

Mp3 John Bottomley - Songpoet



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Singer/Songwriter. 8 original songs. Is it old world or new world. Tis Neither. Creating a magic moment in time. 8 MP3 Songs in this album (36:17) ! Related styles: FOLK: Minstrel, COUNTRY: Alt-Country

Details: Notes on Songpoet. The spirit moves upon the water. Seed's n stars and tumblin down from the shadow of the mountain comes the winter pollen. You can hear the earth's music if you listen. In the sounds and accents that haunt it. Is it old world or new world? Tis neither. The harp strikes a chord for the mist covered mountains of home. They are callin me, beckoning, i must return. We are enchanted and all at once we are swept away into magical lands under strange moons. Down the hallway a ghosts country broomstick sweeps. Genie of the evening breeze. Through the window the dark shaking leaves. Upon the sacred bed how sweet the moonlight sleeps. We have awoken to ancient april. Her coat is magical for she blows life into the clay beings. The clown gestures with his half moon makeup. To the new creatures, the child and the parade. We sojourn....n railway through the spooky pastures and mystic woods. Deep into the silhouetted forest. There's gold in these blackhills. The Barkerville dark town strutters waltz. Quicksteps, march, strut and galup. Romantic hooligans, jugglers and facepainters. Tramps and Hawkers. The girl with her cowboy kiss, laughin like the flowers. Her backcountry riddles and hymns. She sings in jig-time "The wind that shakes the golden barley." In the language of the creek. Mr. Bobtail the maudlin country doctor whispers where gold is so is rumour. The debanoir dandy Charlie Pillberry and the Beezie Jedidiah Dushane play for Trixie Nightwork parlor ballads snatched magpie like with sneaky chords and strange keys in the half moon of the barber shop. At midnight the cuckoo clock strikes. The scarecrow sways to the scuttle of the church mice. The sweet hickory wind blows through the town. We scadaddle... I am led into the grove of the pale goddess. I Walk through the shapeshifting wood. Come face to face with the grizzly. Look up to see Aurthurs star. Took a road to the country inn. The little rag n bone hop of

the heart. I am led to a hidden hall and for you the lady smiles. Matilda she lights the lamps at nightfall. Meanwhile under the moonlight Percy with sorrow in his soul. Fraught with a fever among the dullards thinking could this be the end. Suddenly he hears the birds of another realm breaking the hoodoo. The stone world came to him. Mercury whispered in his ear. Neptune smiled by the beautiful lake. music filled the air of the medieval town when all at once he can see and feel again. In the twilight parade the clown played and kicked his wooden basket jingling to the golden day. Percy takes a secret road and comes to a castle that sprang up like a fairy tale in the moonlit night. The night audience applauds as the songmaker makes his way to the stage. Just like the troubadours of old. Huzzah! 'n for you the magic spins. Perhaps after all music is the soul of Language....

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