

PAVLOV'S CAT

at the races



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ACCD104
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... J Rogers ...
 ... O'Neill ...
 ... D.P. ...

... medicap ...
 ... MANY 49 ...
 ... TRUTH 52 ...
 ... Jonjo O'Neil ...
 ... Mrs C Baile ...
 ... Mrs S Leech 10 ...
 ... 2-10-7 ...
 ... 2-6 ...



James Hibbins



Bernard Hoskin



David Booth

Pavlov's Cat - AT THE RACES

We've tried hard to strike the right balance between emotion and refinement, the raw sound of the live duo and extra treats for repeated listens. We hope you'll agree that the clicks, creaks and the occasional bum note add to the feel. In addition to what you hear, the album has been strongly influenced by ideas recorded, but eventually not used, by the redoubtable Mr. Andy Trill, the venerable Mr. Nick Anderson and the prodigious Mr. Bernard Hoskin.

We have chosen not to apply much compression during the mastering of this record. This means that everything should sound more natural but you might need to turn it up a bit! I hope you enjoy it.

James Hibbins - London, August 2011

*Made in England by David Booth at Pig Pen Studio in Great Leighs, Essex
and at Bernard Hoskin's home studio in Cambridge;*

Produced by David Booth and James Hibbins

with the aid of much illy espresso, lengthy emails and phone calls (and DB doing most of the work!);

Engineered, mixed and mastered by David Booth;

Sleeve by Nick Anderson, (from an idea by James);

Photography by Nick Anderson, James Hibbins & Graham Poulton;

Special thanks to Anne-Marie O'Connor, Amy Anderson, Paula Booth, Dave King, Andy Trill, Martin Hadden and Jonny Dyer.

web: www.pavlovscat.com

twitter: [@pavlovscatmusic](https://twitter.com/pavlovscatmusic)

facebook: www.facebook.com/pavlovscattheband



Rambling Boys

words & music: traditional, arranged: Hibbins

voice, acoustic & electric guitars: James Hibbins

bass & electric guitar: Bernard Hoskin

percussion: David Booth

W.B. Yates' "Down by the Sally Gardens" was elaborated from a half remembered verse of this song. The tune is the traditional air "The Maids of the Mourne Shore" which we move in a more "upward direction" as Ronnie Wood would say. I wrote the third verse and extra lines in the last to change the structure and because insufficient misery was befalling the narrator. The Sally Gardens is thought to refer to the "Salix", or Willow tree, but here has become a person.

**You rambling boys of pleasure, give ear to these lines that I write
Although I am a rover and in roving I take great delight
I set my mind on a pretty girl who ofttimes did me slight
My mind was never easy till my darling came into sight**

**It was down by Sally's Garden one evening late I took my way
There I spied this fair pretty maid, these words to me she did say
She bade me take love easy, as the leaves grow upon the tree
But I being young and foolish, with her I could never agree**

**When I returned to my young love, I knew that she'd changed her mind
As Winter had turned into Summer a new love had taken her eye
Her dark and roving eye turned for a lad of high degree
And I being set on the roving, our love it was never to be**

**So I wish I were back in the old town, my true love alongside of me
I would give up the roving for money & good company
For glasses overflowing, a tune and a story, all three
But I being young and foolish with her I could never agree**

Death & The Lady

words: traditional, music: Hibbins

A pleasant stroll of a May morning is ruined by meeting a Hoodie in this English Broadside ballad from the late 1800s. This version of the words came from the wonderful "Penguin Book of English Folk Songs" 1959. The original tunes were rarely recorded, so I wrote a new one.

voice & acoustic guitar: James

acoustic guitar: Bernard

percussion: David

As I walked out one morn in May
The birds did sing and the light did play
I met an old man by the way
I met an old man by the way

His head was bald, his beard was grey
His coat was of a myrtle shade
I asked him what strange countryman
Or what strange place he did belong.

