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Produced by Neill MacColl
Executive Producer Tim Jackaman

JACK OMER

The Music of
Joanna

Something Wicked This Way Comes

'Tis Cold for the very merry month of May
I'm lonesome and I could use company
But sad to say at present I
Am an unfit sight for the sane to see

Curse you, you dogs of black
Curse you, you elephants pink
Curse you, curse you, curse you, curse you
Curse you and all of your kin

It's a fair-hearted child who done no harm
What devil does this to the young?
To creep up late and whisper soft
That "something wicked this way comes"

Oh spare I, you dogs of black
Spare I, you elephants pink
Spare I, spare I, spare I, spare I
Have you no decency at all?

But the dog slyly smile
And the elephant sighed
You'll be cursing our names 'til the day that you die
So fear not cried the dog
And the elephant agreed
To curse us some more if you e'er feel the need

Music and lyrics by Jack Omer
Jack Omer – Acoustic Guitar & Vocals
Neill MacColl – Harmonica
Kate St John – Electric Piano
Simon Edwards – Bass
Martyn Edwards – Percussion

Strange Are The Ways

Sweet guitar band and cigarettes for me
The guest at the masquerade ball
Cheap penny-dreadfuls and flowers for thee
The heavenly freak in the hall

Chorus
Dance Maria all night
For as long as you dance it's alright

And dance Maria, dance slow
For tomorrow the singer goes home
Strange are the ways of the world
Strange are the ways of the world
Strange are the ways of the world
So Maria sing that sweet country song
Sing it loud and sing it long
Let the forsaken sing along
The crazy hearts will beat as one

We gave flowers for the dead and whisky for the sad
A cane for the cripple and electrodes for the mad
And we've hidden from the moonlight for it only shows
our faults

But all is well Maria when you dance that pretty waltz
Chorus

Music and Lyrics: Jack Omer
Jack Omer – Acoustic Guitar & Vocals
Neill MacColl – Acoustic Guitar, Mandolin, Autoharp
& Vocals
Kate St John – Piano, Harmonium, Accordion & Vocals
Simon Edwards – Bass
Martyn Barker – Drums & Percussion

Priests & Professors

Said my love to me, "I hope you see that the world is cruel
and strange
That those who offer progress do seek only to rearrange
That the priest is in the whorehouse while the thief sings
in the choir
And the meek are in the gutter while the wolves are
rising higher"

Chorus

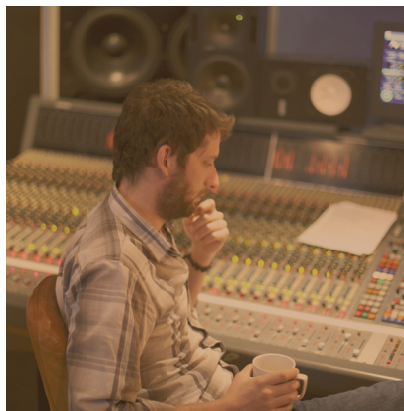
"So stay here in my arms", she said, "stay always here with me
For sex and love are all we have by way of being free"
Said I, "My love, I'm here with you and always I shall be
In protest let us set the night on fire"

"It kills to share the earth" she said, "with such ignoble hearts
And the parasite professor he is tearing me apart

Produced by Neill MacColl
Engineered by Phill Brown, Neill MacColl, Kate St John
& Darren Simpson
Mixed By Phill Brown
Recorded at Yellow Fish, The Church & The Cave
Mixed at Miloco Musikbox
Mastered by Denis Blackham at Skye Mastering

Musicians:

Jack Omer – Vocals, Acoustic Guitar, Harmonica, Piano
Neill MacColl – Acoustic & Electric Guitars, Mandolin,
Autoharp, Harmonica, Keyboards, Vocals
Martyn Barker – Drums, Percussion
Simon Edwards – Electric & Acoustic Bass
Kate St John – Oboe, Cor Anglais, Piano, Accordion,
Harmonium, Vocals & Woodwind Arrangements
Sarah Allen – Flute, Alto Flute
Margo Buchanan – Vocals



Jack Omer would like to thank the following for their part in the making of The Music Of Joanna:

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The Music Of Joanna is dedicated to my parents, Tim Jackaman and Karry Omer - my love, always.

www.jackomer.com

**JACK
OMER**
*The Music of
Joanna*

But conduct your business fairly and most honestly
For the Odalisque is wild and the Odalisque is free
Displease her and she'll cast you out most heartlessly

Music and lyrics by Jack Omer

Jack Omer – Vocal & Acoustic Guitar

Kate St John – Cor Anglais

Sarah Allen – Alto Flute

Woodwind Arrangement by Kate St John

Song For My Brother

Oh brother don't set store by my advice
I've made enough mistakes to fill a life
But since you ask the thoughts that fill my head
Here's one or two may stand you in good stead

If the learned and the wise say you should
The chances are you never really would
If the priest and the confessor say you shan't
The chance is you'll resent the fact you can't

Ignore the man who cries that you're a fool
And the man who swears that all your words are jewels
If you know you're in the wrong don't stand and fight
But scream bloody murder if you know you're right

If you find you're out of tune with all the choir
Then their numbers needn't make their thinking higher
If the multitude should take a northward turn
Then the south is surely where there's most to learn

If any bastard tries to hush your words
Then knock him down and let your voice be heard
If I ever should seem to talk down to you
Then forget blood and knock my right down too

And never fear to be the one to speak
In favour of the broken and the weak
And though the world will try to change your mind
Just walk the path that's loving and that's kind

Music and lyrics by Jack Omer

Jack Omer – Vocal & Acoustic Guitar

The Music Of Joanna

I have heard the blessed chords of sweet Joanna
I have heard the gentle moaning of the dove
I have felt the pulsing beat of dear Joanna
As it carried out the orders of my love

I have heard her honeyed word
And the swelling of the choir proclaiming her
Seen the wicked stagger as if drunk
Stranded on the ships that she has sunk

Chorus

*She got a drum so big, it could break this town
She got strings so strong, they could tear this mountain down
They could tear this mountain down*

I do not kneel before her in a chapel
And her truth lies buried in no sacred book
She makes no false demands on who my friends are
When I'm naked she feels no need to look

She borrows only one command from him
Do not follow fast the multitude to sin
And her tune knows just one law
It is silent to all those who would make war

Chorus

Coda
She got a drum so big
She got strings so strong
She got a drum so big
She got strings so strong
She got a drum so big
She got strings so strong
She got strings so strong

Music and Lyrics by Jack Omer

Jack Omer – Vocal

Neill MacColl – Acoustic & Electric Guitars, Vocals

Neill Cowley – Piano & Hammond Organ

Simon Edwards – Bass

Martyn Barker – Drums & Percussion

Margo Buchanan – Vocals

Kate St John – Vocals

But you and I may here recite flesh passion's litany
Our bodies coupled with the rage of Deuteronomy"

Chorus

Music and lyrics by Jack Omer

Jack Omer – Vocal, Acoustic Guitar & Harmonica

Simon Edwards – Double Bass

Martyn Barker – Drums

Sarah Allen – Flute & Alto Flute

Flute Arrangement by Kate St John

That Old & Familiar Bed

Oh mama, won't you sing me sleep
Oh mama, won't you sing me sleep
Cos my clothes are confused and my mind is wet
I've had too many thoughts I can't seem to forget
Since this road's taken pity and brought me back home
Won't you lay me down, to rest my head
In that old & familiar bed
In that old & familiar bed

Oh mama, won't you open your arms
Oh mama, won't you open your arms
Cos my train has derailed and my ship has been sunk
And each cup of poison's one more to be drunk
Since I've grown far too tired to think for myself
I will surrender, go where I'm led
To that old & familiar bed
To that old & familiar bed

Music and lyrics by Jack Omer

Jack Omer – Acoustic Guitar & Vocals

Neill MacColl – Lead Acoustic Guitar

Simon Edwards – Bass

Martyn Barker – Percussion

The Golden Shore

I went down to the refinery
But they had no work left there for me
And the boss he said "Son, why not go have some fun
Who needs money when the girls are so free?"

The city is of neon and rust
And the country is of dirt and of dust
And I've had so much smoke, that fresh air makes me choke
So I try not to breathe Though I must

Chorus

*And it's long been plain for to see
That England has no use for me
And I dream of the sand 'neath my weary feet
As I land on the golden shore*

My old man drew coal from the earth
And he hauled it for all he was worth
And he said unto me, "though all men are born free
There are chains boy that bind us from birth"

He said "Always live honest and clean
Do not steal, do not lie or be mean"
But he's long gone from here, and his world's disappeared
So I steal and I lie through my teeth

Chorus

Now dignity's the first thing to die
In the streets that scream with the sighs
Of old men shrivelled grey, from their hope washed away
And young boys with hate in their eyes

And I've learned the rules of your game
That the young and the poor take the blame
So I'll be one less son, of sad Albion
When I'm gone boys remember my name

Alternate Chorus

*And it's long been plain for to see
That England has no use for me
So I'll take what's left of my dreams my friends
And sail for the golden shore
Yes I'll sail for the golden shore*

Music and Lyrics: Jack Omer

Jack Omer – Vocal

Neill MacColl – Acoustic Guitar, Rosedale Organ

Kate St John – Piano

Simon Edwards – Double Bass

Martyn Barker – Drums

Ferryville

All stones were gold they said
And sweet was the sound
Of the silver-tongued angels
Of Ferryville town

No burdens went unshared
No wounds went unhealed
And the corn grew aplenty
In the Ferryville fields

And they all danced round Strawberry Hill
And stars shone through willows and pines
And fireflies rocked babies to sleep
In the Ferryville times

But all that is gentle
Will the wicked tear down
And such was the long-foretold fate
Of Ferryville town

Men came on horses
With shining cold steel
And made them a graveyard
Of those Ferryville fields

And their fire tore down Strawberry Hill
And young men made fools of the old
And witches plucked babies from beds
No more Ferryville gold
No more Ferryville gold

Music and lyrics: Jack Omer
Jack Omer – Piano & Vocal
Neill MacColl – Electric Guitar
Kate St John – Oboe & Accordion
Simon Edwards – Double Bass

There Is A Light

There is a light on me
It bathes from Berkley steps
An uncorrupted rebel yell
There is a light on me

There is a light I know
Down from Boston Green
It shines in dark and troubled times
There is a light I know

Even in the dead of winter
Even when the day is done
Even in the darkest corner
Still and still the light shines on

There is a light I feel
Born in Jerusalem
Died in the streets of old New York
There is a light I feel

There is a light on me
From a free Munich rose
Still the sun is shining out
There is a light on me

Even with the gentle fallen
Even when the jackboot's won
The soul cries out its need for freedom
Still and still the light shines on

Music and lyrics: Jack Omer
Jack Omer – Vocal & Acoustic Guitar
Neill MacColl – Acoustic Guitar
Simon Edwards – Electric Bass

Poor Little Son Of Mine

Poor little son of mine, don't do what I have done
Oh poor little son of mine, don't do what I have done
For I've led a violent life
And I've widowed good men's wives
And I will surely answer for my sins when death
comes round

I regret near all I've done
My actions I disown
I'm proud of only one
That's killing mean Captain Jones
Killing mean Captain Jones

Poor little son of mine, don't do what I have done
Oh poor little son of mine, don't do what I have done
For I've blackened fair girls' names
Rich and poor it was all the same
And surely none will miss me when the cold earth takes
my bones

I regret near all I've done
Since first that I began
I'd take back all but one
That sweet little Mary-Anne
That sweet little Mary-Anne

So though you have my blood
I pray my nature dies
When I'm swallowed by the flood
And the priest closes my eyes
The priest closes my eyes

Music and Lyrics by Jack Omer
Jack Omer – Vocal & Acoustic Guitar
Neill MacColl – Acoustic & Electric Guitar, Harmonica
Simon Edwards – Bass
Martyn Barker – Drums & Percussion

The Odalisque

The Odalisque is righteous, the Odalisque is grace
And if you're lucky you may catch her lying
Upon a feather bed and with loving in her eyes
But be sure to never let her catch you crying

For she'll feed you morphine sweet
And fresh apricots to eat
But never seek to find what she keeps hidden
For the Odalisque is wild and the Odalisque is free
And prying eyes are forcibly forbidden

For the Odalisque I would rob my mother blind
And break the harp that guides St Peter's choir
And for the Odalisque I would turn on all my friends
Walk naked through the devil's dreadful fire

And she'll feed you morphine sweet
And fresh apricots to eat

