

# Against the Grain – Garth Hewitt

an eclectic choice of songs from down the years  
songs of peace, protest, poetry and prayer

This double CD is a companion to Garth's book *Against the Grain*, contains some new songs like *Against the Grain* itself, songs from different stages of Garth's recordings, and some demos not previously released.

## Garth says,

In the book, each chapter is the title of an album I've recorded - the stories of some songs are told in the book, and this double CD is to go alongside the book. There are songs from most stages of my career, some that won't have been heard for many years. There is a group of peace songs, particularly on CD One; a group of poems on CD Two, and one or two oddities that creep in! There are three demos that we came across – of which one, *We Don't Do Body Counts*, was a demo for the '94 album *Stealing Jesus Back* but didn't make it onto the album – it still seems extremely relevant.

There are two others from around the 1980/81 time, which we managed to rescue from a cassette! They are two country songs, one called *How the Dice Falls*, and the other *Golden Studded Juke Box*; they've never seen the light of day and I thought it would be fun to put them on this album.

We have also included the single *The Hungry Wind*, which was released in 1982 on the Blue Moon label which was one of the labels of Magnum Force Records. This anti-nuclear weapons song seems to come across with a real strength. It's B side, *Red Hot and Cooking*, is also on the album, a strange and fictitious story of an incredible rock and blues guitarist who was playing in a little club in New York – I think I'd only been to New York once at the time I wrote this and really knew nothing about it, and so I was pleased and surprised when a Christian radio station in New York chose this as their signature tune for one of their programmes.

I have four songs on the album to do with poetry – this links with Chapter Twelve in the book, *Liberty is Near!* with the subtitle 'Poetry is a Human Right'. One song is my tribute to the poets of Nicaragua, recorded on the *Moonrise* album, another is *Hail Glorious Morn* from the album *Liberty is near!* which is songs from the Chartist hymnbook of 1845; then there is one written by a friend and poet called Dave Rees who was with the band The Mighty Flyers, which was recorded in 1974 – it's a very powerful spiritual poem called *Number One*. The fourth song to do with poets is a song from the album

*I Shall Be Made Thy Musique* where I put poems of the metaphysical poets to music, working with the harpsichordist Penny Cave.

Also in 1974 I recorded a track with the Chris Barber Jazz and Blues Band, called *I Will Return*, a joyful piece of traditional jazz.

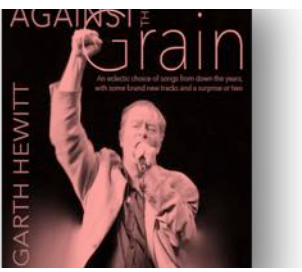
New songs on the album include the title track *Against the Grain*, *Lifeline of Hope*, a new recording of *Do unto others*, and a song by American songwriter Guy Clark called *Immigrant Eyes*.

The musicians playing on the new tracks are: Chris Rogers on fiddle, Paul McDowell on accordion, Pete Banks and Abbie Goldberg on backing vocals, all produced by Kevin Duncan who is also on keyboards and other instruments.

Another new track is *Come Home Mar Gregorios*, a prayer about the kidnapped Syrian Orthodox Archbishop of Aleppo, Mar Gregorios. This was recorded in Georgeham in Devon – the vicar of the local church, Mike Newbon, had been studio manager of ICC Studios in Eastbourne and so has his own small studio in his house. I recorded the song there, my daughter-in-law Eils is on backing vocals, and then my son Ben brought in their three children – my grandchildren, Harley, Caitlin and Aisha. Great to have them on the recording, they sang beautifully. Mike then added some base and Nashville high strung guitar.

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## CD One

### **Against the Grain 2018**

*Took a stand against the empire – took a stand against the grain  
Turned tables of oppression - he'd do the same today  
Came gentle on a donkey - speaking truth to power  
Went up against the empire – took a stand against the grain*

Sometimes you've got to do it – take that stand against the grain  
Build an endless bridge to dignity – show love that heals the pain  
He doesn't like the love of money - says it's where the evil starts  
Here comes the rebel Jesus - better open up your hearts

*Took a stand against the empire ...*

In these uncertain times – need equal rights for all  
For every refugee - escaping bloody wars  
Need a homeland of love – with justice that's true  
So do unto others - as you'd have 'em do to you

*Took a stand against the empire...*

Don't need an empire of violence – we've seen all that before  
We need the sermon on the mount – need Blessed are the poor  
'Cos it brings so much hope – when it goes against the grain  
Here comes the holy rebel Jesus - gonna help you do the same

**Took a stand against the empire – took a stand against the grain  
Turned tables of oppression – he'd do the same today  
Came gentle on a donkey - speaking truth to power  
Went up against the empire – took a stand against the grain**

