

## PEOPLE AND PLACES

**One summer I had the privilege of several deep conversations with folk I just happened to meet. Thinking back later I realised that `people' and `places' are what folk music is all about!**

Barry was ten when his drunk father's blows  
Became too much for his mother and so  
They fled to a safe house so he'd leave them alone  
And that's where they lived until Barry had grown  
Six weeks before we met she'd passed away  
One week to move out - he'd no money to pay  
For weeks he had slept on a shower-room floor  
He helped me to see what it means to be poor

Lewis still looked like the soldier he'd been  
Walker's pack, leather boots, fleece olive-green  
Raised in the heart of a coal-mining town  
The year he left school they had closed the pit down

Over a quiet drink I mentioned some news  
Soon the whole bar knew the strength of his views  
No pub propaganda - he lived out his creed  
I wondered if he saw the same thing in me

(Chorus)

People and places and faces and names  
The song and the story, the glory, the pain  
Of people and places and faces and names  
Come, tell me your story - your song and I'll sing it again

Kevin was Irish, a singer of songs  
A man of compassion, a righter of wrongs  
He said what he felt and he meant what he said  
Even if half the time it just entered his head  
When he was young he'd been shown how to pray  
But power and prejudice scared him away  
He said I'd been sent there to help him to find  
The hope he had lost and bring peace to his mind

Daniel was ever the family man  
A messy divorce never part of his plan  
She found someone else, took his children away  
It wasn't his fault but he still had to pay  
As he told me his story we touched holy ground  
The wilderness years, the new love he had found  
The next day we all said goodbye like old friends  
I left them both hoping I'd see them again



## FIGHTER'S EYES

**For millions of children around the world the street is their home, where they're subjected to all kinds of abuse and danger. This song is for them and for those who work to help them, some of whom I've had the privilege of meeting.**

You struggled from the darkness  
And your fist was clenched so tight  
Your scream was loud enough to wake the dead  
The woman smiled to see you lying there  
But is she smiling now?  
A fighter's eyes still burning in your head

(Chorus)

When the tears fill up your fighter's eyes  
Is anybody there to catch them fall?

Does anybody hear your frightened cries  
Or catch the falling child who makes the call?

You've always asked but never known  
Who your Daddy really was  
The answers never really hid the lies  
You hit the streets just a little child  
And the paving stones were hard  
Now I can see that hardness in your eyes

Your fist is still clenched tight  
And you're looking for a fight  
You don't care what's wrong or right  
You're a heart-breaking sight

I only saw you for a moment  
Looking tired and sad and small  
But fighter's eyes told me to keep away  
I don't suppose we'll meet again  
But God knows where you are  
So I'll pray you find the love that comes to stay



## WRITE FOR ME A SONG

**Jill suggested I write a song when Ben left home but all I could manage was the title. About a year later she woke up one day and wrote three verses. So, all I had to do was find a tune and the chorus. Now sung with Tim and Rob in mind, too, but always firstly for Ben!**

Write for me a song about the boy who's gone away  
Find his photographs and then we'll put them on display  
Talk to me about him often, keep him fresh in mind  
Help me fill the empty spaces that he's left behind

(Chorus)

Write for me a song, she said  
Write for me a song  
One that we can sing together when the nights are long  
Write for me a song, she said  
Write for me a song  
Until the morning comes and he is home

Write for me a song about the boy who's now a man  
Paint his childhood for me and describe him if you can  
Think about the times we've laughed together with our son  
And tell him we're so proud to know the man he has become

Write for me a song about the man who's left our home  
Full of secret hopes and dreams now he is fully grown  
Watch him closely as he learns to spread his wings and fly  
My arms are always open, though for now we say goodbye

## STAR OF THE SHOW

**Although this song has a bit to do with my Mum and refers to a pizzeria I went to as a student, it's really a tribute to people everywhere who live life 'backstage', serving or caring for others. The real stars!**

I saw her face past the crowd and cameras  
So clearly the star of the show  
I never thought she would see me staring  
A spare part in her cameo  
Red wine, an Italian dinner  
Couldn't think what she'd want with me

(Chorus)

I was an extra, with no words to say  
She was the leading lady

I married her and the crowd and cameras  
Saw clearly the star of the show  
But other faces soon grabbed the limelight  
She just stared in the afterglow  
Red eyes, tears of disappointment  
All I could do was hold her close to me

I watched her dream of the crowd and cameras  
Still clearly the star of the show  
I loved her more with each year together  
But there were some things I didn't know  
Red flag, should have seen the danger  
Last call, she was gone from me

We carried her past the crowd and cameras  
So clearly the star of the show  
I never saw all those famous faces  
Now staring at me in the front row  
Red face, couldn't understand it  
When they stood and applauded me



## IRONS AND CHAINS

**Nailmakers in my home town of Bromsgrove were among those dubbed the 'White Slaves of England' by John Cobden in his book of 1854. My reflection on the Bicentenary of the Abolition of the Transatlantic Slave Trade (1807) considers the links between those oppressed – not only through the irons and chains but also their common suffering and humanity. The famous hymn 'Amazing Grace' by John Newton, slave trader turned abolitionist and clergyman, serves as an appropriate introduction in more ways than one.**

In the town of my birth and the Black Country round  
Generations of men, women, children were bound  
To the nail shops and forges, their hammers gave sound  
Through weary lives labouring hard  
The sound of those hammer blows rang down the lanes  
And echoed like thunder across the salt main

(Chorus)

When the white slaves of England  
Made irons and chains  
For the black slaves of Africa

For their lords and their masters they sweated and starved  
Though their wages were meagre and sometimes were halved  
As the trade winds blew poverty fresh names were carved  
Short weary lives labouring hard  
Were they just as guilty as those who wealth gained?  
Who shared the benefits? Who bore the shame?

The white slaves were exploited and down-trodden too  
And let's not underestimate what they went through  
For the nailers and miners and chainmakers knew  
Such weary lives labouring hard  
But they sweetened their drinks with the fruit of the cane  
More bitter by far in plantations of pain

Torn from their families, tethered like animals  
Am I not human? they cried  
Crushed into cargo ships, beaten and branded  
Rootless and nameless they died

Does it help to compare all these wages of sin?  
Do we know where to end it or where to begin  
To lead black and white true freedom to win  
From weary lives labouring hard?  
Can grace so amazing still wash guilty stains  
And bring us together to heal what remains?

## WOODBINE WILLIE

Nicknamed 'Woodbine Willie' for giving out cigarettes along with portions of Scripture, WW1 chaplain Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy (1883-1929) was a legend in his own lifetime. Like many clergy he initially supported war but the realities of the Western Front left him disillusioned and asking questions about God. Nevertheless, his faith and tireless commitment took him well beyond the call of duty – whether in helping soldiers write letters home or risking his life to rescue the wounded. His poems 'Faith' and 'Waste' are referred to in this song. (Another hymn, 'The Day Thou Gavest Lord Is Ended', seemed to fit!)

When you left your Worcester parish  
And the pulpit of St Paul's  
Daily prayers beside the Severn  
And those great cathedral walls  
Did the sermons that inspired  
Many men to join the fight  
Fill your own brave heart with courage  
As you marched into the night?

(Chorus)

Write a letter for me  
Tell me God still cares  
Pass a Woodbine Willie  
Padre say a prayer

To the terror of the trenches  
To the bullet and the bomb  
To the screams of shell and soldier  
To the slaughter of the Somme  
When at Messines Ridge you rescued  
Fallen wounded from the mud  
There you earned a hero's medal  
In the tears and sweat and blood

You'd believed in King and Country  
And the justice of your cause  
You'd believed that God was with you  
In this war to end all wars  
But each life that was extinguished  
By the ignorance and lies  
Broke your heart and was reflected  
In the sadness of your eyes

With the passion of a poet  
Painting words of truth and love  
Pointing men to hope and beauty



Through your faith in God above  
You denounced the waste of warfare  
Wrestled doubts, held to your call  
And you gambled on a Saviour  
Who had suffered for it all

## HENRY INCE

**Henry Ince (1802-87) from Bournheath was a respected Methodist preacher, nailers' leader and local character! One of the first trustees of the Primitive Methodist Chapel in Bournheath (1837), he took part in his first strike in 1842. Like many others he was active in both Methodism and early trade unionism, emphasizing personal faith but also the social implications of the Gospel. The nailers' gift to Ince came after the resolution of a strike in 1869. There's some question about the date of a poem used in the bridge (1842 or 1862?) but it may refer to the gift of a ton of coal made to striking nailers, who then hauled it from Halesowen to Bromsgrove as a protest and for sale.**

