking nice  
The sea was sorta brown  
Sewage plant had broken down  
Which sent a scent round  
Through the town  
Half hotel was nicely built  
The rooms were open plan  
It seemed to rain more often than not  
More like the Isle of Man
3. The journey home we left at three  
Sombreros in our hands  
The creaking bus seemed to twist and turn  
Like the walking of a drunken man  
Dover Straits came into view  
Everybody gave a cheer  
You could smell fish and chips  
As we rounded Brighton Pier



## I AM NOT THERE

*The first 2 verses are of unknown origin (see: <http://www.businessballs.com/donotstandatmygraveandweep.htm>) but the second 2 are Duane's to extend this musical arrangement of a moving poem.*

1. Do not stand at my grave and weep; I am not there; I do not sleep  
I am a thousand winds that blow; I am the diamond glints on snow  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain; I am the gentle autumn rain  
*Do not stand at my grave and weep for I am not there*
  
2. When you awaken in the morning rush; I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circling flight; I am the stars that shine at night  
Do not stand at my grave and cry; I am not there I did not die
  
3. Do not stand but pass me by; remember me and do not cry  
I am the scent upon the air; I am the texture of your hair  
I am the wave upon the sea; I am you child upon your knee
  
4. Know and then think of me; I am the rustling waving tree  
I am the tear upon your cheek; I am the peace that pilgrims seek  
I am the smile upon your face; I am the stillness out in space  
*So do not stand at my grave and weep for I am not there  
For I am not there*

# BANK OF IRELAND SET

Key: Am

## THE BANK OF IRELAND

First system of musical notation for 'THE BANK OF IRELAND' in Am. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff contains a bass line with some triplets.

Key:

D

Second system of musical notation for 'THE BANK OF IRELAND' in D. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff features prominent triplets in both staves.

Key: D

## THE WISE MAID

First system of musical notation for 'THE WISE MAID' in D. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melody with a triplet. The bass staff contains a bass line.

Second system of musical notation for 'THE WISE MAID' in D. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff continues the melody with triplets. The bass staff continues the bass line.

Key: Em

## COOLEY'S REEL

Musical notation for 'COOLEY'S REEL' in Em. It consists of four staves, all in treble clef. The first staff is the main melody in 4/4 time. The second staff is a variation of the melody. The third and fourth staves are accompaniment lines, likely for guitar or piano, featuring chords and rhythmic patterns.

## THE SEARCHER

*Thinking of the founder of the Body Shop and the work she did in bringing natural ingredients to an unnatural beauty environment.*

1. Knock once for yes, twice for no  
While robbing graves in Mexico  
Or pounding virgin Himalayan snow  
Restrict the vine, stop the flow.  
Leave the home of a trusted friend  
Bonds of love won't break, just bend  
To scour the earth from end to end  
For the rigours of life we must contend  
*Chorus:*  
*As the glass hour turns, it sends*  
*The sand seems slow, suspends, the end*
2. Noxious weed on the mountain side  
No place that one can hide  
Not to stem progress tide  
On legless horse on which to ride  
An orchid hides by a mountain stream  
A source of life or just a dream  
To leave the scent and take the cream  
And save a child's quiet scream
3. To find the grail of Lorenzo's oil  
Against all odds we humans toil  
We are as toys as nature's foil  
Elixir of life in a crucible boil  
We search in hope to cure all ills  
We search for the cure all pill  
We keep on looking and looking until  
That day will come when we are still

## BEFORE THE MAST

*A tale of being "pressed" or kidnapped into the British Navy and ending up on Nelson's ship at Trafalgar.*

*Poor chap – only went out for a pint of milk!*

See: <http://www.nelsonsnavy.co.uk/broadside7.html>

1. On the 14 day of August  
In the year of 92  
Pressed on board a ship o'the line  
To sail the ocean blue  
To sail the ocean blue
2. No more I'll see my sweetheart  
Nor mothers heart to break  
To serve my King and country  
My fortune for to make  
My fortune for to make
3. With Nelson at Trafalgar  
The French we did pursue  
A broadside from the Victories guns  
The wood in flinders flew  
The wood in flinders flew
4. Every man should do his duty  
Was the order of the day  
Strung high above the topsail yard  
The French would have to pay  
The French would have to pay
5. Kiss me Hardy, kiss me  
Was Nelson's last refrain  
As he lay upon the poop deck boards  
Bullets fell like rain  
Bullets fell like rain
6. As a privateer I prospered  
Upon the Spanish main  
One hundred guineas for a captains sword  
And the crew all bound in chain  
And the crew all bound in chain
7. Twenty years I've been a sailor  
And all before the mast  
Returned to land unwanted scum  
A man without a past  
A man without a past
8. My sweetheart has 15 children  
My mother's passed away  
A stranger in an unknown land  
In the poor house I will stay  
In the poor house I will stay



## YEAT'S COUNTRY

*A song of mountains, sea, mist, dead poets and asses milk.*

*Duane wrote this after seeing Rangitoto poking through a sea of mist. It reminded him of Ben Bulbin mountain in West Sligo where W B Yeats, the acclaimed Irish poet is buried. The chorus is based on Yeat's epitaph which in turn is taken from the last lines of his poem about Ben Bulbin. When she visited, Barb was thrilled to see that a grave next to Yeats was that of one of her Sligo relatives.*

