



www.guymanning.com

Manning
Margaret's Children
Press Pack & Song Lyrics

Festival Music : 201111
Mechanical Release : November 2011
Electronic Release : November 2011

Available through Festival Music, the Band Website plus via itunes, Amazon and through all good record shops.

All songs written by Guy Manning.

Artistes

* Guy Manning: Acoustic 6,12 and Classical Guitars, Drums, Electric Guitars, Keyboards, Samples, Bass, Bouzouki, Mandolins, FX, Percussion, Lead and Backing Vocals

The Fabulous Manning Band Contributors

- * Chris Catling: Electric Guitars and Backing Vocals
- * Kev Currie: Electric Guitars, Guitar Synth and Backing Vocals
- * Steve Dundon: Flutes
- * Kris Hudson-Lee: Basses
- * Julie King: Backing Vocals (Lead Vocal on "A Night At The Savoy, 1933")
- * Tim Leadbeater: Grand Piano (4,7) / Electric Piano solo (1)

Guest Musician Contributors

- * Ian 'Walter' Fairbairn: Fiddle
- * Kathy Hampson: Cello
- * John Kennard: Backing Vocals, Darbuka and Drum Program Consultancy
- * Mark Woodward: Additonal Violin

Special Guest Musician Contributions

- * Marek Arnold: Clarinet, Alto, Soprano and Tenor Saxes (Courtesy of "Toxic Smile")
- * Leon Camfield: Various Percussion Items (Courtesy of "Tinyfish")
- * Phideaux (as "The MC at the Savoy") (Courtesy of himself!)



Manning

Song Titles

- 1 FLEMING BARRAS (1645 - ????) [The Year Of Wonders] 09:49
- 2 JORGEN BARRAS (1834 - 1900) [Revelation Road] 05:11
- 3 AMY QUARTERMAINE (1862 - 1916) [A Perfect Childhood] 17:05
- 4 HARRIET HORDEN (1912 - 1955) [A Night At The Savoy, 1933] 05:05
- 5 JAMES FAIRFAX (1922 - 1945) [An Average Man] 06:31
- 6 AMELIA FAIRFAX (1926 - 2010) [Black Silk Sheets Of Cairo] 07:58
- 7 DAVID LOGAN (1967 - 2022) [The Southern Waves] 08:47.



www.guymanning.com

Fleming Barras (1645 - ????)
THE YEAR OF WONDERS

My friend Isaac found his "Year of Wonders"
whilst a English City burned
We'd often talked of fatalism,
single steps on which the future turned
It only took one apple from a tree
to change the World he thought he knew
It only took one single diary page
to make it obsolete, make it look askew.

Concealed beneath her folded clothes,
the simple sewing kit, the rag doll and the braid
Her journal spoke of Science blended with cabalistic symbols from a
bygone Age
Potions, smoke and parchment mix,
incant the weave of the mystic and reality
To slip between the folds of Time and Space,
just like the opening of a door.

Oh! This is the "Year of Wonders!"
This is the "Year of Wonders!".

Cambridge was the sanctum for us both,
a place to think beyond Scholastic walls
But the plague then forced our parting
and I found myself back in those northern ancestral 'halls'
Three years on, my friend is back in Learning,
with gravity installed
As I prepare my portal for a journey,
the spider, his web to crawl.



Manning

Jorgen Barras (1834 - 1900)

REVELATION ROAD

Dust Bowl Dreaming:

Times are hard and many farming families feel so alone
Their land is dry and the harvest over
No one watching over them now!

The dust bowl dream just blows away as they look skywards
Hoping for cloud, no where to go
So who can they turn to now??

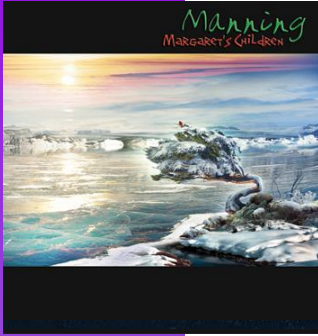
On Revelation Road, I'm gonna get down inside your soul
On Revelation Road, Call the Devil and get to the healing

The Preacher:

When the flags were flying and the camp site marked the grounds,
the people flocked from miles about as witness to the sound
They'd come to see the preacher and his glory gospel band
The power of his stories and the bible in his hand

When he said stop! - STOP! All the clouds would roll away
When he said stop! - STOP! Oh! Even on a rainy day
And when he said go! - GO! How the choir would start to sing
When he said go! - GO! With a full of praises swing

Take your seats for wonderment, our floor show guaranteed!
Ticket prices? Step this way, our purpose is your need
Feed upon the power, the power of the crowd
Only twenty dollars, but no policemen are allowed!



Manning

Amy Quartermaine (1862 - 1916) A PERFECT CHILDHOOD

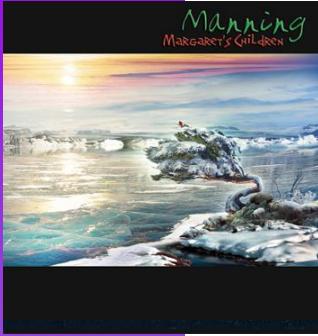
a) Before the War

Before the War, she'd fill a canvas with flowers
They were so beautiful, so serene
Primary colours, all innocent and clean
And she knew and she knew a perfect childhood

Before the War, a game was not about the winning
Long hours, newting the streams
Running the Norfolk hills and tumbling down the green
And she knew and she knew a perfect childhood

Before the War, her Mother was like an angel,
They'd travel the road from home to home
Tending to the frail, the old folks and the poor
And she knew and she knew it was no burden

Before the War, she went abroad to teach the children.
They read the tales of great battles, heroes and foes
But the World outside was changing
It was a million miles away!
For they knew, for they knew nothing of the dangers



Manning

Amy Quartermaine (1862 - 1916)

A PERFECT CHILDHOOD

(Contd.)

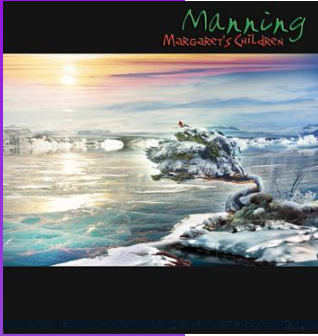
b) Abroad

Amy trained as a nurse and tended to the sick
When the typhoid ran hard and the dying went too quickly
Remembering the girl who went a-skippping up the lane
She made her mother proud, she made a name

She left for Belgium, the canals and long meadows
Spruce trees and herbs, found a place in her soul
and in 1907 she married the love of her life there
A young man who knew how to treat her
right from the start

I'm going away – to follow my heart...

In 1914, while she visited Norwich town,
The news came of Germany's rising in anger
So she boarded a train and a boat
to return to her new home
It certainly seemed like the right thing to do



Manning

Amy Quartermaine (1862 - 1916)

A PERFECT CHILDHOOD

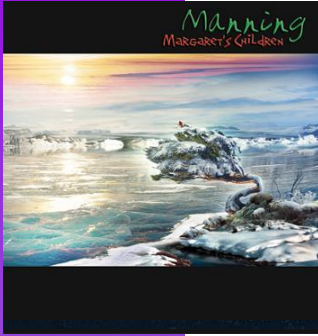
(Contd.)

c) Within the War

Men and boys were both caught in the madness
A friend or a foe? It was no choice for her
The Red Cross retreat became a haven
and then it was the eye at the heart of a storm
Brussels fell hard in the wake of the tide
and she stayed behind as they closed up the doors.
They held on to the promise of love and redemption
as a passage for the young boys to get home
I'm going away – to follow my heart...
Her darling man was taken away from her
on a non-descript gloomy day in July.
He was caught at the front, where he was still writing,
and he never saw the shell that fell close nearby.

She grieved; she wept, but swallowed in the chaos.
For she had a purpose, no time to stop!
With friend Philippe they did what they had planned to
till betrayed to the enemy and their fate.
They were found guilty of acts of humanity
in a time of carnage sounds the cannons of doom
taken to a prison awaiting a verdict
that led them to their ending in the line of sights.
With tears in her eyes, she said it quite clearly,
“It is not over, I'm not afraid to die
for my Country, my sanity, my love and my honour
I am an innocent in Gods' eyes”

I'm going away – to follow my heart...



Manning

Amy Quartermaine (1862 - 1916)

A PERFECT CHILDHOOD

(Contd.)

Long and hard the storm crow flies
following the black smoke trails,
down in the Poppy fields below.
The young boys and the men, will not be coming home
the sacrifice of innocence in their eyes

d) After the War

After the War, she lay beneath the flowers.
So beautiful, so serene
Primary colours, merging with the sky
Then she flew (then she flew)
with all that was true
and with all the things that she knew
and all the love that coursed through her
.....in her perfect childhood



Manning

Harriett Hordern (1912 – 1955) **A NIGHT AT THE SAVOY IN 1933**

Hold on to this moment, Oh! Let it comfort you
Forget about all your worries, as I sing you the blues
The sweet note cadence holds a mellow soulful tune
We're open from ten till dawn tonight
So mamas gonna sing it for you...

The father on his swing seat reads the final notice again
The salesman, keeps on walking,
dusty shoes won't pay the rent
The lines have started forming,
for the soup kitchen down the street
Where skinny dogs fight for all the scraps
that even the bums won't eat

Sugar Daddy, buy me another drink,
Find me somewhere inside this glass,
where I don't have to think
Outside, the real world is as lost as it can be
But inside here the night is alive with possibilities

The boarded window's poster for the Easter time parade
Has scrawled across its banner,
that the start will now be delayed
The only sign of marching was the final run on the bank,
Which left the tellers telling me,
that the firm had drawn a blank



Manning

James Fairfax (1922 - 1945)

AN AVERAGE MAN

He lived a quiet and a tidy life and that was all that could be said about him. He came and went to work, he liked to bowl and dress in vogue. His name was never splashed on hoardings
His neighbours said he seemed a pleasant man
So when the letter from the War Office landed, it interrupted a routine plan.

At school he'd been a straight C's pupil, average, unnoticed and a friend to few, well read, but mainly fiction, a watcher of the football on a Saturday Afternoon.

He never went the big store markets, preferred the service in his corner shop. Had his hair cut every fortnight, liked eating chicken or a nice lamb chop.

So unobtrusive, so invisible, he'd always feared to change
Stuck to the sensible proper conduct and stayed well out of range.
The call to arms was quite disconcerting, unnerving and a bolt from the blue. For once he sat and thought about a future, with no one to remember him, when he was through.

A little plan had come to him, like a soft whisper on a soothing breeze
He journeyed to his roots in the Scottish Highlands and stood by the lonely lake with a cutting wrapped in clean newspaper
He dug foundations for this little seed, smoothed the soil between his trembling fingers and planted in the earth a family's tree
From the girl they'd branded a witch, down the long ages it grew

Each leaf revealing special stories, each branch that had started out anew. Each twist of the unfurling curling bark, each notch on the twisted frame. It called to James.....How it called to James.....

“Remember me, for I was once alive...”

James Fairfax fell in no mans land in the last battle of World War II in 1945



www.guymanning.com

Amy Fairfax (1926 - 2010)
BLACK SILK SHEETS OF CAIRO

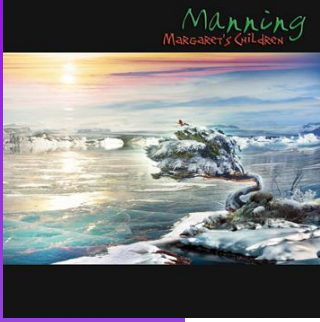
"Hey there, pretty day-dream, will you heed the call?"
The poster on the notice board was shouting from the wall
"Can you help your country in its time of dire need?
So, some on join the O.S.S. and help us to succeed!"

Bored with all conventions
and with a case of 'devil may care'
She signed the forms,
ignored the leers of the old commissionaires
Flew away to Egypt and then got herself a place
Low red lighting, double bed and a uniform of lace!

Oh! Just like a spider lures a fly
Oh! Laid down on pillows under exotic skies

Come in here my eager boys for you will not last long
Whispers in the black silk sheets of Cairo
Secret orders, guarantees, despatches for the front
All left upon the black silk sheets of Cairo

Oh! She wove her magic through the night
Oh! Their pitiful yearning fuelled by the cosy fire light
Come in here my little toys and rest yourselves a while
Folded in the black silk sheets of Cairo
A snip of poison also helps to take your cares away
Then wrapped within the black silk sheets of Cairo



Manning

David Logan (1967 - 2022) **THE SOUTHERN WAVES**

Eyes raised to the higher ground,
filled with tears in the rain
The World has washed a surface clean
and voices cry out of loss and pain
The water fills the air,
Becomes the water that lifts the soil
Man slides into the Past on a last roar of passion...terraformed

The Tropic of Capricorn, a line on the globe,
A marker on a fluid changing floor
A seascape flood of primal nature,
Joining with the power of the downward skies

We cannot stand, we can but fall,
We sow as we reap, safe behind our walls
Our Domicile was but a dream,
Awakened now amidst the screaming
:
The Southern Waves arise to forge the child,
Once held in Pangea's arms
The Southern waves with Gaia's voice,
Reshape the land, reshape our World