

Robin Somes - The Wind Horse

Guitar, singing bowls, rainstick - Robin
5-string bass on 'The Stickleback' - Adam Bowden

Recorded by Mark Gavin Atkins, August 1995 - April 1996
Recorded with an Aria guitar and Alesis Microverb.
Originally released on cassette in May 1996.
Remastered by Mark Gavin Atkins, 2011.

The Wind Horse is a symbol of Tibetan mythology. It carries the Flaming Jewel on its back, to fulfill the wish to spread good luck and happiness to all living creatures.

Produced by Robin Somes & Mark Atkins.
All compositions by Robin Somes, except '*Pretty Girl Milking A Cow*' - by Turlough O'Carolan

**© Robin Somes 1996 - 2012. All rights reserved. Un-
authorised copy, broadcast or public performance
is contrary to the laws of copyright.**

www.robinsomes.co.uk
robin@robinsomes.co.uk



The tunes:

Pretty Girl Milking a Cow. Like most beautiful Irish tunes by Turlough O'Carolan, it has an awful name. It's even worse in Italian - '*Bella ragazza mungitura di una mucca*'. Despite this apparent handicap it's still a lovely tune. EADGBE.

Bloody Big Sunset. Composed as the sun set over Land's End in August 1993, having drunk a heroic volume of Cornish cider. Some years later, a pompous arse, instead of saying how great I was, tried to argue there was no such thing as Cornish cider. Around the same time someone else wrote me a letter, saying how much she enjoyed the tune, but that she "took the title to be descriptive of the colours of the sunset, rather than just a profanity". Sorry, it was just a profanity, OK? DADGAD.

Formerly Known as 'Space'. It's all about reaching out for something that may not be there. EADGBE.

Ripples in a Turquoise Lake. There's a lake, you see, in Tibet, called *Yamdruk Tso*. It's been turned into a Chinese hydro-electric power station. DADGAD.

Freya. For Dame Freya Stark, the remarkable explorer. EADGBE.

Maralinga. For aborigines displaced from their homelands so that Britain could test atomic weapons in the Australian desert in the 1950s. They were told they can't go back for 250,000 years, so they said "OK, we'll sit and wait"... DADGAD.

Very Short Tune. Shorter intro. DADGBE.

Speechless. Sometimes, something so hideous occurs that words aren't enough. DGDGB^bE.

The Stickleback. With a chord sequence in the middle that seems as old as the hills - it occurs in tunes as diverse as '*Friend of the Devil*' by the Grateful Dead, and the old fiddle tune '*The Blackberry Blossom*'. DGDEGD.

Moulin Town. Reminiscent of six weeks in Scotland, a lot of alcohol, and the finest of times. DADGAD.

Brickyard Creek. Like most songs I've ever tried to write, I ran out of words after 2 verses and half the chorus. The person I was trying to address turned out not to be worth the effort anyway, so I turned it into an instrumental. It's for my favourite place in the world. It used to be called '*Frustrated Song*', which was accurate in many respects at the time, but less so as the years go by. CFCGCC.

Snowfall. This started life as a lament for something-or-other, now I'm not so sure; constant lamentation does get terribly *exhausting*. There are some beautiful harmonics at the end, which I borrowed quite shamelessly from '*Clarsach*', a lovely piece on John Renbourn's '*Nine Maidens*' album. DGDGB^bE.

The rambling:

"Verbal communication is open to interpretation, just like the songs are. All talk is lying, and I'm lying now. And that's true, too. Go hear me play. That's me - that's what I have to say. That's the form my thoughts have taken. Music is one of the few things left that isn't completely devoid of meaning. Talk - like politics - has been made meaningless by endless repetition of lies. There is no longer any substance in it. Whereas music is unmistakably music. I don't think that you can fool anybody for too long in music. And you certainly can't fool everybody. There is no music that everybody likes. Music goes way back before language does. And music is like the key to a whole spiritual experience which this society doesn't even talk about".

Jerry Garcia, 1942 – 1995

Essential listening:

Garcia, John Renbourn, Bert Jansch, Martin Carthy, Isaac Guillory, Pierre Bensusan, Tony McManus, Jackie Leven, Steven Stills, Duck Baker, Michael Hedges, Nick Harper.

Jerry Garcia, Michael Hedges, Bert Jansch, Jackie Leven and Isaac Guillory have all died in the years since I made these recordings. Too bad—you'll not see their like again, and the world's a quieter place without them. So this is dedicated to them, my father, Joe Spedding, my mother, Phyl Somes, and my girlfriend, Geraldine Valcarcel.

The Wind Horse

Robin Somes

1. Pretty Girl Milking a Cow (3:09)
2. Bloody Big Sunset (3:16)
3. Formerly Known as 'Space' (5:32)
4. Ripples in a Turquoise Lake (5:08)
5. Freya (4:42)
6. Maralinga (5:18)
7. Very Short Tune (0:48)
8. Speechless (6:02)
9. The Stickleback (4:53)
10. Moulin Town (6:38)
11. Brickyard Creek (5:45)
12. Snowfall (4:46)

Produced by Robin Somes & Mark Atkins.

© Robin Somes 1996—2012. All rights reserved. Unauthorised copy, broadcast or public performance is contrary to the laws of copyright.



All compositions by Robin Somes, except 'Pretty Girl Milking a Cow', by Turlough O'Carolan.

Photo: Lawrence Wilde.

www.robinsomes.co.uk
robin@robinsomes.co.uk

