

# Red and Gold

## Fairport Convention

Red and Gold are royal colours  
Peasant colours are green and brown  
Green is the corn in the brown earth when it's growing  
Red and gold when the harvest is cut down.

Through Cropredy in Oxfordshire the Cherwell takes its  
course  
And the willows weep into its waters clear  
My name it is Will Tims and it's here that I was born  
And raised in faith my King and God to fear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And the dreams I had were red and gold  
And the little stream became a flood  
From all my brothers killing one another  
Till waking I realised it was all my own dear blood

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

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

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

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

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