



Folklore

Let us begin where it all began,
fireside flickering flames
make the shadows dance

*Heigh-ho so we go we pass it on
we hand it down-o*

We tell our tales, we sing our songs,
while we have breath left in our lungs

*Heigh-ho so we go we pass it on
we hand it down-o*

We pass it on down
to the young from the old,
we feel it deep down in the soul

*Heigh-ho so we go we pass it on
we hand it down-o*

Sometimes truth hides beside the lies,
grist to the mill, fuel to our fire

*Heigh-ho so we go we pass it on
we hand it down-o*

For it is said, so it lives on
we pass it down, it carries on

Oh down we go into folklore

The pen is mightier than the sword,
the music of the word is scored

*Heigh-ho so we go we pass it on
we hand it down-o*

Our satellites they span the globe,
lo our stories shall be told

*Heigh-ho so we go we pass it on
we hand it down-o*

For it is said, so it lives on
we pass it down, it carries on

Oh down we go into folklore

I am a messenger: I speak
with integrity, truth, love and light

For it is said, so it lives on
and when we're gone, we carry on

Oh down we go into folklore

London Lane

Where the road runs down
to the river bank
and the mudlarks search on the shore.
Where the watermen set sail
for the towns upstream
upon a golden course to Runnymede.

Where the water's edge
meets the squares and the streets
the river 'knows the mood
of kings and crowds and priests'.
Take tea in the gardens,
drunk for a penny or two.
Stars will lead you home.

Sailing on the English way
racing on the high tides.
Here by the riverside
reaching for the day's last light.

When the Houses fall
and the flames meet the sky
Turner takes his boat out
to catch the light.

And far downstream the Alice is clean gone
in the dark she slipped away.

Racing on the English way
sails against the skyline.
Down by the water's edge
reaching for the last light.

Time and tide wait for no man.
A river passing by
as the crowds fade away.

The fires grow cold in the east.
Skylon rises in a brave new world.
The clocks are stopped
and boats are held.

Time and tide wait for no man
and now the ship has sailed
and the crowds fade away.
But by the water's edge
at the end of the road
I still reach for the day's last light.

Along the Ridgeway

Racing for the hillsides
like shadows from the clouds
you will find a place to fly.

Just below the Ridgeway
'cross fields of summerlease
walk towards the open sky.

If you stand all alone
Alfred sounds the stone
so the story goes.

Racing on the hillsides
the shadows gone to ground
they will find a place to rise.
Up there on the Ridgeway
the path beneath your feet
that will lead away from home.

If you stand all alone
George will slay his foe
where the grass can never grow.
At night, Wayland's forges glow
smelting iron and blood
for wings to fly him home.

At home, a world of steel and stone
with stories never told
where you feel so alone.
But back out there on the hills
the chalk horse comes on down
takes water from the well.
And by the light of the moon
Alfred sounds his stone
and legends are reborn.

Here comes the Salisbury Giant
here comes a lonely man
a crowd of people lead him by the hand.

Salisbury Giant

Here comes the Salisbury Giant
here comes a lonely man
a crowd of people lead him by the hand.

The Transit of Venus Across the Sun

A fault in time and place,
a black drop at the edge of the Sun.
The stars all clouded out,
starlight never breaking through.

Here be dragons taking flight
and demons through the long nights;
the sky all fallen in,
nothing ever was the same again.

Set a course for the stars,
reaching out for the far things.
Taking flight to the distance
never meaning to return.

Low on the horizon,
the setting of the evening star.
The light that guides him home
is fading once again.

Set a course for the stars,
reaching out for the far things.
Taking flight to the distance
never meaning to return.

So many words left unsaid
so many deeds left undone
the transit of Venus across the Sun.

So many words left unsaid
so many deeds left undone
so many tales without an end
the transit of Venus across the Sun.

Wassail

Apple tree, old apple tree
Bountiful we raise a glass to thee
We sing our song
Stand fast, stand strong
Bough and leaf bear fruit aplenty

In Eden gone, when the world was young
Paradise was where it all began
Just one bite was all it took
Expulsion and the fall of man

Apple tree, we bless your crown
Yield much fruit or fell ye down
Raise your roots
Hear me, tree!
Bough and leaf bear fruit aplenty

Wassail - Bring new life
Wassail - Be alive
Wassail - Blessed be

Wassail

Wassail King, hear us sing
Through the orchards
And the village green

We sing our song
Stand fast, stand strong
Bough and leaf bear fruit aplenty

Wassail Queen - Oh my, oh my
She is beauty personified
Raise her up to the bough of the tree
Blessed be

Wassail

Return to the womb
Deep down in the earth
Wait for the spring rebirth
The clayen cup
We douse the roots
With cider kept from last year's fruits
Cut in twain
A five pointed star
A sign of who we are
Let spirits fly
The apple of my eye

Wassail



Winkie

Part 1

So, World War I is won
The NPS days are done
The MOD say that radio is the way
Pigeons have had their day
But Major Osman believes
radio is still in its infancy
He can still see the need
to get the NPS back on its feet

Part 2: Sortie

February 23rd 1942
A Beaufort bomber returning home
With a four man crew
Major Osman believes radio
is still in its infancy
So Bomber Command issue
this rule which states that
‘Two pigeons accompany each crew’
If the radio can’t be used,
because pen pushers need their proof

Part 3: The North Sea

With one engine down
They had to ditch into the sea
The radio operator had time
to send an SOS
But radio contact went down
upon the impact
The SOS it is received
but there is nothing more
No coordinates, no way to know
if the crew are still alive

In pitching waves, fuel and oil,
a pigeon is released
NEU40 NSL,
‘Winkie’, starts her flight
She takes to the sky

Part 4: Winkie’s Flight

Air Sea Rescue search
but it’s a hopeless task
With no coordinates
The search area is just too vast
In a life raft they must wait and pray
The crew have one hope to survive
Fly safely home, Winkie
God’s speed be with you
God’s speed be with you, Winkie

Part 5: RAF Leuchars

At dawn the very next morn
Sgt. Davidson sees that
Winkie has flown home
He phones the information through
Gets the message to Air Sea Rescue HQ
The time she’d taken to fly back
Calculating wind speed
And the condition of the bird
Considering her fatigue
They could narrow down the search

Part 6: Winged Saviou

Air Sea Rescue heed the call
‘New information...try once more’
Where once before they’d
searched in vain
They must venture out again
Now there is hope where
chance was slim

But thank God, fifteen minutes in
the crew are found, safe and sound
Thanks to their winged saviour

Part 7: ‘We Also Serve’

You flew safely home Winkie
Hey, the inaugural recipient
You flew straight, flew true,
Winkie

Brooklands

Coming over the headland
at high speed
with the sun at my back.
From the valley below me
carried on the breeze
the cry of the engine is calling.

Like a ghost on the water
that shimmers
in silver and red,
flying over the surface
to the finishing line.

Racing away from the shoreline;
back there as a young lad at Brooklands.
Mountains rise into the distance.
Jetsam drifts on the water.

Driving onto the banking
at high speed
on the 50 foot line.
The cry of the engines
the roar of the crowd.

The hammer strikes sound
in the workshops
the smell of burned oil fills the air.
I rode there on two wheels
came back with four,
I said all my words on the racing line.

She watched me from the half-crown
and from the measured mile,
race the fading light.

I was a lucky man, a lucky man.
I did the things I can,
the things I can’t explain.

On the racing line
lived life at high speed
too fast too far.

I was a lucky man, a lucky man.
I did the best I can,
I’d do it all again.
But where did all the time go?

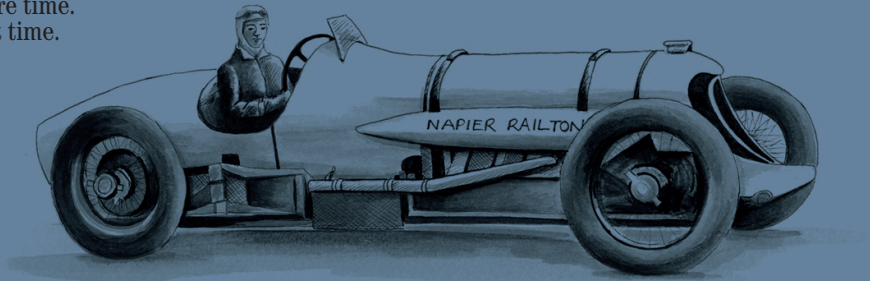
Where did all the time go?

Coming over the headland
at high speed
the sun at my back.
The cry of the engines,
the roar of the crowd.

Racing away from the shoreline
back there as a young lad at Brooklands.
Mountains rise into the distance,
jetsam adrift on the water.

I was a lucky man, a lucky man.
I did the things I can,
the things I can’t explain.
But where did all the time go?

Just give me one more run
on the racing line.
One more time.
One last time.



Telling the Bees

My mother said ‘Listen, son...
Your father’s gone,
now the time has come.
You must tell the bees he gave his life.
Drape black cloth over the hives.’

Now I am the keeper
and the years passed by,
until the day that Jenny caught my eye.
I walked over and I asked her for a kiss
Sweet taste of honey on her lips

Telling the bees, telling the bees

As old as these hills and old as the stones
I feel it down to my soul

And the bees were told,
on the day we wed
Wild flower garlands
draped our marriage bed
Now two years on, we have our son
The bees were told and we carry on

Telling the bees, telling the bees

As old as these hills and old as the stones
I feel it down to my soul

The joy is in the telling
The sorrow in the soul
Tears of happiness and sadness

Let them flow...

Telling the bees, telling the bees

Dedicated to John Lynn



Folklore
Wassail
Winkie
Telling the Bees
Words and music by David Longdon

London Plane
Along the Ridgeway
Salisbury Giant
The Transit of Venus Across the Sun
Brooklands
Words and music by Greg Spawton

Arrangements by Big Big Train

String arrangements by Rachel Hall (with David Longdon on Folklore and Winkie; with David Longdon and Danny Manners on Telling the Bees; with Greg Spawton and Danny Manners on Salisbury Giant and Transit of Venus)

Brass arrangements by Dave Desmond (with David Longdon on Folklore and Winkie)

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Vocals and double bass recorded at Aubitt Studios by Rob Aubrey
Drums recorded at Real World Studios by Rob Aubrey and at Sweetwater Studios by Mark Hornsby.
Brass recorded at Real World Studios by Rob Aubrey
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Produced by Big Big Train

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BIG BIG TRAIN

Nick D'Virgilio:
Dave Gregory:
Rachel Hall:
David Longdon:
Danny Manners:
Andy Poole:
Rikard Sjöblom:
Greg Spawton:

drums, percussion and backing vocals
guitars
violin, viola, cello and backing vocals
lead and backing vocals, flute, acoustic guitar, mandolin and percussion
keyboards and double bass
acoustic guitar, mandolin, keyboards and backing vocals
guitars, keyboards, accordion and backing vocals
bass guitar, bass pedals, acoustic guitar and backing vocals

With:

Dave Desmond: trombone
Ben Godfrey: trumpet and cornet
Nick Stones: French horn
John Storey: euphonium
Jon Truscott: tuba

Lucy Curnow: violin
Keith Hobday: viola
Evie Anderson: cello

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