

**JUNE TABOR**  
**A QUIET EYE**





musicians

HUW WARREN piano  
MARK BASSEY trombone  
LIAM KIRKMAN trombone  
RICHARD ILES trumpet  
JIM RATTIGAN French horn  
RICHARD BOLTON cello  
RICHARD FOX tuba  
DUDLEY PHILIPS double bass  
ANDY SCHOFIELD clarinet, alto saxophone  
IAIN DIXON bass clarinet, clarinet  
MARK EMERSON viola, violin  
ROY DODDS percussion  
MARK LOCKHEART clarinet, tenor & soprano saxophones

PRODUCED BY JOHN RAVENHALL

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Mikkar Hullabaloo (Bosco) Blue Abyssinian,  
bred by Mike and Karen Shammass,  
photographed by Mark Emerson



original arrangements commissioned by  
the Creative Jazz Orchestra  
with funds from the National Lottery of England

1  
the gardener

trad arr Tabor, Warren; Topic Records Ltd

Child no. 219

proud Maisry stands in her bower door  
as straight as the willow wand  
and by and comes a gardener lad  
with a red rose in his hand

it's you shall have my rose fair maid  
if you'll give your flower to me  
from among the flowers in my garden  
I'll shape a gown for thee

the lily white shall be your smock  
becomes your body best  
and the gillyflower to be your quill  
and a primrose at your breast

your gown shall be the scented thyme  
your petticoat camovine  
your apron of the salads neat  
that taste both sweet and fine

since you have shaped a gown for me  
among the summer flowers  
it's I'll repay you back again  
amidst the winter showers

new fallen snow shall be your shirt  
and lie your body next  
and the mirk-black rain shall be your coat  
and a wind-gale at your breast

the steed that you shall ride upon  
shall be the weather grey  
and when you come into my sight  
I'll wish you were away

2

## a place called England

*Maggie Holland, Moose Music*

I rode out on a bright May morning like a hero in a song  
looking for a place called England trying to find where I belong  
couldn't find the old flood meadow or the house that I once knew  
no trace of the little river or the garden where I grew

I saw town and I saw country motorway and sink estate  
rich man in his rolling acres poor man still outside the gate  
retail park and Burger kingdom prairie field and factory farm  
run by men who think that England's only a place to park their car

but as the train pulled from the station through the wastelands of despair  
from the corner of my eye a brightness filled the filthy air  
someone's sown a patch of sunflowers though the soil is sooty black  
marigolds and a few tomatoes right beside the railway track

down behind the terraced houses in between the concrete towers  
compost heaps and scarlet runners secret gardens full of flowers  
Meeta grows her scented roses right beneath the big jets' path  
bid a fortune for her garden Eileen turns away and laughs

rise up George and wake up Arthur time to rouse out from your sleep  
deck the horse with sea-green ribbons drag the old sword from the deep  
hold the line for Dave and Daniel as they tunnel through the clay  
while the oak in all its glory soaks up sun for one more day

come all you at home with freedom whatever the land that gave you birth  
there's room for you both root and branch as long as you love the English earth  
room for vole and room for orchid room for all to grow and thrive  
just less room for the fat landowner on his arse in his four-wheel drive

for England is not flag or Empire it is not money and it is not blood  
it's limestone gorge and granite fell it's Wealden clay and Severn mud  
it's blackbird singing from the may tree lark ascending through the scales  
it's robin watching from your spade and English earth beneath your nails

so here's two cheers for a place called England sore abused but not yet dead  
a Mr Harding sort of England hanging in there by a thread  
here's two cheers for the crazy Diggers now their hour shall come around  
we shall plant the seed they saved as common wealth and common ground

3

## I will put my ship in order

*trad. arr. Tabor, Warren, Topic Records Ltd*

I will put my ship in order  
and I will set her to the sea  
and I will sail to yonder harbour  
to see if my love minds on me

I drew my ship into the harbour  
I drew her up where my true love lay  
and I did listen all at the window  
to hear what my true love did say

who's there who's there at my bedroom window  
who raps so loud and would be in  
it is I your own true lover  
I pray you rise love and let me in

then slowly slowly rose she up  
and slowly slowly came she down  
but when she had the door unlocked  
her true love had both been and gone

come back come back my own true lover  
come back come back all to my side  
I never grieved you nor yet deceived you  
and I will surely be your bride

the fish will fly love and the seas run dry love  
the rocks will melter in the sun  
and labouring men will forget their labour  
before that I return again

ripest apples are soonest rotten  
hottest love soonest grows cold  
young men's words are soon forgotten  
come all young girls don't you be so bold

