

MAYDAY DREAM

I dreamt I was in Padstow for night-song in the square
When suddenly I saw folk I knew could not be there
I heard them too, their voices filling the midnight crowd
Accordions and drums playing, ghostly clear and loud.
Seeing strangely familiar faces sent shivers down my spine
Somehow I'd passed the fey veil, dividing life and time
These all had glasses raised to them; "- to those now gone away,"*
Yet there they stood, singing, at the dawning of the May.
In Padstow I heard voices ring that were centuries old
The pulse of passion pounded life's heat in men long cold
The Old 'Oss band left the 'Lion with its numbers greatly swelled
The tune beating in their hearts, where it had always dwelled.

Still, the Old 'Oss band plays longer

The May Song beats out stronger

Still the spell of MayDay snares my very soul...

They were called from their rest by fellow players striking sound
By flowers worn, wild seeds sown and green about the town
Some would thrill and others fear, to walk amongst or greet
The lively souls of MayDays' past; filling Padstow's streets.
There stood Glanville, Charlie, Mervyn, and Nigel leading play

Rev'ling in the sound under Metropole archway

Paused, drinking in a coupl'a pints, and the beloved sight
Of the estuary lit gold in the long evening light.

Dumitz, and the Camel's breeze moved memories and tears
They weren't lost, nor gone from sight, those friends from bygone years
Through Social Club and Harbour Inn, as late stars lit the sky
The joyful ghost band progressed, as Time. Ticked. Su..rely. By.

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The May Song beats out stronger

Still the spell of MayDay snares my very soul...

Farewell's sounds faded from the town; the Old 'Oss once more slept
The band dispersed; drums stilled, bellows whe....ezed, then silence kept

Whispering tired good-byes; they smiling disappeared from sight
As the church clock's hands met again on May's first midnight.

Sash and kerchief-clad in red or blue, they leave their rest

Sap and spirits rise, on the day Padstow loves best

Stirred by the call of flower and song, a single day's release

To heed the ancient custom, while the Lord grants them true peace.

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Music © 2007 Tony Tournoff www.FairwaysMusic.co.uk

* quote from 'May Song' © Dave Webber www.oldandnewtradition.com

words in bold - to be sung loudly, to a crescendo