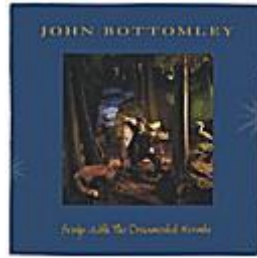


Mp3 John Bottomley - Songs With The Ornamental Hermits



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This was a very interesting recording. It won a Juno Award in Canada. T. Bone Burnett mixed this. Its literature and music put together. 12 MP3 Songs FOLK: Modern Folk, ROCK: Psychedelic Details: At this point in time you are best to digitally download these songs as we are out of stock. Thankyou. Mercury Manor Once while travelling abroad, I found myself in a deep fog one so thick I was intoxicated into the most peculiar mood the earth under my feet was scotch broom and bracken I walked on for some distance having no sense of direction until my eyes caught tracks on the ground they looked like fossil bird tracks one would find in a museum I followed the footprints for what seemed like an hour as I zigzagged down a narrow mountain road the path became softer like walking on a croquet lawn suddenly the fog disappeared and my fingers touched a gate of Bavarian wood the gatekeeper was a bowing gargoyle wearing a white suit and a blue hat on his left breast embroidered, was the hermits coat of arms he was holding a mistletoe known as the low country badge. I lifted the latch and walked through the gate the landscape was surrounded by rows of ancient oaks at the edge of the forest were lofty hills that rolled up and down the guest appeared in a miracle of surprise as a fresh scent of oconee bells, phantom orchids and mountain blue flags came rushing by in a tree, magical birds were in a ceremony weaving nests in their Avian architecture there was a flood of unpretending melody there were spangled drongo's in gossips court a belted kingfisher, flocks of ribbon-tailed birds of paradise. Directly on my right on a knoll was the fabled Norfolk water reed in its wild luxury there was a pond with a black swan, crimson beak silently gliding the trees were whispering I stopped and gazed down the path a short distance down one path was a sign that read Mercury Manor hidden in the trees I saw a small cottage and smoke rising from a golden roof the cottage fit so well in the scene it became invisible then visible with the lime twig spells of

twilight the magical effect made me feel i was standing in a painting the cottage was very small,maybe ten feet high and twenty feet wide at the back there was a small tower,a medieval star,planet gazing tower in the garret i imagined a quiet library where one could read and listen to the music of the orbs in a window was a colony of rare white lady's slipper. Rocking in front of an oak door was a woman in a chair she drank from a turquoise teacup She was the most beautiful woman i have ever seen there was something strange about this place,something inhuman something mid-air,mid-earth this scene was the craft work of a gnome a sylph,dryad,genie and of the remarkable elves.....

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