Huw & Tony Ontion Songbook Songbook

Transcribed by Roger M. Brown.

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GUITAR TABLATURE.

The guitar tablature in this book is designed to provide a quick and easy way of showing you how to "finger" Huw's songs. Huw is a master at the guitar and uses many different tunings, so tablature is a particularly convenient way of transcribing his music since the method of reading it is the same whatever tuning is used.

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Tablature is much easier to learn than normal music notation but does not provide as much information. For this reason you should regard this book as a companion to the recordings because it is essential that you listen to the album if you want to learn the songs properly. There is no substitute for a "good ear"!

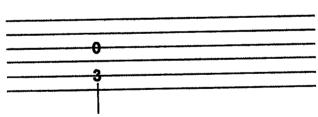
Tablature is a cross between guitar chord diagrams and normal music notation. It shows you where to place your fingers on the fretboard whilst at the same time indicating when the notes occur and for how long they last. If you have not tried tablature before, give it a go; with a little application and perseverance you will soon be playing along with the album.

The following are a few instructions on how the system works. I hope you understand them. If not, you can probably find another guitarist who has used tablature before, to give you a hand.

The six lines of the tablature represent the six strings of the guitar as shown below. If the guitar should be tuned other than E A D G B E, I have indicated at the top of the music, together with the CAPO positions used.

	E
1	A
2	_
3	<u></u>
4	D
-	A
Ð	F
6	-

When a string is sounded, a number is written across it indicating at which fret the string is stopped, e.g.



This means play the 5th string stopped at the 3rd fret and the 3rd string is open (i.e. not stopped at all).

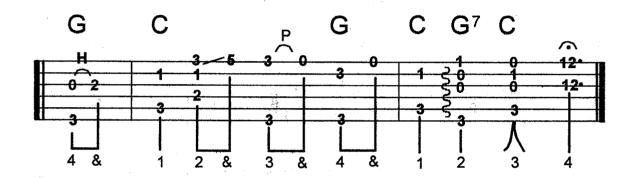
You will achieve this more easily and obtain a better flow of the music if you hold down the chord indicated above the tablature first before attempting to read it. For conventional tuning I have written the chord symbols above the tablature and for alternative tunings I have shown the chord shape being used. The notes actually played are not always in the chord shape, so beware!

To sort out the timing, conventional music notation is used, i.e. the music is written between the BAR LINES with 3, 4, 6 etc. beats to the bar, the length of the note being indicated by its shape. There is

however one problem, in that the notes in the conventional notation are either "open" () or "filled in"

(J). This is not possible with tablature since the end of the note is given over to the fret number as discussed above. Therefore for tablature all notes are assumed to be "filled in", e.g.

Special techniques are used to provide interest and make the music come alive. Examples of these are shown below with explanations of how to execute them.



1. HAMMER-ON (SHOWN BY AN "H").

Play the first note normally then hammer the left hand finger down hard on the second note thereby making it ring.

2. TIE (SHOWN BY BETWEEN NOTES OF THE SAME PITCH).

After playing the first note, allow the second note to ring for the duration of the two notes without re-striking it.

3. SLIDE OR GLISSANDO (SHOWN BY _____).

The first note is played and then the left hand slides up the fingerboard to the second note whilst keeping the note ringing.

4. PULL-OFF (SHOWN BY A "P").

After playing the first note, flick the finger of the left hand off the string, thereby plucking it and making the second note ring.

5. ARPEGGIO (SHOWN BY).

Pluck the notes of the chord shown INDIVIDUALLY for the length of the note.

6 STRUM (SHOWN BY A).

Simply strum the chord with the back of the fingernails of the right hand.

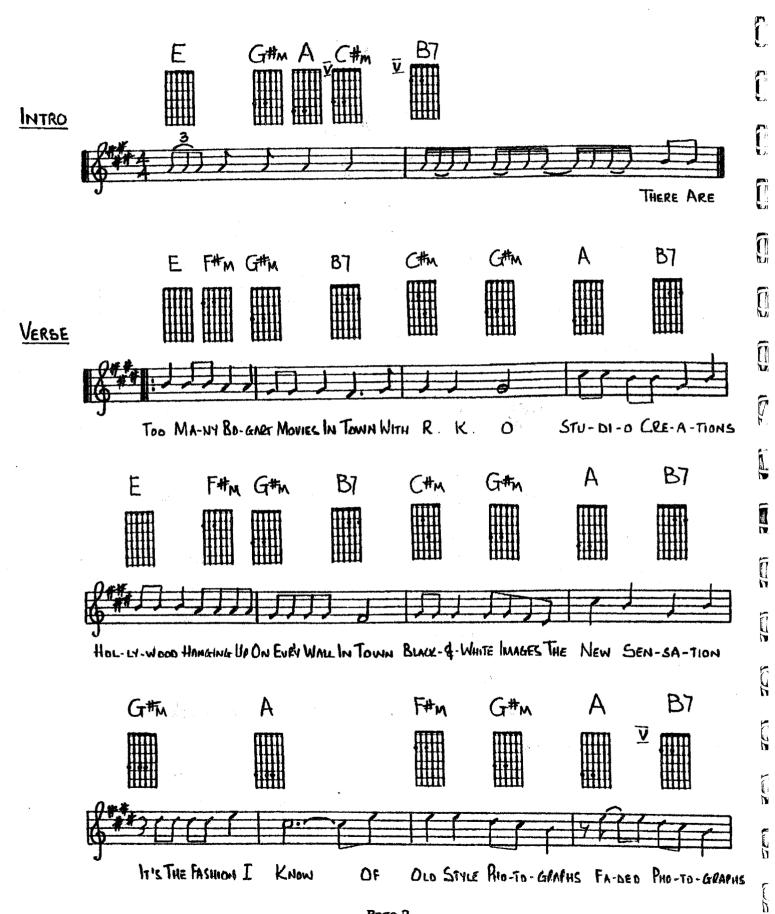
7 HARMONIC (SHOWN BY . PLACED AFTER THE NOTE).

Lay the finger on the string directly above the indicated fret (DO NOT PRESS IT DOWN).

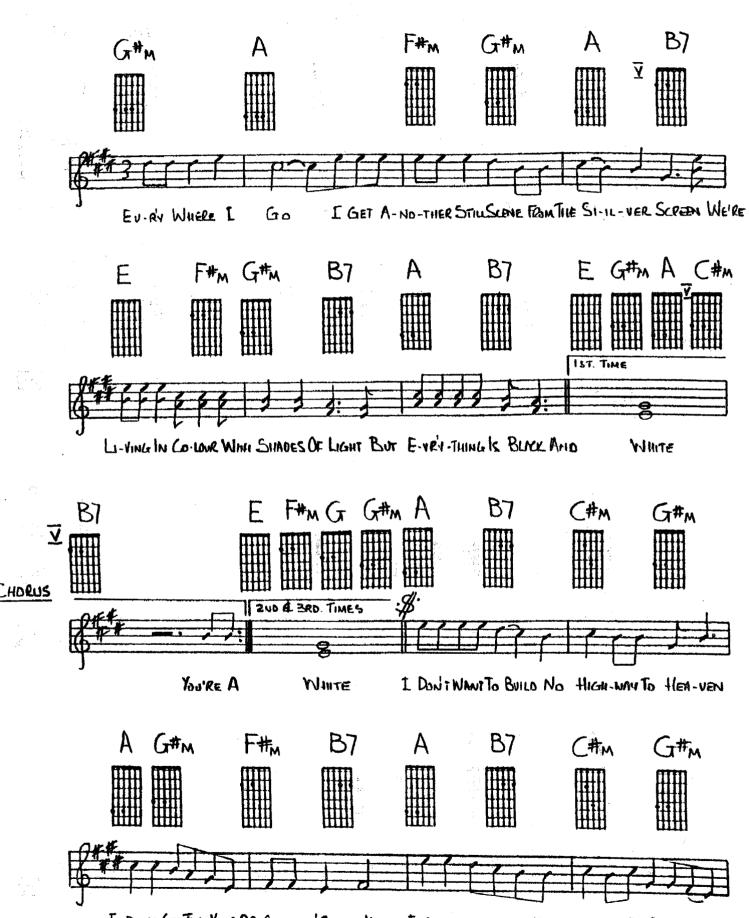
BLACK AND WHITE

Key: E

N.B. For the above tuning read the chord shapes. For conventional tuning read the chord name.