"My name is Death, cannot you see?
Lords, Dukes, and Ladies bow down to me
And you are one of those branches three
And you fair maid must come with me"

"I'll give you gold and jewels rare
I'll give you costly robes to wear
I'll give to you all my wealth in store
If you'll let me live a few years more".

"Fair lady, lay your robes aside
No longer glory in your pride
Now, sweet maid, make no delay
Your time is come we must away"

Not long after this fair maid died
"Write on my tomb," her ghost it cried
"Here lies a poor and distressed maid
Whom Death now lately hath betrayed".

You Won't Know

words & music: Hibbins

Lummy guvnor it could be a love song! Side 1, track 3; always the best place for an up-tempo number by any self-respecting Popular Beat Combo.

voice, acoustic & electric guitar: James

electric guitar & playout solo: Bernard

drums, percussion, hammond organ: David

bass guitar: Nick Anderson

**You won't know when the moment passes
You won't know that it's time to go
You won't notice that they're stacking the glasses
And the drunks have gone rolling home**

**Do you strive to find a love sublime
Or gull yourself to peace of mind
Go careening down the road
Live to find a better day
Despite the morons in your way
Righteous, deluded & alone**

**You're made from one part Peter Pan,
Clown and Indian Rubber Man,
Screw up and Deluded fool
I'll stand behind the things you say
But it doesn't matter anyway,
The only people listening are me and you**

**Small talk about the films you've seen,
Old movie stars & magazines
Picking pieces from the floor.
Sit together, start to laugh
At living in the aftermath
And cry so hard that our eyes are sore**

**When you rage against the truth beneath
The plastic smiles and glowing teeth
And strive for clearer thought
Slam the hearsay and the heresy,
Before we all become a parody
I couldn't love you more**

**Nothing ever gets much better when you're around
With my lead boots and your excuses
We'll never leave the ground
This is all the love we've found**

**You won't know when the moment passes
You won't know that it's time to go
You won't notice that they're stacking the glasses
And the drunks have gone rolling home**

**You won't know that I'm struck with wonder
You don't see that I'm all undone
Don't see the smile in the look of thunder
Or know that I need you just to carry on.**

North County Town

words & music: Hibbins

*voice, backing voices (middle 8), acoustic guitar: James
mandolin, acoustic bass: Bernard
backing voices (final verse): David*

Lummy guvnor it could be another love song! Reclaimed for the English from a certain Mr. Zimmerman by cunningly changing the tune and all the words he didn't lift from traditional song. The lyrics have the feel of the industrial North of England (now largely gone!) despite being written in blistering heat in Morocco.

**If you go rambling in the north county town
Where rain falls soft from the smoke stained sky
Where labour speeds the march of time
You may find a true love of mine**

**See for me that there's food on the plate
That sparks of dreams still fill her eyes
That she has pride no man can take
Then you'll know that true love of mine**

**See for me that she keeps a kind heart
Wrapped in friendships hard to break
To guard against the careless fictions fed
And all the faithless promises**

**And is she still telling the stories of the day?
And singing to keep the dark away
Tales of lamenting and desire
And laughter that's warmer than the fire**

Old Dust & Patchouli

words & music: Hibbins

voice, acoustic & electric guitars: James

fretless bass: Bernard

ghostly piano: David

It could be a ghost story, a love song, or it might be
"She Moves through the Fair II": the Hollywood
blockbuster sequel starring Liam Neeson and...

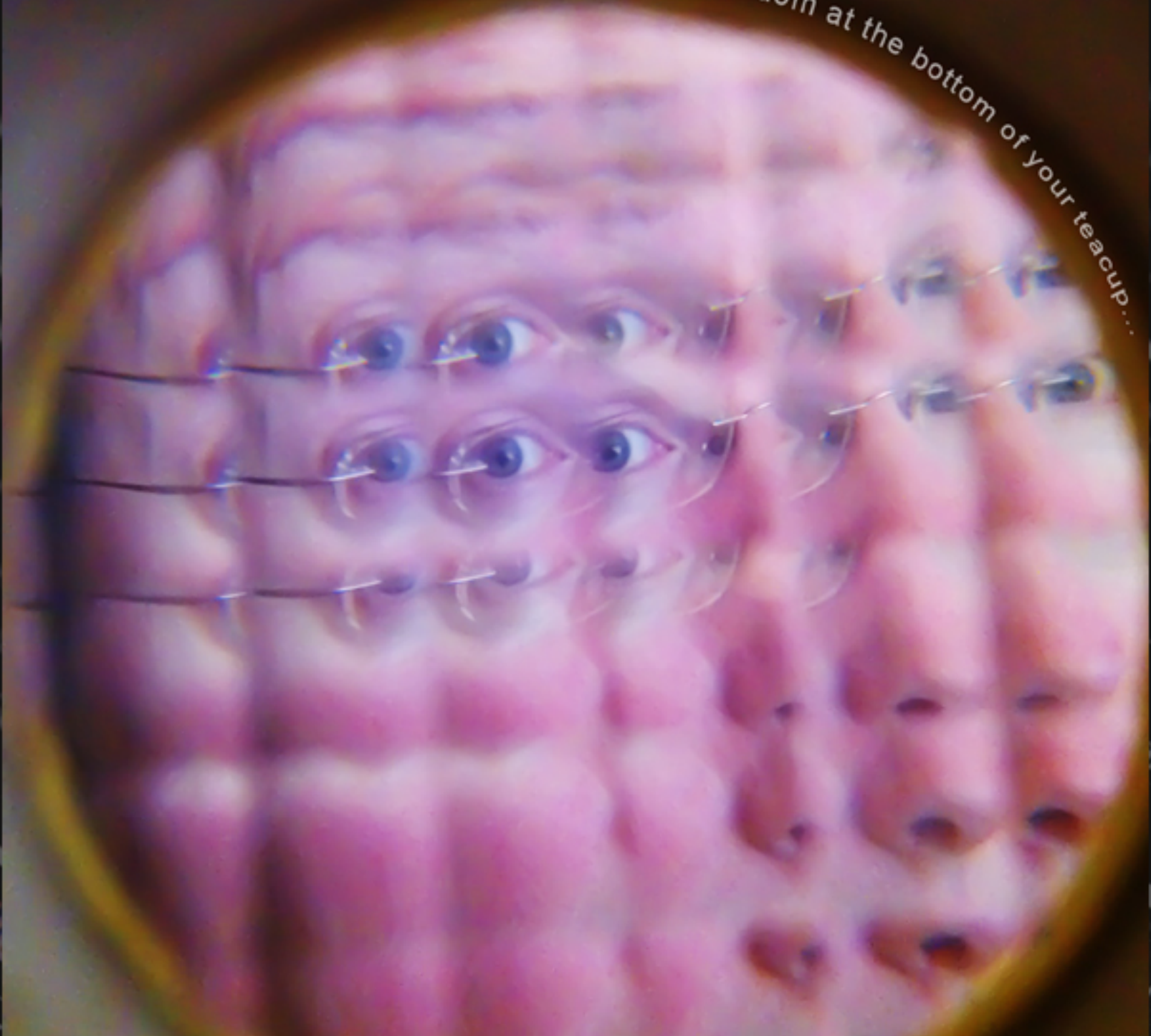
In old dust and patchouli and whispers of the night
In the lightest of breezes and flicker of the light
In the silence of heartbreak and words you cannot say
So she has come to me since our wedding day

From the cruelty of strangers, the agony of age
From the weakness of moments and anger from the fray
With love's words unspoken, with teasing and at play
So she comes to sooth me at the fading of the day

So you spinners of swindles and bitter history
You wagers of false war with holy purity
You sirens of profit, you foes of liberty
With my love beside me, you'll never cower me

*Oh my love
My sweet love,
Won't you come with me.*

there's wisdom at the bottom of your teacup...



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At The Races

words & music: Hibbins

Another addition to the hackneyed genre of "Bus Station Greasy Spoon and Racing Form Love Songs".

voice, acoustic guitar: James

violins: Bernard

backing voice, hammond organ: David

At El Dorado bus café
She pushes food around her faded plate
And pauses for a moment

The morning paper sits unread
But all the stories going round her head
Keep her mesmerised as

*Her tea is going cold and her face is tinted gold
By sun through plastic in the window
She's staring into space but the smile upon her face
Shares a secret she knows well*

**A man is coming in
With crumpled coat and a half a grin
He takes the seat beside her**

**They have no need to speak
Looks like he could us a little sleep
And was careless with his shaving**

*They bring him tea and toast with the mug he likes the most
Painted flowers on the handle
His mother always said a good meal and a civil head
Would melt his true love's heart some day*

**The queue at stand fifteen
Is growing long as they get up to leave
And take a fiver the counter**

**The bus is pulling in
The broken bell still tries for half a ring
On the stiff door for the last time**

*She thinks of her old Dad, never happy with the lot he had
Always pining for the races
She looks up from her book, squeezes his arm and takes a last look
Turns her paper to the horses again*

Matthew Groves

words & music: traditional, arranged: Hibbins

One of the Child Ballads with many variants ("Little Musgrave", "Lord Banner", etc.), a rollicking 17th century tale of infidelity and murder and a bit of a sacred cow since the Fairport Convention recording. I love the fact that it's hard to decide the worst villain but my money's on the snitching servant.

voice & acoustic guitar: James

bass, mandolin & violin: Bernard

harpsichord, drone, other noises: David

A holiday, a holiday,
the first one of the year
Lord Barnard's wife came into Church,
the gospel for to hear
When the service it was done,
she cast her eyes about
And there she saw young Matthew Groves
walking in the town

"I have a bower five miles from here,
full dainty with delight
Come feast with me young Matthew Groves,
lie in my arms tonight"

"I cannot come and I will not come
and feast with you tonight
By the rings on your fingers I can tell
you are my master's wife"

"'Tis true I am Lord Barnard's wife but he is not at home
He is out in the far corn fields, bringing the yearlings home"

A servant who was standing by, hearing what was said
He swore Lord Barnard, he should know, before the sun was set.
And in his haste to carry this news, he bent his breast and ran
When he came to the broad mill stream he took off his shoes and he swam

"If truth you tell my young foot page, wealthy you shall be
If you lie to me my little foot page you're for the gallows tree"

Matthew Groves he lay down, he fell fast asleep
When he awoke Lord Barnard was standing at his feet
Saying "How do you like my feather bed, how do you like my sheets?
How do you like my false lady, who lies in your arms asleep?"

'Arise, arise Lord Barnard cried and dress as quick as you can
It'll never be said in fair England I slew a naked man'

"At my side are hung two swords, full deere they cost my purse
You shall have the best of them, and I will take the worse"
Matthew struck the very first blow and hurt Lord Barnard sore
Lord Barnard struck the 2nd blow and Matthew struck no more.

Then Lord Barnard took his wife, sat her on his knee
Saying "Who do you like the best of us, Matthew Groves or me?"
And up spoke his own dear wife never heard to speak so free
"I'd rather a kiss from this dead boy's lips than you and your finery"

Up Lord Barnard he did jump and wildly he did bawl
Put Spanish steel right through her heart and pinned her to the wall
"A grave, a grave", Lord Barnard cried, "to put these lovers in
But bury my lady at the top for she was of noble kin"

Spencer

words: Hibbins/traditional (most of last verse), music: Hibbins

A new melody with words based on the traditional song "Spencer the Rover". Updating Spencer, I felt he needed more convincing reasons to roam the country (disillusionment with politics and banking) and to return home.

voices, acoustic guitars: James

hybrid electro-acoustic guitar: Bernard

percussion: David

**This tune was composed by Spencer the Rover
Who wandered through England and most parts of Wales
Having been reduced, alarmed and confused,
he was resolved to ramble away**

Blowing smoke from Edinburgh to Threadneedle Street

**He heard the politicians with their prittle prattling stories
Their hectoring stories to keep us at bay
Saw them bathed in blood & their counterfeit glory
Ignoring the people stood fast in their way**

