

Side Two Rare - Caedmon

Netherbow Tapes 1975

London Psalm (Wilson/ Unknown) 4.23

We sat down by the river
And we wept tears at Wapping.
We could not bring our worship
To the lord in this strange land.
As driftwood floats along the Thames
Towards the Pitsea marshes.
The souls of sinful men were drifting
Down to their Gravesend.

Our eyes were wet with sorrow
For afflictions of the people.
The dockside streets were choking,
With fumes, the dust, the dirt.
And loads of warehouse lorries
Carry soap to supermarkets,
While tally-clerks count cargoes
For the god of merchandise.

We hanged our hearts on barges
And we cried upon containers,
As we saw the Christ-less
Living on the drab Commercial Road.
Within the Tower Hamlets
There were hearts of hollow houses.
The only sound inside them
Was the weeping of a child...

See the sewer rats running
From the black polluted waters,
Like a host of evil watchers
On the stores of dockside ships.
And Shadwell Stores sell Slumberwear
For sinful souls to sleep in,
While the Blackwall face of death
Stares at them at Milend.

James Bisset - electric guitar
Simon Jaquet - guitar
Ken Patterson - 'cello
Sam Wilson - bass guitar
Angela Webb - vocals

Death Knot (Stone) 3.59

Stolen dreams from poisoned sleep
Torment young poet's peace;
Try clarify their blind mind's eye
To spy their soul's release.
Crawl on all fours and claw your doors
And call come help us please!
You close the door to stay luke-warm
For fear that you might freeze.

Teachers weave transparent tales
That veil the face of death;
The sinner sneers, won't interfere,
The prophet holds his breath.
Bereavement lifts its shaking veil
And asks what hope is left
In platitudes that can't undo
The knot that can't forget.

Blind man holds the child's hand
Your mind's eye filled with light
The door is open find your hope
Warmth and sight inside.
James Bisset - guitar
Simon Jaquet - guitar (soloist)
Ken Patterson - 'cello
Sam Wilson - bass guitar
Angela Webb - vocals

God is Love (Dearmer) 2.08

God is love, his the care
Tending each everywhere.
God is love, all is there,
Jesus came to show him
That mankind might know him.

Sing aloud, loud, loud x2
Gos is good
God is truth
God is beauty, praise him

None can see God above;
All have here men to love;
So may we godward move,
Finding him in others,
Holding all men brothers.

Jesus lived here for men,
Strove and died, rose again.
Rules our hearts now as then,
For he came to save us,
By the truth he gave us.
To our Lord praise we sing,
Light and life, friend and King,
Coming down, love to bring,
Pattern for our duty,
Showing God in beauty.

James Bisset - guitar
Simon Jaquet - vocals, guitar
Ken Patterson - 'cello
Sam Wilson - bass guitar
Angela Webb - vocals

Born to Die (Fischer) 2.42

Dark clouds hide the sunlit sky
In a barn a baby cries.
Does he know he's born to die?
Rest now while trials are few,
Only your father knows why.

He was not a mighty king,
He could make a hammer ring,
Touch a heart and make it sing.
His hands were the hands of strength
Hands that could hold men free.

Bright sun tans his weathered face,
Dusty were the roads he traced,
Spreading news of love and grace.
Binding the broken heart
Soothing the sorrow torn face.

Dark clouds hide a sunlit sky,
In a town a baby cries,
On a hill a saviour dies.
Dies of his own free will
He can tell you why.

James Bisset - guitar
Simon Jaquet - bongos
Ken Patterson - guitar (soloist)
Sam Wilson - bass guitar
Angela Webb - vocals

Caedmon were a student band from 1973 - '78 releasing a studio album on their own label in '78. Interest in the band grew with a CD rerelease of the first album licensed to Kissing Spell records in the '90's. A live CD appeared soon after. 30 years on they recorded brand new material for their own 2010 release 'A Chicken to Hug' on the Caedmon's Return label.

Ten years on, 'RARE' is a compilation of brand new and old very early recordings the band discovered on degrading ¼ tape in David Heavenor's archives. In this selection Caedmon's initial Christian song covers are joined by Sam's 'London Psalm' (with lyrics from a 'Buzz' magazine), Friend Lance Stone's 'Death knot and Simon's 'Tears may Linger' based on Psalm 30.

Tears may Linger (Jaquet) 2.52

Tears may linger at nightfall x2
But in the morning comes joy,
And you've turned my lamenting into dancing.

I had lost myself in my mountain refuge
And closed the door on life.
I thought I could not be shaken
But you know better than I.

Tears may linger at nightfall x2.....

In your anger there is disquiet
In your favour there is light.
As my rock began to crumble
As the evil days went by.

Tears may linger at nightfall x2.....

I called to you in anguish
My own resources failed,
And you lifted me up beside you
A child that you had healed.

So sing a song unto our God now
All those who love him too
For can dust confess that he is God
Or proclaim that he is true.

James Bisset - guitar
Simon Jaquet - vocals, guitar
Ken Patterson - cello
Sam Wilson - bass guitar
Angela Webb - vocals

Now the Green Blade Riseth (Crum) 3.06

Now the green blade riseth, from the buried grain,
Wheat that in dark earth many days has lain.
Love lives again, that with the dead has been;
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.

In the grave they laid him, love whom men had slain,
Thinking that he would never wake again.
Laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen;
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.

Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
He that for three days in the grave had lain.
Quick from the dead, my living lord is seen;
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.

When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,
Thy touch can call us back to life again.
fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been;
Love is come again like wheat arising green.

James Bisset - guitar
Simon Jaquet - recorder
Ken Patterson - cello
Sam Wilson - bass guitar
Angela Webb - vocals

Recorded live in St Mary's Church, Haddington in '78.

Rare (Patterson / Wilson) 4.33

Clay from ground shaped on a wheel,
Fused by fire then glaze a seal.
And from the kiln takes a chalice warm,
The goblet shines vessel of fine form.

Wheel turns round x2
The wheel turns round,
And it was rare.

With a potter's skill they make a mould.
Five hundred more made to be sold.
And each one bought, terracotta frail,
Was loved and used like a precious grail

Wheel turns round

And ten years on, a journey,
Finds a goblet on a shelf.
He thought it handsome fayre,
And then confirmed it rare

A magic kiss made a likeness new,
With more at hand the interest grew.
Rumours spread, word across the land,
Originals always in demand.

Wheel turns round

Potters reflect upon their work,
Recall the joy of making.
It was the grail itself they loved
Not rareness or money taking.

Collectors, hide away their grail
Under lock and key.
Never used or seen or shared.
Ceramic bourgeoisie.

Wheel turns round

Caroline Brown - vocals
Simon Jaquet - octave mandolin, shaker,
djembe, electric guitar
Ken Patterson - vocals, flugel horns,'cello, keyboard
Sam Wilson - vocals, classical guitar, bass guitar

Peace (Webb / Patterson) 3.43

Peace in resting, peace in strife
Peace in night's calm sleep.
Peace through darkness, peace through pain,
Peace through smiles and tears.

Peace is mine through Christ who gives.
My peace I give to you.
Peace through trusting one who loves,
My peace I leave with you.

James Bisset - electric guitar
Simon Jaquet - mandolin, drum kit
Sally Jaquet - vocals
Ken Patterson - guitars, 'cello
Sam Wilson - bass guitar
Angela Webb - vocals

Side One Rare - Caedmon 2019 Songs

Dream of the Rood (Caedmon) 8.37

Dream .. of the tree of life,.....
Dream .. of the seed planted here,
Dream .. of the tree of life.....

I dreamed again in the dead of night
A wondrous tree an awesome sight.
Clad in gold and jewels fine
Bathed in lights with a brilliant shine.
Gilded leaves all heavy hung,
Felons wretched their hopes unsung.
The story told that made me weep
I begged for tears in my troubled sleep .. Dream..

The hero walked into the dream
And climbed the gallows so stark and mean.
I looked in fear as all could see
He faced his fate, no longer free.
Embracing boughs, that lofty oak
A beacon high a golden cloak
Bands of angels through eternity
Felt his sorrow upon that tree .. Dream..

(The Rood's Tale)

Bore I the lord's weight
Noble king on rood raised high.
Scarred deep with dark nails
Sacred blood which stained us all.
Creation wept for Christ on the cross,
Holy Christ upon this cross.

Before soldiers bent I,
Taking down the lord of life,
Lay them him upon the ground.
The lord of heaven laid on earth,
Then to the tomb, then they came to chop me down
As he grew cold they chopped me down.