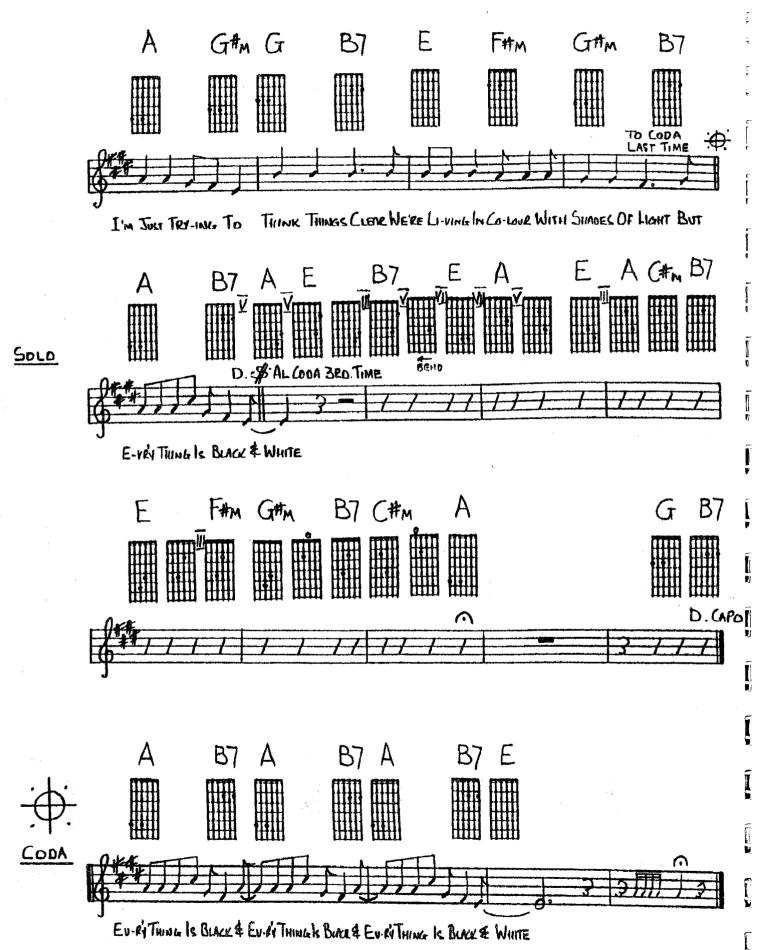


BLACK AND WHITE - Cont.



I DON'T GETTIME KIND DE CRED-IT 'ROUND HERE I CIN'T E-VEN GET YOU HALF WAY TO PA-PA-DI-ISE

BLACK AND WHITE -Cont.2



Page 4

EVERYTHING IS BLACK AND WHITE.

There are too many Bogart movies in town,
And R.K.O. studio creations,
Hollywood hanging up on every wall in town,
Black and white images, the new sensation.
It's the fashion I know of the old style photographs, faded photographs
Everywhere I go I get another still scene from the silver screen,
We're living in colour with shades of light
But everything is black and white.

You're a hero you're a villain, a good guy or a hood,
A black cat a white hat, it's easy understood,
And that's the way we like it, it's dirty or it's clean,
There's nothing in the middle, no grey in between, well,
Everybody wants to be living in a movie
With the baddie and the goodie, and
Everywhere we look we see indians in the gallery,
Here comes the cavalry,
We're living in colour with shades of light
But everything is black and white.

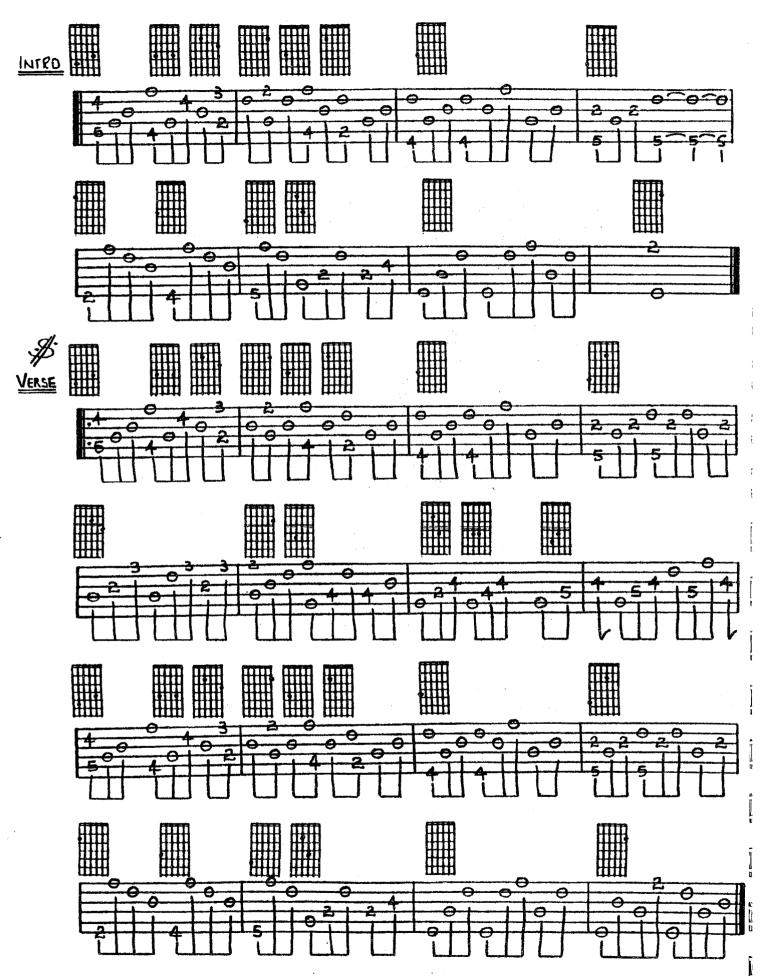
CHORUS.

I don't want to build no highway to heaven, I don't get that kind of credit 'round here. I can't even get you halfway to paradise, I'm just trying to think things clear.

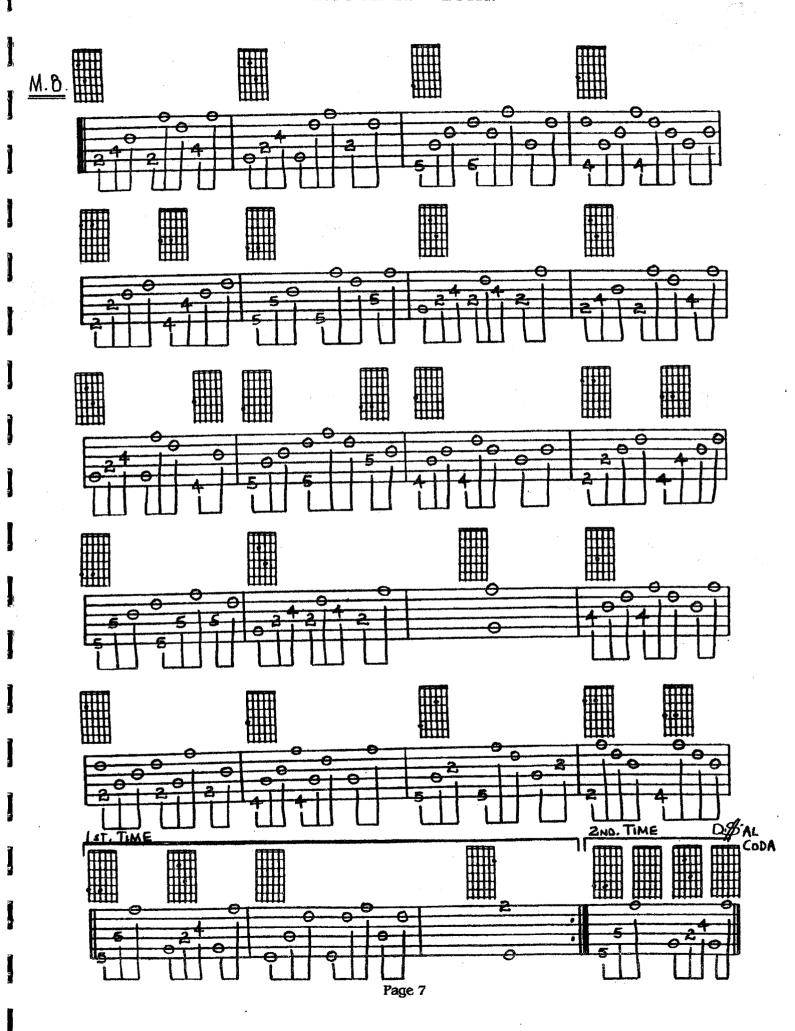
We're living in colour with shades of light But everything is black and white.

