

Red and Gold
Ralph McTell))

- Chor D G A7
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.
- Verse D G A
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: