



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

The first two staves of the piece are in the key of Am and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure of the first line. The second staff continues the melody and concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Key:

D

The last two staves of the piece are in the key of D. The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes, featuring a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure of the first line. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Key: D

THE WISE MAID

The first two staves of the piece are in the key of D and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure of the first line. The second staff continues the melody and concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The last two staves of the piece are in the key of D. The third staff begins with a bass clef and a 7/8 time signature. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes, featuring a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure of the first line. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Key: Em

COOLEY'S REEL

The piece is in the key of Em and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is a continuous sequence of eighth and quarter notes. The second staff continues the melody and concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. The third and fourth staves provide a harmonic accompaniment for the melody, using chords and single notes.

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>

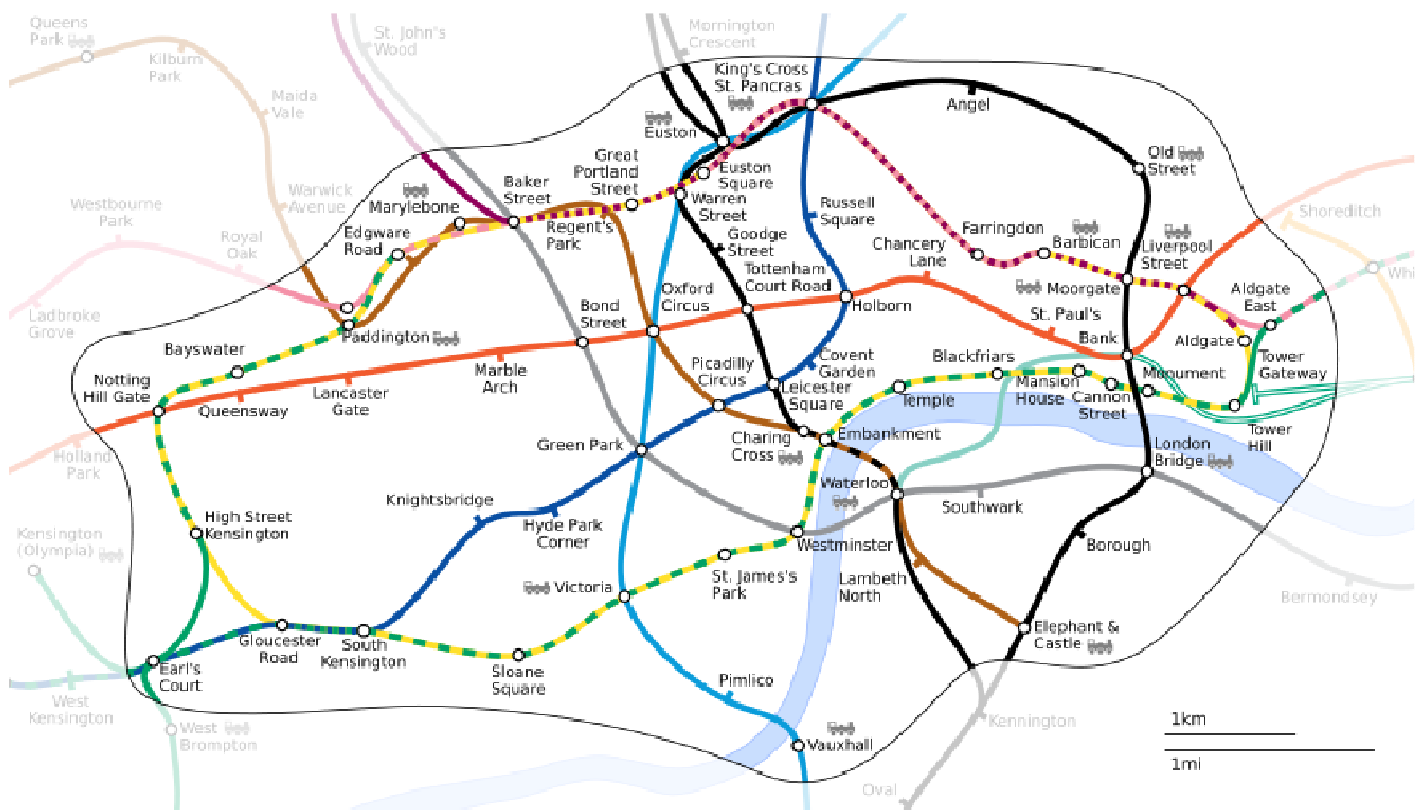
1. On the 14 day of August
In the year of 92
Pressed on board a ship o'the line
To sail the ocean blue
To sail the ocean blue
2. No more I'll see my sweetheart
Nor mothers heart to break
To serve my King and country
My fortune for to make
My fortune for to make
3. With Nelson at Trafalgar
The French 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

DIGGING DOWN UP LONDON TOWN

*The old Irish navie story: Move to England for the work;
dig holes all over the place; be treated with disdain
whilst pining for the homeland and never making it. This
one is about working on the London Underground.*

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/London_Underground

3. Take up your slack, and bend your back
No horses for the wooden sleigh
On the Northern line, ahead of time
Digging for to earn your pay
When across me ears, the thing men fears
Like the rolling of ball clay
In the darkness lay 'till the break of day
Its worst thing some men say
*Digging down, up London town
Digging down, up London town*
4. A Paddy with a pick, would take no stick
As he forced the Central line
For sixteen bob would do twice the job
As Geordie, or Jock or Lime
To see the squad of O'Rourke, with a spade & a fork
Padding thru the slime
They could dig a hole to the very poles
And not pay it any mind
1. At Notting Hill they'd be digging still
If it wasn't for the Serpentine
And at Ludgate they were running late
And had to do overtime
At Ken High St where they used to meet
To Hammersmith drunk and blind
Picadilly the crocks in land of knocks
Hard workin' Paddy's only crime
2. When your work was done & needing fun
Up to Kilburn with a fist of dough
And you're in the pub, no need for a sub
Where the tears & Guinness flow
And call for a dram, or a beer for yer man
Who hails from the Dublin row
And you tell them all, even Donegal
Home to Ireland you'll have to go



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

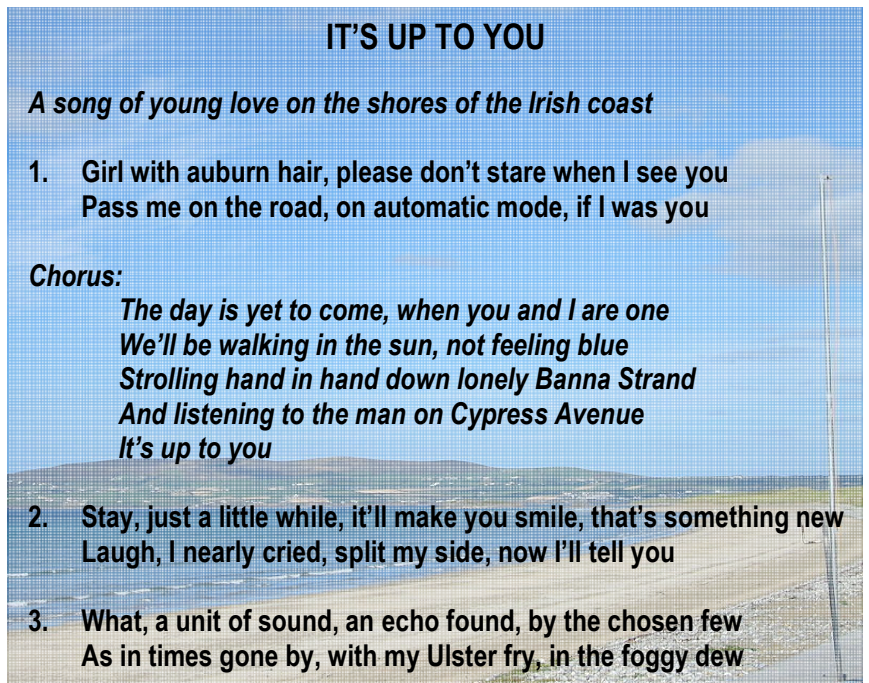
A song of young love on the shores of the Irish coast

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