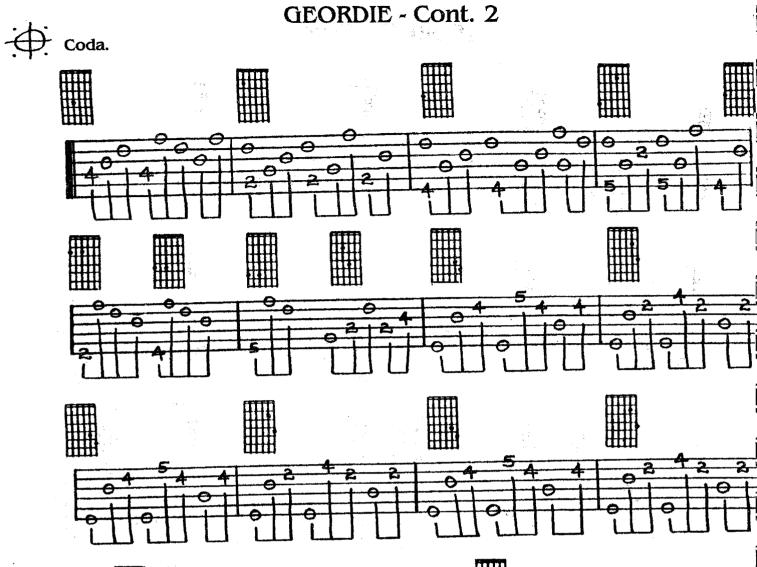
You gotta take it easy, you gotta let it go,
It's clear cut and that's enough, it's all we need to know.
Move along the line please, cynics to the right,
We know where you're sitting when we turn out the light.
Well, we got no time for sympathy,
No chorus to allow us them hearts and flowers, and
It's different melody.
Where nobody could give a damn, play it again Sam.
We're living in colour with shades of light
But everything is black and white.

CHORUS.



Page 6







GEORDIE WILL DANCE THE JIG.

Everyone can hear the music,
You can taste the mood of the wine,
Getting high on the beer and the atmosphere of a good time.
You can hear everyone laughing,
Like they're got something to share,
Cigarette smoke and bad jokes hang in the air.
But Geordie doesn't hear it,
I wonder does she realise,
She's sitting there with that faraway look in her eyes.
Where she goes she doesn't say,
But she'll leave you way behind,
For a moment or two she'll be somewhere else in her mind.

CHORUS.

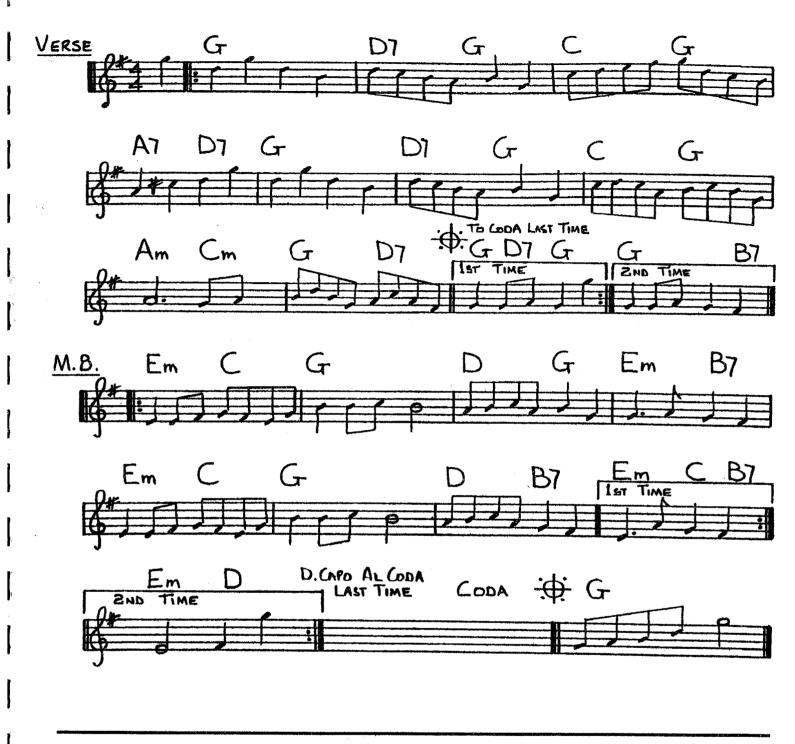
But if the music is right, And the rhythm is light, Geordie will dance the jig tonight.

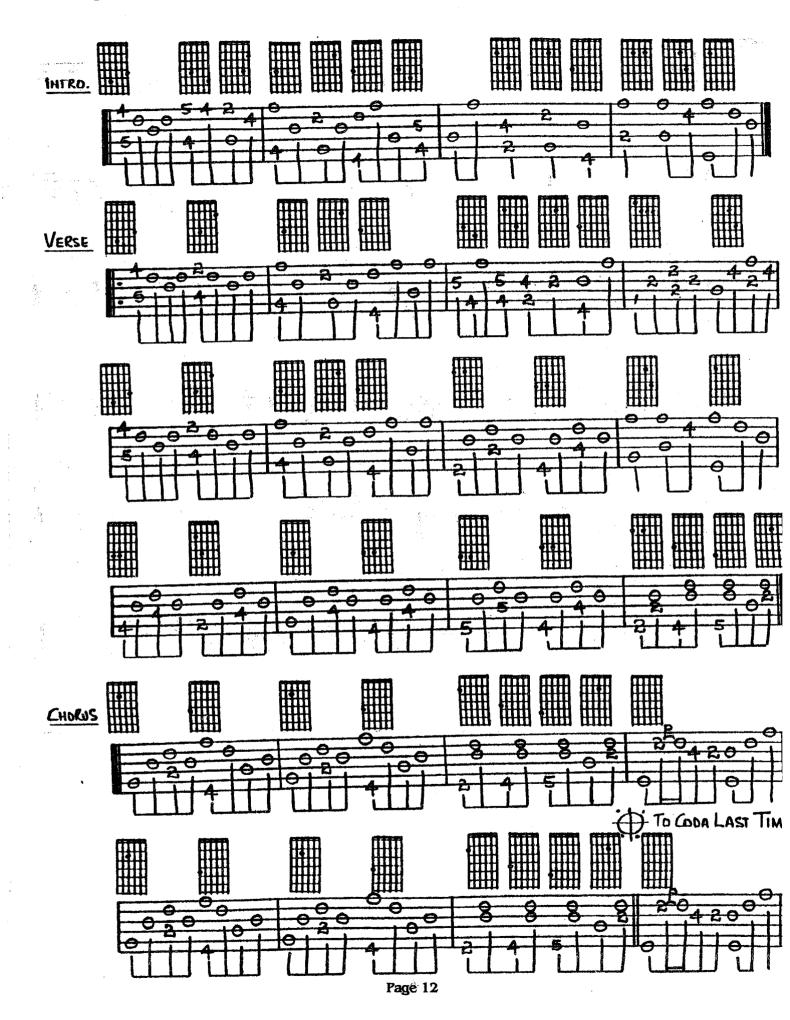
Soon we'll all be singing
The chords of some old song,
Guitars, fiddles, everyone playing along.
We'll all be hitting the high notes,
As the piano begins to play
All those songs we hate, but we sing them anyway.
But Geordie doesn't hear it,
It's that moment when she goes,
Some place in her mind where nobody knows.
The laughter's gone, the smile has faded,
She loses it all and then,
That something forgotten that comes back now and again.

CHORUS

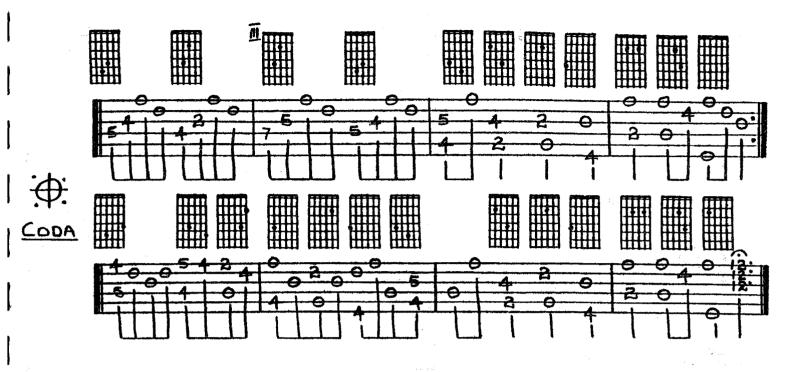
There are people talking everywhere,
But Geordie's all alone.
She's locked up in her little world of her own.
You can look into her eyes,
But there's just something you can't see,
A forgotten romance or some old memory.

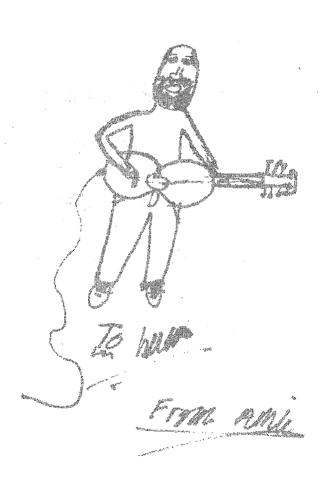
CHORUS





STRUCK IT RIGHT THIS TIME - Cont.





STRUCK IT RIGHT THIS TIME

Guitar : D, Capo :



STRUCK IT RIGHT THIS TIME.