[2]

### I'll be seeing you

*Irving Kahal, Sammy Fain;  
Francis, Day & Hunter / Redwood Music / Carling Music*

From the 1938 musical *Right This Way*,  
this became *the song for couples parted by the war.*

I'll be seeing you  
in all the old familiar places  
that this heart of mine embraces  
all day through  
in that small cafe  
the park across the way  
the children's carousel  
the chestnut tree  
the wishing well  
I'll be seeing you  
in every lovely summer's day  
in everything that's light and gay  
I'll always think of you that way  
I'll find you in the morning sun  
and when the night is new  
I'll be looking at the moon  
but I'll be seeing you

[5]

### out of winter

*D Mark Emerson; Topic Records Ltd*

### waltzing's for dreamers

*Richard Thompson; Beeswing Music*

play me a blues song fade down the light  
I'm sad as a proud woman can be tonight  
just let me lean on just let me sway  
while the sweet violins and the saxophones play  
sir you don't know me but can't we pretend  
that we care for each other till the band reach the end

one step for aching two steps for breaking  
waltzing's for dreamers and losers in love  
one step for sighing two steps for crying  
waltzing's for dreamers and losers in love

o they say love's for gamblers and the pendulum swings  
I bet hard on love and I lost everything  
but don't send me home now put a shot in my arm  
we'll drink down old memories and we'll drink in the dawn  
and it's Mister Bandleader won't you play one more time  
I've got folding money in this pocket of mine

one step for aching two steps for breaking  
waltzing's for dreamers and losers in love  
one step for sighing two steps for crying  
waltzing's for dreamers and losers in love



[6]

### Pharaoh

*Richard Thompson; Island Music*

Pharaoh he sits in his tower of steel  
the dogs of money all at his heel  
magicians cry "o truth! o real!"  
we're all working for the Pharaoh

a thousand eyes a thousand ears  
he feeds us all he feeds our fears  
don't stir in your sleep my dears  
we're all working for the Pharaoh

and it's Egypt land Egypt land  
we're all living in Egypt land  
tell me brother don't you understand  
we're all working for the Pharaoh

hidden from the eye of chance  
the men of shadow dance a dance  
and we are struck into a trance  
we're all working for the Pharaoh

idols rise into the sky  
pyramids soar Sphinxes lie  
head of dog Osiris eye  
we're all working for the Pharaoh

and it's Egypt land Egypt land  
we're all living in Egypt land  
tell me brother don't you understand  
we're all working for the Pharaoh

I dig a ditch I shape a stone  
another battle for his throne  
another day on earth is flown  
we're all working for the Pharaoh

you call it England you call it Spain  
Egypt rules with the whip and chain  
Moses free my people again  
we're all working for the Pharaoh

and it's Egypt land Egypt land  
we're all living in Egypt land  
tell me brother don't you understand  
we're all working for the Pharaoh

Pharaoh he sits in his tower of steel  
around his feet the princes kneel  
far below we shoulder the wheel  
we're all working for the Pharaoh

### must I be bound?

*trad. arr. Tabor, Warren; Topic Records Ltd*

must I be bound while you go free  
must I love one who never loved me  
must I enact such a childish part  
and follow one who will break my heart

the first thing that my love gave me  
it was a cap well lined with lead  
and the longer that I wore that cap  
it grew the heavier on my head

you gave me a mantle for to wear  
lined with grief and stitched with care  
and the drink you gave me was bitter gall  
and the blows you gave to me were worse than all

and the last thing that my love gave me  
it was a belt with colours three  
and the first was pain and the next was sorrow  
and the last was sad misery

but I will climb up that high high tree  
and I will rob that wild bird's nest  
and I will fall without a fear  
and find me one that loves me the best

must I be bound while you go free  
must I love one who never loved me  
must I enact such a childish part  
and follow one who will break my heart

### the writing of Tipperary

*Caddick; Rough Music*

### it's a long way to Tipperary

*Judge, Williams; Feldman*

Written as the concluding piece of Bill's *Sunny Memories Suite* (1977)  
a recollection of the Edwardian age.

