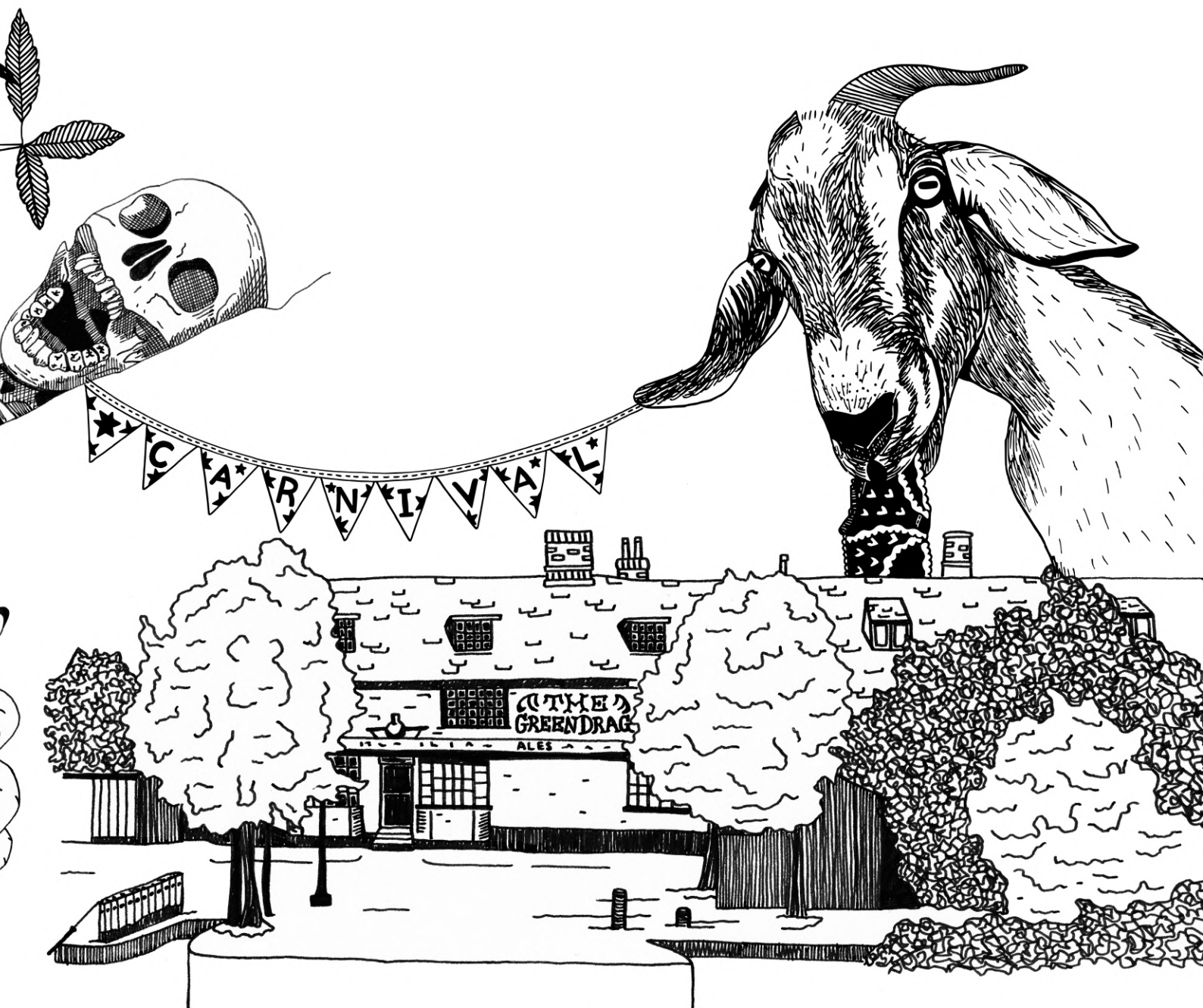


SONGS  
AND  
VERSES  
FROM  
NORTH  
CAMBRIDGE

By Emily Peasgood and

The North Cambridge Community

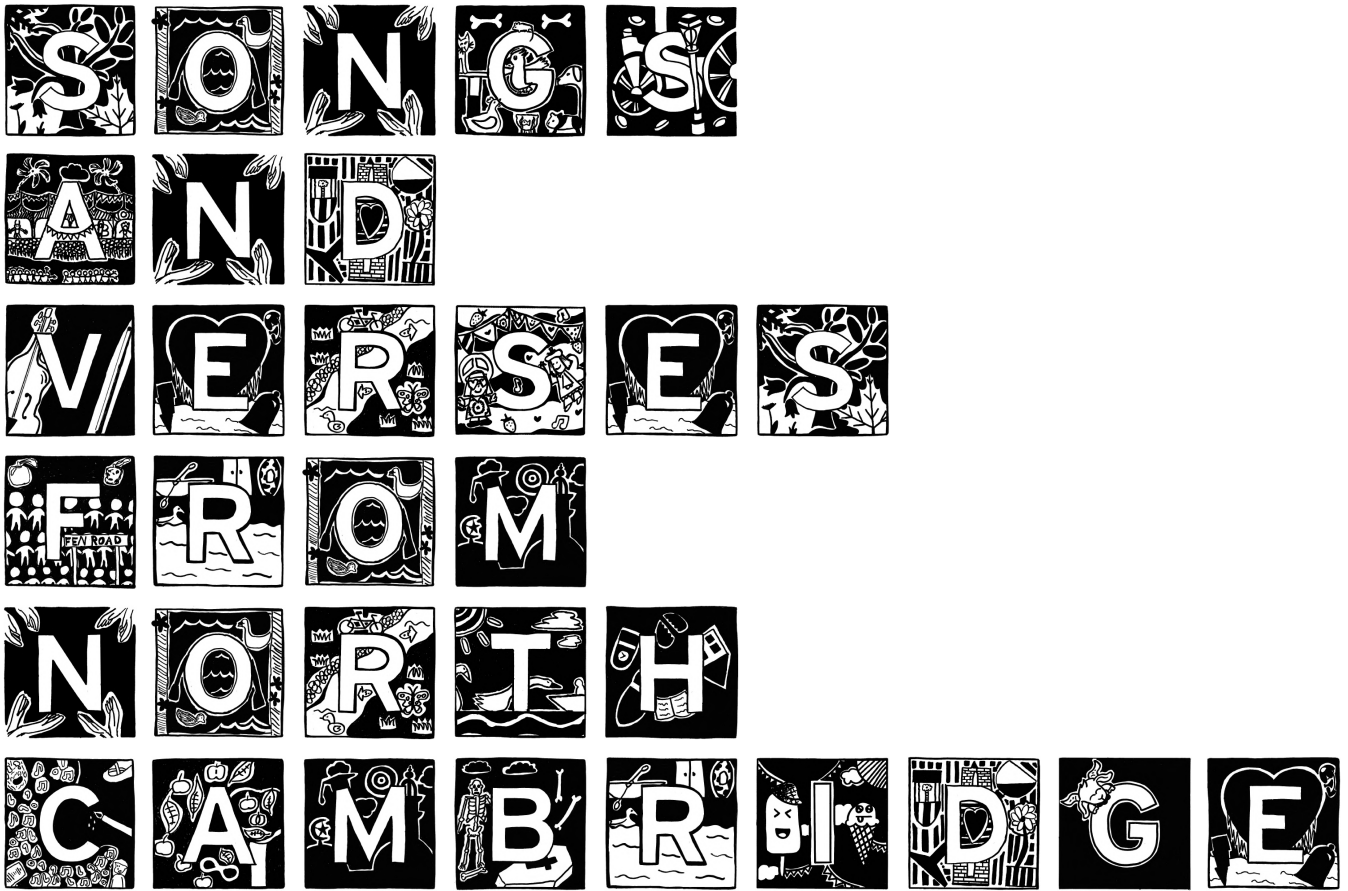












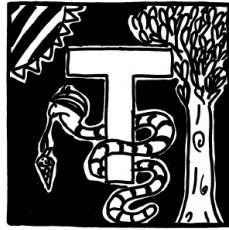
By Emily Peasgood and

The North Cambridge Community

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## FOREWORD BY COMMISSION PROJECTS

Songs and Verses from North Cambridge is the latest of an ongoing series of art projects commissioned by Brookgate. It continues their commitment to carefully considered and strategic contributions by artists to the development process, informed by site, and of benefit to both existing and new communities.

Led by Emily Peasgood, the project marks an important new departure involving musicians and local people in the creation of new music that celebrates north Cambridge. Brookgate are proud of this approach and hope that this commitment to developing innovative ways of working sets a precedent.

The production of this songbook is the culmination of a year-long programme of activities by Emily and her team whose long experience of creating music with communities has had exemplary results. The 34 songs and verses by contributors from the many communities across north Cambridge contributes to a legacy which it is hoped will be built on.

It is remarkable that much of the project was undertaken during COVID 19 'lock down' and it is a tribute to its leadership that it was possible to develop ways of delivering the programme when contact became impossible.

Projects of this kind rely on the valuable input of others and the initial work by Network Rail, the support of the Cambridgeshire Library Service and input of the staff and pupils of Chesterton Community College have been particularly valuable.

Songs and Verses from North Cambridge marks an important point in the development of north Cambridge, contributing to this exciting new district and encouraging new interests and skills amongst the community. We hope that this will continue.

David Wright

Commission Projects



## O LOSE MY WRITING

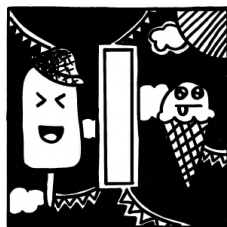
When words and stories are not recorded, they are eventually lost in time. This book captures and preserves local stories for future generations. Abigail shares the importance of doing so, and how she would feel if her writing was lost forever.

To lose my writing: the feeling of knives cutting up my soul the same way life has cut through my confidence; completely desolating my being in this life. All my heartbreak would have been for nothing. My ethos; without heartbreak: there is no art. Without art there is no gaiety for the lost souls being cut with those same knives used to obliterate human beings from the ones they love. Writing: my one, true love. I can only begin to imagine the annihilation that has hacked a place in the hearts of those whose writing is lost from their identity. To all those who spoke the beautiful words of Cambridge many years ago, I am wholeheartedly apologetic for the loss of who you truly are. The soul has been sliced out of your city. To lose my writing would feel nothing but heartbreak. Your lost words brings great sadness, to not only my heart, but to the hearts of your entire city.

By Abigail Thorne-Miles







## INTRODUCTION

As a young musician, gigging around folk clubs in Grimsby, I would scour the local library for songs I could perform. When I found 'The Singing River' by John Connolly and Bill Meek (1985) I fell in love with the songs about local people and places in Grimsby, Hull and the River Humber. They captured what it was like to live in South Humberside in the 1980s and have stayed with me throughout my life. As my career has developed, I have moved towards creating musical compositions that are installed as sound installations in historic public places. But there is always a hint of my folk roots in my work, from my interest in working in the community to the melodies I write and the stories I tell.

I jumped at the chance to create an artwork with people in north Cambridge. The brief centered on the CB4 postal area comprised of: Arbury, Chesterton, Kings Hedges, Orchard Park, Cambridge Business Park and Cambridge North train station. It was an area undergoing significant development and change, and I wanted to know what it was like to live there and what made this area unique. I hoped to capture the sense of place by creating songs that explored urban myths, mysteries, characters and landmarks while preserving local stories for future generations to enjoy.

This work references the British Folk Song Revival of the early 20<sup>th</sup> century which saw folk song collectors like Cecil Sharp, Lucy Broadwood and Ralph Vaughan Williams recording and notating folk songs with local people in rural communities. At the time, these songs were kept alive by passing them from person to person by word of mouth. They changed and evolved as time passed and it became impossible to know the original author. They were rarely recorded for posterity, and sometimes disappeared into obscurity along with the stories they told. At the dawn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, the folk song collectors sought to preserve what was becoming a vanishing oral tradition and captured the words and music of local people to create musical resources for future generations. Many of the songs collected in the revival form the canon of folk music performed today. This project aims to have a similar effect by capturing stories from north Cambridge for future generations to perform and enjoy.

'Cambridge North Folk Song Project' was conceived and I organised songwriting workshops, which were to be opened by the greats of British folk music. A big performance of the songbook was planned and a preview was booked at Cambridge Folk Festival. However, with the events of 2020 our plans were cancelled and replaced with online songwriting sessions, one-on-one. I reached local people in the only ways available to me: social media, community groups, local radio stations and word of mouth. Together, this helped to spread the word. Cultural organisations and Cambridge City Council were instrumental in helping me to reach a diverse group of people from many different backgrounds and age groups. Our youngest songwriter is 8 years old and our eldest is in their 80s. I was fortunate to be supported by a fantastic songwriting team: Anna Hester Skelton and Bob Hines. For a year, we met with up to twenty people a week. We developed rapport, explored ideas and eventually, created these songs and verses.

I hoped to celebrate as many facets of life in north Cambridge as possible, and as people started to sign up, the project expanded to include spoken word, rap and other genres of music considered outside of the realm of folk music. I questioned if this material could be in a folk song book, and what 'folk music' is today. Many of the songs performed by contemporary folk musicians were collected in the folk song revival or are inspired by historical artefacts and verses in ballad books. While folk music has evolved to expand its use of instrumentation and features, there is still an aesthetic quality that we instantly recognise as folk music. I believe these sounding qualities are rooted in the songs and music collected during the folk song revival;

that folk music today contains sonic resonances of the music collected 100 years ago. The work of the folk song collectors has lived on for 100 years, has evolved into a tradition of its own and is a testament to the importance of capturing stories and music with local people.

Folk music is more than the preserved notations and recordings folk song collectors made 100 years ago. It moves beyond a specific sound and into social contexts. Folk music contains stories shared in local communities, which change as they pass from person to person, breathing new life into songs and melodies which evolve and grow. Today, folk music references the culture it is created in and takes many forms. Folk music is music of the people.

This project took place in the north of Cambridge with a diverse group of local people whose stories might have otherwise been lost. Some contributions were made independently or anonymously, and the majority were developed with the songwriting team. All contributions were included. While some authors are professional writers and musicians, the majority have not written a song or verse before. My team and I took great efforts to facilitate ideas without changing them into something unrecognisable. The resulting book reflects the culture and musical styles of people in north Cambridge communities in the early 21<sup>st</sup> century. I hope that everyone who uses this book finds a song or verse they can relate to, and I hope they will still be performed in 100 years. Only time will tell.

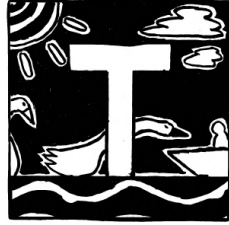
Some of the songs in this book echo the tradition of folk music and others take a different form like pop song Dating in CB4, rap song Steamroller Park and house music piece Heron Man. As the transcriber and arranger, representing this musical diversity in the form of musical notation was a challenge. I approached Heron Man and Steamroller Park by notating the individual rhythmic, melodic and harmonic components and inviting people to create their own arrangement on acoustic or digital instruments. Flexibility is a theme throughout this book: you are encouraged to interpret its contents freely and to adapt and arrange it to suit your needs. Apart from G.O.A.T. and Green End Road, the songs and verses in this book can be used freely in any way and no licence or fee is required. The only requirement is that you credit the authors as detailed in This Book Is Free!

I couldn't be prouder of this book and of the efforts of those who contributed songs, poems, ideas, stories and most importantly, time. This project has taken me back to my roots and to the importance of celebrating people, places and stories that might be forgotten in the passage of time. The culmination of Cambridge North Folk Song Project forms a body a contemporary folk songs and verses that capture a moment in time in a community that is evolving and changing. It celebrates and explores locations, events, places, organisations, personal stories, daily life and local histories. I hope the community spirit recorded in this book will still be around in 100 years. This community song and verse book contains stories that capture what it was like to live in north Cambridge in 2020. Here are just 34 of them. Please sing the songs, read the verses and remember their stories - that is why they were written.

Emily Peasgood

Lead Artist & Composer

Cambridge North Folk Song Project



## HIS BOOK IS FREE

By Emily Peasgood

Copyright is an important feature in the lives of artists and musicians. Our ideas are our only currency and in my practice, I fiercely protect my copyright. Creating this book raised many challenging ideas around copyright, particularly as one of its primary aims was to create freely available songs and verses that would survive because people didn't have to pay to perform and record them. It is unsurprising that many British community music groups and performers draw from the canon of folk songs collected in the revival. As part of an oral tradition, it is impossible to trace the authors of these songs and they are public domain; anyone can perform and record them and they can be adapted with ease. The traditional folk songs we know and love today have survived for this reason. This book embraces the nature of public domain songs and eschews copyright by setting its contents free to evolve as time passes and to increase the likelihood that they may still be known in years to come.

The people who contributed ideas, stories, songs and poems did so freely and generously to create a community song book available free of charge for the public to access and enjoy. Ideas and material were given anonymously, independently or collaboratively for this purpose. Following the completion of this book, song and verse contributors assigned their copyright to me, in order that I could make waive my rights and make the totality of the book freely available. There are two exceptions: G.O.A.T. by Lucille Rococoa and Green End Road by George Bacon. These pieces were not written as part of this project but capture the story of the local area and the authors have kindly given permission for them to be included in this book. All other songs, verses and accompanying illustrations can be performed, adapted, edited, rearranged, photocopied and recorded by anyone and no licence or fee is required. However, the moral rights-the right to be credited-of the writers for each song and verse are upheld. If a song or verse is used in any way, the writers should be credited; the authors of the works contained in this book have asserted their rights to be identified as authors in accordance with sections 77 and 78 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988. The licence for this book is available to view on page 108. I hope you will take as much pleasure from this book as I had creating it with the people of north Cambridge.



## SONG & VERSE NOTES

The way these songs are interpreted is entirely up to you. Most songs are notated simply with a melody and chords and block lyrics. Others have more specific notation and instrument suggestions, or complement specific performers. For ease of use, some suggestions of suitability for specific groups or contexts are provided below - but again, these are only suggestions as each song can work in different ways.

The songs and verses have an original intention and a way the author created them to sound. Sometimes, there is an accompanying performance suggestion at the top of the score. However, in all cases what you see is a guide. You are encouraged to interpret songs with flexibility. Rearrange and adapt them, change the order of sections, alter the pace, change the chords, rewrite the melody or tweak the lyrics. Anything goes.

**A CAPPELLA SOLO SINGER:** Black Fen Club Blues and Fen Road.

**CHILDREN'S SONGS:** Arbury Carnival, A Battle of Plates, Grumpy's Pet Shop,  
NHS Clap (with recorder), The Ballad of Mr Asbo and Turin the Python (recorder).

**CHOIR AND MULTIPLE SINGERS:** Beth Shalom (round song), Burial No. 4 (backing vocals and round song), Fen Road (round and part song), River Shanty (call and response with improvised harmonies) and Union House (3-part song).

**DIGITAL INSTRUMENTS:** Heron Man (house music), Steamroller Park (rap, song and GarageBand samples).

**INSTRUMENTAL:** Chesterton Waltz.

**SINGER-GUITARIST/PIANIST OR BAND:** 16 Chesterton Road, Arbury Court, Big Issue, Boathouse, Cambridge Community Arts, Chesterton Allotment Society, Dating in CB4 (pop), Eliza, Green End Road, Halifax Road, Kindness is Always in Season, Strawberry Fair, The Ghost of The Snowcat, The Sharing Shelf, When Daisy Met Winston and When Jonny Plays.

**SPOKEN WORD:** G.O.A.T, Heron Man, Seasons, Steamroller Park and The Summer of 1989.

To listen to the author's demos of the songs and verses visit:

[emilypeasgood.com/songs-and-verses-from-north-cambridge](http://emilypeasgood.com/songs-and-verses-from-north-cambridge)



## CHESTERTON ROAD

"This song is inspired by a building near my house that has been shut for some time. It looks back at its history and how it has served the local community since it opened in the 1920s. There is an optional interlude that can be performed before or after each verse. The rhythm can be interpreted freely to allow for breathing."

Deborah has lived in Cambridge since 2017 and works at the University of Cambridge. She enjoys playing music in her spare time, sings in Cambridge Rock Choir, and hopes this building will be a cinema again one day.

By Deborah Slee  
and Emily Peasgood

### (OPTIONAL INTERLUDE)



### (VERSE)



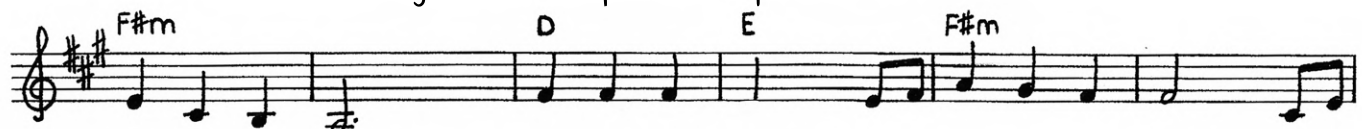
Boat-house on Ches-ter-ton Road there's a build-ing, It's all paint-ed white and sur-



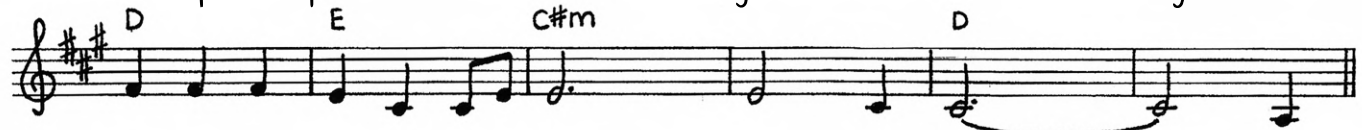
round-ed by hoard-ings, for sev-eral years now the whole place has been closed, and the



birds have been nest-ing where the roof is ex-posed. I won-der what stor-ies are



known of this place? Who used to go? Has it seen bet-ter days? Do the



board-ed up win-dows hide a dark emp-ty space? What

### (CHORUS)



lies be-hind the door? The mem-ories of be-fore. 2. Well, it

1.

By the Boathouse on Chesterton Road there's a building  
It's all painted white and surrounded by hoardings  
For several years now the whole place has been closed  
And the birds have been nesting where the roof is exposed  
I wonder what stories are known of this place?  
Who used to go? Has it seen better days?  
Do the boarded up windows hide a dark empty space?  
What lies behind the door? The memories of before

2.

Well, it started its life as the Tivoli Cinema  
Built in the twenties, Art Deco exterior  
An orchestra played for the stars on the screen  
All the staff dressed in brown and they kept the place clean  
Pay more for a box or you'd sit in the pit  
If the Cam rose, then your feet would get wet  
It was closed in the fifties when the tax wasn't met  
So pull the curtain down, the doors are closing now

3.

When the Tivoli closed it had several careers  
There are not many stories well known from these years  
But they say it was used for electrical goods  
What a strange choice of stock to keep somewhere that floods  
No longer a place where the locals could go  
Tea breaks replaced all the matinee shows  
With a custard cream biscuit and a brew, I suppose  
It's time for clocking out, the doors are closing now

4.

Then the three decades after brought pub after pub  
From a warehouse of goods to a bustling hub  
When first came The Exchange, only there a few months  
But it wasn't too long 'til they restocked the pumps  
The Fresher and Firkin with brewery on site  
Kath brewed fine ales to the punter's delight  
Then The Graduate put gigs on and 'a pound a pint' nights  
Well, pour the final round, the doors are closing now

5.

Twenty-ten saw the Tivoli title restored  
The food prices and specials were chalked on a board  
And it seemed like the business was going to plan  
Until one fateful morning a big fire began  
The water that once touched the filmgoer's toes  
Doused out the flames with the firefighter's hose  
But the building was damaged and it had to be closed  
So, put the fire out, the doors are closing now



## BATTLE OF PLATES

"Inspired by the 2014 cricket match between St Radegund pub and The Haymaker's Arms in Chesterton, this song has players resembling white dots from above, or in heraldic blazon: silver plates.

As the Umpire was Milton legend 'Beard', the stage was set."

Guy went to school in Cambridge and teaches Design Technology in nearby Bishop's Stortford. He has released two solo albums, both recorded in CB4. He fought in the Battle of Plates and was clean bowled for a duck, third ball.

By Guy Dinwiddy

(VERSE)

E A B

1. Ill tell you a tale of crick-et and ale, and fear-some der-ring

E A B E

do. They met on a field a fetch-ing fair field, ten and one plates fought two.

(CHORUS) C#m B A E

With leath-er and wil-low, a great pec-ca-dil-lo,

C#m B A B

A bat-tle of plates, glo-ry a-waits. 2. The



1.

I'll tell you a tale of cricket and ale  
and fearsome derring do,  
They met on a field, a fetching fair field,  
ten and one plates fought two.  
With leather and willow, a great peccadillo.  
A battle of plates, glory awaits!

2.

The Haymaker's Arms (not just from farms),  
cheered by a kangaroo.  
The team from the Saint without complaint,  
let the first blow fall true.  
Two bats and a ball, bails rise and they fall.  
A battle of plates, glory awaits!

3.

The plates they were told by a red beard so bold  
exactly what to do,  
And the beard said who's out, who was in and not out,  
and they all agreed and played too.  
The Saints, well they made hay, the rest had a fine day.  
A battle of plates, glory awaits!

4.

They ended up friends (cricket transcends)  
and off to the Arms they flew.  
Beers overturned, but we all learned  
this wasn't Waterloo.  
A battle of plates, this song celebrates.  
A battle of plates, glory awaits!



## ARBURY CARNIVAL

In 1977, The Arbury Carnival was started by the community for the community and remains true to its founding idea- it is exuberant, colourful and produces a sea of happy faces. This song captures the joy of the Carnival and celebrates how women, kids and men who had never spoken, became best friends.

By Bob Hines

$\text{♩} = 112$  (CHORUS)

$\text{D7}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{D}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{D}$

The Ar-bu-ry Car - ni - val, we wel-come one — and all, bring-ing it

$\text{Em}$   $\text{C}$   $\text{B7}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{D}$

past — your door the car - ni - val. The Ar-bu-ry Car - ni - val, for for - ty

$\text{G}$   $\text{D}$   $\text{Em}$   $\text{C}$   $\text{D7}$

years — or more, do come a - long, — en - joy the car - ni - val.

1. To  
2. To

(VERSE)

$\text{D}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{C}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{D}$   $\text{G}$

ce - le - brate the Queen's Ju - bi - lee, what - ev - er we do we want to in - clude the  
Camp-kin Road came one, two and three, it start - ed off small but soon it in - volved the

$\text{C}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{D}$   $\text{G}$

whole com - mu - ni - ty. What do you want? What shall we plan? We  
whole com - mu - ni - ty. What do we do? What do we wear? I

$\text{C}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{D}$   $\text{D}$   $\text{G}$

ain't done this be - fore, and then it popped out some - one's head: "Let's  
hope you will be there, come join in with us lo - cal folk and

C G D D7

do a car - ni - val!" The Ar - bu - ry  
come a - gain next year!

REPEAT CHORUS

(BRIDGE)

Em C Em

C B 4, ain't ne - ver seen the likes of this be - fore. C B 4, ain't

Em C D7

ne - ver seen the likes of this be - fore. The Ar - bu - ry

(CHORUS)

G D G D Em C

Car - ni - val, we wel - come one and all, bring - ing it past your door the car - ni -

B7 G D G D

val. The Ar - bu - ry Car - ni - val, for for - ty years or more, do come a -

Em C D7 G

long, en - joy the car - ni - val.





## ARBURY COURT

This song is about a hidden thriving corner in Arbury, bustling with interesting characters and independent shops. It is inspired by Daniel Nestlerode's instrumental 'Humphrey's Waltz' which reflects on living in Humphrey's Road. When writing the lyrics, Caroline interviewed local people for inspiration.

Caroline grew up in CB4, attended local schools including Chesterton Community College, and lives in Arbury. Daniel is a folk musician from Pennsylvania, who lived in Arbury from 2012 to 2018 and recalls: "I will never forget our house, the school where my wife taught, the church I passed walking to Arbury Court, and most of all our lovely and culturally diverse neighbours". Daniel currently resides in France.

By Bob Hines,  
Caroline Mead  
and Daniel Nestlerode

(INTRO)

Guitar

1. 2.

1. It's

(VERSE)

1. hid - den a - way now, on Ar - bury Road, where the pub's now a Sikh Tem - ple, There are  
2. Dor - ring - tons Ba - kers make love - ly cake, and it's all nice and fresh, home - made, Tim—

beau - ti - ful flow - ers, shops of all sorts, it's got ev - e - ry - thing, and it's  
goes in there dai - ly, 8 on the dot, it's got ev - e - ry - thing, and it's

called Ar - bury Court. If you're hun - gry go to Art of Meat, they in -  
called Ar - bury Court. Lau - ra says it's the peo - ple she meets, the com -

vent - ed a saus - age, a Val - en - tine's treat, For fruit and for veg, spice,  
mu - ni - ty feel - ing that makes it u - ni - que. For Sa - rah it's great to

pul - ses and flowers, Les Ward the green - gro - cer guar - an - tees a smile.  
meet up and chat, — Qui - et - ly thr - ving, it's — Ar - bury Court.

(CHORUS)

Ar - bu - ry Court, I know it so well, The peo - ple, the shops, the  
Ar - bu - ry Court, it's some-thing to see, the life-blood of our own  
noise and the smell, The pen - sion - ers chat - ting all day on the bench  
com - mu - ni - ty, The par - ents with push-chairs, teen - a - gers on bikes  
all dance to the Ar - bu - ry Waltz.  
all dance to the Ar - bu - ry Waltz.

(VERSE)

3. Kir - sty has mem - ories go - ing back years, she came here each week with mum, Fish and  
chips on a Fri - day, per - fect, they thought, it's got ev - e - ry - thing and it's called Ar-bury Court.

(CHORUS)

1. But now our shops are fa - cing a threat from click and buy shop - ping on the in - ter - net, The  
2. Ar - bu - ry Court, I know it so well, The peo - ple, the shops, the noise and the smell, The  
3. Ar - bu - ry Court, I know it so well, The peo - ple, the shops, the noise and the smell, For  
bot - tom line is that they need our sup - port, Let's dance to the Ar - bu - ry  
pen - sion - ers chat - ting all day on the bench all dance to the Ar - bu - ry  
Les, Tim and Sar - ah, and Lau - ra and George, let's dance to the Ar - bu - ry  
Waltz. And I feel like I'm  
danc - ing the Ar - bu - ry Waltz, it's got ev - e - ry - thing, and it's called Ar-bury Court.



## BETH SHALOM

This short round is inspired by The Beth Shalom Reform Synagogue in Auckland Road, which is built on the site of the Yasume Club. This was a place where former soldiers captured and enslaved by the Japanese in WW2 could share their experiences. Yasume is Japanese for 'rest' or break from forced labour. The club wound up in 2008 and was bought by The Beth Shalom Jewish community in 2010.

The round can be performed with voices entering at 2 bar intervals (①②③④) or 4 bar intervals (①②③④) in Hebrew, Japanese or English.

By Emily Peasgood

①

(Hebrew) Me - nu - chah,      me - nu - chah,      shab - bat sha - lom me - nu - chah,  
(Japanese) Ya - su - me,      ya - su - mu,      o - ya - su - mi ku - da - sai,  
(English) Rest a while,      rest a while,      mind, bo - dy, soul find still - ness,

②

Me - nu - chah,      me - nu - chah,      shab - bat sha - lom me - nu - chah,  
Ya - su - me,      ya - su - mu,      o - ya - su - mi ku - da - sai,  
Rest a while,      rest a while,      mind, bo - dy, soul find still - ness,

③

Me - nu - chah, —      me - nu - chah, —      shab - bat sha - lom — me - nu - chah,  
Ya - su - me, —      ya - su - mu,      o - ya - su - mi — ku - da - sai,  
Rest a while, —      rest a while,      mind, bo - dy, soul — find still - ness,

④

Me - nu - chah,      me - nu - chah,      shab - bat sha - lom me - nu - chah.  
Ya - su - me,      ya - su - mu,      o - ya - su - mi ku - da - sai.  
Rest a while,      rest a while,      mind, bo - dy, soul find still - ness.

## LANGUAGE GUIDE

### Japanese

Yasume, Yasumu, oyasumi kudasai

休め、休む、お休み下さい。

English translation: Rest, rest, could you please have a rest

Pronunciation guide for English speakers, as written:

Ya-sue-meh, ya-sue-moo, oh-ya-sue-me-coo-da-sigh

### Hebrew

Menuchah, menuchah, shabbat shalom menuchah

מְנוּחָה מְנוּחָה שַׁבַּת שְׁלוֹם מְנוּחָה

English Translation: Rest, rest, peaceful sabbath of rest

Pronunciation guide for English speakers, as written and with emphasis on  
the last syllable of each word:

Men-oo-<sup>\*</sup>chah , men-oo-chah, sha-bat shal-om, men-oo-chah

\*ch is pronounced in a similar way to the 'ch' in Loch. There is no  
official transliteration of this sound in Hebrew. As it is best heard,  
please seek the advice of a Hebrew speaker  
and listen to how it is pronounced.





## IG ISSUE

This song is inspired by a Big Issue seller who sleeps in Kings Hedges. Every day, he travels into Cambridge to his pitch outside M&S. This song discusses some of the problems he experienced during lockdown in the spring of 2020.

By Bob Hines  
and Emily Peasgood

1. I catch the bus a - bout half - past - eight, in-to Cam-bridge from Down  
ham's Lane, to my place of work, I'm ne - ver late, -

but I'm my own boss, so who's - to say? - I make some mo - ney with the  
Big Is - sue, - it gives me some - thing good - to do, -

and ev - 'ry morn-ing, ev - ry af - ter - noon, you'll see - life from a dif - ferent  
point of view. - Doo doo doo - doo doo doo, -

doo doo doo - ba doo doo doo - Doo doo doo doo doo doo

- doo doo - doo - dle - oo doo doo doo -

Chords: D, A/C#, Bm, Bm/A, G#m7(b5), Gm, D, A/C#, Bm, Bm/A, G#m7(b5), Gm, D, A/C#, Bm, Bm/A, G#m7(b5), Gm, A, Bbm, Bm, Bm/A, A, Bbm, Bm, Bm/A, E

D A/C# Bm Bm/A G#m7(b5)

I catch the bus a-bout half—past eight, in - to Cam-bridge from Down

Gm A D A/C# Bm Bm/A G#m7(b5) Gm

- - ham's Lane.

1.

I catch the bus about half past 8, into Cambridge from Downham's Lane  
 To my place of work, I'm never late, but I'm my own boss, so who's to say?  
 I make some money with the Big Issue, it gives me something good to do  
 And ev'ry morning, ev'ry afternoon  
 You'll see life from a different point of view

2.

And there are those that will turn away, they don't know what I hear them say:  
 "He's a scally, he is on the make, and he ain't homeless, he's just a fake"  
 But there are others who will stop and say: "Hello", and pass the time of day  
 A cup of coffee and a piece of cake  
 The kind that mmm my momma made

3.

When everybody was safe at home, I was lost with nowhere to go  
 So, I wound up feeling more alone, some days I felt like the only one  
 It seemed to me the world had gone to sleep, it brought a familiar kind of peace  
 But when you live on these deserted streets  
 Then Wintercomfort is the place you seek

4.

And now that it has all been relaxed, I've finally got my punters back  
 It feels strange to see the world go by, I can't quite figure the reason why  
 I guess I missed them more than they missed me, and that's how it will always be  
 Can't put my finger on what has changed  
 Some things have gone and some have remained

I catch the bus about half past 8, into Cambridge from Downham's lane



## BLACK FEN CLUB BLUES

This song started life as a poem, inspired by a serendipitous duet between a guitarist and a blackbird one warm April evening at the Black Fen Folk Club on Holland Street.

Anna is a local writer and folk-fan who composed her first-ever folk song whilst driving to Tesco during lockdown.

By Anna Shelton

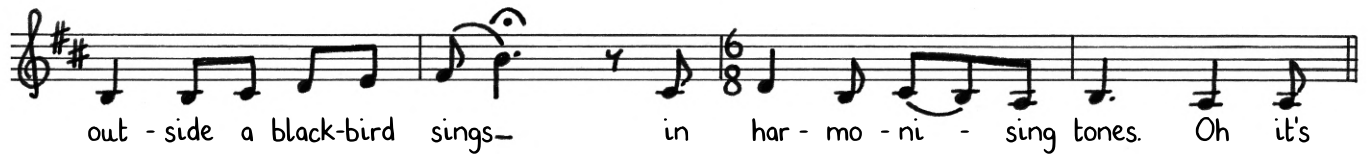
(VERSE 1)



Grey-haired gui - tar - ist in — sen - si - ble brown shoes, tapped a - way the rhy - thm of his



Black Fen Club blues, His fin - gers fret - ted sul - len strings as he sang of black - ened bones, while



out - side a black - bird sings — in har - mo - ni - sing tones. Oh it's

(CHORUS)



Sun - day night at Folk Club, — we come to hear mu - si - cians play, When



life is hard their me - lo - dies — tran - sport us far — a - way, — It's a



to - nic for the bad times, lifts us high when we are low,

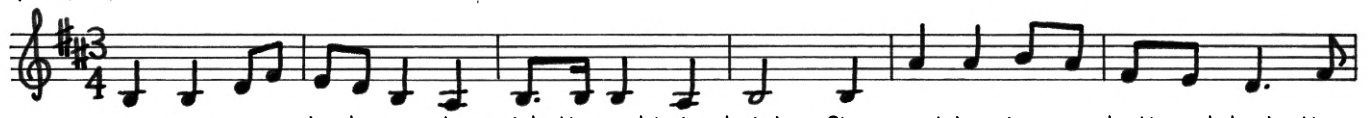


Hands clap - ping, feet tap - ping on the stick - y floor, When the mu - sic stops we all cry:



"Play — one more! Play — one more! Play one more! Some - one

(VERSE 2)



squeez - es a me - lo - de - on be - side the red - haired girl, She sweet - ly sings of death and duels, the



tales be-gin to twirl. With their bal-lads, reels and shan-ties they will teach us a tune and



all our voice-s fill the room, this dar - kened room. Oh it's

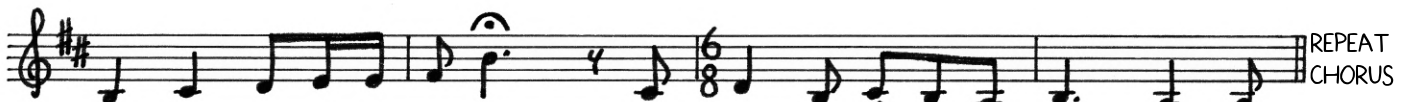
(VERSE 3)



Please ex-cuse the compere with his baw-dy romp so blue. Ig - nore the white-haired heck-ler, he's



had a drink or two, But bring out a ban - jo and my heart o - ver flows, Sing me



songs of bow head-ed bar-ley, and fate - ful Bri - ar Rose. Oh it's

(VERSE 4)



There is-n't much di-ver-si-ty, av-er-age age is fif-ty four, and you'll need to play more loud-ly than the



creak-ing toil-et door, But a tin flute and a dul-ci-mer beat an orch-es-tra-hands down, In the



back room of the so - cial club\_ in the north of Cam - bridge town. Oh it's

### Final Chorus

(Oh, it's) Sunday night at Folk Club, we come to hear musicians play

When life is hard their melodies transport us far away



We return again each weekend, like the tide runs to the shore

Hands clapping, feet tapping on the sticky floor

When the music stops we all cry: "Play one more! Play one more!"





## BOATHOUSE

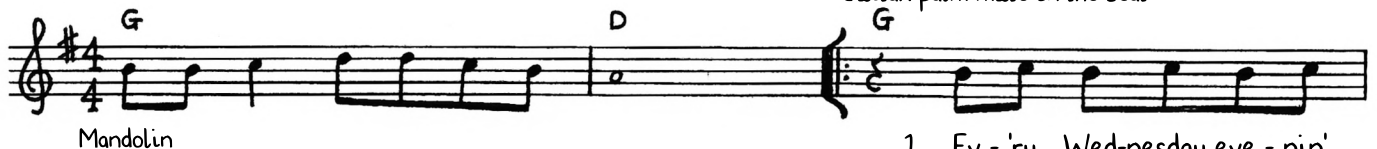
This song laments and celebrates Wednesday evenings at the Boathouse Pub, where lovers of live music from all quarters converged to enjoy the cream of Cambridge musicians. The diamonds added glamour and glitter to create an atmosphere of fun, vibrancy and inclusion. Composer Bob remembers playing there and lyricist Neil was a regular.

Neil is a Foster Carer and songwriter living in Willingham, Cambridge.

By Neil Banks  
and Bob Hines

(VERSE)

Guitar: palm mute on the beat



Mandolin

1. Ev - 'ry Wed - nesday eve - nin'
2. Jon - no sang the blues with
3. Le - o lived like Ein - stein,



at the Boat - house, I'm peo - ple watch - ing as they come in and — out, —  
true e - mo - tion, in his suit of speck - led mat - te e - mul - sion, —  
re - la - tive - ly, — and his el - bow patch - es ne - ver left — me, —



live mu - sic is what it's all a - bout, — let me wel - come you in. —  
and Fred - die sang: 'Stand By Me', — we were so troub - le free.  
and cou - ples who dis - guised their ro - mance danced the Moon - dance all night.



— It ne - ver mat - tered if it was cold out - side, —  
— We hitched a ride in - to the Del - ta blues — and —  
— How we miss that lit - tle spin - ning la - dy, —



or you were look - ing for a bet - ter place to hide, it on - ly mat - ters what is  
we Walked On Sun - shine wear - ing Blue Suede Shoes and — be - side the danc - ers —  
and how our Del - la flirt - ed, ve - ry sha - dy, — he was she, or she was

1. 2.

on the in - side, — let me wel-come you in. — And the  
 from the Wild - er Side, we watched worlds col-lide. —  
 he, well may - be, —

(CHORUS)

house - band drove all night, — at the wheel was John - ny Wright,

— and the dia - mond girls wore dia - monds, red  
 Alternative lyric: — on their

lips and high heel — shoes. — Ev'-ry Wed-nesday eve-nin'  
 souls and on their — shoes. —

at the Boat - house, — ooh. —

—

3.

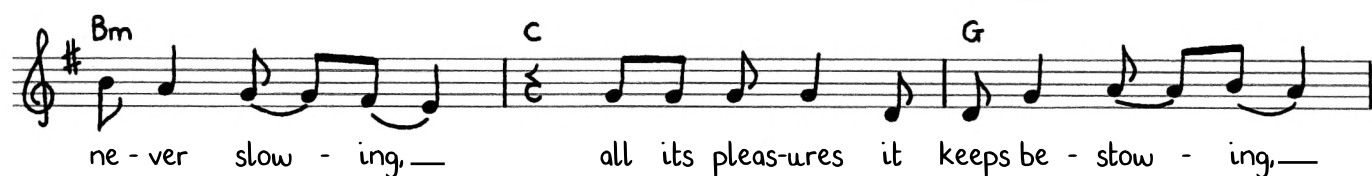
ev - 'ry - bo - dy come in. — Ev - 'ry Wed-nesday eve-nin'

at the Boat - house, — ooh. —

—

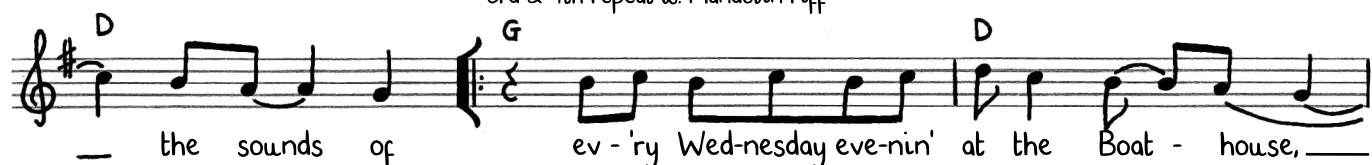
(VERSE: LAMENT)

Flexible rhythm, guitar finger picked



(END)

3rd & 4th repeat w. Mandolin riff



(REPEAT X4) (END)





1.

Ev'ry Wednesday evenin' at the Boathouse  
I'm people watching as they come in and out  
Live music is what it's all about  
Let me welcome you in  
It never mattered if it was cold outside  
Or you were looking for a better place to hide  
It only matters what is on the inside  
Let me welcome you in

Chorus

And the house band drove all night  
At the wheel was Johnny Wright  
And the Diamond Girls wore diamonds  
Red lips and high heel shoes / On their souls and their shoes  
Ev'ry Wednesday evenin' at the Boathouse, ooh

2.

Jono sang the blues with true emotion  
In his suit of speckled matte emulsion  
And Freddie sang: 'Stand By Me'  
We were so trouble free  
We hitched a ride into the Delta blues and  
We Walked On Sunshine wearing Blue Suede Shoes and  
Beside our dancers who were on the Wilder Side  
We watched worlds collide

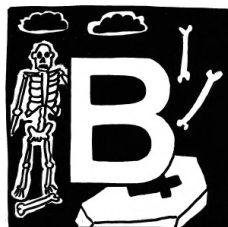
Chorus

3.

Leo lived like Einstein, relatively  
And his elbow patches never left me  
And couples who disguised their romance  
Danced the Moondance all night  
How we miss that little spinning lady  
And how our Della flirted, very shady  
He was she, or she was he, well maybe  
Everybody come in  
Ev'ry Wednesday evenin' at the Boathouse, ooh

4.

The River Cam it keeps on flowing  
Skirting CB4 and never slowing  
All its pleasures it keeps bestowing  
The twists, the turns, the ebbs and flowings  
And sat beside the Boathouse just the same  
The Wednesday session folded as its hall of fame  
Drew the gems that sparkled like a crown  
Now sadly taken from this town  
But still I hear the sounds of  
Ev'ry Wednesday evenin' at the Boathouse (x4)



## BURIAL NO.4

Burial No.4 is widely known as 'The Arbury Skeleton' on display in the museum of Archaeology and Anthropology in Cambridge. It was found in summer 1952 when work on the new Arbury housing estate was taking place, alongside other burials from the late 3rd or 4th century. This song is inspired by the remains of a woman found in 'Burial No.4' and what we know about her: she was a Roman woman in her 40s to early 50s and her burial in a stone lead-lined coffin suggests considerable wealth. We imagine her life as it might have been. This song comprises a verse and a chorus with varied performance options to be interpreted by the performer. An example of how it might be interpreted is provided on the final page.

Lara is a local songwriter who is rediscovering writing. She works at the University of Cambridge.

By Emily Peasgood  
and Lara Gisborne

♩ = 130  
(VERSE) **Bbmaj7** **C5** **D(sus4)** **C(sus4)** **Bbmaj7** **Dm7** **C(sus2)** **C(add4)**

1. My cream is made in Rome, though I know what mat-ters is love and home, I  
2. I've lived four score and more, my hus-band be - side lay - ing down the law, We  
3. Ca - mil - la is my name, con - ten - ted I am with my mo - dest fame. We'll  
4. To see me, wo - man, dead, I rest a while in my mu - se - um bed. And

**Bbmaj7** **C5** **D(sus4)** **C(sus4)** **Bbmaj7** **C5** **Dm7** **C(sus4)**

spin the wool I wear, while teach-ing my slave how to braid my hair, My  
run our home - stead well, while keep-ing our peo - ple un - der my spell, My  
pour de - li - cious wine, re - flect on the pas - sing of love and time, Let's  
know this too will go, in cli - mate con - trol and a glas - sy show, Yes,

**Bbmaj7** **A7** **D(sus4)** **C(sus4)** **Bbmaj7** **Dm7** **C5** **Bbmaj7**

tu - nic is so fine and grace - ful - ly made by my hands di - vine.  
girl is gone a - way, my son's young-est chil-dren come ev - ery day.  
raise a glass to us, we vi - si - tor, ske - le - ton, not yet dust.  
stand and stare at me, and then con - tem - plate my mor - ta - li - ty.

The verse can be performed as a 3-part round, hummed or with lyrics, with voices entering at 2 bar intervals (①②③) or 4 bar intervals (①②③). It can be performed a cappella or with optional instrumentation.

(CHORUS)

The musical score for the chorus is written for five parts: Main Vocal, Backing Vocals (BVs), Keys (Marimba), Bass, and Percussion. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The main vocal line begins with the lyrics "Bur-i-al Num-ber Four, Will I find ske-le-tons at my door? Will I mind?" The BVs line provides harmonic support with the lyrics "Bur-i - al Num-ber Four, Ske-le-tons at my door,". The Keys (Marimba) part features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked with a mezzo-forte (mp) dynamic. The Bass line includes specific chord voicings: Bbmaj7, Dm11/C, Dm11, and C(sus4), with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The Percussion part includes a triangle and shakers. The lyrics "T.V. comes to life, well I'm kind of wor-ried." are spread across the final measures of the chorus. The score concludes with a final bass line featuring chords Bbmaj7, F#9/C, D(sus4), and C5.

Bur-i-al Num-ber Four, Will I find ske-le-tons at my door? Will I mind?

BVs  
Bur-i - al Num-ber Four, Ske-le-tons at my door,

Keys (Marimba)  
mp

Bass  
Bbmaj7 Dm11/C Dm11 C(sus4)  
mf

Triangle  
T.V. comes to life, well I'm kind of wor-ried.

T. V.

Bbmaj7 F#9/C D(sus4) C5

The chorus has a cross-rhythm feel, with optional backing vocals, keyboard (marimba or bone like sound), bass and triangle. Shakers on 16ths and other percussion instruments or samples of TV static can be added at the performers discretion.

Bur-i-al Num-ber Four, sta-tus quo, peo-ple knock on my door, do they know?

Bur-i-al — Num-ber Four, Peo-ple knock-ing on my door,

*mp*

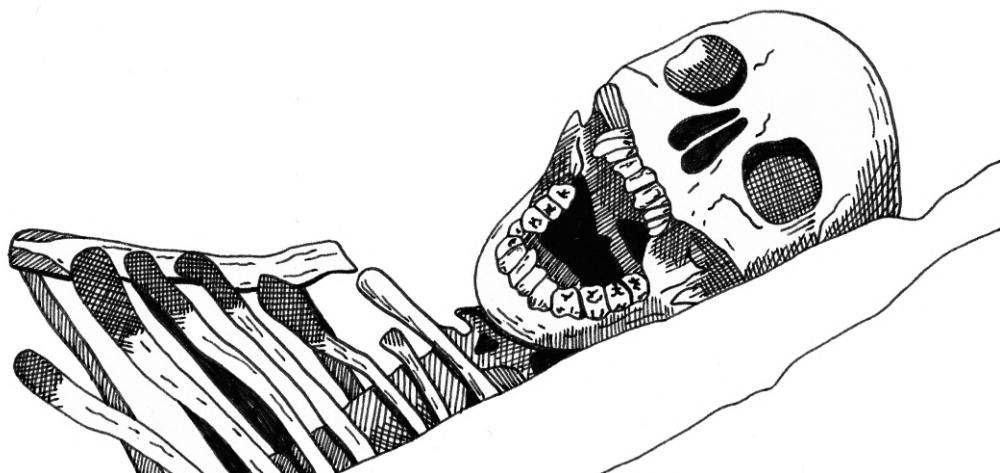
$Bb\text{maj}7$   $Dm^{II}/C$   $Dm^{II}$   $C(sus4)$

His-to-ry re-peats, and I'm feel - - - ing plur-ried.

Re - peats.

$Bb\text{maj}7$   $F\sharp/C$   $D(sus4)$   $C5$

The musical score is written for a song. It includes a vocal melody in the top staff, a piano accompaniment in the middle staves (treble and bass clef), and guitar chords in the bottom staff. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The tempo/mood is marked 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The lyrics are: 'Bur-i-al Num-ber Four, sta-tus quo, peo-ple knock on my door, do they know? Bur-i-al — Num-ber Four, Peo-ple knock-ing on my door, His-to-ry re-peats, and I'm feel - - - ing plur-ried. Re - peats.' The guitar part includes chords: Bbmaj7, DmII/C, DmII, C(sus4), Bbmaj7, F#m/C, D(sus4), and C5. There is also a 'Triangle' effect indicated above the vocal line.



## INTERPRETATION EXAMPLE

### Intro

(Hum the verse as an a cappella round with 3 voices at 2-bar intervals)

1.

(Solo singer, a cappella)

My cream is made in Rome, though I know what matters is love and home  
I spin the wool I wear, while teaching my slave how to braid my hair  
My tunic is so fine and gracefully made by my hands divine.

2.

(Solo singer with piano and bass)

I've lived four score and more, my husband beside laying down the law  
We run our homestead well, while keeping our people under my spell  
My girl is gone away, my son's youngest children come every day.

### Chorus

(Solo singer with backing vocals, keyboard-marimba tone, bass and shaker on 16ths)

Burial Number Four, will I find skeletons at my door? Will I mind?  
T.V. comes to life, well I'm kind of worried.  
Burial Number Four, status quo, people knock on my door, do they know?  
History repeats, and I'm feeling flurried.

3.

(Solo singer with piano and bass)

Camilla is my name, contented I am with my modest fame  
We'll pour delicious wine, reflect on the passing of love and time  
Let's raise a glass to us, we visitor, skeleton, not yet dust.

### Repeat Chorus

(Solo singer with BV's, keyboard-marimba tone, bass, shaker 16ths and triangle)

4.

(Solo singer with piano and bass)

To see me, woman, dead, I rest a while in my museum bed  
And know this too will go, in climate control and a glassy show  
Yes, stand and stare at me, and then contemplate my mortality.

### Repeat Chorus

(Solo singer with BV's, keyboard-marimba tone, bass, shaker 16ths and triangle)

### Chorus & V1

(Solo singer with BV's, bass and shaker with simultaneous V1 round: 3 voices at 2-bar intervals)

### Ending

(Hum the verse as an a cappella round with 3 voices at 2-bar intervals)



## AMBRIDGE COMMUNITY ARTS

Cambridge Community Arts offer inclusive courses for people to explore their creativity. This song is inspired by Maira's experience of taking part in their music courses, and how it helped her re-centre after moving back to the UK from working as a missionary in Thailand and Asia. It is best accompanied with guitar, percussion and 2-3 backing singers.

Maira is an Irish Australian who lives in Cambridge, having grandparents who hail from Wales and Yorkshire. She enjoys writing poetry and songs, making beats, developing skills in musicianship and working on her home recording studio.

By Maira Kay

and Emily Peasgood

(VERSE)

1. When life is hard\_ and I'm in a strange place where I don't\_ e - ven wan-na  
2. pitch up when- I'm\_ less than my best, I find my\_ heart or get it

see my face, — I don't, I don't know what I'm  
off my chest — when I don't, I don't know what I'm

do - ing. — And some-times I can't see the  
feel - ing. — And some-times I'm troub - led and

wood for the trees. I ev - en strug-gle look-ing at the birds and bees, - and I  
caught in a bub - ble, need-ing to un - wind\_ a con - fu - sing mud - dle, I

don't, I don't know what I'm say - ing. —  
don't, I don't know what I'm think - ing. —

(CHORUS)

1. Cam-bridge Com - mu - ni - ty Arts\_ saved me, and I be - came\_ who I  
2. Cam-bridge Com - mu - ni - ty Arts\_ saved me, I'm in a world\_ of dis -

want to be, — Now I know, I real - ly know\_ what I'm  
co - ve - ry, — Now I know, I real - ly know\_ what I'm

**A**

do - ing.  
feel - ing.

Cam - bridge Corn - mu - ni - ty Arts  
Cam - bridge Corn - mu - ni - ty Arts

**A**

gave me friend-ship and fun, cre - a - ti - vi - ty, Now I  
gave me friend-ship and fun, an i - den - ti - ty, Now I

**D** **A**

know, I real - ly know - what I'm say - ing.  
know, I real - ly know - what I'm think - ing.

2. 1

**A** **F#m** **D**

(MIDDLE 8)

Woah, were talk - in' 'bout,

**F#m** **D** **F#m**

woah, we're talk - in' 'bout, woah.

**D** **E**

### (VERSE 1 + CHORUS 1)

Perform at the same time with two singers. Use minimal guitar for the first 8 bars (breakdown) then fuller guitar with optional backing vocals. BVs can be introduced one harmony at a time.

### (VERSE 2 + CHORUS 2)

Perform at the same time with two singers. Continue with fuller guitar for the first 8 bars then cut guitar out for the final 8. Optional backing vocals can continue unaccompanied to end.

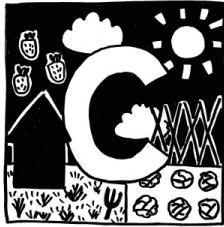
### (OPTIONAL BACKING VOCALS)

**A** **Slide**

Woah, woah, wa, oh, woah, Woah, woah, wa, oh, woah,

**D** **A**

Woah, woah, wa, oh, Woah, woah, wa, oh, Woah, woah, wa, oh, woah,



## CHESTERTON ALLOTMENT SOCIETY

"My allotment has brought me a lot of joy and feeds my family healthy food which tastes so much better than the shop bought veggies. It's close to home but feels like a journey into the country. There is a pond for frogs to breed and eat the slugs and my family often visit to help out and have a picnic."

Liz is a granny who enjoys singing, plays flute, accordion and Indian harmonium and takes part in orchestras and folk clubs in Cambridge. She was born in Australia and lived in India before settling in Chesterton in the 70s.

By Liz Huelin

and Anna Hester Skelton

(VERSE)



1. There is a field in a se-cret place, split in-to ma-ny lots. As -  
2. is a fox liv-ing in his lair, I saw him by my tree. I



pa-ra-gus grows and rhu-barb waves, and seeds ger-mi-nate in pots. The  
stood like a stone and stared at him as he gazed right back at me. Ob-



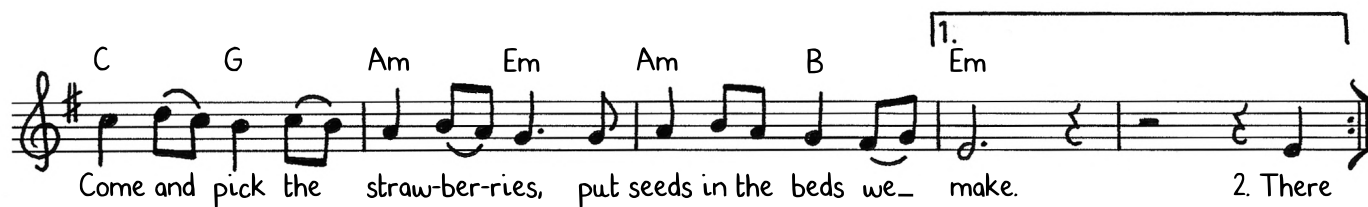
road goes off from U-nion Lane, the gates hid-den from the road. Its  
ser-ving from two streets a-way: the tower of St Georg-es Church. It



curved road hides the en-tran-ces, al-lot-ment so-ci-e-ty's a-bode.  
sees the sea-sons through the year and watch-es us nur-tur-ing the earth.



(CHORUS)



1.

There is a field in a secret place, split into many lots.  
Asparagus grows and rhubarb waves, and seeds germinate in pots.  
The road goes off from Union Lane, the gates hidden from the road.  
Its curved road hides the entrances, Allotment Society's abode.

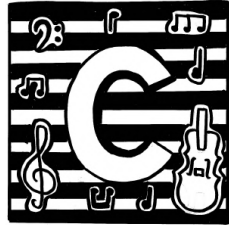
Chorus

Who'll come along with us today, armed with a fork and a rake?  
Come and pick the strawberries, put seeds in the beds we make.

2.

There is a fox living in his lair, I saw him by my tree.  
I stood like a stone and stared at him as he gazed right back at me.  
Observing from two streets away: the tower of St Georges Church.  
It sees the seasons through the year and watches us nurturing the earth.

Chorus



## HESTERTON WALTZ

"Chesterton Waltz is inspired by three of my favourite places: the spacious and peaceful Old Chesterton Allotments, the historic Green Dragon pub and the Haymakers, with its rich tradition of music making. These fiddle tunes form a trio that reflects the history, character and community spirit of each place and of Chesterton itself."

Sharon is a local violinist, composer and teacher, often seen cycling around with a violin on her back.

♩ = 152 Lively Waltz

### Pakenham Close

By Sharon Sullivan

At the end of Pakenham Close there's the Old Chesterton Allotment Society site. It's a peaceful haven; an escape from the busyness and stress of modern life. All sorts of people grow veg, fruit and flowers on their plots, amongst the insects and birds, and foxes and frogs.



### The Merry Haymakers

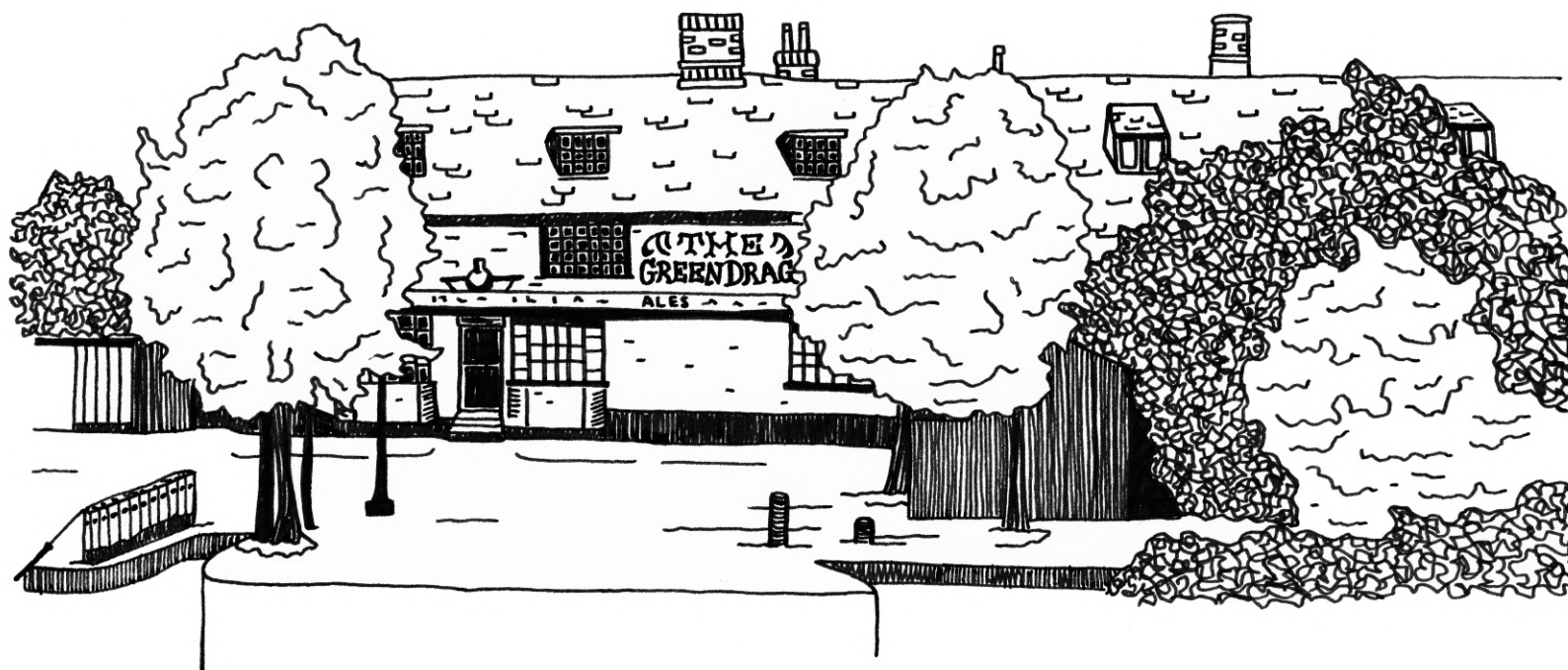
This pub has a long history of music and dancing, from World War 2 era sing-alongs to blues jams and cover bands. It is better known today for its large selection of real ales and excellent pizza, but if you're lucky you can still catch a band now and again.





## Green Dragon on the Cam/The Missing Ferryman

This lovely pub with its garden by the river has been part of community life for hundreds of years. Frequented by Oliver Cromwell and J.R.R. Tolkien, the place is steeped in history. Mystery was added when a local ferryman disappeared after leaving the pub one evening.





## DATING IN CB4

This song is inspired by Eleana's dating experiences in CB4. There are two chorus options to choose from. Option 1 requires omitting the last word of verses 2 and 3. Verse 4 ends abruptly on "boo". This song is sung, and spoken in parts with improvised ad libs to describe frustrating dating experiences.

Eleana grew up in Arbury, is a keen amateur photographer and studies Performing Arts at Anglia Ruskin University.

Laid Back Funky Guitar  $\text{♩} = 120$

By Eleana Ray  
and Emily Peasgood



(VERSE)



1. First time I met Ron - nie,	we went to the Gol - den Hind,	he
2. First time I met Tom - my,	we went to The Wa - ter - man,	he
3. First time I met Jon - ny,	we went to the Mil - ton Arms,	he
4. First time I met Rob - bie,	we walked by the ri - ver Cam,	he



said: "Do you like ga - ming?" -	I _____ said: "I don't mind" -	He
asked me for a cud - dle,	I _____ said: "No, no thanks!"	He
said: "I think you're love - ly",	he _____ was full of charm -	He
said: "I real - ly like you,	I'm _____ your big - gest fan" -	He



told me 'bout the pla - nets	and look - ing at the stars,	I
said: "I am a mo - del,	and have great an - gles too",	I
told me all the cute girls	have lots of at - ti - tude,	I
talked a - bout his spread - sheets,	how not to o - ver - spend,	I

**FMAj7** **G**

rolled my eyes and said: "Is there life on Mars?"  
 slumped in to the chair, but he was - n't through, he said:  
 said: "O - kay, that's nice. Shall we or - der food?" -  
 freaked out when he said: "Are we more than friends?"

**Am7** **C**

"Wan-na play Nin - ten - do? We can play Star Wars,  
 "I don't go on bus - es, I think I'm real cool,  
 "I can or - der for you, I am a good guy,  
 "You can come to my place, but pre - tend we're mates,

**FMAj7** **G**

you be Princ - ess Lei - a, I will be The Force."  
 I work at a jewel - ler and I have a pool".  
 how a - bout fa - ji - tas then some ap - ple pie?"  
 if we see my lod - ger, we're not on a date."

**Am7** **C**

I don't know what I want or what I'm look - ing for, I  
 I don't know if I want to see these guys a - gain, I  
 I don't know if I want a guy who thinks he's boss, I  
 I knew I did - n't want a guy with - out a clue, I

**FMAj7**

wish I knew the ans - wer, Ron - nie was a  
 wish I knew the ans - wer, Tom - my was too  
 wish I knew the ans - wer, Jon - ny made me  
 think I found the ans - wer: I don't need a-->(To END Page 45)

(Guitar back in)

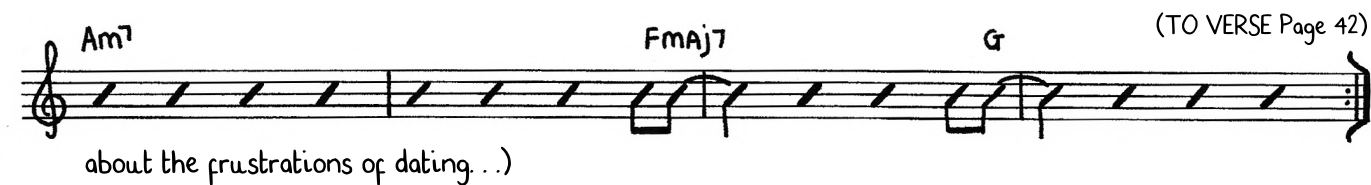
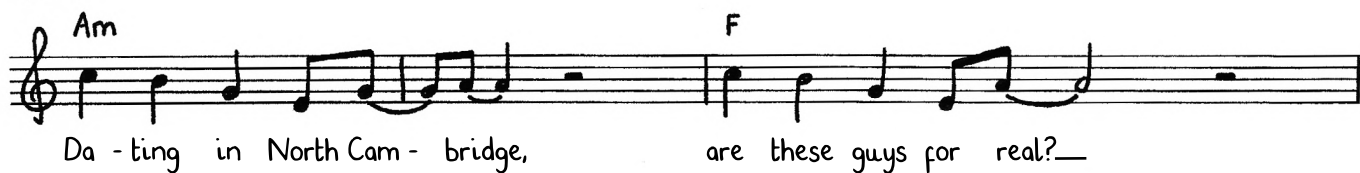
(Vamp during ad libs, then return to verse)

**1.** **Am7** **FMAj7** **G**

bore. (Spoken ad lib about the frustrations of dating...)

(CHORUS OPTION 1)

2. 3.



(CHORUS OPTION 2)

12.3.

Am E G D

2. vain. He was a bor - ing, bor - ing bon-ny boy - o,  
3. cross He was a bos - sy, bos - sy bon-ny boy - o,

F C F E

he was a bon - ny, bor - ing boy.  
he was a bon - ny, bos - sy boy.

Am E G D

He was a bor - ing, bor - ing bon-ny boy - o,  
He was a bos - sy, bos - sy bon-ny boy - o,

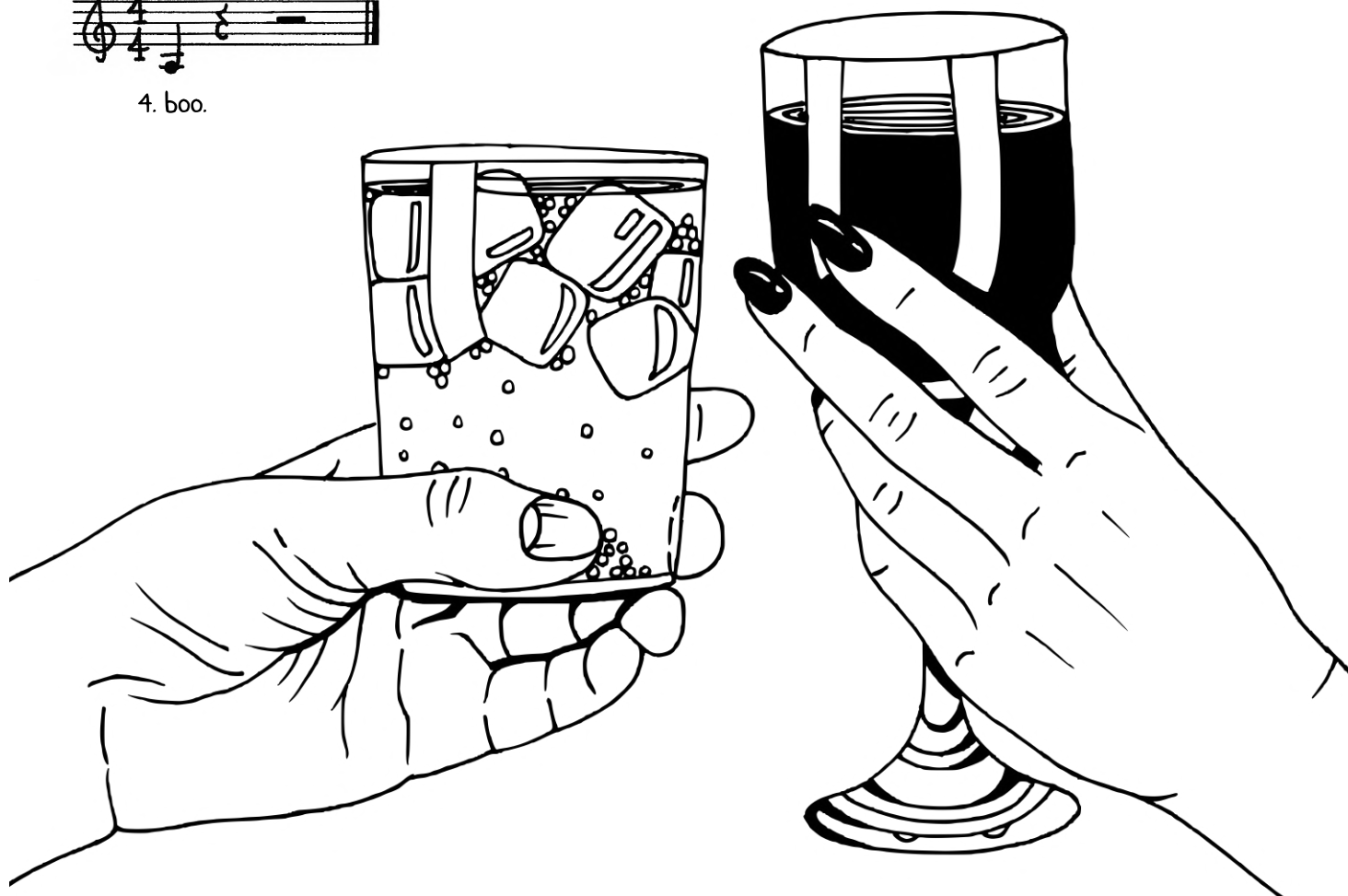
F C F E Am (To VERSE Page 42)

he was a bon - ny, bor - ing boy.  
he was a bon - ny, bos - sy boy.

(END)



4. boo.





## LIZA

In 1799, Impington resident Elizabeth Woodcock was buried in the snow for eight days. She survived the horrendous ordeal, but never truly recovered and died six months later. This song captures how her husband Daniel must have felt; frantic with worry, and devastated when she did not recover. Daniel died shortly after Eliza, leaving their son William orphaned.

(VERSE 1)

By Guy Dinwiddy

Am G Dm Am

Some called her E - li - za - beth, but I called her — E - li za, —

Am G F C Dm G

we'd been mar-ried three years gone, then I lost her, I lost her in the snow. —

C Am G

We walked out of our church, to have and to hold, Did she re-

Dm G

mem-ber that as her feet grew cold? — Ice went

(CHORUS)

Am Dm G F

— in-to her heart, in-to her veins, — E-li-za, where have you gone? I've

Alternative lyric: She ne-ver thawed out my love left and

C Dm G

called and tried and cried. —  
tore my world a - part. —

(VERSES 2-5)

Am G Dm Am

2. She went ri-ding through the snow on a horse that she called Tin-ker,

Am G F C Dm G

Flash! And Tin-ker reared up so high, and she lost him, she lost him in the snow. —



That won-der - ful mar-ket, not one egg un sold, Did she re

mem-ber that as her heart grew cold? Ice went

### Chorus

Ice went into her heart, into her veins  
 Eliza, where have you gone? I've called and tried and cried/  
 She never thawed out my love left and tore my world apart

1.

Some called her Elizabeth, but I called her Eliza  
 We'd been married three years gone then I lost her, I lost her in the snow  
 We walked out of our church to have and to hold  
 Did she remember that as her feet grew cold?

2.

She went riding through the snow on a horse that she called Tinker  
 Flash! And Tinker reared up so high, and she lost him, she lost him in the snow  
 That wonderful market, not one egg unsold  
 Did she remember that as her hands grew cold?

3.

Buried, far above her head, in a blizzard that entombed her  
 Church bells tolled out and twice they rang, but I'd lost her, I'd lost her in the snow  
 Behind Sittle's sheep farm, kissing by the fold  
 Did she remember that as her lips grew cold?

4.

Eight days later, free at last, but the ice and snow still gripped her  
 Six months later she slipped away, and I'd lost her, I'd lost her in the snow  
 I miss my Eliza, we said we'd grow old  
 Did she remember that as her heart grew cold?

5.

I've not got much life in me, not without my dear Eliza  
 I will see her in one missed breath, but I'll leave him, I'll leave our boy alone  
 She cradled our William, more precious than gold  
 Did she remember that as her arms grew cold?



## FEN ROAD

I wrote this song after receiving an email from a Traveller who lives on Fen Road, taking additional inspiration from sound bites in recent local papers. It has an optional chorus that can be sung after some or all verses, and can be performed as a solo, a 4-part round song, or mixed and matched to create a unique interpretation. The round works in two ways: with voices entering at 2 bar intervals (①②③④) or 4 bar intervals (①②③④).

By Emily Peasgood

(VERSE)

① ② ③ ④

1. I have lived on Fen Road for more than twen - ty - five - years, We are  
 deep - ly a - shamed of what's hap - p'ning, It's the  
 fault of some young - sters, young men in their prime and their  
 ac - tions, they know what they're do - ing. 2. When I

(OPTIONAL CHORUS)

1. 2.

A few bad ap - ples. A ap - ples.  
 Few bad ap - ples. ap - ples.  
 Few bad ap - ples. ap - ples.  
 Few bad ap - ples. ap - ples.

1.

I have lived on Fen Road for more than twenty-five years  
We are deeply ashamed of what's happening  
It's the fault of some youngsters; young men in their prime  
And their actions, they know what they're doing

2.

When I go to the shops I must apologise  
They don't see I'm a man of good standing  
We are just as frustrated as others, you see  
And we don't all deserve this harsh branding

3.

One bad apple can taint the whole barrel, it's true  
And we're all just as bad as each other, they say  
But we can't bear the blame for what we didn't do  
And a man's not an apple to be thrown away

4.

On 'The Wild West' Fen Road, as it has come to be known  
Where the actions of some bring us shaming  
We have tried to escape all the stigma we face  
But to many we're always for blaming

5.

I'm a man of few words but I will take it on board  
By and large it's the only way to it  
When we all bear the shame of a few who're to blame  
Quiet grace is the only way through it

6.

Now then it doesn't matter where you're going, it's true  
'Cause it's always who you have beside you  
But if cold-faced disdain is on each face you meet  
Then you'll wish the ground open and hide you

Chorus

A few bad apples

A few bad apples



O . A . T .

"LL Cool J fans and all Hip Hop heads know G.O.A.T stands for Greatest Of All Time. This is a few words of warning to parents searching for the one birthday present that will make their 13 year old smile."

Lucille is a writer and choreographer, a product of north of the river, long-term-full-time Arburynaut and a third of the creative drive behind world famous Arts and Culture organisation, SIN Cru.

By Lucille Rococoa

I've loved other guys.  
I've looked into their eyes  
but this was supposed to be no strings  
now wethered, you're tethered  
by some reinforced acrylic to a tree  
surrounded by mud, carrot ends and

We fetched you from a council estate  
outside 'boro  
Just you, me in the car, and my daughter.  
Her smile was unusually constant and Cheshire.  
You calmed the sulky understudy of a woman and let her  
love you.

Last night we left you on a temporary bed  
of fresh wood shavings.  
You escaped from the first  
squeezing your balls through the cattle stalls  
and were moved to the stable block  
where you could be locked in.

I've heard all the lines  
I've cried (o) so many times  
but when the peelers came round  
on Boxing Day morning ,  
I knew you was wandering.  
I could guess what was coming

Pulled my dressing gown  
down over the bruise on my thigh  
never as high as the ribs you can't reach  
and for a moment, I enjoyed the silence.  
No head butting walls and braying  
It's hard to explain you're only play

In the court a crowd had gathered  
fencing you in ,  
preventing you from  
entering through the  
automatic supermarket  
doors. But stubborn, you weren't Budgens.

Now a full page spread in the local news,  
exaggerated views from readers,  
reports from the pub cleaners  
who were chased down the road  
and had to hide in a bush  
but you's keeping stush - no comment, it read.

I've fell for other smiles  
I've walked a thousand miles  
but no matter where I go  
I unintentionally smell of you  
No Paco Rabanne, Lynx, or even Magic Tree  
your front legs, chest, face, and beard are all covered in

We were advised it was a wise procedure  
and raised £80 to debase you.  
I always thought your sack  
hung like Bajan soursops  
protected by Emerald City carrier bags to stop  
the monkeys from pinching them.

Teeth sunk softly into a squidgey  
dumpling made from glutinous rice.  
Sticky lips rimmed with all things nice -  
wrong choice of snack for that day  
as the red bean and millet jelly  
reminded me only of your operation.

A lack of loyalty unfortunately's not new to me  
so I knew as you've reached puberty  
you were roaming, you cad,  
looking for love,  
wearing your own musk,  
and it was worse during rut.

Maybe now you'll lose your bravado,  
no more Arbury psycho.  
But my daughter wants to rehome you.  
So if you should ever doubt,  
wonder what love is all about,  
Just think back and remember babes  
if you hadn't eaten my knickers, maybe you could have stayed.

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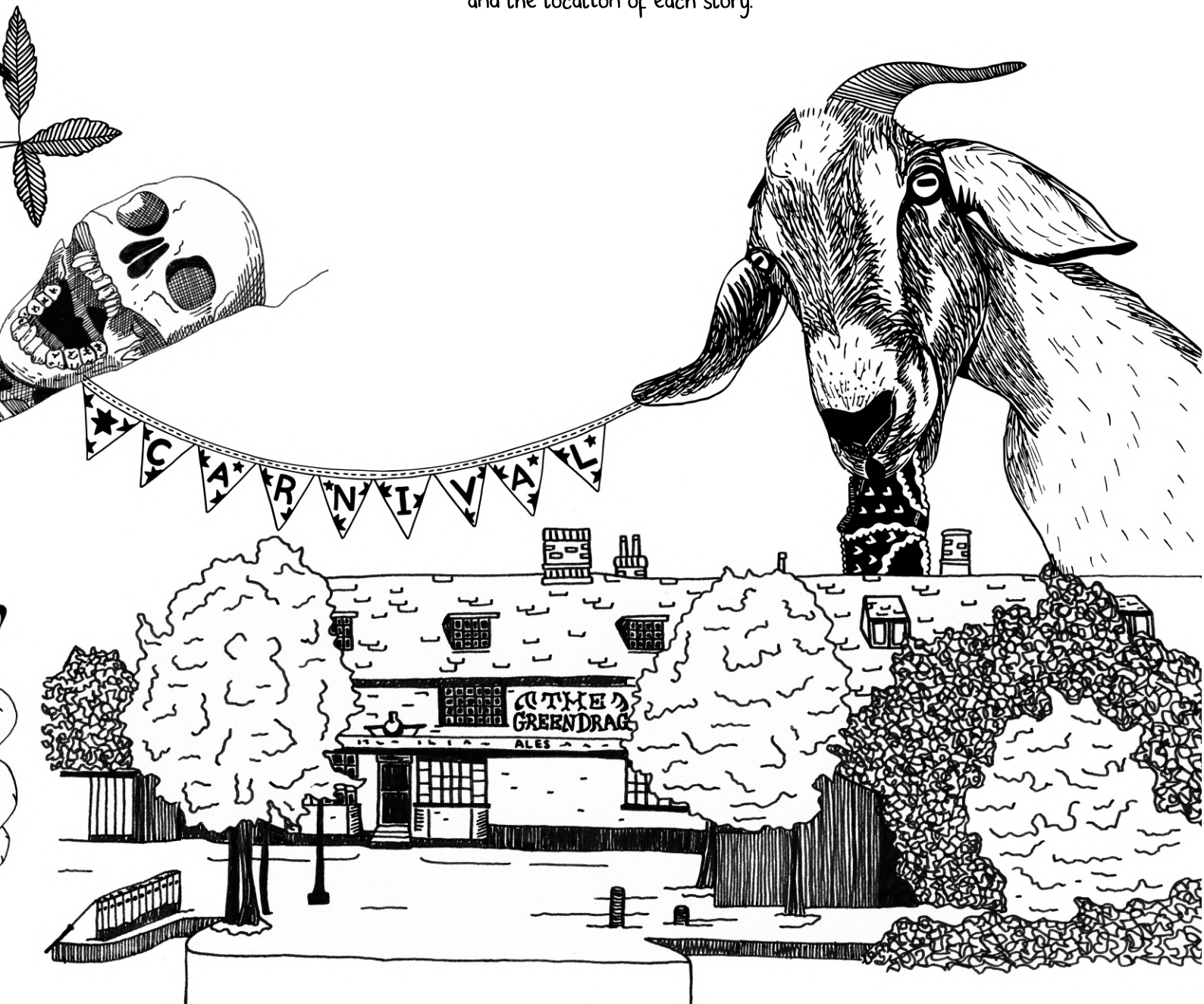






## MAP OF SONGS & VERSES

Every song and verse can be mapped to a location or journey in north Cambridge. Specific locations, buildings and landmarks are celebrated in songs like 16 Chesterton Road, Grumpy's Pet Shop and Kindness is Always in Season. Other pieces capture more general locations with an interesting history or a feeling to share, like the histories surrounding Burial No. 4, Halifax Road or Union House, or the sense of community spirit in Arbury Court and Green End Road. Some songs and verses reference several locations or capture a specific journey. The famous herons in Heron Man can be seen in two locations, and we can observe the route the Arbury Carnival procession takes, the Big Issue seller's daily walk to his pitch outside M&S, and the rave convoy that travelled around the city in The Summer of 1989 and collected people from Milton Tescos. This map locates each song in its specific place. Please use it to find stories at specific locations, and the location of each story.



## MAP OF SONGS & VERSES

### PAGE NO. & KEY

14	16 CHESTERTON ROAD
16	A BATTLE OF PLATES
18	ARBURY CARNIVAL
20	ARBURY COURT
22	BETH SHALOM
24	BIG ISSUE
26	BLACK FEN CLUB BLUES
28	BOATHOUSE
32	BURIAL NO.4
36	CAMBRIDGE COMMUNITY ARTS
38	CHESTERTON ALLOTMENT SOCIETY
40	CHESTERTON WALTZ
42	DATING IN CB4
46	ELIZA
48	FEN ROAD
50	G.O.A.T.
58	GREEN END ROAD
60	GRUMPY'S PET SHOP
62	HALIFAX ROAD
64	HERON MAN
66	KINDNESS IS ALWAYS IN SEASON
68	NHS CLAP
70	RIVER SHANTY
72	SEASONS
76	STEAMROLLER PARK
80	STRAWBERRY FAIR
82	THE BALLAD OF MR ASBO
86	THE GHOST OF THE SNOWCAT
88	THE SHARING SHELF
90	THE SUMMER OF 1989
92	TURIN THE PYTHON
94	UNION HOUSE
98	WHEN DAISY MET WINSTON
102	WHEN JONNY PLAYS







## REEN END ROAD

"I have lived in CB4 since January 2008. I have travelled up and down Green End Rd innumerable times since, and always liked the name. Especially since the 20mph limit was introduced, it has a lovely local feel to it."

George is a professional songwriter and travelling musician.

By George Bacon

$\text{♩} = 100$

(INTRO)



(VERSE 1)



Cam-bridge street with a pub at one end\_ and a pet store at the oth-er, \_ from



Grum-py's to the Gol - den Hind, you can walk or take a bus\_ down\_

(REFRAIN)

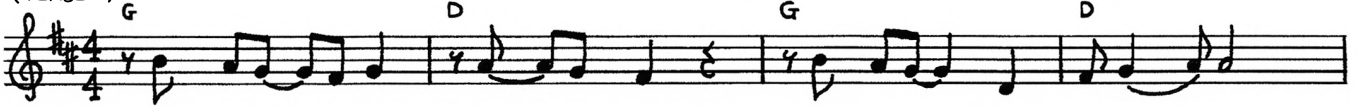


Green End Road, an end-less\_ prom-ise, our way in, \_ our way out.\_



Green End Road, \_ a went\_ way, with C B 4 gath-ered round you. \_

(VERSE 2)



Through the heart of our neigh-bour-hood, where the green and end-ings\_ dwell,

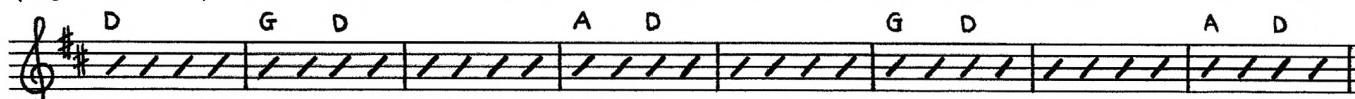


at the end\_ of the high\_ street, \_ there it be-gins four bus stops long,



# REPEAT REFRAIN

(INSTRUMENTAL)



(VERSE 3)



Past the play-ground swings and round - a - bouts, a foot - ball-pitch, and sha-dy— trees,



Mace Off Li - cense, Ches-ter-ton Prim-ary a Meth-o-dist Church, Ni-sa Lo - cal,

(REFRAIN)



Green End Road, an end - less—prom-ise, our way in,— our way out.—



Green End. Road, a went-way, with C B 4 gath - ered round you.—



— Green End Road, Green End Road,

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George Bacon, 2020





## RUMPY'S PET SHOP

"I had so much fun writing Grumpy's Pet Shop because it let me express my feelings of love, joy and happiness about animals, and my excitement in visiting Lulu and the nice people at Grumpy's who help me care for my pets, especially my chickens Summer and Poppet."

Chiara is eight years old and attends Chesterton Primary School. Her friends include chickens, dogs, tortoises, moths, guinea pigs, cats, fish and other children.

Grumpy's pet shop can be accompanied on piano or guitar.

By Chiara Berry,  
Genevieve Berry  
and Emily Peasgood

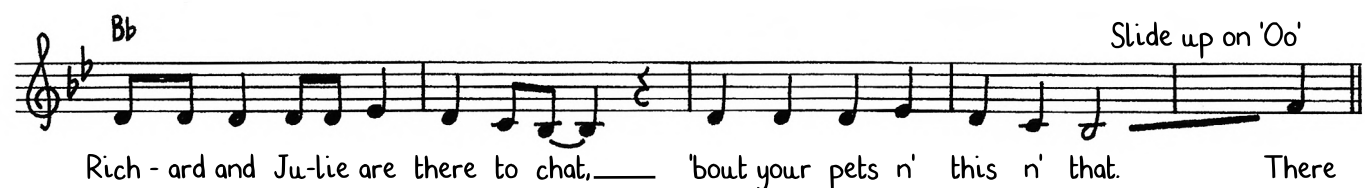
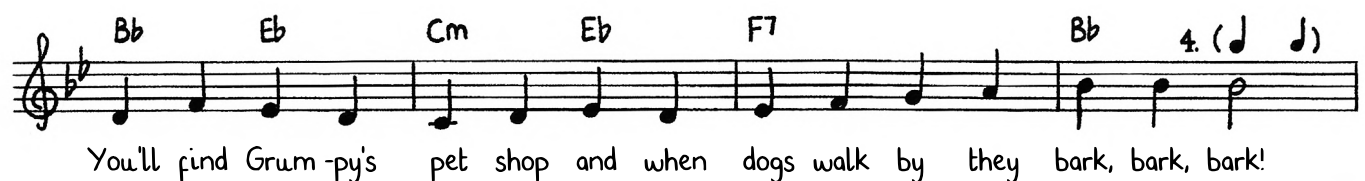
♩ = 160

(INTRO)



1. In

(VERSE)



(CHORUS)



(Optional: repeat last two bars)

1.

In Chesterton on Scotland Road, near the school and church and park  
You'll find Grumpy's pet shop and when dogs go by they bark, bark, bark!  
Richard and Julie are there to chat 'bout your pets n' this n' that  
Ooh. . .

Chorus

(Repeat after each verse)

There was an old man named Mister Grumpy  
And he owned a shop, a pet shop  
When he died they named the shop:  
Mister Grumpy's, Grumpy's pet shop

2.

Go see Lulu the cockatoo, when you're there she'll talk to you  
She'll shout if you walk away, she really wants to play, play, play!  
She talks softly just to kids, and she doesn't have eyelids  
Ooh. . .

3.

My cheeky chickens they were blue, lying in the chicken coop  
So we took a stroll to Grumpy's and we bought some food, food, food!  
Oats and seeds and barley too, now they do nutritious poo  
Ooh. . .

4.

My guinea pig was feeling grumpy, 'cause his arms and legs are stumpy  
And his brother's bed was lumpy, so we went to Grump, Grump, Grumpy's!  
It cheered them up right away, when we gave them straw and hay  
Ooh. . .

5.

There's treats for dogs and cats and fish, all can find a tasty dish  
Turtles, ferrets, hedgehogs, rabbits, everything you wish, wish, wish!  
Monkeys, eels and dolphins too, it's your friendly local zoo!  
Ooh. . .

6.

We skip and run and jump and hop, all the way to Grumpy's shop  
Near and far and far and wide, please let us come inside, side, side!  
People and animals all agree, Grumpy's is the place to be  
Ooh. . .



## ALIFAX ROAD

"I used to live in a former Victorian almshouse on Halifax Road. This song is inspired by many different lives played out there over the centuries. All the stories mentioned are true."

Jessica is a Cambridge-based singer-songwriter. As well as releasing two studio albums, Jessica used to be a costumed history guide at the Black Country Living Museum.

By Jessica Law

and Anna Hester Skelton

(VERSE)

1. I can see the ghosts of those who walked this road in years be - fore,

Har - ry Bra - zier's se - ven chil - dren played be - tween these nar - row walls,

Hid - den dag - gers sparked a scan - dal thir - ty me - tres from my door,

War - time wi - dows paced these ve - ry floors my dan - cing shoes now score. Cross the

street, a ta - vern lies a sleep; displaced ah \_\_\_\_\_ Just a

house, the paint - ed name e rased: blank space, ah \_\_\_\_\_ And



(CHORUS)

do you see what I see? Do you feel the things I feel? And are you in tune with me? Do you think it might be real? Do you think it might be real? Do you think it might be real?

1.

I can see the ghosts of those who walked this road in years before  
 Harry Brazier's seven children played between these narrow walls  
 Hidden daggers sparked a scandal thirty metres from my door  
 Wartime widows paced these very floors my dancing shoes now score  
 Cross the street  
 A tavern lies asleep; displaced (Ah...)  
 Just a house  
 The painted name erased: blank space (Ah...)

Chorus

And do you see what I see?  
 Do you feel the things I feel?  
 And are you in tune with me?  
 Do you think it might be real?  
 Do you think it might be real?  
 Do you think it might be real?

2.

I can sense what one tree meant to lovers, fighters, thieves and stoats  
 I can find the signs of lives inscribed in stone or scratched on posts  
 Metal sparrows guard the park and watch the runners stretch and boast  
 While the River Cam plays host to different lives on different boats  
 In these lanes  
 A history is made each day (Ah...)  
 On stone stage  
 We come and go away, it stays (Ah...)

Chorus



## HERON MAN

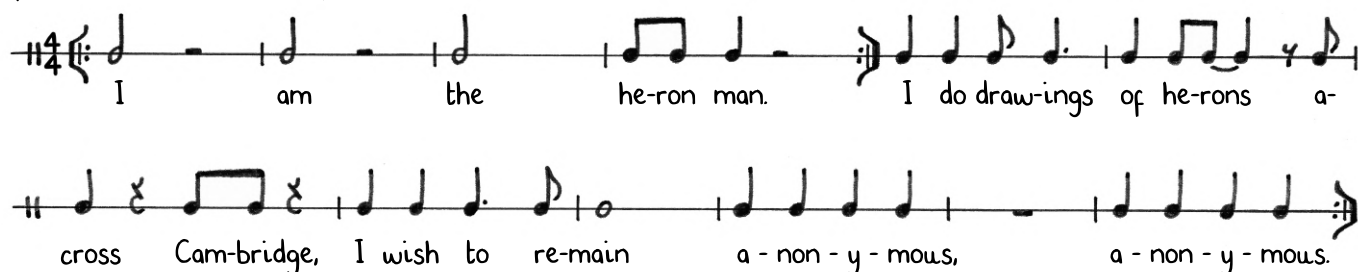
Heron Man is a piece of house music by Darren Fitzpatrick, inspired by the anonymous graffiti artist who paints herons around Cambridge. The rhythms, melodic lines and harmonies created by Darren are presented here as individual parts. Performers are invited to layer, mix and match them in any order for any musical instruments to create their own unique version of Heron Man.

Darren has lived in Cambridge all his life and enjoys creating poetry, music, art, sewing and crafting and has a photography studio.

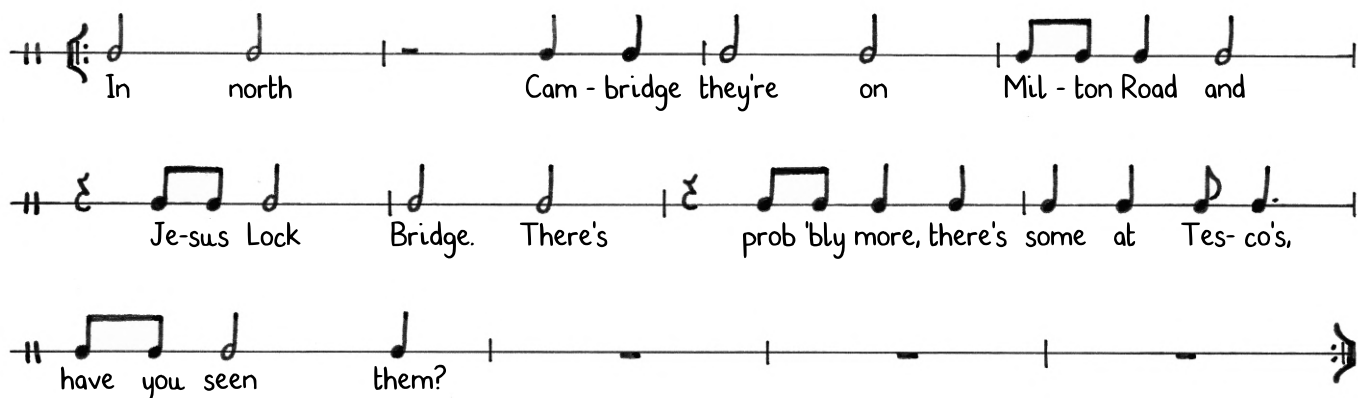
126bpm

By Darren Fitzpatrick

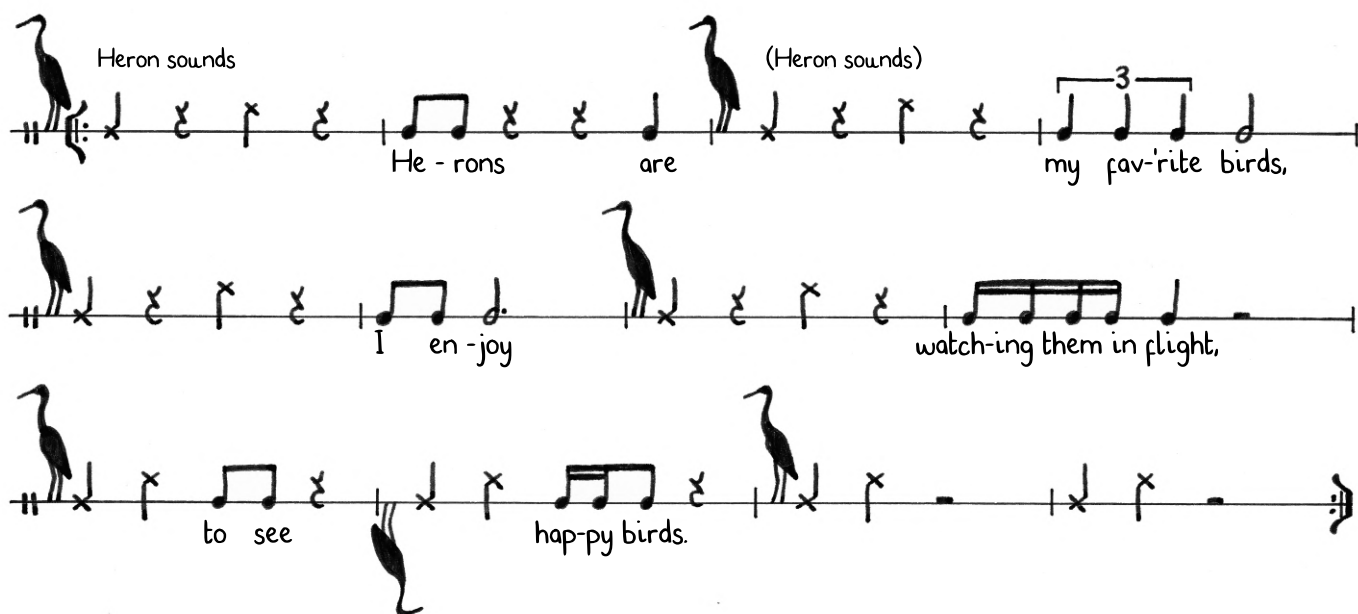
### (SPOKEN WORD - SECTION 1)



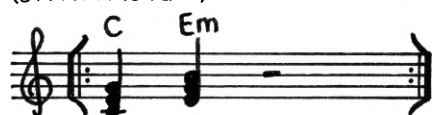
### (SPOKEN WORD - SECTION 2)



### (SPOKEN WORD - SECTION 3)



(SYNTH MOTIF 1)



(SYNTH MOTIF 2)



(SYNTH MOTIF 3)



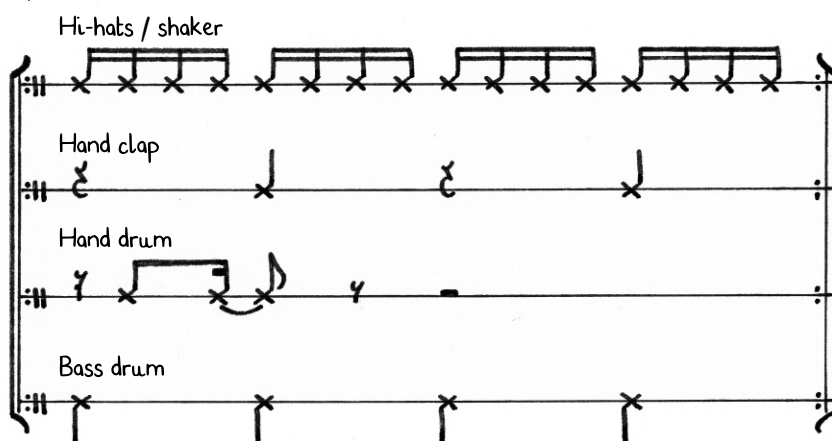
(BASS MOTIF 1)



(BASS MOTIF 2)

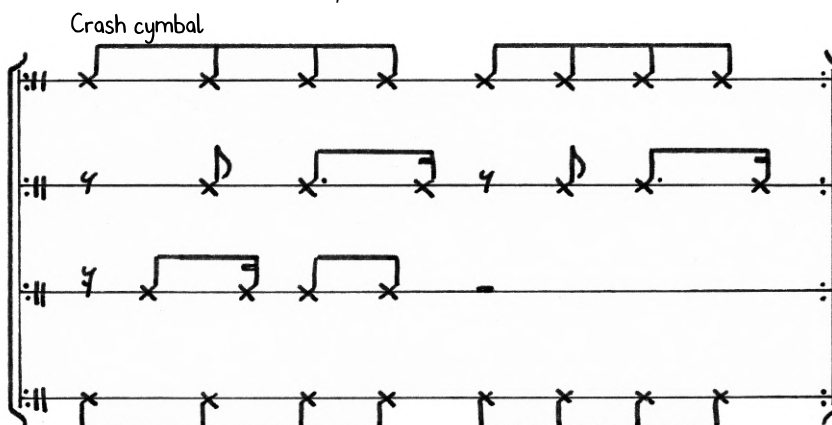


(PERCUSSION: STANDARD GROOVE)



Flexible Instruments

(PERCUSSION: BREAK DOWN / BUILD UP)



Flexible Instruments

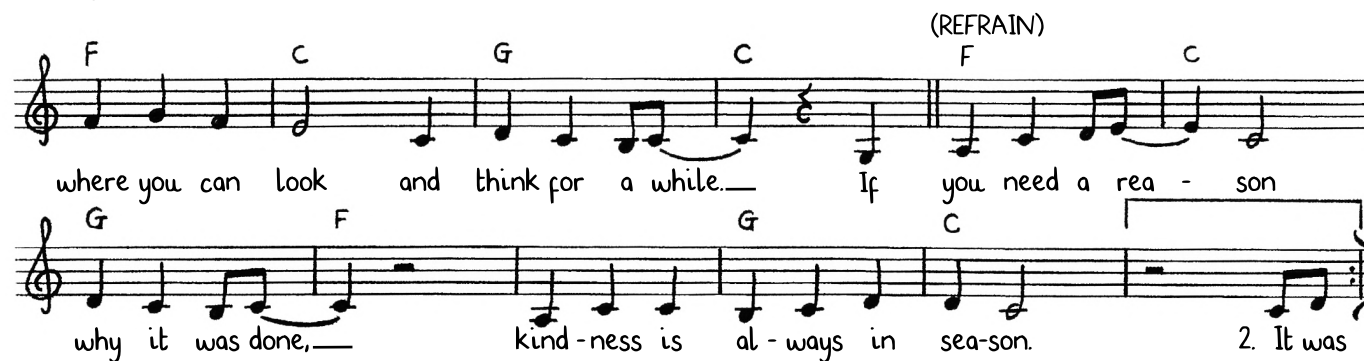


## KINDNESS IS ALWAYS IN SEASON

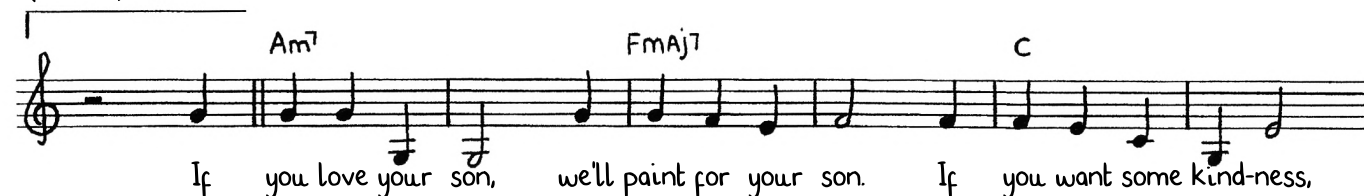
In August 2017, artists Dan Biggs, Sa'adiah Khan and Samirah Khan created a community mural in Chesterton. It states 'Kindness is Always in Season' and features suggestions from local residents, Brown's Field Youth and Community Centre and Eddie's, a local charity supporting people with learning disabilities. As it was painted passers-by contributed additional ideas. This song captures a few of them.

By Emily Peasgood  
and Bob Hines

(VERSE)



(BRIDGE)



1.

On the corner of Milton and of Green End Road  
At a junction where the cars hurry by  
On the wall of the Co-op is a mural for kindness  
Where you can look and think for a while  
If you need a reason why it was done, kindness is always in season

2.

It was painted by Sa'adiyah, Samirah and Dan  
As a symbol of kindness and peace  
They listened to voices of Chesterton people  
And painted it all on a Chesterton street  
If you need a reason why it was done, kindness is always in season

3.

As they were painting and people passed by  
Sa'adiyah would look up and say:  
"What do you love?" "We love our son;  
He died aged eighteen and he's not gone away"  
If you need a reason why it was done, kindness is always in season

4.

And they carried on painting, still people came by  
They would look up and again:  
"What do you love?" "We'd love some kindness,  
To brighten up this cold and dark day"  
If you need a reason why it was done, kindness is always in season

Bridge

If you love your son, we'll paint for your son  
If you want some kindness, we'll give you some  
For kindness is always, always in season  
We all need something we can believe in  
If you need a reason why it was done, kindness is always in season  
If you need a reason why it was done, kindness is always in season

Repeat 1.



## NHS CLAP

"We created this song to celebrate the sense of community shown by the clap for carers to support hard-working keyworkers during the 2020 lockdown."

Nicola lives in Hardwick, works in Cambridge and is a member of the St Neots Folk Club. Her daughter Chloe is 9 years old and a keen musician, learning recorder and flute.

By Chloe Floyd,  
Nicky Floyd  
and Bob Hines

(INTRO)

1. 2.

C Am

(Recorder)

Get out— for the N— H S clap clap. 1. It

C Am

1. start-ed with one— on her own,— by the next— week the num— ber had grown,

C Am

ev'-ry— one o— pened their doors, a hun— dred, a thou— sand or more.—

G E7 Am Dm G G7

Lis— ten to the Ar— bury Es— tate,— ev'-ry Thurs— day eve— ning at 8! A—

(CHORUS)

C Am

no— ther week gone and we're back, do— ing the N— H S clap. A—

C Am G7

no— ther week gone— and we're back, do— ing the N— H S clap.

C Am

(Recorder)

Clap Clap Clap Clap

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff. It consists of three systems of music, each with a first ending bracketed above it. The first system starts with a C major chord, followed by a series of eighth notes, then a half note with a 'Clap Clap' instruction below it. The second system starts with an Am chord, followed by eighth notes, then a half note with a 'Clap Clap' instruction, and continues with the lyrics 'Come on and don't be late, — ev'-ry'. The third system starts with an Am chord, followed by eighth notes, then a half note with a 'Clap Clap' instruction, and continues with the lyrics 'Thurs-day eve-ning at 8!'. The score includes various guitar chords: C, Am, G7, G, E7, Dm, and C. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across measures.

1.

It started just one on her own, by the next week the number had grown  
 Ev'ryone opened their doors, a hundred, a thousand or more  
 Listen to the Arbury Estate, ev'ry Thursday evening at 8!

Chorus

Another week gone and we're back, doing the NHS clap  
 Another week gone and we're back, doing the NHS clap

2.

From the doorsteps along Humphreys Road, to the children who live on The Grove  
 We clap as much as we can; a small way of giving our thanks  
 Listen to Kings Hedges Estate, ev'ry Thursday evening at 8!

Chorus

Come on and don't be late, ev'ry Thursday evening at 8!

3.

Bring all your pots and your pans, you should make as much noise as you can  
 Clapping for carers tonight, our heroes must keep up the fight  
 Coming out one by one, ev'rybody in Chesterton!

Chorus



## IVER SHANTY

"Living by the Cam is eternally intriguing, inspiring, soothing and rejuvenating. It pumps life through Cambridge joining land and water, flora, fauna and people and it connects us all. This is our shanty for the River: long may it thrive. It takes the form of a traditional call-and-response sea shanty: the first two bars are called by the shanty-person with singers responding. Singers are invited to choose the words for each response, with examples provided in brackets below. The response can be harmonised freely. There are two rhythmic variants with corresponding verses. Have a go at making up some of your own!"

Gen is from Queensland and feels fortunate to be part of Chesterton's warm and welcoming community since 2018.

By Genevieve Berry  
and Emily Peasgood

### RHYTHM 1

(Call) (Response & example harmony) (Call...)

1. This is a song for the man in the cap, (ga - zing at) the Ri - ver Cam, He

(Call) (Response) (Call...)

knows all the fish and he's quite the chap, (chap - ping near) the Ri - ver Cam, He

(Call) (Response)

sometimes wears tweed\_ and plaits the reeds, (weav - ing in) the Ri - ver Cam,

(Call) (Response)

This is a song for the man in the cap, (gaz - ing at) the Ri - ver Cam.

2.

This is a song about Asbo the Swan, (squawking in) the River Cam  
He'll chase you away if you do him wrong, (chasing in) the River Cam  
He's rather an antisocial bird, (violent in) the River Cam  
(Repeat first line)

3.

This is a song for the old Pike and Eel, (burning by) the River Cam  
No longer a place for beer and ale, (thirsty by) the River Cam  
The old ferry crossing is no more, (cannot cross) the River Cam

4.

This is a song for the Lady De Clare, (haunting by) the River Cam  
They say several jealous men murdered her, (murdered by) the River Cam  
She's called 'The Black Widow of the Cam', (widowed by) the River Cam

5.

This is a song for what could lie ahead, (future of) the River Cam  
Will bicycles line the old water bed? (Cycling in) the River Cam  
The river's outflow is very low, (nothing of) the River Cam



# RHYTHM 2

(Call) (Response) (Call...)

This is a song for the cows of the ri-ver, (graz-ing at) the Ri-ver Cam, In

(Call) (Response) (Call...)

spring-time they're clum-sy and all— a quiv-er, (quiv-ering in) the Ri-ver Cam, They

(Call) (Response)

top-ple in— and go for a swim,— (top-pling in) the Ri-ver Cam,

(Call) (Response)

This is a song for the cows of the ri-ver, (graz-ing at) the Ri-ver Cam.

2.

This is a song about Justin the diver, (jumping in) the River Cam  
The last time he did it he lost a fiver, (floating down) the River Cam  
He took a chance and lost his dear pants, (moon-ing in) the River Cam  
(Repeat first line)

3.

This is a song for the ghosts of the river, (haunting by) the River Cam  
Don't visit at night, you might feel a quiver, (spooking by) the River Cam  
[Ghostly 'oo' to the tune of the call and the response]: Oo...

4.

This is a song for the posh college rowers, (rowing down) the River cam  
I think they'd look silly in feather boas, (glamorous on) the River Cam  
They're earnest, sweaty, yet so refined, (sweating on) the River Cam

5.

This is a song for the ancient Green Dragon, (drinking by) the River Cam  
Where Cromwell would swill his beer from a flagon, (swilling by) the River Cam  
A flagon is two gallons of beer, (flagons by) the River Cam

6.

Tolkien would visit to find inspiration, (Tolkien by) the River Cam  
It sparked his creative imagination, (writing by) the River Cam  
The Hobbit and the Lord of the Rings, (magic by) the River Cam

7.

Metal detectorists fish for their treasure, (fishing in) the River Cam  
With magnets on fishing rods at their leisure, (wishing by) the River Cam  
There's bicycles, and also a pram, (cycling in) the River Cam



## SEASONS

"Seasons is based on fragments of memories of my life in North Cambridge, building a narrative from them of the changes within each year and across the years."

Mark is a poet, poetry promoter and event organiser in his spare time. He moved to CB4 in the early 1990s and now lives there with his wife of 21 years.

By Mark McGivern

On the last of the cold days  
First buds become showers of pink and white  
Milton Road's cherry blossom decoration blown  
Swirled and spiralled, wind scattered  
Carpets across the tarmac, a welcome mat for spring  
A signal for the end of winter's short days  
Hands deep in pockets, bitter winds and stinging rain  
A faded memory in the first hot sunlight  
Making front doors shine  
More than neon Christmas colours ever could  
Gardens more than pools of darkness between streetlights  
Green and brown alone no more  
Winter's smaller palette flooded  
A feast of life bordered by wooden fences  
Low brick walls, like the one, now gone  
Where I used to perch on dry days and read  
Opposite the Yorkshire Grey, gone too  
Although the name remains to confuse tourists  
I would wait there rather than walk the High Street  
Walking reserved for summer nights at the Portland  
After the last song, missing the last bus  
Not so much fun in winter so I'd skip the shouts  
Exchange "More" for the bright lights

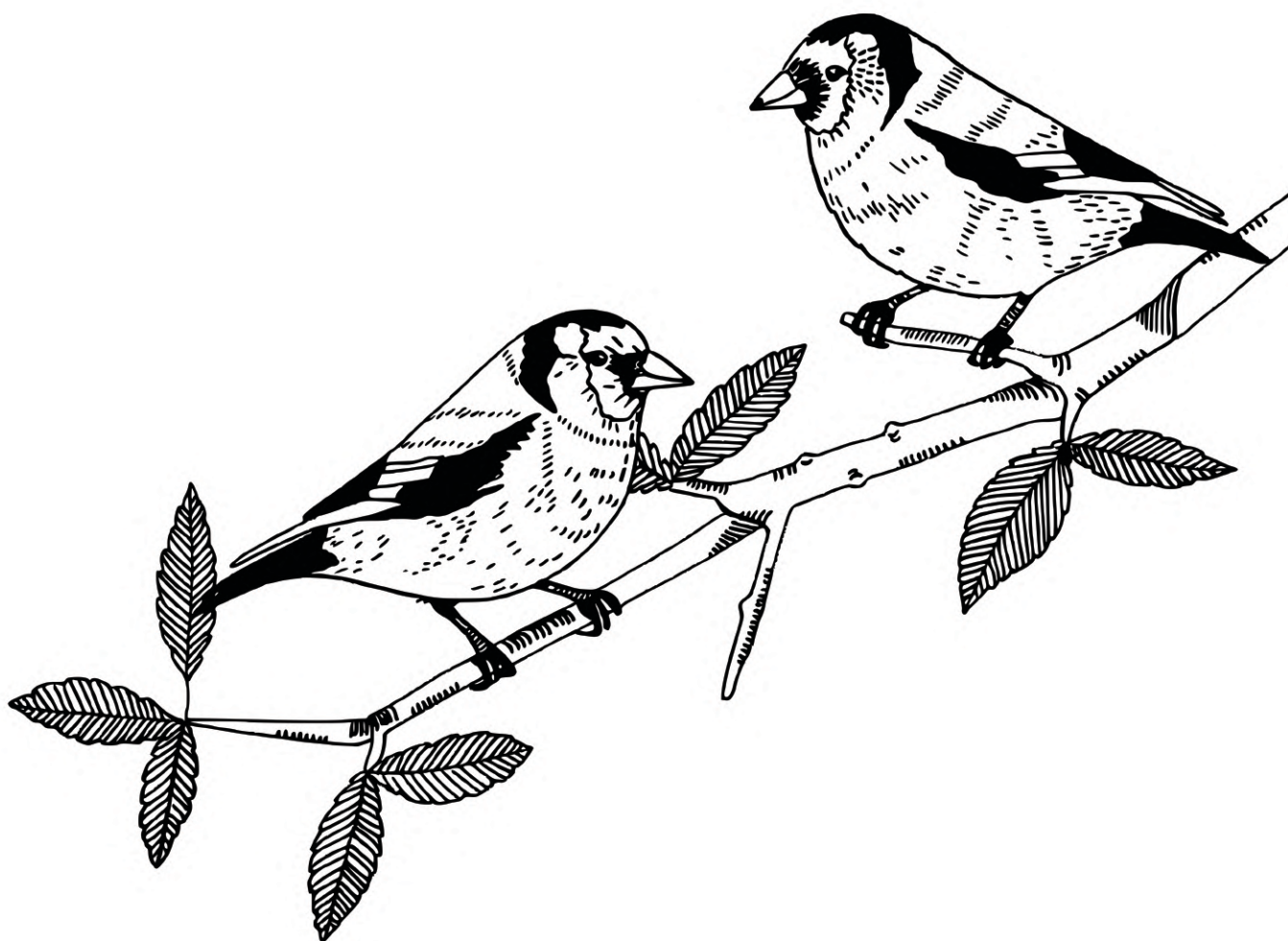


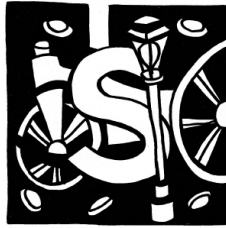
The inside of a bus with misted windows  
Like the ones I take now along the same streets  
Seeing the window  
My reading perch on long gone summer nights  
Overlooking Green End Road  
Where I'd sit on the wide inside ledge  
My back against the frame  
Words flowing from the page into my head  
Looking up and looking out, but never down  
Along the worn out pavements  
Some now resurfaced but others worn and wearing out  
Showing old cables put in long ago to bring  
A host of channels and then access to an internet  
That had just barely started  
Its reach into our lives when we first met  
And sat outside on summer nights  
Warming with our smiles as the air cooled  
The places that back then we called our own  
They still remain for new lovers  
Sitting where we sat  
Where we still sometimes sit and talk  
Of here and now like them  
For the worlds not changed much more than we have  
Like our streets, changing but remaining  
The newest thing a prompt  
Everywhere you go each new thing is yours to see  
And still someone else's memory  
From that bus I can see our first flat  
That echoed to the clatter of a metal stair  
And a door that never closed silently  
I have been told it's all changed now  
From there, on nights when the sun shone warm  
Lighting grey walls, heavy with the golden glow  
That only ever travels along the surface of the river  
We would walk, not far  
To a wooden table set on slightly too long grass  
Between Dragon and water



By the bridge where cyclists rarely dismounted  
We would sit in the last of light  
And look across sun sparkling silver grey  
Flowing and rippling naturally  
Momentarily spattered and shattered  
Oars breaking the wake of swans  
Ignoring or protesting this intrusion  
One became a press sensation  
Before being moved to a less interruptible location  
We did that too, a moving exchange of riverside  
For a green space of our own  
Our own bench and table, where we sit  
On the very edge of the hum and rumble  
In its season there is the addition of distant chants  
Roars at the Abbey  
The rumbling trundling hum of trains  
Before they brake at our new station  
In the midst of bird song  
All the other life of this corner of our shared city  
We while away those evenings  
The ones filled with just us two, ourselves  
For it's people that make a place  
People who make their lives, as we make ours  
Growing into it and growing in it  
Through bright colours back to green and brown  
Holding hands becomes hands alone  
Deep in pockets against the remembered cold  
I walk past the cherry trees and wait  
And wait, for the blossom to begin again  
Always the same and yet, like spring itself  
They are also always new







## TEAMROLLER PARK

Steamroller Park is a rap with a sung chorus by Kirsty and Rory, cousins born and raised in Cambridge. In the 80s and 90s they played on the steamroller at Steamroller Park, now known as Green End Road Park. This song explores real events and memories growing up in Cambridge across three generations. It looks at how things have changed since their childhood, and asks if life is easier or harder for kids today. The rhythms, melodic lines and harmonies that comprise the beat are presented as individual parts which are also available as samples to use for free in the GarageBand library, as named below. Performers are invited to layer, mix and match them in any order for any live or digital musical instrument to create their own unique version.

Kirsty is a nanny and Rory is a cleaner and father to two children. Both share a passion for music and recently started writing songs together.

### BEAT COMPONENTS

(Doghouse Melody Piano)



By Kirsty Roberts  
and Rory Yanez

(Deep Electric Piano 06)



Music box, or twinkly sound.

(Drops of Rain Piano)



With chorus, tremolo and excessive reverb.

(Velvet Rope Sub Bass)



(Altered State Beat)



Drum kit (Rim)

(Steam Machine Beat)



Drum kit (With brushes)

1.

Hi there folks, my name's Rory  
 And I'm about to tell you a story  
 I remember being in a cream stroller  
 Seeing kids in the park on a steamroller  
 But now he's older, pretending it would work  
 I was running over all the people that were jerks  
 Back when kids had imagination  
 You'd think silly thoughts and then just create them  
 Before we had a phone, street lights come on  
 We'd have to go and get ourselves home  
 If we weren't home in time, we would get grounded  
 Detention at home, by four walls surrounded  
 Everyone who's come from here  
 Has a house and a family, a good career  
 Now I'm a better man, got two kids to raise  
 On the same side like a parallelogram  
 Talking back when sweets were just a penny  
 We used to go and get plenty, go on a frenzy  
 But now I'm coming out empty  
 Unless it's someone else that's sent me

CHORUS

**Cm**



So, what's bet - ter? The past or pres - ent? When do we think - life -

**Cm**



- was most - pleas - ant? May - be things have - n't got bet - ter or worse?

**Cm**



Time may go by - but it's the same u - ni - verse. May - be the past - was bet -

**Cm**



- ter? - May - be the fu - ture's hard - er? -

**Cm**



May - be the past was hard - er? - May - be the fu - ture's bet - ter?

2.

Let's take it back to the 1970s  
Children had imagination, endless possibilities  
No phones, high tech gadgets or technology  
Kids could be kids, no fight for popularity  
Our parents spent hours hanging in the fens  
Making memories, laughing, building dens  
Half the year spent prepping for bonfire night  
Groups of young children built their own bikes  
More time was spent outside than at home  
Get back from school, drop your bags off and go  
Pop back home when it's time to eat  
Meet back up with their friends on the street  
Tight knit communities, they all knew each other  
All our family gathered at one table for supper  
Safety was no issue, no need to lock doors  
Things were so different, can't do that anymore  
Back in the 70s were things better?  
We think things were easier but was there less pressure?  
Yes, you could get bigger, cheaper bags of sweets  
But was life really any safer out on the streets?

(REPEAT CHORUS)

3.

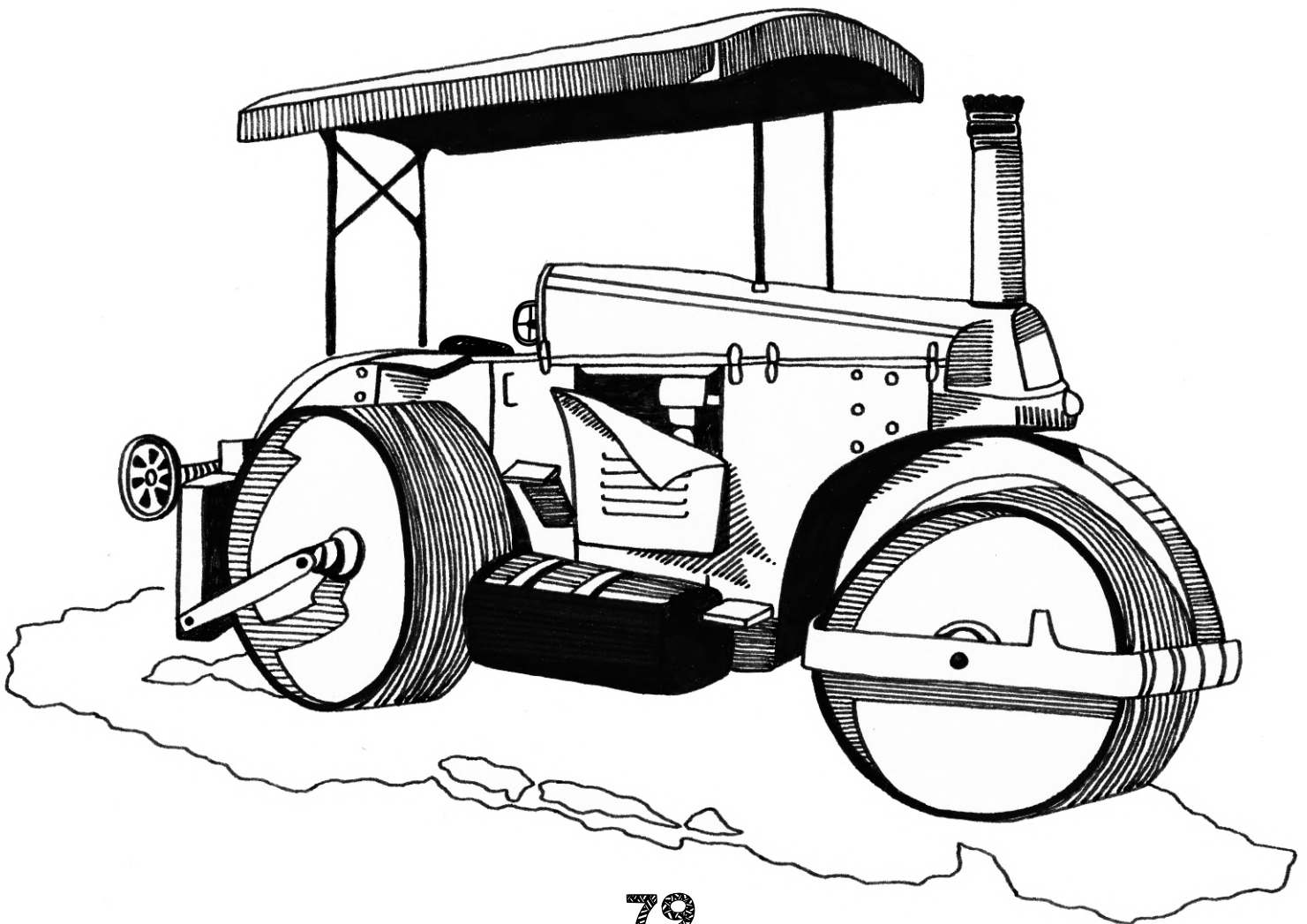
This next verse is about my kids  
So let's talk about the kinda things they did  
If they could leave their technology  
I'd tell them 'bout the steamroller properly  
But I got no proof now that it's gone  
They're on the same streets that I come from  
That's why they can't leave our home  
Not without their mobile phone  
And not alone, they need each other  
Either with their friends or with their brother  
Must stay on the streets that we live  
'Cos I don't trust these other kids  
No staying out late at night  
'Cos kids nowadays they all carry knives  
When it's dark there's no street lights  
So, they don't come home when the time is right  
They want something from the shop 'cos they're hungry  
But you can no longer get a sweet for 1p  
Can't let them go with an empty tummy  
So I tell them: "hurry" and give them money



### OUTRO

(To be performed by a young person)  
Going to the shop with some change  
Also going with my mates  
Even though the shop's quite long range  
Quick tings before they shut the gates  
Coming back with drinks while making jokes  
Don't wanna think about my folks  
They grew up at the park, came home after dark  
Used their imagination at steamroller park

I go out with my friends 'cos I want to  
I stay out late 'cos I want to  
Play video games 'cos I want to  
I do what I want 'cos I want to  
I go out with my friends 'cos I want to  
I stay out late 'cos I want to  
Play video games 'cos I want to  
I do what I want 'cos I want to



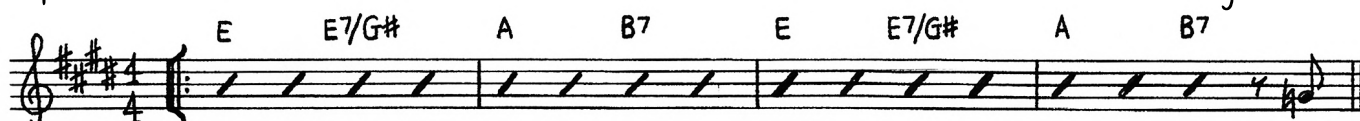


## STRAWBERRY FAIR

This song was inspired by the community spirit behind Strawberry Fair music festival. It takes place each year on Midsummer Common, and is created by and for the people of Cambridge. Strawberry Fair is run by volunteer Strawberry Fairies who put on a show that deserves to be celebrated in a song.

Upbeat  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}^3$

By Bob Hines

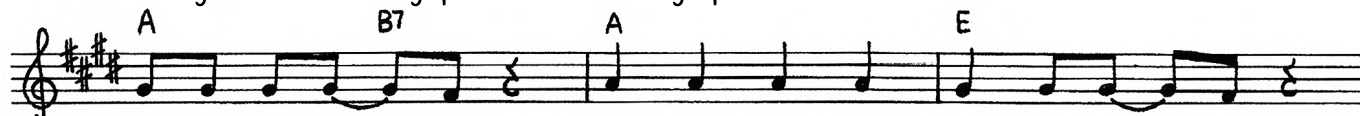


1. It
2. It's
3. It's

(VERSE)



start-ed way— back— in— twelve - e - le - ven, it hap-pens ev - 'ry year what  
like a vil - lage green\_ ta - ken over by hip - pies, but some are from the u - ni,  
ve - ry vo - lun - ta - ry for the straw - b'ry fair - ies, some are in their teens, and



ev - er the weath - er, Stour-bridge Fair brought traders to - geth - er,  
some from the Ci - ty, young and old they look so pret - ty,  
some in their eight - ies, com - mon folk to dig - ni - tar - ies,



come a - long. ——— And still it's held on Mid-sum-mer Com - mon,  
Pa - rade round town in daz - z - ling co - lours  
We've bel - ly dan - cers, lin - dy hop, hop - pers,



fa - thers with their sons and moth - ers with daught - ers, it's or - gan - ised may - hem  
to the vil - lage green where you'll dis - co - ver, the sweet, sweet smell of  
Try — as you might, you ne - ver will stop — us, but here's an i - dea, come



but you — ought - a  
Straw - b'ry sum - mer, come a - long ——— to  
on and — join — us,

(REFRAIN)



Straw - ber - ry Fair, — Straw - ber - ry Fair, — I'll be see - ing you there! Yeah, yeah.

(BRIDGE)

2. B7 F#m B7

there! 'Cause lo-cal means com-mu-ni-ty, you'll find it at the heart of the fair, —

F#m B7

lo-cal means com-mu-ni-ty, you'll see it at the heart of the fair, — yeah!

TO THE START

3. (REFRAIN) B7 D G D G B7

there! Straw-ber-ry Fair, — Straw-ber-ry Fair, — I'll be see-ing you there! —

(VERSE 4)

E E7/G# A A/C# E E7/G#

Read all a-bout it in the lo-cal pa-pers, bring all your fa-mi-ly,

A A/C# E E7/G# A A/C#

bring your neigh-bours, a free jam-bor-ee for all a-ges,

E E7/G# A A/C# E E7/G#

dan-cers and bands are gra-cing the sta-ges, it's hap-pen-ing a-gain so

A A/C# E E7/G# A A/C#

why are we wait-ing? Ev-'ry-bo-dy leaves with hap-py fa-ces, it

E E7/G# A A/C# E

star-ted way back in twelve-e-le-ven and hap-pens ev-'ry year what-

(REFRAIN)

B7 D G x3

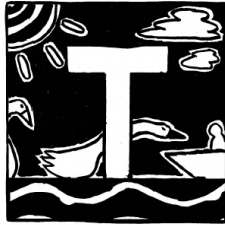
ev-er the weath-er it's Straw-ber-ry Fair, —

D G B7

Straw-ber-ry Fair, — I'll be see-ing you there! —

(OUTRO)

E E7/G# A B7 E E7/G# A B7 E



## THE BALLAD OF MR ASBO

"'Mr Asbo' was an aggressive swan who made headlines in 2009 by attacking rowers on the river Cam, polarising local opinion. He was eventually moved for his own safety after attacking motorboats. I have lived in the north of Cambridge since 1985 and love the Cam towpath, but fortunately never met Mr. Asbo while walking or running there."

Stefan is a software engineer who enjoys singing and playing the guitar.

By Stefan Kaye  
and Anna Hester Skelton

$\text{♩} = 96$  (CHORUS)

Fours and eights and mo - tor boats, sculls, ca - noes and all that floats, I'll  
chase you all un - til you're gone, I'm Mis - ter As - bo the hoo-li-gan swan!

(VERSE 1)

1. While swan-ning a-long the ri-ver Cam, be - side Fen Dit-ton's shores, with my  
mis-sus and my cyg - nets for to see — my swan-in - laws,  
pad - dling up to Ches - ter-ton as in a hap-py dream, when  
eight great oafs in a huge long boat came charg - ing down the stream. Those  
great big guys all in a — row, — with mas-sive oars, they scared us so, to  
stop my fa-mi-ly be-ing harmed, I flew at the one that was small and un-armed. I

G D A D

saved us all from dread-ful knocks with a might-y peck in the mid-dle of the cox! REPEAT CHORUS

(VERSE 2)

D A D A

I gained a re - pu - ta - tion as an an - ti - so - cial bird, the

G D A

stu - dents called me 'Sta - lin' and the tales grew quite ab - surd. Some

D D7 G

called for my e - vic - tion, but some spoke in my de-fence: "The

A D

swans were on the ri ver first!" It sound - ed like good sense. Then

Bm F#m

Bat-tle-ship Bob in his old grey barge be - came my friend and led the charge,

Bm A

turned on his mo - tor with a clank, and steered his craft from bank to bank. He

G D A D

made the oars-folk look like chumps when he went for a cruise in the mid-dle of The Bumps! REPEAT CHORUS

(VERSE 3)

D A D A

Then a la - dy called Mi - chelle, she came and asked me what I feared. She

G D A

whis-pered she'd con - nect with me, it sound - ed some-what weird, but



D D7 G  
 then I turned my an - ger on a mo - tor boat or two, and the  
 A D  
 dear old Cam con - ser - van - cy, they said it would'n't do. They  
 Bm F#m  
 said that I was a splen-did fel-la, but it's not so cle-ver to fight a prop-el-ler. They  
 Bm A  
 took me off to a dis - tant stream, I hope my kids con - tin - ue the theme. As  
 G D A D  
 long as there are fea-thers on me, my own swan-song will still for-e-ver be: REPEAT CHORUS X2

OPTIONAL LAST LINE  
(END)

A7 D  
 Mis - ter As - bo the hoo-li-gan swan!



Chorus

Fours and eights and motorboats,  
Sculls, canoes and all that floats,  
I'll chase you all until you're gone,  
I'm Mr Asbo - the hooligan swan!

1.

While swanning along the river Cam, beside Fen Ditton's shores,  
With my missus and my cygnets for to see my swan-in-laws,  
Paddling up to Chesterton as in a happy dream,  
When eight great oafs in a huge long boat came charging down the stream  
Those great big guys all in a row, with massive oars, they scared us so,  
To stop my family being harmed, I flew at the one that was small and unarmed,  
I saved us all from dreadful knocks  
With a mighty peck in the middle of the cox!

Chorus

2.

I gained a reputation as an anti-social bird,  
The students called me 'Stalin' and the tales grew quite absurd.  
Some called for my eviction, but some spoke in my defence:  
"The swans were on the river first!" It sounded like good sense.  
Then Battleship Bob in his old grey barge became my friend and led the charge,  
Turned on his motor with a clank, and steered his craft from bank to bank.  
He made the oars-folk look like chumps  
When he went for a cruise in the middle of The Bumps!

Chorus

3.

Then a lady called Michelle, she came and asked me what I feared.  
She whispered she'd connect with me, it sounded somewhat weird,  
But then I turned my anger on a motor boat or two,  
and the dear old Cam conservancy, they said it wouldn't do.  
They said that I was a splendid fella, but it's not so clever to fight a propeller.  
They took me off to a distant stream, I hope my kids continue the theme.  
As long as there are feathers on me,  
My own swansong will still forever be:

Chorus

Mr Asbo the hooligan swan!



## THE GHOST OF THE SNOWCAT

"The Snowcat in north Arbury was my local as a young man in the 80s. I lived on Campkin Road, was a Labour councillor for Kings Hedges, and a teacher in Huntingdon. It was designed for Greene King by esteemed architect David Wyn Roberts and provided gravity-fed bitter from barrels in the roof space. It served the new Kings Hedges estate as a vital part of our community for many years."

Andrew is a professor at University College London, lives in Milton, and plays melodeon and Northumbrian small pipes in the Cambridge folk band Camus.

By Andrew Burn

(CHORUS)

Here's a health to the ghost of the Snow-cat. We  
 meas-ured our time in pints of strong  
 ale when we were young Here's a  
 health to the ghost of the Snow-cat. 1. On

(VERSE)

land which the Ro-mans had named, and  
 King Hen-ry's Hed-ges had dri-ven the game,  
 In nine-teen-fif-ty-nine bull-do-zers roared, and  
 carved out the plan on the ar-chi-tect's board. Here's a



Chorus

Here's a health to the ghost of the Snowcat.  
We measured our time in pints of strong ale when we were young.  
Here's a health to the ghost of the Snowcat.

1.

On land which the Romans had named,  
And King Henry's Hedges had driven the game.  
In 1959 bulldozers roared,  
And carved out the plan on the architect's board.

2.

First pub on a brand new estate,  
And named for the Antarctic Sno-Cat machine.  
Topped off with copper, it shines while we wait  
For opening time, though we hadn't a bean.

3.

The Snowcat in Arbury Court  
Was hard by the chippie and old hardware store.  
Butcher and grocer, the bits that we bought  
To help us to keep the bold wolf from the door.

4.

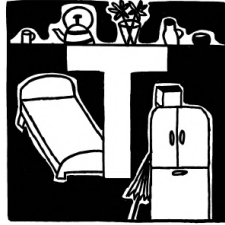
In summer when day's work was done,  
We'd amble along Campkin Road for a jar.  
With politics and pastimes the evenings would run  
In the dim smoky light of the old public bar.

5.

But now the old pub is no more,  
The ghost of the cigarette smoke, and the ale  
Hangs like a mist over Arbury Court.  
With sunrise the memory's soon swept away.

6.

On the skyline the copper roof soars.  
The local Sikh temple now calls it their home.  
Ale house to god house, it opened its doors  
For people to gather wherever they roam.



## THE SHARING SHELF

The Sharing Shelf was set up by Simon Young in the 1990s, at the back of his workshop on Aylestone Road, north Cambridge. It lasted for nearly twenty years, and offered a space for the neighbouring community to donate and collect items for free. It divided local opinion and started to become unmanageable when much larger items, such as a fridge and bed, were donated. It is fondly remembered by local people.

Michael is based in Ely and has been writing songs for many years.

By Michael Judkins  
and Anna Hester Skelton

(VERSE)

1. There was a lo - cal man called Si - mon Young, one  
2. signed and built be - side his old work - shop, these  
3. such ob - jec - tion it did not de - feat this

of our ma - ny he - roes yet un - sung, to  
shelves they would en - cour - age you to stop, with  
kind - ness to be found a - long the street, in

help his neigh - bour - ing com - mu - ni - ty, came up -  
cups and sau - cers ket - tles and tea - pots, take  
time a dif - ferent chal - lenge came in - stead, a

on an i - dea of some no - vel - ty, when  
one i - tem or if you wish take lots, the  
fridge turned up, then some - one brought a bed, too

i - tems seem to have no fur - ther use, not to  
pop - u - lar - i - ty now kept grow - ing higher; once  
bur - den - some, he called it a day, but for

G C

think of o - ther peo - ple, no ex - cuse, so  
 some - one brought a - long a deep fat fryer, no  
 near - ly twen - ty years peo - ple would say: "Just

C F

wher - ther you're in sick - ness or in health, please  
 mat - ter if you were some-one of wealth, you'd  
 go a - long, look round and help your - self, come

G C 1. C 2. C

come o - ver and see the shar-ing shelf. 2. Well- shelf. Some  
 still be wel-come at the shar-ing shelf.  
 take what you need from the shar-ing (TO END)

(MIDDLE 8)

F C G

li - ving in the lo - cal neigh bour - hood, ex-pressed the view the whole thing was no

C C7 F C

good: "It lowers the tone, cre-ates a real eye - sore!" Take it

D7 G

down we don't want it a - ny more!" 3. Whilst

(END)

C F D7

shelf." The shar-ing shelf, the shar-ring shelf, take what you

C G C

need from the shar-ing shelf.



## THE SUMMER OF 1989

"This piece is inspired by a personal anecdote from my keyworker Lucy, who grew up in north Cambridge. Protests and parties are worlds apart but the political nature of raves resonate with me as I believe we need to stand together against current brutality. Lucy's story relates to my teenage years in London, falling in love and partying."

Abigail has a passion for writing, justice, change and peace. This piece expresses her ethos.

By Abigail Thorne-Miles

Booming dilapidated cars that could shake an entire skeleton  
speed up the A14.

Iridescent beams light up the sky

Acid house pumps up as the yin embellishes the yang  
as the night dances with

hand-me-down memories that are the late 80's.

Strawberry smoke machines

blow senses into another dimension.

Need I mention the release of souls from political tension  
lingering with the sexy smell of white musk.

Raving in disorientation whilst liberating an entire nation,  
falling in love  
and



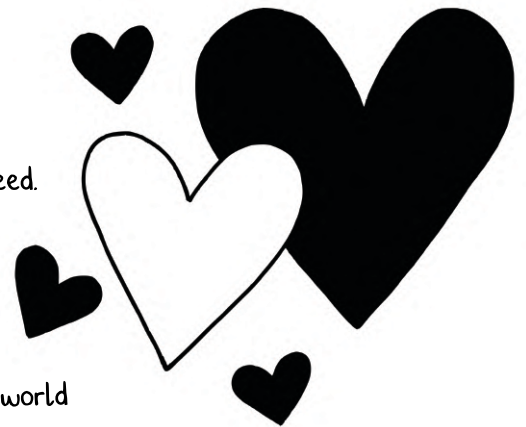


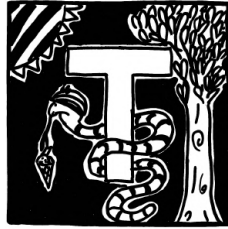
I think I knew love  
because, that night  
you became my muse and my muse you still are.  
Binaural beats and the twangs of my broken guitar,  
a disco light that would blind us for days  
its all a haze  
as I  
remember the times with no complications,  
burying feelings in recreation.  
It all felt like a dream until you subdued me to your  
fire and damnation.  
I could see in your eyes that you were only morally taken  
Or by someone else, apparently so God forsaken.  
Our curtain came down and the circus was through.  
All that was left was me you and all my tears.  
So many tears

Tears of happiness for redemption  
and sorrow for pain inflicted by the hierarchy  
Margaret Thatcher and who's army?

Beads, peace and Osh Kosh dungarees  
leather medallions swaying.  
The dry hot summer of 1989  
packed in love like sardines marinating in  
sweat stained granddad tees  
drunken apologies from a need to abolish greed.  
All magazines became about teens  
from top secret to front page headlines.

From Proper Stuff, Sunrise, Hacienda to the world  
the Berlin Wall was knocked down  
Nelson Mandela freed.  
From fighters to peaceful warriors  
all to the melancholic sound of Frankie Knuckle's Tears.





## TURIN THE PYTHON

In June 2019, Turin the python escaped from his house on Lovell Road, Kings Hedges. His escape is one of lyricist Irene's most memorable moments as a resident of Lovell Road for over 30 years. Her brother who lives in the same road found the snake in his neighbour's tree, having had his own garden searched by police at night. This song can be performed a cappella or accompanied by piano or guitar. The snake charmer melody can be played between some or all verses. To add suspense, gradually get faster and higher, rising a semitone every couple of verses. For a super snakey rendition, emphasise the 's' sounds and invite the audience to join in with a 'Sss' when the snake charmer plays!

Irene was born in 'Old Chesterton' and is officially a 'Chestertonian'. She enjoys writing poems and short stories.

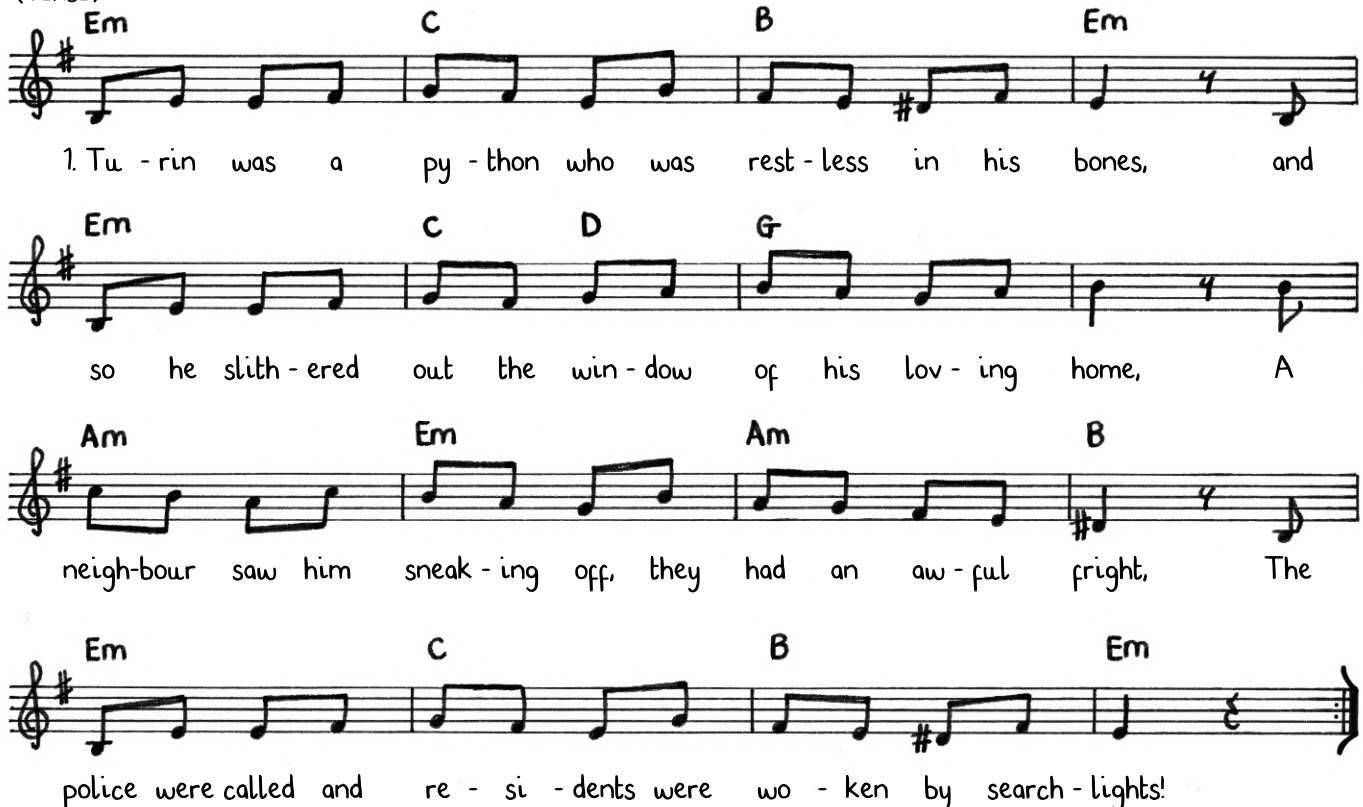
### (SNAKE CHARMER MELODY)

For woodwind instruments (recorder, oboe, etc.)

By Irene Rogers  
and Emily Peasgood



### (VERSE)



### 2.

Turin he was savvy as they hunted high and low  
We checked under our beds, in Michael's pond, and hedgerows  
My friends looked near their paddling pool and underneath the slide  
But no one found where savvy, sneaky, snakey chose to hide

3.

Mister 'Snakeman' Hopkins said: "I'll travel down from Wales!  
I'll help you look for Turin if you find that all else fails  
But snakes are territorial and won't go very far"  
Nobody in Kings Hedges dared to leave their door ajar

4.

After four long days had passed we started getting scared  
Imagining a nine-foot python sliding up the stairs  
We kept our windows tightly shut and locked our pets indoors  
'Cause pets are tasty snacks for pythons with their giant jaws

5.

Rumours spread that pythons liked to snuggle people too  
But not the kind of snuggle you'd get at the petting zoo  
They wrap themselves around you and they squeeze you very tight  
And when you turn a shade of blue they take a tasty bite!

6.

Turin's family worried every night and every day:  
"We're sorry this has happened, it is all a big mistake!  
At times he's shady, sometimes scary, but he's just a charmer  
If you find him please let us know as we can keep him calmer"

7.

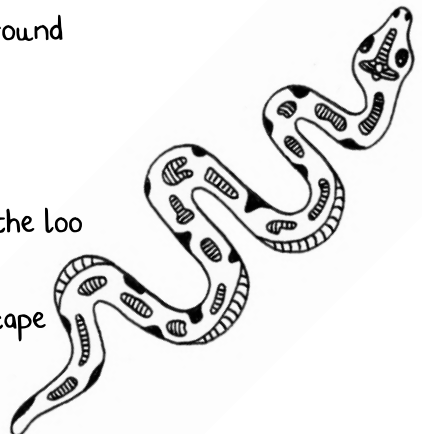
On day five a frightful scream was heard on Lovell Road  
The sneaky snake was spotted not too far from his abode  
He'd dressed in nifty camouflage to match a nearby tree  
And sunbathing and sleepy, Turin smiled and looked at me  
(Phew! He'd finally been found!)

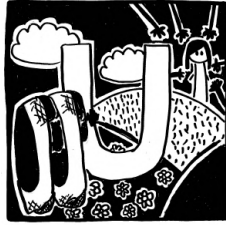
8.

Turin was now famous and he made the headline news  
The media took pictures and held lots of interviews  
He'd seen the sights of Cambridge and was happy, safe and sound  
These slippery snakeys are so cheeky when they go to ground

9.

Never lose your sneaky snake or every time you do  
You'll wonder where your snake is and you'll even check the loo  
The moral of this story is it's hard to trust a snake  
'Cause when they need a holiday then they will just escape





## UNION HOUSE

In 2016, Cambridge Adult Locality Teams mental health services moved to Union House on Union Lane, where there used to be a workhouse paid for by a local union. In this folk story a magical object causes an episode of ill health.

Connie J is a Cambridge songwriter.

By Connie J

(VERSE 1)

I slipped in - to — my mo - ther's shoes, walked a mile her way. I

I slipped in - to — my mo - ther's shoes, walked a mile her way. I

did not know — what I would see; — the whis - pers of her day. The

did not know — what I would see; — the whis - pers of her day. The

land-scape wild, — it fright-ened me; — I could not — un - der- stand the

land-scape wild, — it fright-ened me; — I could not — un - der- stand the



ter - rors lur - king in the hills, — the mon - sters ship - ting sand. I

ter - rors lur - king in the hills, — the mon - sters ship - ting sand. I

(VERSE 2)

slipped in - to — my moth - er's shoes, I did not mean to go. The

slipped in - to — my moth - er's shoes, I did not mean to go. The

smell was strong, my thoughts were rushed; I could not stand the blow. The

smell was strong, my thoughts were rushed; I could not stand the blow. The

gen - tle hands held out to me, — the peo - ple close — be - side all

gen - tle hands held out to me, — the peo - ple close — be - side all

tried and tried to pull me out, — but I was lost in - side.

tried and tried to pull me out, — but I was lost in - side.

(BRIDGE)

Strip me down, make me good, find the fault in the hood. Fi - ring's off, wi - ring's gone

Strip me down. Make me good. Find the fault.

ev-ry - thing, ev-ry - thing, ev-ry-thing might be ans - wered in U - nion House. I

In the hood. U - nion House. I

(VERSE 3)

slipped in - to— my mo - ther's shoes and then slipped out once more. Bare-

slipped in - to— my mo - ther's shoes and then slipped out once more. Bare-

foot - ed I— could feel the grass and breathe in - to my core. She

foot - ed I— could feel the grass and breathe in - to my core. She

ans - wers to me ev - 'ry day— in rose - ma - ry and smoke. I

ans - wers to me ev - 'ry day— in rose - ma - ry and smoke. I

hear her laugh with - in my own,— em-braced with - in my throat.

hear her laugh with - in my own,— em-braced with - in my throat.

(BRIDGE)

Strip me down, make me good, find the fault in the hood. Fi - ring's off, wi - ring's gone

Strip me down. Make me good. Find the fault.

ev-ry-thing, ev-ry-thing, ev-ry-thing might be ans - wered in U - nion House.

In the hood. U - nion House.

ev-ry-thing, ev-ry-thing, ev-ry-thing might be ans - wered in U - nion House.

U - nion House.

1.

I slipped into my mother's shoes, walked a mile her way.  
 I did not know what I would see; the whispers of her day.  
 The landscape wild, it frightened me; I could not understand  
 the terrors lurking in the hills, the monsters shifting sand.

2.

I slipped into my mother's shoes, I did not mean to go.  
 The smell was strong, my thoughts were rushed; I could not stand the blow.  
 The gentle hands held out to me, the people close beside  
 all tried and tried to pull me out, but I was lost inside.

Bridge

Strip me down, make me good, find the fault in the hood  
 Firing's off, wiring's gone, ev'rything, ev'rything, ev'rything  
 might be answered in Union House.

3.

I slipped into my mother's shoes and then slipped out once more.  
 Barefooted I could feel the grass and breathe into my core.  
 She answers to me ev'ryday in rosemary and smoke.  
 I hear her laugh within my own, embraced within my throat.

Repeat Bridge



# WHEN DAISY MET WINSTON

This is a story of two people born on the same day. One enjoyed privilege, wealth and fame, whilst the other grew up as one of the workhouse poor on Union Lane in Chesterton. Fate conspired to arrange for the two to meet, and with the help of Anne Winterburn B.E.M. and Mrs Bevan of Chesterton Hospital, Daisy met Winston. This song was written with Anne's daughter Judith.

Judith moved to San Antonio, Texas in the 1960's and is a nurse.

By Judith Lamm  
and Bob Hines

(VERSES 1 & 2)



1. They were both \_\_\_\_\_ born on the same day, then their lives  
2. cards \_\_\_\_\_ on ev-'ry birth-day, in ce - le -



went ve - ry dif - fer - ent ways: One had more \_\_\_\_\_ than he could ask  
bra - tion; they shared the same day, and she dreamed \_\_\_\_\_ that one day they'd

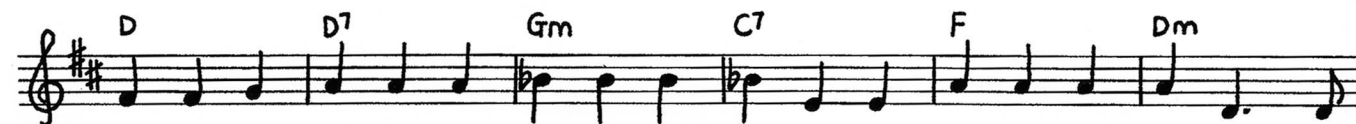


for, one knocked on U - nion Road work - house door. When  
meet: may - be he'd be walk - ing down the street?

(PRE-CHORUS 1)



Dai - sy met Win - ston, she knew in that in - stant that this was the day she'd



been wait-ing for, and when Win - ston met Dai - sy I'd like to think may - be he

(CHORUS)

treat - ed her like the la - dy she was. The day Dai - sy met

Win - ston. The day Dai - sy met Win - ston. 2. She sent

(VERSE 3)

Win - ston. Work-house closed, they took down the name,

Ches - ter - ton Hos - pi - tal it now be - came, and now it was

Dai - sy's new home, where she was safe and with grace could grow old. The

(CHORUS)

day Dai - sy met Win - ston. The day Dai - sy met

(VERSE 4)

Win - ston. Fif - ty - nine, Chur - chill came to town

to plant a tree in his own col - lege grounds, and now,

G A7 Em7 E7 A A7

now could it be time to take this op - por - tu - ni - ty? Mis-sus

(VERSE 5)

D Bm G A7 D F#7

Be - van\_\_\_\_\_ and Anne Win - ter - burn thought Dai - sy could,

G A7 D Bm G A7

thought that she should be there,\_\_\_\_\_ and by in - vi - ta - tion,

(PRE-CHORUS 2)

Em7 E7 A A7 G A

Dai - sy now stood with the great and the good, and let it be writ - ten that the

D Bm G A D D7

great - est of Bri - tons bowed his head, most fit - ting, him - self lost for words, and I'm

Gm C7 F Dm Em7 E7

of the op - in - ion, you can take it as a gi - ven, that proud old wo - man was

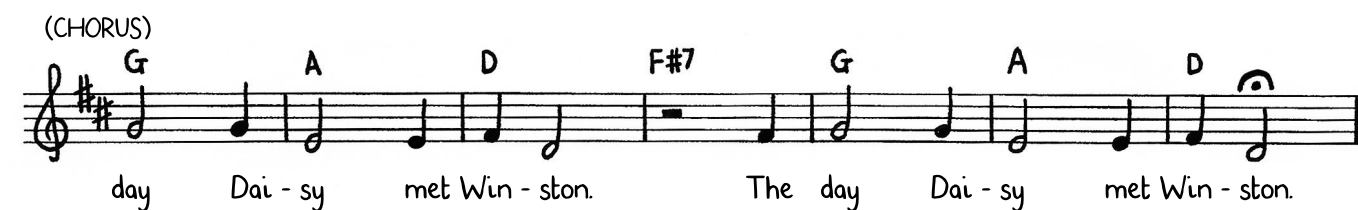
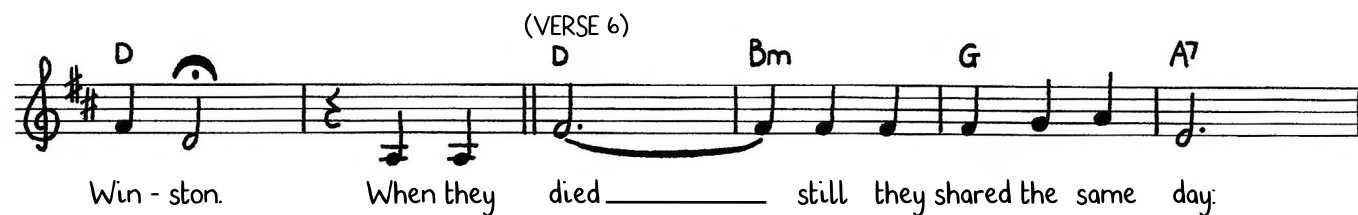
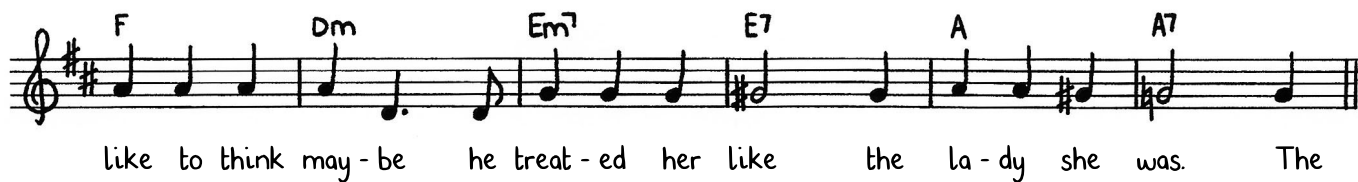
(PRE-CHORUS 1)

A A7 G A D Bm

once more a girl. When Dai - sy met Win - ston, I swear in that in - stant that

G A D D7 Gm C7

this was the day she'd wait - ed for, and when Win - ston met Dai - sy I'd







## HEN JONNY PLAYS

"Jon Ward has been an integral part of the Cambridge music scene since the 70s. I have often played folk music with him at The Carlton Arms; from his many bands to DJ sets, he brings a smile wherever he goes."

Zoë is a primary school teacher in Cambridgeshire and before that worked extensively as a music tutor and community musician throughout Cambridgeshire and Peterborough.

(VERSE 1)

By Zoë Austin

They say a place is made up by its peo - ple; not build - ings, roads or  
un - der - pass sub - ways, but by folk like Jon - ny, born and bred in Cam - bridge,  
who lights up a - ny room— when he plays. When

(CHORUS)

Jon - ny plays we all start smi - ling. When Jon - ny plays we put a - way sad things.  
There's ma - gic in his mu - sic and there's heart in his strings, when Jon - ny plays— the  
whole world sings. When Jon - ny plays the whole world sings. A

(VERSE 2)

mu - sic man, he al - ways a - ma - zes, A - ny plucked string beast  
is his to tame, They fill up all his heart and his at - ten - tion,



G A D

and they fill up his home just the same. — When

REPEAT CHORUS

(VERSE 3)

D

No need for pa - per notes, he's got his tunes — safe, Stored in mu - sic

D A D G

me-mo - ry — so wide. Rock 'n' roll, — blues, folk and coun - try,

G A D

He plays them all, no need to spe-cial - ise. — When

REPEAT CHORUS

(VERSE 4)

D

Red boots, a base - ball cap, jeans and a T - shirt, Sil - ver round his

D A D G

neck and in each ear, — A jewel blue — trike to tour the by - ways,

G A D

A teen - age heart to stem the cree - ping years. When

REPEAT CHORUS

(VERSE 5)

D

A thou - sand, thou - sand gigs a - cross the de - cades, A bil - lion of his chords

D A D

— still skip in space, — His notes have graced so ma ny lo - cal

G A D

ears, — His mu - sic serves to sanc - ti - fy this place. When

REPEAT CHORUS



## CKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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### GRATEFUL THANKS TO THE TEAM:

Lead artist & composer: Emily Peasgood  
Songwriter: Anna Hester Skelton  
Songwriter: Bob Hines  
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## THE SONGWRITING TEAM

### EMILY PEASGOOD

Emily is an Ivors Composer Award winning composer and sound artist who creates research-led and site-specific interactive artworks for galleries and outdoor public spaces, ranging from large-scale community events to intimate sound installations. Her work invites people to connect with people and places that are forgotten, taken for granted, or surrounded by histories that can be remembered and celebrated through sound and music. Peasgood is best known for her work creating outdoor artworks and community projects.

[www.emilypeasgood.com](http://www.emilypeasgood.com)

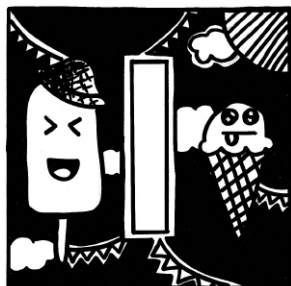
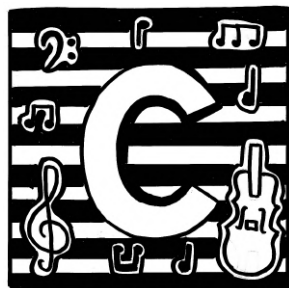
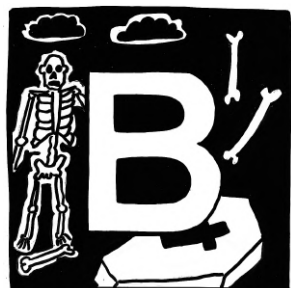
### ANNA HESTER SKELTON

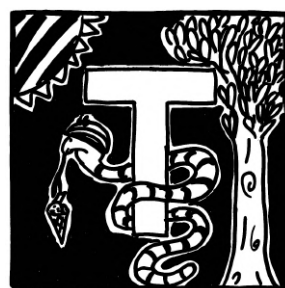
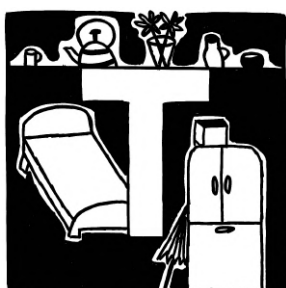
Anna is a singer-songwriter, a teacher and a huge believer in the power of the arts to connect people and share stories. She has released two EPs and her first album, *Postcard Songs*, will be released in 2021. The songs on the album all use postcards as a starting point, and tell a range of intertwining stories inspired by the people and places the postcards depict. As well as being a musician, Anna is a teacher with a range of experience within English as a Second Language, singing and songwriting, and Special Educational Needs and Disabilities. Anna delivered a TEDx talk in 2018 about embracing your creativity called 'You can make it'. Although Anna wasn't born in Cambridge, she feels at home there. Her parents met when they were both working at Heffers Bookshop and her grandmother lived in Cambridge, so she visited regularly and later attended Cambridge University.

[www.annahester.com](http://www.annahester.com)

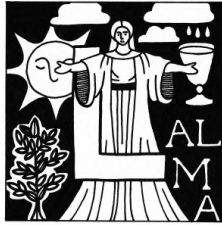
### BOB HINES

Bob has been a Water Consultant for over 30 years but his real passion is music, in any shape, form or variety. He has been writing songs for over 40 years and has an interest in songs that are written about local areas and communities. One of his many albums, *Songs from The Priory* (2015), is a collection of his songs about his home town of St Neots where he helps to run St Neots Folk Club. Bob is a self-taught and prolific songwriter who taught himself guitar when he was 14 so he could join a glam rock band. From there came heavy metal, Motown, rock, jazz, a little classical, country, an Open University Music Degree and finally folk music. Bob has played at The Cambridge Folk Festival and most of the clubs and pubs in and around Cambridge.





With special thanks to the children of Chesterton Community College.



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