Out in the desert in the heat and sun,
Old man is digging, he's looking for the big one,
He doesn't listen to a thing he's been told,
He's digging and he's drilling for that old black gold.
They tell him that he's crazy, he'll never find a thing,
But you wouldn't know when you hear him sing, he says

CHORUS.

I don't worry, I don't mind,
'Cos I know I've struck it right this time.
I don't worry, I don't mind,
'Cos I know I've struck it right this time.

New year is coming and the party is alight,
Young girl is waiting patiently for midnight.
She's had a year full of real hard times,
She says it's gonna vanish with the auld lang syne.
She says she's found love, says she's got it all,
But the higher you get the harder when you fall, she says

CHORUS

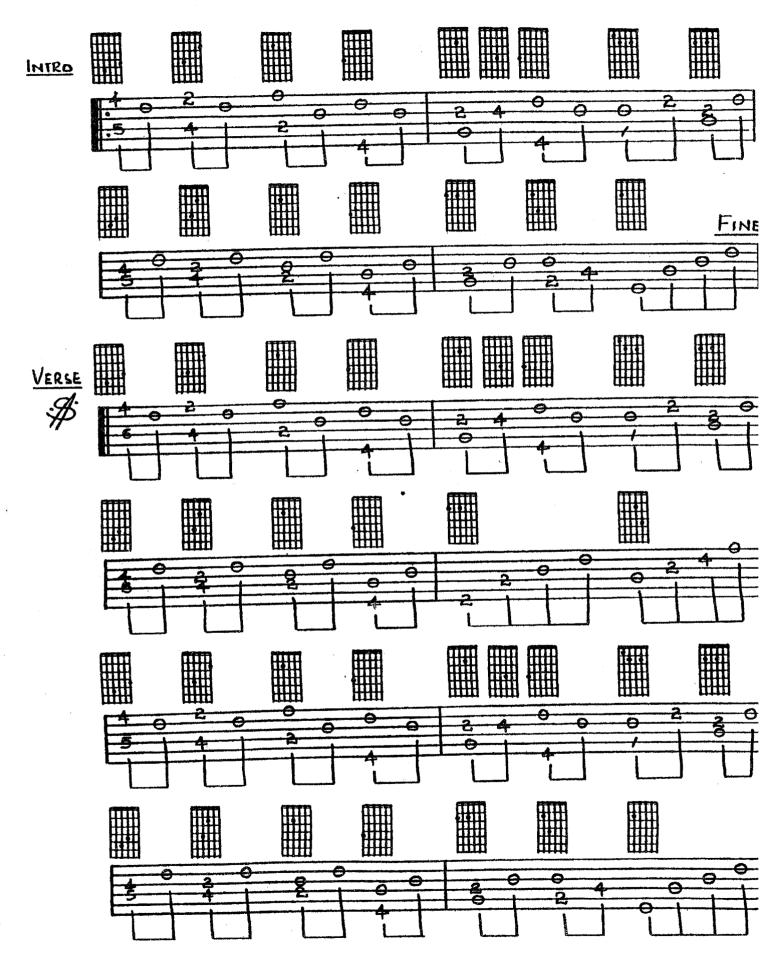
Quicker than a river rushing into the sea,
Everybody's running but he can run faster,
This time he knows he's got the rhythm that it takes,
And every step is bringing him closer to the tape.
But anything can happen, things can go wrong,
One minute you're up then you're down, you're gone, he says.

CHORUS

Note upon note and chord after chord,
There has to be a melody hidden there somewhere,
Every kind of harmony and note has been scored,
Just like you're looking for that old lost chord.
Maybe you can find it, maybe you can see,
Well, here's that you get better luck than me, and sing

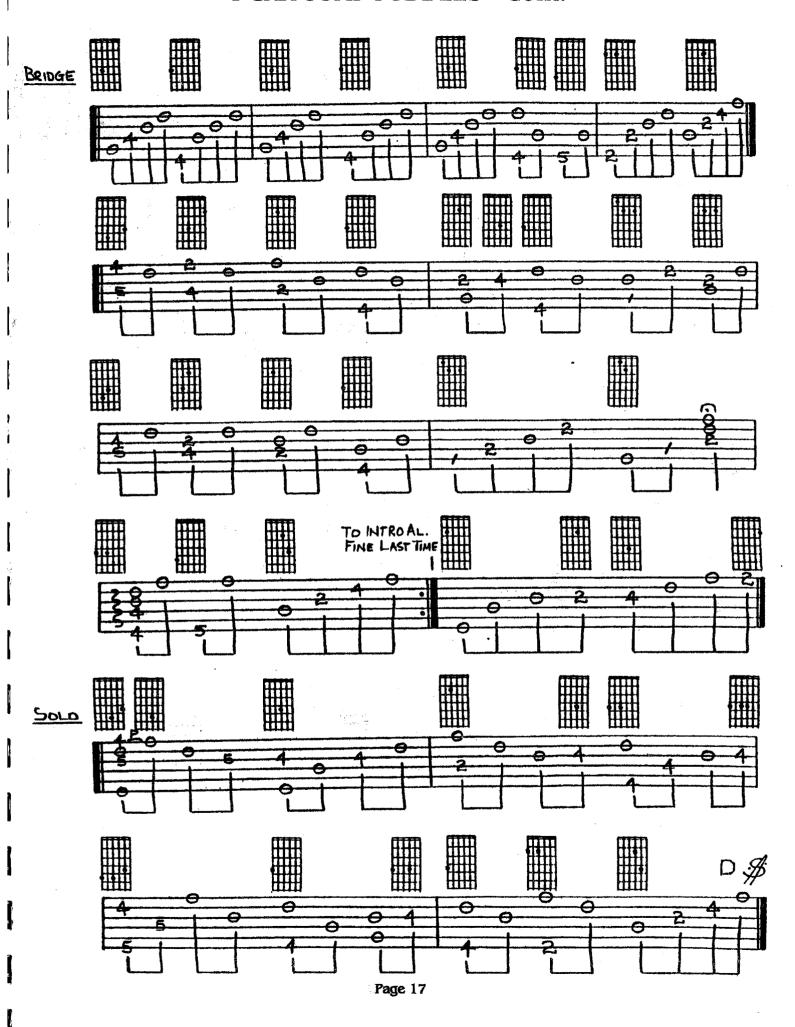
CHORUS.

I CAN JUMP PUDDLES



Page 16

I CAN JUMP PUDDLES - Cont.





I CAN JUMP PUDDLES.

Every day she moves me, steadily improves me,
Step by step she helps this body do the things it could,
She never sees me labelled young and disabled,
Sometimes she holds me in her arms like any mother would.
And we don't need your tears, we don't need to hear you cry,
I can't run like other children,
But we have some laughs when I try.
Book, chapter and pages, triumph comes in stages,
Step by precious step I count the things that I can do.
Now I can jump puddles, can you?

Out the door and through the hall, outside to the garden wall,
On a good day I can make them all, watch me as I do.
Across the floor and in the chair,
One step, two step up the stair,
Climbing mountains everywhere 'cos I can do that, too.
Through the window I see people running one by one,
Racing from the showers, but then I smile when they come.
Everywhere there are places with empty hearts and faces,
Maybe the don't have the joy of thing that I can do;
Now I can jump puddles, can you?

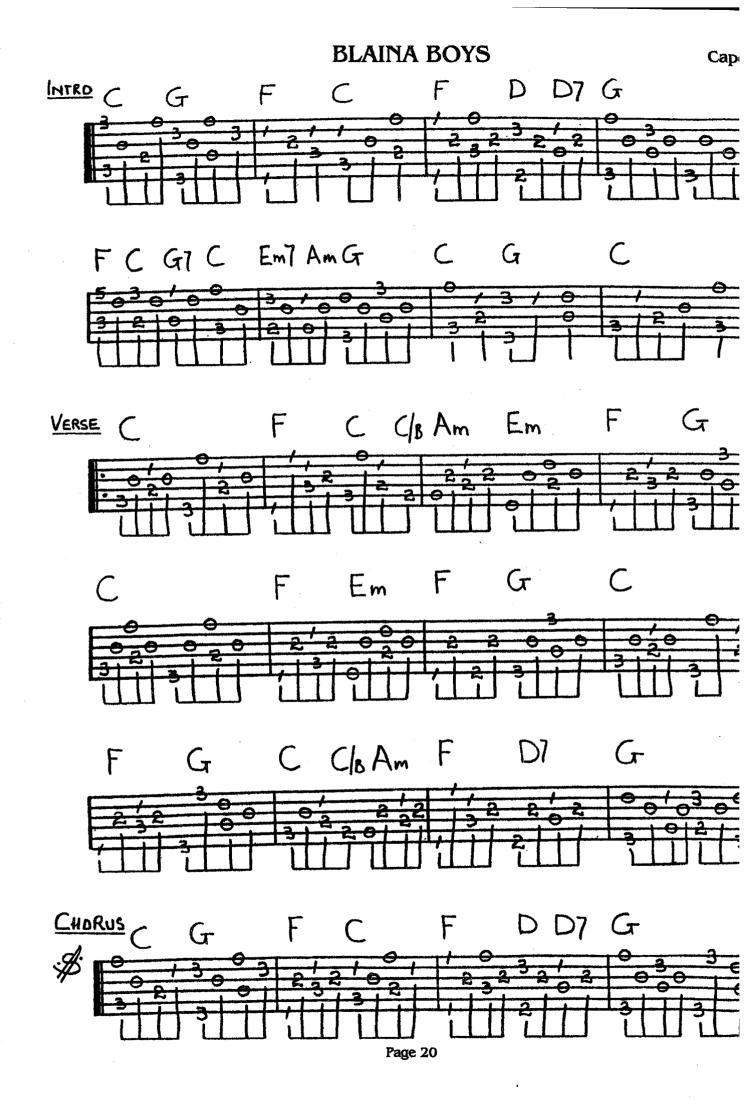
In streets and parks and places there are staring eyes and faces, I know that she sees them, but together we don't care.

