

## The Incredible String Band

### "Darling belle"

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Darling Belle

papa would take me to the park to see the swans  
by hansom cab trotting so high  
holding his hand to see the swans  
hissing louder than rustling dresses of gracious ladies  
bustling by

see swan ships come sailing in  
white as the clouds on a windy day

James I suppose would be in school  
James I suppose would be in school

I was I was learning to spell  
laughing at loud smells  
avoiding the rod of the codfaced master  
was it your absence made me quiet at noon  
playing british bulldogs on the gravel  
was it your presence coloured my dream  
I burrowed in cupboards like a mole all saturday  
under old chairs and old ladies knees  
I framed your half remembered face  
with frail white embroideries  
calling for you down the mousey garden  
calling for you down the mousey garden

o did you meet him at the ball  
eighteen years on  
tall soldier now and you full grown  
Belle did you meet him at the ball

o do you remember me  
thin girl with cold hands  
you in your scarlet and you knew my name  
step to the veranda under the wisteria  
in the mysterious november  
dancing as if with death or fate  
to the moon black ballroom  
of the silk skinned lake  
kissing me you lifted my skirt

under the willow trees

keep the home fires burning  
though your heart is yearning  
though the boys are far away  
they dream of home  
there's a silver lining  
in the dark clouds shining  
turn that lining inside out  
till the boys come home

o did I see you march to the train  
did I cry was my nose red  
my two day bride can you feel me in your memory  
I will be the redness in your iron fire  
how could i write  
my words would seem sad or gay  
we regret to inform you  
we regret to inform you

meet me by gaslight in the dark dawn  
on waterloo bridge we will walk arm in arm  
hearing the leaves fall with whisper into the foggy dew  
when we are dead  
when we are dead

now she sits in her brother's window's house  
skin like a lizard aura like a daffodil  
migrant guest from relative to inlaw  
she stares into the embers and remembers

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