Slicing away from Whitechapel to Downing Street

**He heard them acting on higher authority
Not for reversing or whims of the day
While the people gulled with cheap dreams of celebrity
And Cabaret promises went on their way**

Wasting away all the dreams I had in the day

**It was 11th of September, I've reason to remember
When first he arrived home to family and wife
They stood so surprised, when first he arrived
Beholding this stranger once more in their sight**

**His children came around him with their prittle prattling stories
Their playtime stories to keep care away
Now they are united like birds of one feather
Like bees in one hive, contented they'll stay**

Valentine's Day

words & music: Hibbins

Boozy stories of past love & Jazz. "Hello Dolly, this is Lew-iss Dolly..." Louis Armstrong, who appears in this song, apparently flipped pronunciation of his name between "Lew-iss" & "Loo-ee", possibly ironically. I used "Lew-iss" because it makes a good story at gigs and so that you can decide how much irony is at play.

voices, acoustic guitars: James

acoustic bass & acoustic-electric guitar: Bernard

accordion: David

**This mystery, five fingers deep
Held in the palm of my hand
The darkest of nights, the drinks and the fights
The ghosts in the fire that you won't understand**

**There we were rolling home
With Ray Charles and Louis Armstron
I knew it all along
But I loved that you'd say,
the way that you felt
on Valentine's Day**

**Sweet memories, whisky and tea
Dark humour and old laughing eyes that we shared
With no money, no trace, we stepped out of the race
Hell take the hindmost, these devils don't care**

**All night dancing hand in hand
With Bird blowing crazy in Miles' band
And I still don't understand
But I loved that you said,
it's all in the plan
on Valentine's Day**

**For the season of mists, she shifts and she twists
She's queen of the bower with her flagon of wine
But more real to me than she's ever been
She tugs at my heartstrings sweet time after time**

**There we were rolling home
With Billie and Ella to sing along
And we're only half way gone
She stops and she says,
I'll see you my love
on Valentine's Day**

**Now in the haze of these dog days
These stories are softened with time
The characters changed, the dates rearranged
All in the cause of a better punchline**

**There we were rolling home
With Ray Charles and Louis Armstrong
And I knew it all along
But I loved that you'd say,
the way that you felt
on Valentine's Day.**

The Parting Glass

words & music: traditional, arranged: Hibbins

Originally part of the PC solo set with live looped guitar, this Irish song first collected in 1938 didn't seem to need more than voices when we came to record. Respectful nods all round to versions by The Voice Squad and Stephen Fearing.

voices: James

All the money that e'er I had,
I spent it in good company
And all the harm that e'er I did,
Alas it was to none but me
And all I've done for want of wit
To memory now I can't recall

*So fill to me the parting glass
Good luck and joy be with you all
Good luck and joy be with you all*

If I had money enough to spend
And leisure for to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in this town
Who surely has my heart beguiled
Her silken skin and ruby lips,
I own she has my heart enthralled

*So fill to me the parting glass
Good luck and joy be with you all
Good luck and joy be with you all*

All the friends that e'er I had
Are sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts e'er I kissed,
Would wish me one more day to stay
But since it falls into my lot
That I should rise and you should not

*I'll gently rise and softly call
Good luck and joy be with you all
Good luck and joy be with you all*



hello there, little vegetarians...

- one **rambling boys** (*trad. arr: Hibbins*) 3:46
- two **death and the lady** (*trad. arr: Hibbins*) 3:40
- three **you won't know** (*Hibbins*) 4:38
- four **north county town** (*Hibbins*) 4:45
- five **old dust & patchouli** (*Hibbins*) 5:11
- six **at the races** (*Hibbins*) 4:03
- seven **matthew groves** (*trad. arr: Hibbins*) 5:37
- eight **spencer** (*words: trad. arr: Hibbins, music: Hibbins*) 4:52
- nine **valentine's day** (*Hibbins*) 4:18
- ten **the parting glass** (*trad. arr: Hibbins*) 3:01