Every road and avenue there's something in it, something new, We can go exploring through a new world every day.

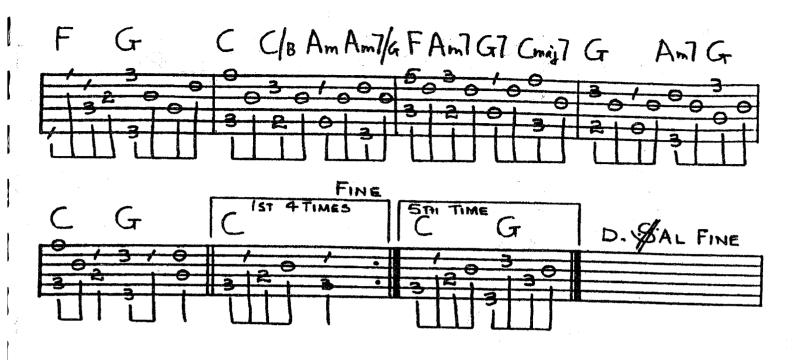
'Cos I can ride a spaceship, or engine on the line, I can be a cowboy fighting indians any time.

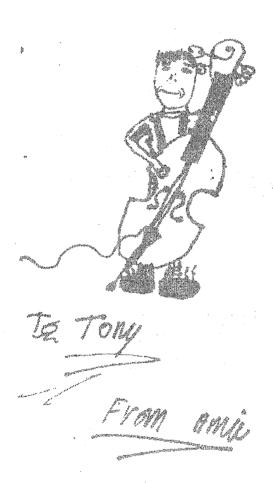
And when we've sailed the great lagoon, And fought the rains of the big monsoon,

In the deserted streets of the afternoon watch what I can do, 'Cos I can jump puddles, can you?



BLAINA BOYS - Cont.







BLAINA BOYS 1930

Stride by stride, heel and toe,
We go travelling by,
It's like searching the rivers for gold they say,
When all the waters are dry.
Hearts are heavy, spirits are low,
But with two strong arms you can never let go.

CHORUS.

We're the boys, we're the heart and soul,
A company of faith and fortune.
Travelling the road our destiny sold,
Just like the old miners, the "Forty-Niners",
Here we are looking for gold.

Goodbye the roadman, good-bye the coal, Good-bye the valley and shade, Our hearts lie there, but we have to go To where the games of profit are played. We can do it, we know that we can find A new way of living, a heaven of a kind.

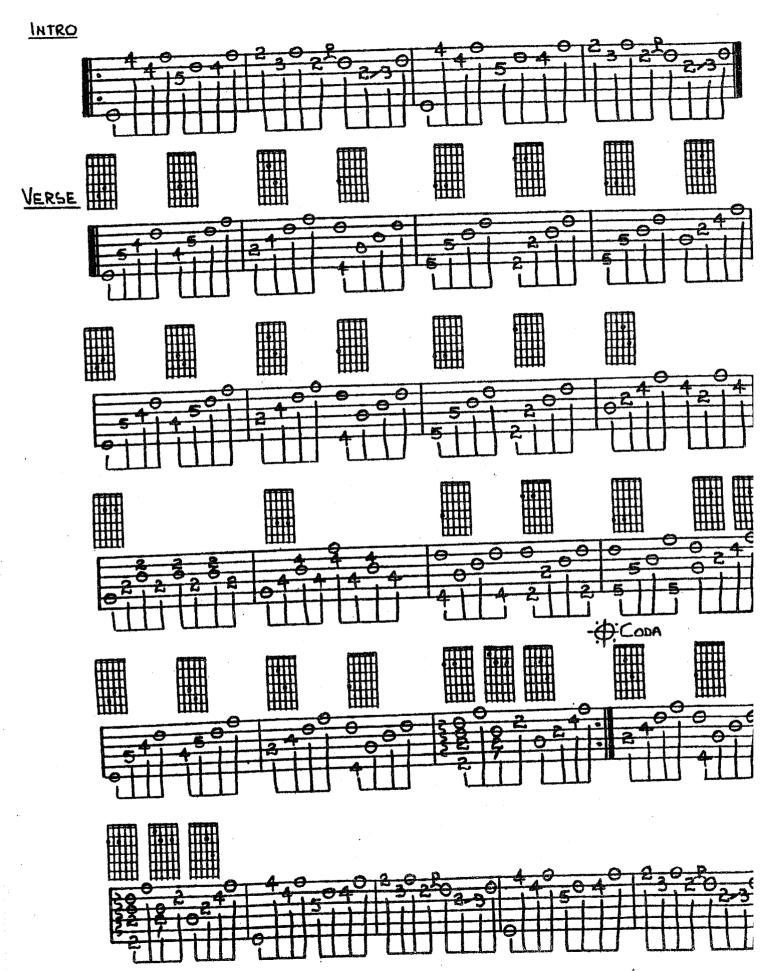
CHORUS

Travel to the west, go to the east,
England, America the moon,
Leaving the boat, leaving on a train,
No-one will be left there soon.
Troubles run deep, the water is wide,
But we're crossing the river to the other side.

CHORUS.

We've got the skyline, we got the road,
We got nothing to hide,
There's hearth back home and a dream of your own,
But nothing for your pockets or pride.
One way or another, you're under attack,
First you move forward but you're always coming back.

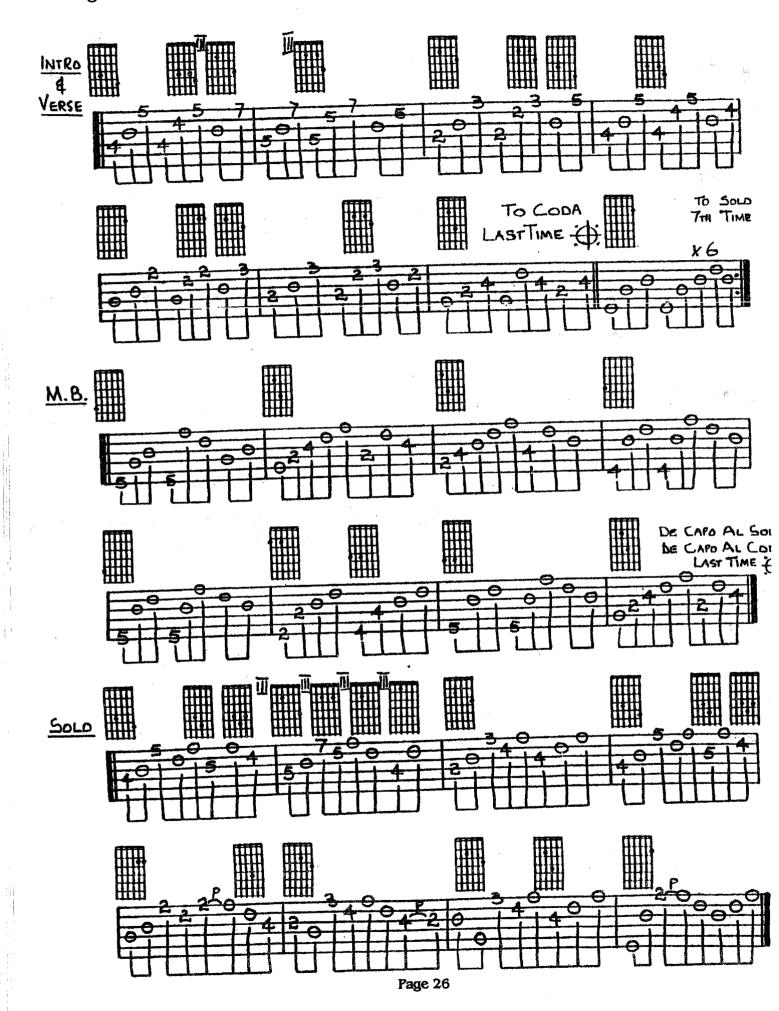
CHORUS



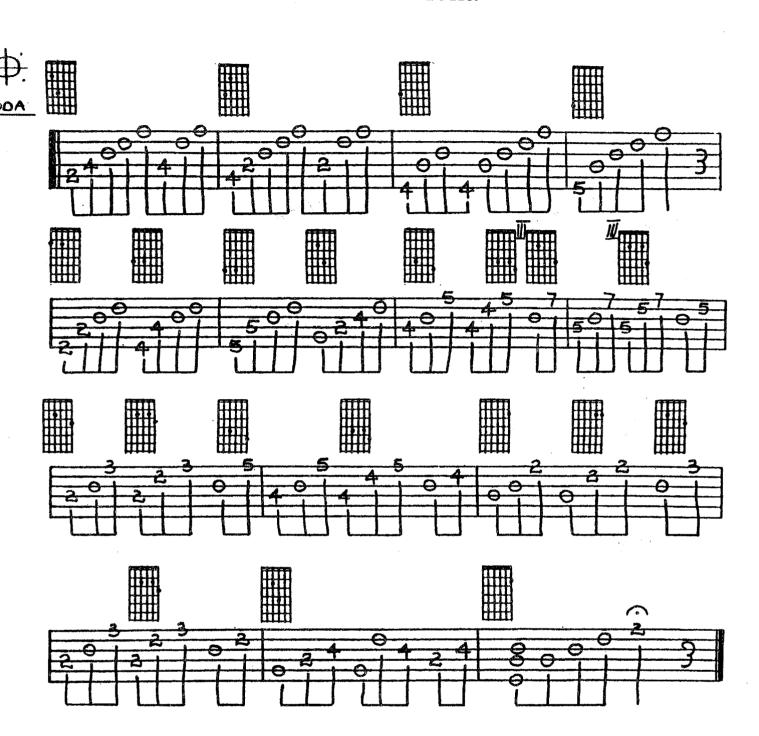
Page 24

BETHAN RHIANNON

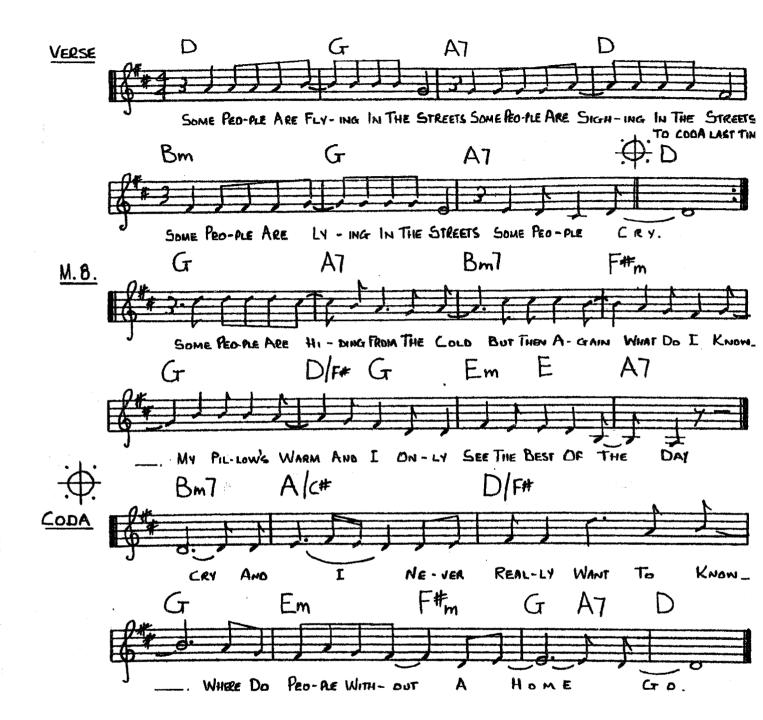




SOME PEOPLE -Cont.



SOME PEOPLE



SOME PEOPLE CRY

Some people are flying in the streets, Some people are sighing in the streets, Some people are lying in the streets, Some people cry.

Some people are hiding in the streets,
The young the old, shuffling their feet,
Playing the game with the people that they meet,
Some people cry.

Some people with nowhere to run, No light to follow, no-one to come, Just sat shivering, dreaming of the sun, Some people cry.

Some people with no place to go, They have no heaven, no arms to hold, They sell their body, there goes their soul, Some people cry.

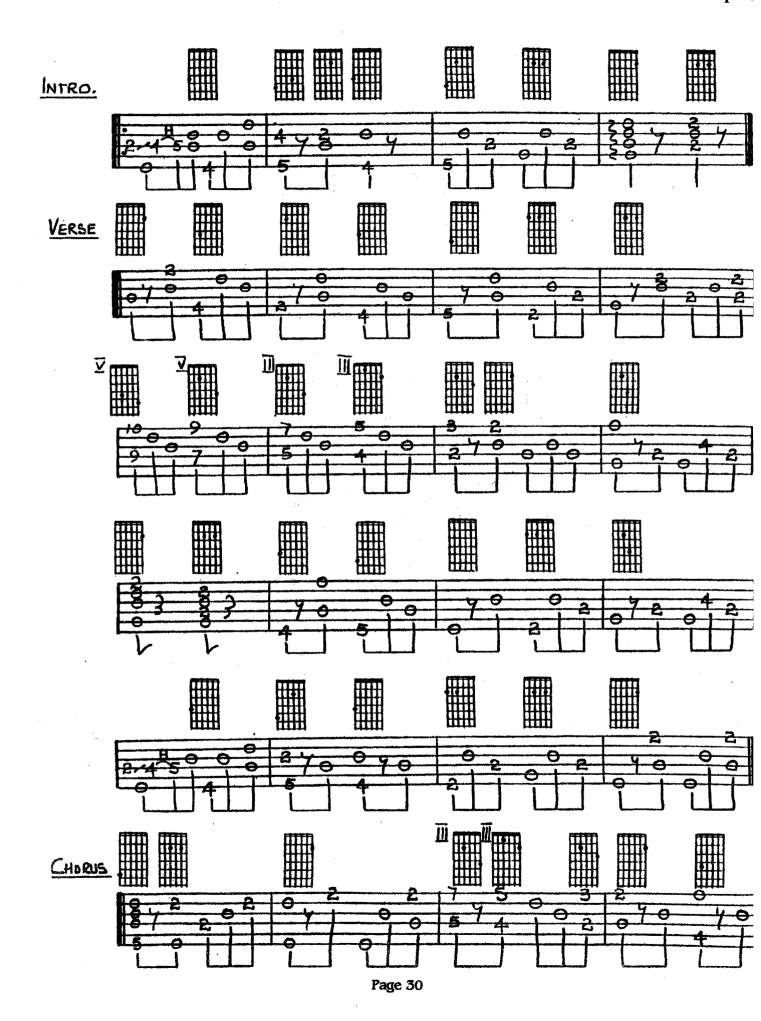
CHORUS

Some people are hiding from the cold, But then again, what do I know, My pillow's warm and I only see the best of the day.

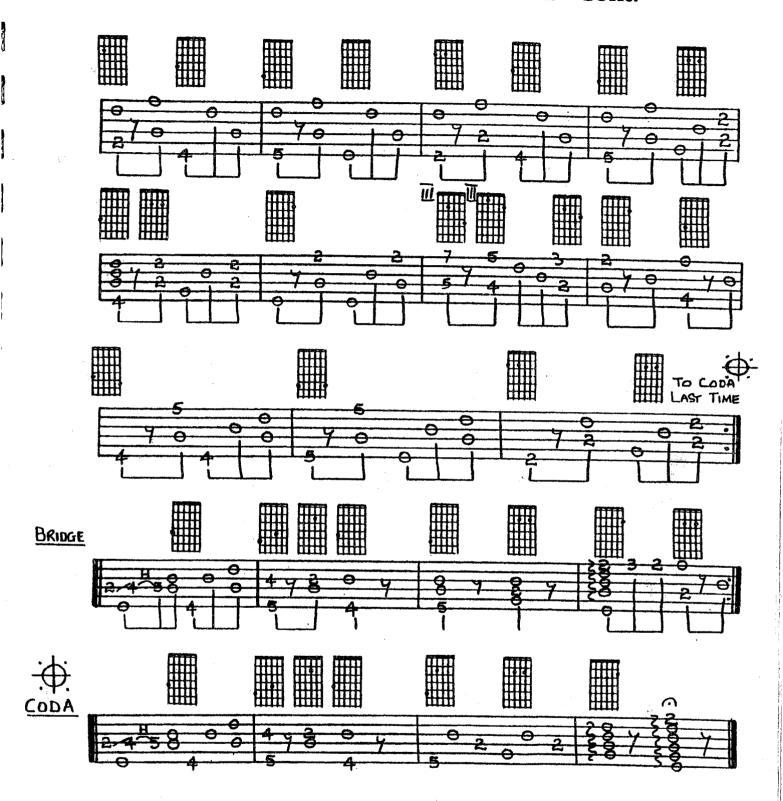
Some people are flying in the streets, Some people are lying in the streets, Pretty soon they'll be dying in the streets, Some people cry.

