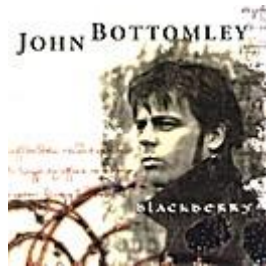


## Mp3 John Bottomley - Blackberry



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This is a roots recording. it sits well on the ground. 11 MP3 Songs FOLK: Modern Folk, POP: 90's Pop

Details: At this point in time you are best to digitally download these songs as we are out of stock.

Thankyou. A Needle to the North Emerald Deep calls to Deep By some mysterious and tremendous guild the trees stirred as an easterly wind carried messages from tree to tree all over the globe a wireless message where the trees are the great swift carriers the trees have sensations how they drink from the fading sunshine. The day waxed and Rev. Pen beards thoughts were far away Blind for the love of a language a call blew into his house feeding his ambition nourishing his dreams, hopes, desires deciding his vocation soothing his deepest moods. The story of a man begins when the woddland ghouls had succeeded in keeping the track dark. A quickbeam of moonlight became a lamp to Rev Penbeards feet. He is among God's animated sentinels. Shadow skirts of black and purple a perpetual whisper with a million soft lips of green he feels the inner humming of a quiet life they draw his to themselves he sees night doves and follows them into the wood (some say night doves lay silver eggs) he could see in the depths of the forest a flickering golden branch 'Oh Rown mine, i see you shine.' he begins to sing 'away from the steel and the mill wheels' is not the tree a musician's treasure? On his face came the look of youth I guess songs like trees bring fruit in their time and in there own way, he thinks to himself. A bolt of thunder peels and Rev. Penbeard took shelter under a group of trees known as the seven sisters a quiet ancient place here for a thousand years a great soul, land without ruin now the spirits want him to do some work for there world the forest murmers, it dreams, sleeps, broods takes its time under the mountain the spirits have made an exact replica of him carved from an ax! a twin a changeling The giant oak meekly recieves the hero into the bark the spirit descends from the ladder in safety and comfort like the old folk tale the dove falls in love with the new prince. Yes the day waxed and the new Rev. Penbeard

walked back into this world singing a lullaby from the enchanted wells of his thought behind him now was a flapping of great sails a kiss to the stars a bellowing of victory to the winds wind songs.....

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