Henry straightened his aching back  
And laid his hammer down  
And whistled one of Wesley's hymns  
As he marched to Bromsgrove Town  
The nailers gathered to hear him preach  
About a better day  
They said his voice so clear and strong  
Could be heard a mile away

(Chorus)

His hands were hard as iron  
And his heart was full of fire  
With a passion for the Gospel  
That never would retire  
He marched the lanes for Jesus  
And he backed the Union's cause  
Henry was a nailer  
And a preacher for the Lord

He represented the nailers trade  
For half a century  
A man of peace he led the fight  
With faith and honesty  
Through eight long strikes he guided them  
The struggle often hard  
The nailers bought him a new suit of clothes  
To show their high regard



Oh, the slaves abroad in the sugar cane,  
Find plenty to help and pity their pain,  
But the slaves at home in the mine or fire,  
Have plenty to pity but none to admire.

The chapels echoed to Henry's voice  
As he preached the Gospel true  
And fourteen thousand miles he walked  
This mission to pursue  
Seeking souls for heaven's sake  
Meant changes here on earth  
For nailer, master, slave or king  
Were all of equal worth



## THE SINGER AND THE HARLOT

**Inspired by Markham's poem 'Outwitted', Jesus and the woman caught in adultery (John 8), Carter's 'Lord of the Dance', caim prayers and my dislike of seeing people left out. For circle dancers everywhere!**

The Singer was a stranger to everyone he met  
But his music was a memory that no-one could forget  
They listened day or night and even when the skies were grey  
His songs had silver linings that chased their clouds away

The Harlot knew they hated how she earned her daily bread  
Many of the women said they wished to see her dead  
And many of the men although they knew her very well  
Speaking in the public places condemned her soul to hell

(Chorus)

Deep inside the music hear an ancient song  
Join the dance and find where you belong

The Singer came on Sunday into the village square  
Morning was just breaking - he breathed the early air  
And raised his voice to join in the chorus of the dawn  
And people came to listen from old to newly-born

The Harlot heard the music and a memory was stirred  
Though the notes were new to her - a tune she'd never heard  
The sound was so familiar - it made her laugh out loud  
She rose to dress and headed out to join the gathering crowd  
(Just one more in the crowd)

The Harlot's head was covered to keep her face from view  
From curious and customers and anyone she knew  
But someone recognised her - pushed and knocked her down  
Other hands then struck her and tugged and tore her gown

The Singer drew a circle in the dust upon the ground  
The people stopped and stared at him not making any sound  
He held his hand out to her then drew the woman in  
As they came together they both began to sing

No-one dared to question the Singer and his song  
The Harlot sang in harmony and danced the whole day long  
Some folk joined the circle - they knew they shared the blame  
Others stood outside it and hung their heads in shame  
(They went home the way they came)

## STEADY

**I wrote most of this song on holiday in Yorkshire, admiring the hills while thinking about a friend's struggle with serious illness. Life inevitably means uncertainty, struggle and change but also offers variety, wonder and opportunity. In and through it all is the mystery of a steadying Love.**

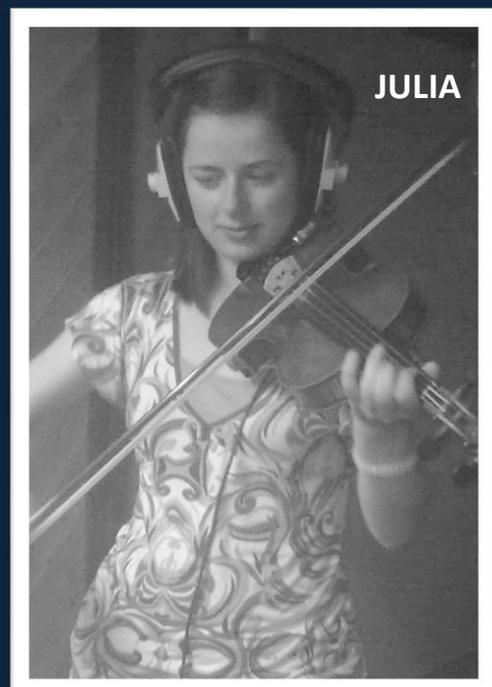
Steady the earth revolving in space  
Restless it turns never losing its place  
Steady the river's path, bounded yet free  
Twisting and tumbling down to the sea  
Steady the eye of the eagle in flight  
Catching each thermal she gathers more height