CHORUS

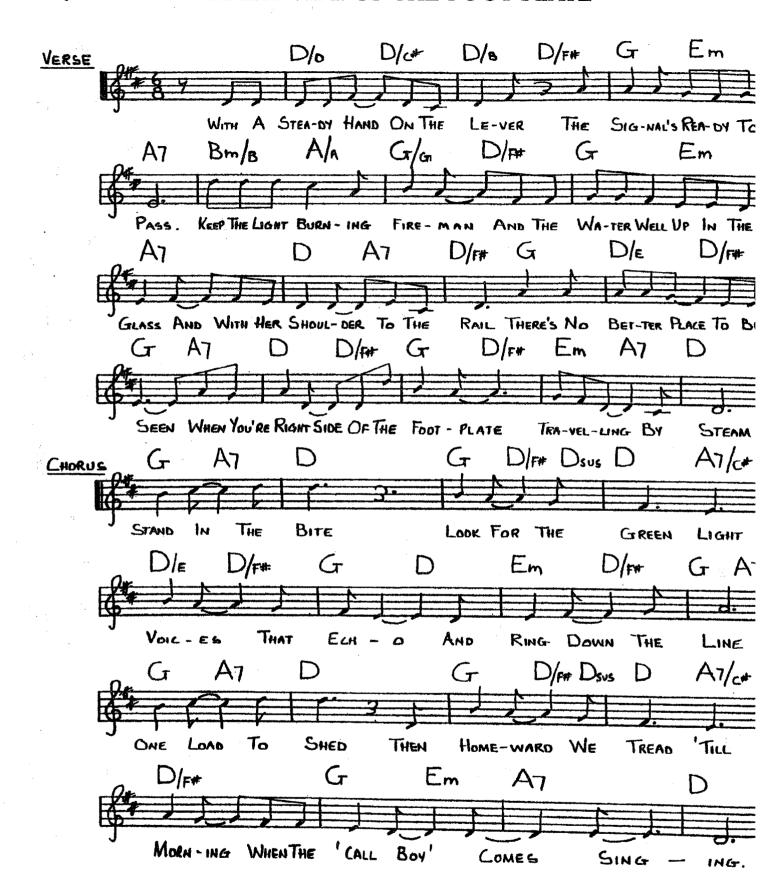
Some people are flying in the streets,
Some people pass by in the streets,
We should be dying of shame in the streets,
Some people cry.
And I never really want to know,
Where do people without a home go?



RIGHT SIDE OF THE FOOTPLATE - Cont.



RIGHT SIDE OF THE FOOT PLATE



RIGHT SIDE OF THE FOOTPLATE.

With a steady hand on the lever, the signal's ready to pass,
Keep the light burning fireman,
And the water well up in the glass,
And with her shoulder to the rail,
There's no better place to be seen,
When you're right side of the footplate,
Travelling by steam.

CHORUS.

'Stand in the bite', look for the 'green light',
Voices that echo and ring down the line.
One load to shed, then homeward we tread,
'Til morning when the "Call Boy" comes singing.

Me grandad worked at the station, a big wig so I've heard talk,
Me father he was a driver, travelling pit to port.
They said there's no better life for a young man,
And with them you must agree,
When you're right side of the footplate,
Travelling by steam.

CHORUS

Tomorrow it's off up to Banbury, a lodging turn for me, Where I lay me head on a pillow in room where I can sleep.

Then it's up and away in the morning,

As I wipe the clockface clean,

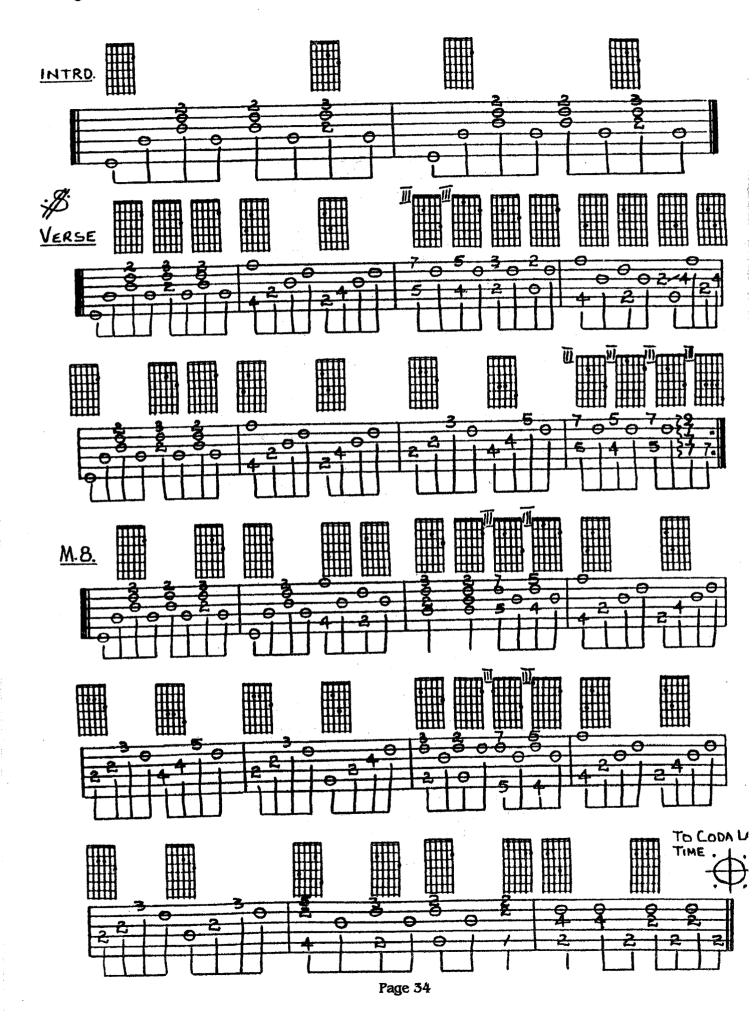
Then it's right side of the footplate,

Travelling by steam,

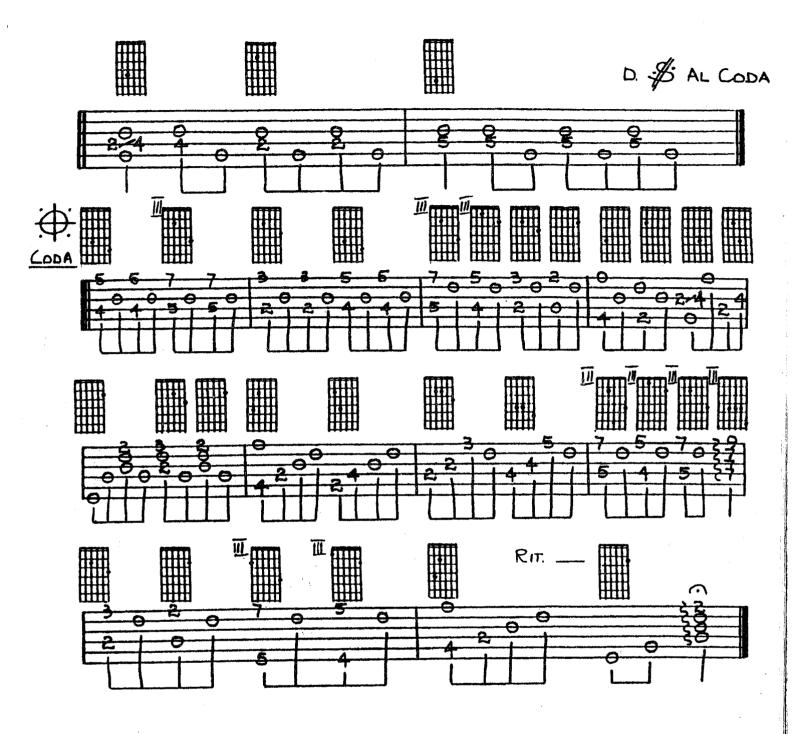
CHORUS.

Pick up your 'traps' and your 'tommy box',
We're reaching the end of the line.
Keep your eye on your watch lad, we'll bring her in on time,
And it could have been life on the dole queue,
Or mining for coal at the seam,
But it's right side of the footplate,
Travelling by steam.

CHORUS



GABRIELS CAROL - Cont.



GABRIEL'S CAROL



GABRIEL'S CAROL.

Gabriel I'm drowning, the tears are in my eyes,
Can you see the water rise?
Sometimes I feel I'm sinking, slipping out of sight,
Now it's just another starlit sky, and I can't sleep tonight.

Gabriel I was dreaming, visions of a kind,
Pictures racing through my mind.
Restless I awoke, aching to my soul,
But oh this time of night I think to much I know.