King Edward VII who some called the Peacemaker died in nineteen and ten  
he was buried at Windsor and in the procession the finest and highest of men  
there were nine crowned kings thirty proud princes leaders of many's the land  
old Kaiser Bill rode next to King George his Field Marshall's baton in hand  
Crippen was caught that very same year and Hailey's comet flashed by  
the first of the Labour Exchanges was opened the year that the old King died

the Sidney Street siege started 1911 when anarchy died in the flames  
later that year King George and his Queen played the coronation game  
a place in the sun said the Kaiser in Hamburg launching his new battleships  
King George made India Ireland and Wales the places for right royal trips  
Titanic was launched on the day of the Derby London's last horse bus was shelved  
suffragettes marched demanding their rights and in came 1912

Jack Judge went down into West Bromwich town for to open a brand new year  
he went into a pub just to have a little sup for he liked his drop of beer  
he bought himself a drink started to sing and his voice he lifted high  
my name's Jack Judge I can write you a song and from Oldbury Town come I

a Brummagem fellow as was sitting close by he heard what Jack did say  
a pound to a penny he says to Jack that you can't write a song in a day  
Jack had a laugh and he had another drink and he says I'll take you on  
this afternoon I'll write you a song and I'll sing it fore the day is done

he had another laugh and he sang a song or two and he bought another beer  
then he took the train to Stalybridge where that night he was due to appear  
that very first day of 1912 old Jack Judge won his bet  
for the song he made and he sang that day we never shall forget

in March 1912 brave Scott and his comrades died while the snow-storm roared  
later that year the good General Booth finally laid down his sword  
there were riots in Ireland concerning Home Rule Mrs Pankhurst was in prison again  
Wilbur Wright died that first among fliers as the Royal Flying Corps was named  
Titanic she sank in the spring of that year taking 1500 lives  
the Balkan States blazed from border to border as Death began sharpening his knives

of the 1910 monarchs who mourned for King Edward in 1913 few survived  
though some of them lived to a peaceful old age assassins took many's the life  
death came calm to China and Sweden while elsewhere the murderer's hand  
struck the Pasha of Turkey and the King of the Greeks while Spain survived its plan  
the armies of Europe paraded and postured the stock-pile of weapons increased  
at The Hague as in grim desperation they opened the Palace of Peace

as Suffragettes seethed in came 1914 an Austrian Archduke was slain  
in less than two months all Europe was marching Death was in business again  
many's the young man from many's the family willingly gave his all  
they died in their millions for a dubious victory answering Kitchener's call  
as they rode off to war in their trains and their troopships they sang as they hurried along  
and their words echo back from the graveyards of Flanders singing old Jack Judge's song

*it's a long way to Tipperary it's a long way to go  
it's a long way to Tipperary to the sweetest girl I know  
goodbye Piccadilly farewell Leicester Square  
it's a long long way to Tipperary but my heart's right there*

13

### the first time ever I saw your face

*Ewan MacColl; Harmony Music*

the first time ever I saw your face  
I thought the sun rose in your eyes  
and the moon and stars were the gifts you gave  
to the dark and the empty skies my love  
to the dark and the empty skies

the first time ever I kissed your mouth  
I felt the earth move in my hand  
like the trembling heart of a captive bird  
that was there at my command my love  
that was there at my command

the first time ever I lay with you  
and felt your heart beat close to mine  
I thought our joy would fill the earth  
and last till the end of time my love  
and last till the end of time

14

### the water is wide

*trad. arr. Tabor, Warren; Topic Records Ltd*

### St Agnes

*Huw Warren; Topic Records Ltd*

### Jeannie and Jamie

*trad. arr. Tabor, Warren; Topic Records Ltd*

THE WATER IS WIDE

the water is wide I cannot get o'er  
and neither have I wings to fly  
give me a boat that will carry two  
and both shall row my love and I

there is a ship and she sails the sea  
she's loaded deep as deep can be  
but not so deep as the love I'm in  
I know not if I sink or swim

I leaned my back against an oak  
thinking that she was a trusty tree  
but first she bent ay and then she broke  
and so did my false love to me

for love is handsome and love is fine  
and love's a pleasure when first it's new  
but love grows old ay and waxes cold  
and fades away like morning dew

JEANNIE AND JAMIE

what was on your mind bonnie Jeannie  
what was on your mind  
when you changed your bed for mine  
were you tired of lying alone bonnie Jeannie

it was all for love of you bonnie Jamie  
it was all for love of you  
but I see my folly now  
for you've given me cause to rue bonnie Jamie



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