Darling Belle

The Incredible String Band

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 cod faced master Was it your absence made me quiet at noon? Playing British Bulldogs on the gravel Was it your presence colored 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 mousy garden Calling for you down the mousy 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?
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

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 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 widow's house Her skin like a lizard her aura like a daffodil Sits like a sign in the children's chair Migrant guest from relative to in-law She stares into the embers