1. The rising sun it shone like gold upon a crystal sea  
A mist did hang across the earth only pierced by our city  
How strange it seems to see the town float high above the fields  
Bathed in light though pallor cold, a veil you cannot feel

### *Chorus*

*We come this way but once in a while  
Cast a cold eye on life, on death: horseman pass by*

2. As gossamer, as a spider's web, as pure as Persian silk  
Ben Bulbin thrust its head from a bowl of asses' milk  
Ethereal as the smile on Mona Lisa's face  
The stare of the Egyptian sphinx, as light years pass through space
3. What makes a poem or sonnet great unforgettable symphony  
A spark or wonder dust to spare is there for all to see  
An extra something can not be bought, nor does it grow on trees  
Nor can you dig it up like gems; it's name is quality



Yeat's gravestone



Ben Bulbin

Banna Strand

## IT'S UP TO YOU

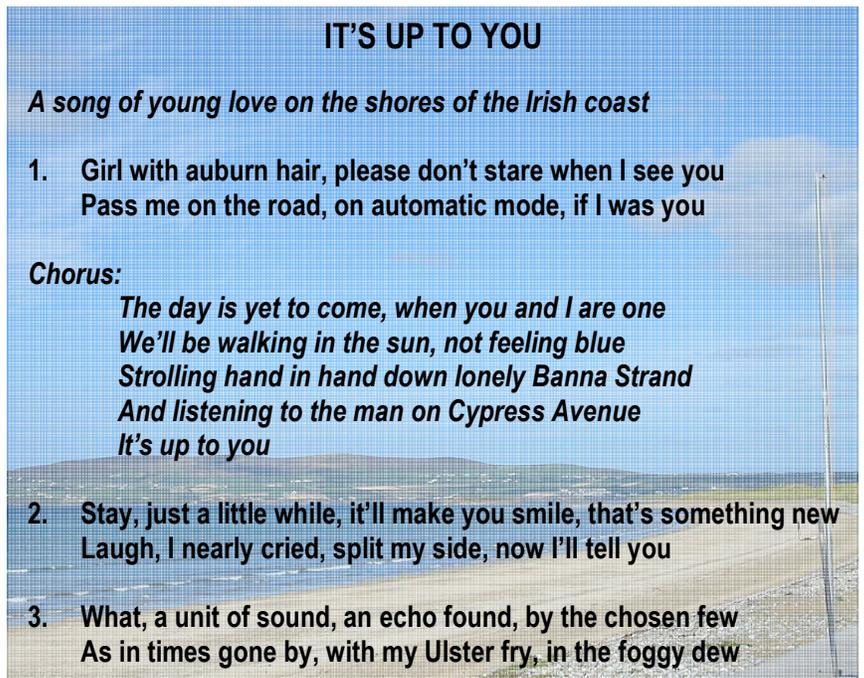
*A song of young love on the shores of the Irish coast*

1. Girl with auburn hair, please don't stare when I see you  
Pass me on the road, on automatic mode, if I was you

### *Chorus:*

*The day is yet to come, when you and I are one  
We'll be walking in the sun, not feeling blue  
Strolling hand in hand down lonely Banna Strand  
And listening to the man on Cypress Avenue  
It's up to you*

2. Stay, just a little while, it'll make you smile, that's something new  
Laugh, I nearly cried, split my side, now I'll tell you
3. What, a unit of sound, an echo found, by the chosen few  
As in times gone by, with my Ulster fry, in the foggy dew



# MY DARLING'S ASLEEP JIG SET

## MY DARLING'S ASLEEP

Key: D

## CONNAUGHTMAN'S RAMBLES

Key: G

## HUMOURS OF GLENDART

Key: D

## WHALING

*Moby Dick! A brilliant story and a brilliant film which in turn inspired Duane*

We fished the banks of  
Newfoundland  
Hauling away for the whale Oh  
Not a jellyfish to be found  
A-hunting for the whale Oh  
Hunting for the whale Oh  
Hunting for the whale Oh

## EUSTON STATION

*Exploring the complex issue of immigrants taking jobs and the anger felt by many*

1. The time at last has come to meet you  
I couldn't believe it  
When they said that you had got through  
Changed your face and painted your car blue  
Out here in the West you can start anew  
In this melting pot, not a stew  
We got on alright when we were was just a few

*Chorus:*

*Is that the time love, I gotta be on my way  
I'll see you tomorrow, that's when I get my pay  
You know I'd stay with you  
Any other day but today  
We gotta get together at Galvaston  
And see what the man  
And see what the man's gonna say*

2. I think I need a vacation  
All work and no play leads to frustration  
Catch a train into Euston Station  
The silent stare of condemnation  
Understanding, not confrontation
3. Can't find that job that everyone promised  
The house we had seems to have vanished  
The wife's moaning hard, kids are famished  
Should have stayed where we were, been honest  
Not taken from a land where slavery's banished  
A life in my homeland, a family balanced