On that day all will face the judge
Who suffered death upon this tree.
He tasted death but lives again
And rose to heaven to set us free.
Each afraid with of the words to say,
With a token of the cross on his breast.
He may journey to paradise.
To go and dwell with the King .. Dream ..

James Bisset - electric guitar, vocals
Caroline Brown - vocals
Sally Jaquet - vocals
Simon Jaquet - vocals, octave mandolin, dumbek,
djembe, shaker
Ken Patterson - cello, accordion, keyboards, vocals
Sam Wilson - bass guitar, 12 string guitar, vocals
Angela Webb - vocals

Go (Bisset / Patterson) 3.24

Go, if you have to go. Do, what you have to do.
Know, what you have to know,
Be ready to be you.

A tangled ball of push and shove.
Patient waiting, must be ready for love
Winds of change, blow until ...
Some build walls, others build a windmill.

James Bisset - electric guitars, vocals
Simon Jaquet - mandolin, frame drum, bass tom
tambourine, djembe, shaker, vocals
Ken Patterson - vocals, accordion, keyboards,
Sam Wilson - bass guitar, 12 string guitar, vocals
Angela Webb - vocals

Sky Song (Patterson) 4.08

All alone, remember your very first flight
The birds on the breeze testify.
And fears from the past still flutter, return
You hope that they'll not pass you by.
For you know that the journey must keep winding on
That you'll always need wings, yet, to fly.
For here you are now, and he is who he is,
Hold your height and reach for the sky.

All alone, as the eye of the storm greets your face
And rain rusts your road for a while.
The birds are all gone with the clouds and the smog,
Sun's shadow grows dim on the dial.
But the skein in formation, wends its way south
Keeping shape, never asks why.
You are with me now, and he is who he is,
Hold your form and reach for the sky.

All alone as you fly, the months become years
And the years pass swiftly away.
Thoughts are the thread in the headwind that slows
And carve a straight path as you sway.
You ponder on those left behind in the field,
But home birds oft find themselves shy.
Stare in wonder As we take to the air,
Hold my hand and reach for the sky.

All alone stands the goose with tears in her eyes
And stares to the south and the sun.
Where sea kisses sky who smiles in return
And rain wets, tears now outrun.
And those she forgot, fly ahead with the flock
Will always be asking her, why?
Shadow their silhouette set in the stars
Hold your faith and reach for the sky.

James Bisset - electric guitar
Simon Jaquet - vocals, guitar, octave mandolin
djembe, shaker
Ken Patterson - vocals, cello, keyboards, guitar
Sam Wilson - bass guitar
Angela Webb - vocals

Runaway (Caedmon) 3.51

Sooner or later I'll be by the window,
Watching the tide ebb and flow.
Nothing can stop you now, runaway.
But you might find a way, may be a way,
A road that leads you back here, back home.

You've turned your back,
Taken your own course.
And while you sleep the storm is near.
The crew is 'gainst you now, runaway.
But you might find a way, may be a way
A road that leads you back here, back home.

Runaway.....

Over and under, you're at sea now.
fish got you in the deep.
not too late to turn back, runaway.
I you might find a way, may be a way
ad that leads you back here, back home.
you might find a way, may be a way
ad that leads you back here, back home.

es Bisset - electric guitars, vocals
line Brown - vocals
on Jaquet - vocals, octave mandolin, djembe, shaker
Patterson - cello, keyboards, vocals
i Wilson - bass guitar, 12 string guitar, vocals
ela Webb - vocals

Mustard Seed (Patterson / Wilson) 2.19

Sow the seed a tiny grain.
Till the soil and let it rain.
Warm and grow with care,
Reaching high and blossom bear,

See that tiny mustard seed:
Is it spice or is it weed?
Could it ever grow so high,
Room for nests where birds fly?

Smallest seed to highest herb,
Spreading its branches now wider.
Yeast makes leaven bread to rise.
Substance and splendor is our prize.

James Bisset - electric guitar
Sally Jaquet - vocals
Simon Jaquet - octave mandolin, mandolin, brushes
Ken Patterson - 'cello, keyboards
Sam Wilson - bass guitar
Angela Webb - vocals

Engineered by Ken Patterson,
Produced by Caedmon
Mastered by Steve Coates, Red Tape Music

Apologies for occasional distortion which is present in the original mix

Thanks to: David Heavenor, Caroline Brown, Sally Jaquet, Claire Wilson, Keith Webb, Marion Farmer, Ruth Bisset.

