

# Traditional Irish Music

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Red and Gold (Ralph McTell)

D G A7

Chor Red and Gold are royal colours

D Bm G A

Peasant colours are green and brown

D G D Bm

Green is the corn in the brown earth when it's growing

G D A D

Red and gold when the harvest is cut down.

D G A

Verse Through Cropredy in Oxfordshire the Cherwell takes its course

D G A

And the willows weep into its waters clear

D G D Bm

My name it is Will Tims and it's here that I was born

G A D

And raised in faith my King and God to fear.

Verse In 1644 the King in Oxford Town did dwell

Though we'd heard that Cromwell's army was nearby

It did not occur to me that little Cropredy

Could be witness to the meeting of both sides

Verse On June the 29th that year I was about my work

Cutting hedges in the meadow by the stream

My blade slipped, I cut my hand and my own dear blood did flow

Upon the brown earth and the corn still green

Verse Now it did distress me so to watch my own blood flow

And quickly soak into the greedy ground

In red and gold my colours swam and sweat broke on my brow

And faint I knew that I must lay me down

Chorus:

Ver5: At first I thought the thundering was just inside my head

So I raised myself above the hedge to see

And I watched as in a dream as the armies fought downstream

The Battle for the Bridge at Cropredy

Ver6: Now the King's men fought in red and gold though Cromwell's men were plainer

The blood they spilled was coloured just the same

Through the hedgerow's fragile cover I saw brother killing brother

And all of this was done in Jesus' name

Chorus:

Ver7: All that day and all the next the battle it was raging

Though when darkness came I slipped away

But the crying of the dying kept me wakeful and just lying

In my bed until the dawning of the day

A D

Br: And the dreams I had were red and gold

G D A

And the little stream became a flood

D G D Bm

From all my brothers killing one another

G D A D

Till waking I realised it was all my own dear blood

Ver: Some were buried in the church and some just where they fell

With no markers to declare their place of rest

But the poppies they do grow where they were never sown

And to my mind they do declare it best

Ver And each year when the green corn once again turns into gold

And the poppies in the field again remind me

Like the scar upon my hand and the blood spilled on this land

And the hungry earth so eager to confine me

Ch For red and gold they are the colours

One is blood and one is power

Though I may find my rest in Cropredy Church

In golden fields forever will spring the poppy flower

Ver By Cropredy the Cherwell is still bidden to keep flowing

And the willows by its side still gently weep

But still in restless dreams by this most peaceful stream

The poppies wake me from my rightful sleep

Break: And the dreams I have are red and gold

And the little stream becomes a flood

From all my brothers killing one another

Till waking I realise it's all my own dear blood

Chorus: