



Manning

The Root, the Leaf & the Bone - Press Pack

Festival Music : 201310

Mechanical Release : 07/10/2013

Electronic Release : 07/10/2013

All songs written & arranged by Guy Manning.

Musicians

Guy Manning : Acoustic 6, 12 & Classical Guitars, Bass, Diddlybow, Drums, Incantation Bell, Keyboards, Mandolin, Percussion, Samples, Lead & Backing Vocals

David Million : Electric & Acoustic Guitars, Banjo

Julie King : Vocals

Kris Hudson-Lee : Basses

Rick Henry : Percussion

Special Guests

Chlöe Herrington : Bassoon on “Autumn Song” (Courtesy of ‘Knifeworld’)

David Albone : Drums

Ian ‘Walter’ Fairbairn : Fiddle

John Young : Organ solo on “Old School”(Courtesy of ‘Lifesigns’ & ‘The John Young Band’)

Joss Allsopp : Trumpet

Kathy Hampson : Cellos

Kev Currie : Vocals on “The Root, The Leaf & The Bone” & “Autumn Song”

Marek Arnold : Saxophones (Courtesy of ‘Toxic Smile’ & ‘Seven Steps to the Green Door’)

Steve Dundon : Flute (Courtesy of ‘Molly Bloom’)

The Burnside Quartet is myself plus

(Kathy Hampson : Cello / Jo Manning : Violin / Martin Thiselton : Viola) on “Amongst The Sleepers”

Artwork by Guy Manning & Kris Hudson-Lee

Inner Leaf Print : Brian Watson

Booklet Photos : Kevin Brudenell-Maylin

All songs written, arranged & produced by

Guy Manning at Burnside Studios 2012-2013



Foreword

In late 2012, I toyed with an idea about a faded village, lost beneath the march of progress, expansion, modernisation changes in perception/values & building work. I started creating pieces based around these themes. However, I quickly realised that this was far too constricting a 'concept' as I had ideas for other pieces which did not neatly fit into this container. All the pieces did however seem to fit into a more general set of considerations about the nature of change...be it through progress, attitudes, sociological upheaval, natural cycles/states, nostalgia or simply viewed as fantasy.

"The Root, the Leaf & the Bone", "The Forge", "Palace of Delights", "Old School", "Mists of Morning Calling to the Day", "The Huntsman & the Poacher" & "Decon(struction) Blues" all hark back to the original 'village' idea.

The title, opening piece is really the key to the album and sets the scene
Beneath the surface of things are remnants of what once was; be it good or bad, they lie there waiting to be discovered. Things have changed, moved on, but like in 'Time Capsule' mentality, we are curious about the Past.

"Decon(struction) Blues" (*...well I thought it was a funny play on words...*) is my own take on Joni's "Big Yellow Taxi". So, think about what you are giving up a while before tearing things down!

"Autumn Song" is a look at the passing of the Seasons & our own lives measured in Time & the surrounding natural World.

"The Forge" muses very romantically about the loss of craftsmanship/individualism in favour of mass production.

"Old School" 'borrows' heavily from the film "IF". It follows the idyllic fantasies of a lone boy stuck in a terrible old fashioned strict boarding school dreaming of over-throwing the masters & getting even (even if just for a while!).

"Palace of Delights" opens the door to a mythical shop (& every old remote village has one of these) where once inside, flooded memories / artifacts from your youth are still adorning the walls, be it old collector bubblegum cards, commemorative mugs from the Queen's Jubilee, Old model aircraft kits, stamp sets (well out of date) etc. Time has stopped in this place & for a while you can relive your childhood on every shelf & wall. Everyone has their own 'Palace' however; each is totally relevant to them alone!

"The Huntsman & the Poacher". A tale of karma...
The Poacher goes after the deer & the Huntsman goes after the Poacher!

"Mists of Morning Calling to the Day" is a simple narrative 'ghost story'
The past deeds of the 'village' comes back to literally haunt them!

"Amongst the Sleepers", the album closer is a piece reflecting on those we have known in our lives whilst walking through the most quiet & peaceful of graveyards.

I hope you will enjoy it!

Guy Manning
2013



The Root, the Leaf & the Bone

Strip away the layers overgrown
Down beneath the underside it lies alone
Travel through the human lives it has known
Passing by the root, the leaf, the bone

Hidden away, far below
Impressions of a World we used to know.
A veil now pulled over the surface in Time
Carved upon the stone & the water lines

Mapped within the space beneath our feet
Are Signposts to a progress now complete
Echoes of the moments we have now lost
Building up to a future but at what cost?

Hidden away, far below
Impressions of a World we used to know
A veil now pulled over the surface in Time
Carved upon the stones & the water line

Down...We trace our borders underground
Searching for the things once held but thrown away upon a pile of memories...
...Memories...

Down...With geophys we prod around.
With detectors, site directors reveal the metal objects from our memories
Memories.....Underground

Tracking by the meeting hall & passed the Village Green
Lit by lamps that are tended to by hand
Copper kettles boil away on fire burning stoves
the Horses in the stables stand unseen

Peel away the layers of towered thrones
Concrete, tarmac driveways, fields of stone.
To contemplate the passing of home grown
Built upon the root, the leaf

.....the postal office corner shop is now the entrance way
to a Corporation leisure complex & carvery.
The homely hearth of the Speckled Hen is now a B&B.
Where foreign bankers bring their girlfriends for sex & afternoon tea



Decon(struction) Blues

Closing out & shutting down
it's the end of another Market town
footprints on a shifted sand
the dozers clear our aged lands

Shadows on the ginnel walls
of the men that built the Manor Halls
Deconstruction now under way
making room for a new steel day

Don't tear it down
Think of today, tomorrow!
Don't tear it down

They say we learn from the Past
but are doomed to repeat all our failures
Swept away in the rush of bold progress
What do we tread underfoot?

Don't tear it down
Think of today, tomorrow!
Don't tear it down



Manning

Autumn Song

The leaves of autumn drop from branches to the ground
Contemplating air & earth making not a sound.
How easy for time to slip away

The meadow blooms are waning, the hedgerows limply thin
Displaying the empty nests, where birds were held within
How easy for time to fly away

Every note composed has been played
& every page that was written, displayed
The music of the flow, trails echoes as it goes
East to West, Dawn to Dusk....forever on

The ripples on the village pond shimmer in the late afternoon
Sparkles dancing on the water to an ancient tune
How easy for time to dance away

A breeze from the far fields comes slowly into town
bearing the seed of scattered greenery
How easy for time to be carried away

Every note composed has been played
& every page that was written, displayed
The music of the flow, trails echoes as it goes
East to West, Dawn to Dusk....forever on

Sois this all there is?
Was that all I could be?
No! Don't get depressed too soon.
We are all alive & in tune
Remember this is just an Autumn Song

We are part of nature; we sing the same songs.
Rising in the morning by evening we are gone
How easy for us to be born away



The Forge

There's a glow in the night & deep red embers scatter all around
Steam rising from the water to such a wonderful sound
Beating on the anvil, keeping new metal in tow
Even strokes but the tempo is rising now

& what will it be? Every new shape starts this journey
Summoned from the flame & beaten into life.
Hanging from the hooks are horseshoes, pots & pans.
Some for the Master & some for the worker of Lands

The bellows & the furnace dance in furious harmony
Wind & flame on a bed of earth in elemental symmetry
Born out of sweat in a battle to commence
Grappling with the raw flow with just his implements
Long into the early hours, we hear his song
But by morning the work will be over
By morning the task will be over
By morning the smoke will have cleared & new day dawns

But now the glow is all day as giant machines keep the metal turning
Mass producing parades of same product, side by side they roll to the end of the line
Gone is the single hammer blow, it's all measured performance
So the tempo never starts to rise within the air conditioned walls



Old School

Down the corridors with rooms that look the same.
Numbers on the borders, pictures on the window frames
Chalk dust still hangs in the air...
The desks are lined up still so fixed & square
Hands clean, neatly folded
History, writing, reading stories of old

Sound the bell & make a line outside the hall
Walking with no talking or feel the slipper fall
Children's echoes in the yard
Time is a wasting; lessons hard
Hair combed, shoes tied in a bow
Books, pens, satchels hanging all in a row

So you must put your play things down
Sit & pay attention, don't fool around
No room for dreamers in this place...
We train the future master race
Eyes front, ears back, hands down
Turning countless pages, recite the laws

We got to get away
We need to break the silence
& make a stand today against draconian violence
Rules were meant to stick, but sticks were not meant to rule
You can teach this dog new tricks
We're nobody's fool

When the smoke had all blown clear
The teachers looked on chaos with some fear
No longer could they put us down...
Redress the balance, define the noun
One small Victory, not the War
Made to stand & face the door for my crimes



Palace of Delights

As a young boy I can still remember clearly seeing
the line of glass jars filled with magnificent sweet things
amongst the stack of Airfix models were coloured packets of stamps
to transport me away to more exotic climes

Wrapping paper packages & cards of many colours
Greetings from your nearest dearest kin
Rubber bouncing balls & pots of plastic snakes & spiders to frighten
baby brothers out their skin

Welcome to the Palace of Delights
everything you wanted & more.
Welcome to the Palace of Delights
the real World is stopped by the door

Scouring pads & Ajax powder
Kitchen knives & forks
Paper plates, balloons & silver clowns
Sellotape, elastic bands, pencils with a bright red stripe
the most magical place in town

Cowboy hats & holstered six guns,
Man from U.N.C.L.E. bubble cards
As Collectors we all had the set
A paperback on training budgies complete with offered bell & mirror
Hung by 'wanted' postcards & fishing nets

Welcome to the Palace of Delights
everything you wanted & more.
Welcome to the Palace of Delights
the real World is stopped by the door



The Huntsman & the Poacher

The Huntsman spies the Poachers tracks in snow on a crisp winter's day
A sack of fresh conies hanging up in the oak tree, the cold breeze sways
Tobacco pouch, his carved pipe & his coat clearly shows his mark
& the huntsman wipes his aged brow so the deadly game can now start again

Lying across a hollowed stump, so his rifle aim is assured
The deer in the clearing has not seen him & yet it hesitates
One on one, man & prey bask in the silence of final moments
& then he'll be back on the road to his home & his wife

At the end of the day...
At the end of the day...
At the end of the day...
It will be over

Ahead in his spyglass, the huntsman views his foe in this frozen moment.
Fixes his sights on the hollow & fires with drawn breath
One on one, the law & the breaker, his justice is swift...
The figure lying there on the ground in the red of crushed berries

At the end of the day...
At the end of the day...
At the end of the day...
It will be over



Manning

Mists of Morning Calling to the Day

It's getting late in the evening & the shops are shutting down
Boarding up their windows until the morning come around
The fires are burning sweetly, the children are hard at play
....at the end of another working day

The landlord pulls another pint & listens again to the tale
of eerie lights seen up the causeway, & he wonders if it's real?
It's a story that oft repeated, & mostly in this place
embellished by generations that are haunted by disgrace,

It's funny how in daylight that the story seems a farce
but as the cold dark draws a round them, well nobody wants to laugh
The village has many secrets in its hidden murky past
Crawling out to greet them as they huddle by the casks

Some many years & so many lives
but the underbelly it not be disguised
Founding forefathers took the law into their hands
when the trading sea folk families first stepped upon their land

Down the river at the distant moorings
a steamer pulls into view
far away from its coastal tides & eddies
Midnight turns into the mist of morning
dew forms on the ground
& there's a freshness here that
spreads for miles around, miles aroundcalling the day

Somehow Silence takes his chances now
& his blanket fills the air
Ghostly shadows are in play seen on the green
The birds are still as the far away sea
calls the Steamer back to home
& so it turns away parting a curtain of grey



Amongst the Sleepers

I come in search of Eleanor Rigby & walk the gravel lanes alone
caught in deep contemplation of all the people I have known
Here amongst the Sleepers, Vines & creepers will join hands
A scent in the air from the lavender fair
the breeze is so quiet & low.....the leaves on the path move on slowly

Hey there Mr. Jones so long to the farmer whose sheep have all gone home
& Mrs. Crowther 50 years of schooling but no child of her own
Dream away in lost reverie & fond memories
Till you are welcomed home back to the fire light & warm
...the leaves on the trees whisper softly