(Chorus)

Steady the hills generations have climbed  
Patiently marking our footsteps in time

Steady the soil in silence it lies  
Nurturing life under darkening skies  
Steady the oak roots deep in the ground  
When the bough breaks its heart is still sound  
Steady the fruit of the field and the tree  
Sunshine and rain and the flight of the bee

The turn of night and day  
A time to be still and a time to find your way  
The ocean's ebb and flow  
A time to hold on and a time for letting go



Steady the tide that waits for no man  
Casting its waves on the rocks and the sand  
Steady the year as each season unfolds  
Nobody knows what the coming day holds  
Steady the love of a heart that is true  
With trembling hands she now reaches for you

## TURNER

**Thomas Dennis Turner (1896-1980) was a market gardener and strawberries an important crop. The pickers, many from our church, included my mother and aunt. A song about living for today!**

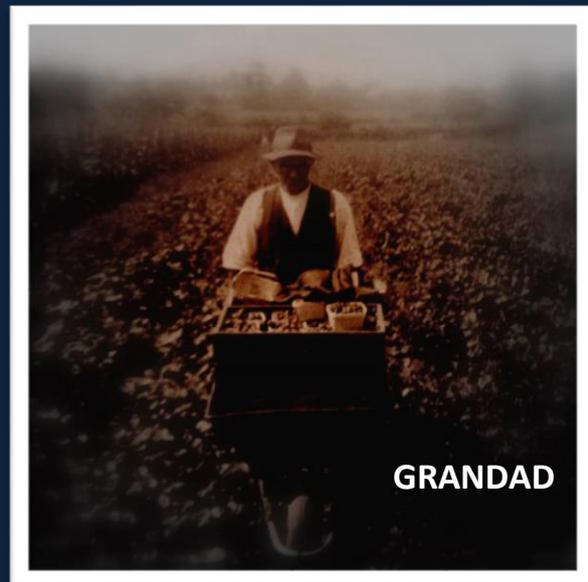
The appointment was at ten o'clock  
In the town where I was born  
And I'd arrived with time to spare  
That early summer's morn  
Stopped at Andy's van for breakfast  
Still had half-an-hour to kill  
Turned off down memory lane  
And drove the old car up the hill

About my younger days  
Or sing about the changes  
Since we went our separate ways?

(Chorus)  
Turn the soil and turn the page  
And turn the hands of time  
I will turn again and take your hand in mine

Should I sing about the strawberry fields  
Where Grandad spent his days?  
Overgrown with starter homes  
That cover up his ways  
The chapel women knelt in rows  
To pick the runners clean  
Perhaps they've now forgotten how  
To handle things unseen?  
Why should I list the things I miss  
About my younger days  
Or sing about the changes  
Since we went our separate ways?

I've been turning over bits of broken memories



To piece myself together from the past  
To try to understand the feelings that have troubled me  
And face the future free of them at last

I could reminisce about that kiss  
In the field near Pierce's Brook  
As hundreds plough the motorway  
Without a second look  
I had to travel far from here  
To find what we had lost  
But coming here today  
I see the line I had to cross

I don't really miss the things I list  
About my younger days  
Or care about the changes  
Since we went our separate ways!



## CREDITS

Engineered and mixed by Lozz Hipkiss at Roosters Studio, Rowley Regis, July-October 2010.

Keith Judson - lead vocals, acoustic guitar  
Ben Judson – djembe, cajon, percussion, vocals  
Tim Judson - tenor guitar, mandolin, saxophone, tin whistles, vocals  
Julia Disney – piano, melodica, violin  
Mark `Busby' Burrows - lead guitar (track 3), vocals  
Jill Judson - vocals  
Karen Disney – vocals

All songs written by Keith Judson, except track 3 by Jill & Keith Judson.

Thanks very much to everyone involved with the making of this CD, especially Ben and Tim - and Lozz for his patience, humour and skill. Also thanks to my friends for their encouragement, not least the good people of the Woodman Folk Club!

[www.woodmanfolk.co.uk](http://www.woodmanfolk.co.uk)

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