Day by day, just any place you go,
There are crazy people down here you know
Generations stumble father to child,
Sometimes I can't help thinking somebody, somewhere lied.

Gabriel they're singing, they're putting lights on trees,
How devotion comes with ease.
I could hear their voices, the words came floating by,
Now all the stars are singing and the moon is climbing high.

Do we get our ticket, will you take us as we are?
Did you ever think we'd make it this far.
Destiny, that's easy, we just follow our feet,
But often there is crying, sometimes life is cheap.

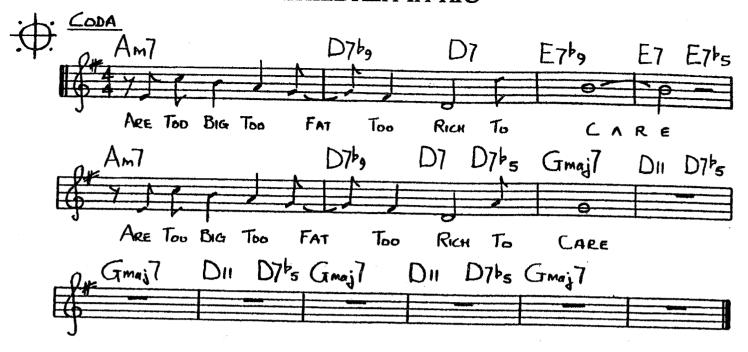
But it's okay, it's just another mood I'm in,
And tomorrow another day will begin.
Gabriel I was dreaming, slipping out of sight,
Now it's another starlit sky, and I can't sleep tonight.

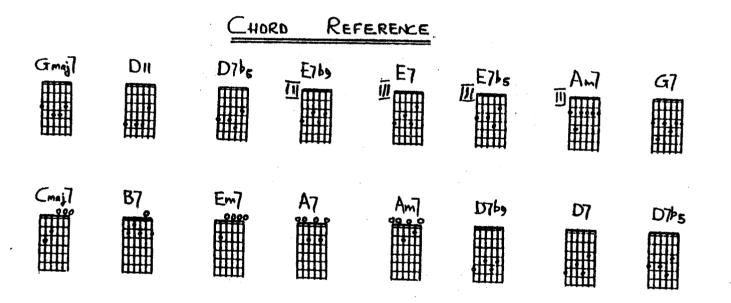
CHILDREN IN RIO



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CHILDREN IN RIO





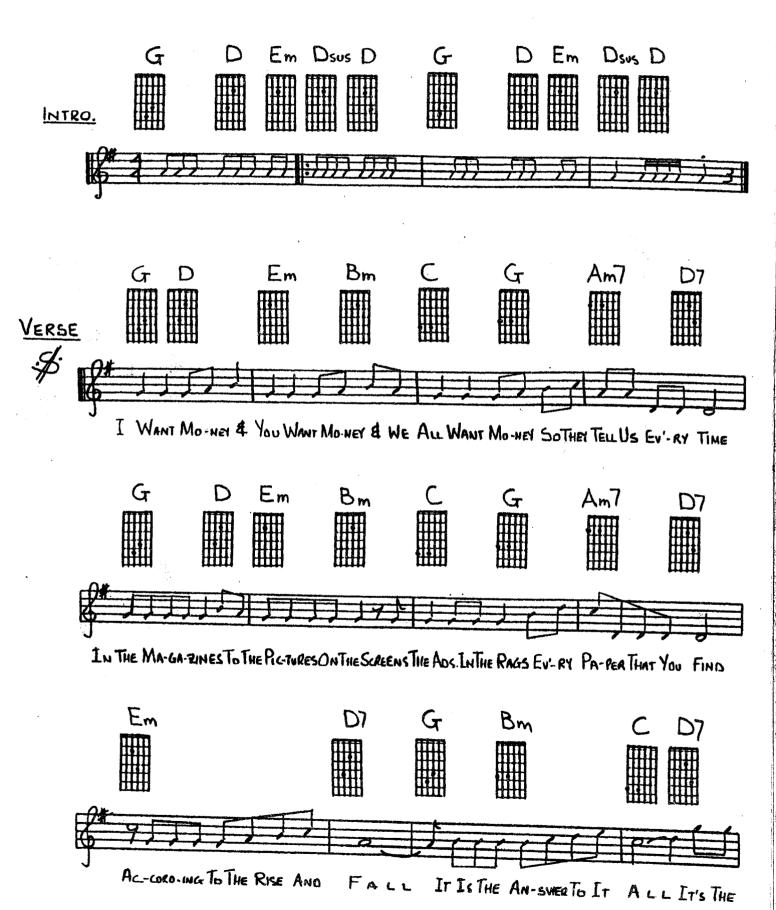
CHILDREN IN RIO.

All the children who sleep on the street in Rio
Stay alive the best way that they can.
While all the people who lie on the beach in Rio
Do what they do best just to get a tan.
And out on the streets when the lights all change,
The big cars go by all the children who no-one cares to view,
All the beautiful people who live in Rio
Are too big, too fat, too rich to care.

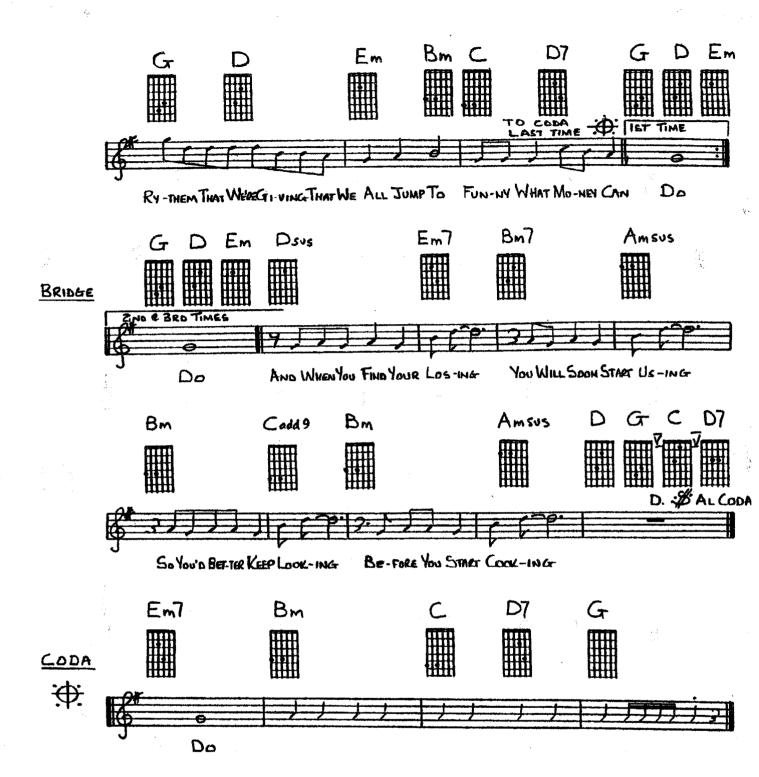
There is fun in the rhythm and the sun in Rio
Copacobana melt yourself away.
Under the streets, the sewers, the retreats in Rio,
That's where the children go, that's where they stay.
And under the stars of a Rio sky
They hide in fear from the bullets and guns
That make them disappear.
Beneath the arms of Jesus the people in Rio
Are too big, too fat, too rich to care.

And under the stars come the sounds of the night,
The shouts and the tears
That are soon forgotten when the daylight appears.
Beneath the arms of Jesus the people in Rio
Are too big, too fat, too rich to care,
Are too big, too fat, too rich to care.

N.B. For the above tuning read the chord shapes (Capo: 3) For conventional tuning read the chord name.



FUNNY WHAT MONEY CAN DO - Cont.



FUNNY WHAT MONEY CAN DO.

I want money and you want money,
And we all want money, so they tell us every time,
In the magazines to the pictures on the screens,
The ads in the rags, every paper that you find.
According to the rise and fall,
It is the answer to it all.

CHORUS.

It's the rhythm that we're given that we all jump to,
Funny what money can do.

We try hard to make it, if we don't then we take it, If we can't then we fake it just to say that we belong. While suit and ties are telling us everything they're selling us Is everything you need if you want to get along.

You get your chance first to try it, If you don't have money then you buy it.

CHORUS.

And when you find you're losing, You will soon start using, So you'd better keep looking, Before you start cooking.

In the city you can stock it, you can take it home and lock it, Stuff it in your pocket, so you know you're not without. You can smell it, you can feel it, you can rattle it and peel it, Do the "Hokey Cokey" and then wave it all about.

It's all the new sensation,
This is the cash generation.

CHORUS.

I need money and you need money
And we all need money, heaven knows that we do.
But when someone relaxes the payment on your taxes,
Someone goes and axes a benefit or two.
It might be hard to believe it,
But why not give it to the people who need it?

CHORUS.