*Page 5 of Garth's book  
Against the Grain*

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### **Raise the Flag 2006**

*They chose her to raise the flag  
On National Independence Day  
They chose her to raise the flag  
But it nearly cost her life  
After 50 years of independence  
She should have raised it high  
But instead he knocked her down and laid her low*

He beat her up and told her that she was not worthy  
He beat her up and told her because she is a Dalit  
He knocked her down to teach her a lesson she won't forget  
She is not worthy to raise the National flag

*But they chose her ...*

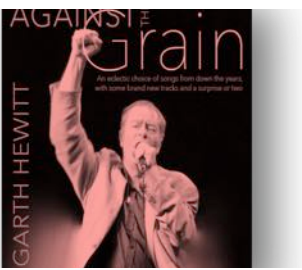
And when the time of the dark moon comes you can hear her calling  
And when the time of the dark moon comes, you can hear her voice  
She's sitting all alone and her mind is confused  
She's paid the price for the lesson that she's learnt

*But they chose her ...*

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## Rivers, Mountains and Trees 1999

### Do Unto Others new recording 2018

Teach us to love your ways  
And the values that make us whole  
Teach us to love your ways  
Then healing waters will flow  
Teach us to love your ways  
You're the god of the passionate heart  
Teach us to love your ways  
You are the god of the poor

*So do unto others  
As you'd have them do to you  
Do unto others  
As you'd have them do to you  
Do unto others  
As you'd have them do to you  
This is the way the - way of peace*

Teach us to love your ways  
To walk humbly and show mercy  
Teach us to love your ways  
To hunger for your justice  
Teach us to love your ways  
You're the god of the second chance  
Teach us to love your ways  
You're the god of the just heart

Teach us to love your ways  
May we be pure in heart.  
Teach us to love the ones  
Whom life & the world push down  
Teach us to love your ways  
Where there's no room for the law of revenge  
For its only wounded hands  
That can reshape our world again

Albuquerque dawn like an icon of praise  
To a God who paints pictures to brighten our days  
Who dances on the morning and opens our eyes  
A God who's an artist who loves to surprise  
North Carolina at the time of the fall  
A carpet of leaves covers it all  
Beautiful sunlight makes everything gold  
Brings shimmers of glory to comfort your soul

*Oh the rivers, the mountains and the trees  
Wind off the desert and walks by the sea  
Gold leaves in the autumn and warm summer breeze  
Like a holy touch of mercy that helps us to breath  
Oh the rivers, the mountains and the trees*

Passing Loch Lomond heading up to Loch Ness  
Passing Ben Nevis, but the part I love the best  
Is the awe and the fear as you go through Glencoe  
Such a strict God as the mountains loom close

*Oh the rivers...*

There's a tale that is told from the southern Sudan  
About a tree where all life began  
It's strange how our myths and our stories agree  
That something quite special begins with a tree  
The hills of Jerusalem now disappear  
They're wrapped up in concrete  
And they're buried with tears  
Up north birds are singing on a mountain by the sea  
It happens to be where a man spoke of peace

*Oh the rivers...*

Mystical moment - speak to me still  
From the Church of St Enodoc next to Bray Hill  
Did I feel God breathing? Did the earth really shake?  
Centuries of prayer and all for our sake  
Snapshots of beauty returning to me  
Make me so grateful for all that I've seen  
Images so wild in the surf and the rain  
Oh the power and the beauty from a strength that's not  
tame

*Oh the rivers...*

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## Lifeline of Hope 2018

I've seen them hungry on the streets of America  
I've seen them lonely, exploited and ignored  
But I've seen a lifeline in downtown Albuquerque  
Where a holy truck of care brings a lifeline of hope

Leaving Joy Junction every single day  
There's a holy truck of love - but a truck that leads the way  
With hot food and blankets - warm clothes so they survive  
People form a line the moment it arrives

"I'm proud of Joy Junction" - Marco tells his story  
Says the homeless come and tell him 'bout the difference that it makes  
"Some would starve to death if it wasn't for your care."  
Joy junction is a sanctuary - It is a living prayer

*Chorus*  
*I've seen them hungry on the streets of America*  
*I've seen them lonely, exploited and ignored*  
*But I've seen a lifeline in downtown Albuquerque*  
*Where a holy truck of care brings a lifeline of hope*

"Joy Junction's changed my life - it means everything to me  
I came in need of healing - needed to be set free  
From the road of addiction - from violence in the family  
I needed help - I was depressed," so Zane told his story



I stand and watch the founder - he's a quiet and humble man  
He'd felt the cold and hunger many years before  
Now he gives his life for the poor and the needy  
But he keeps a humble spirit - I like it best that way

*Chorus*  
*I've seen them hungry on the streets of America*  
*I've seen them lonely, exploited and ignored*  
*But I've seen a lifeline in downtown Albuquerque*  
*Where a holy truck of care brings a lifeline of hope*

I've seen them hungry on the streets of America

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## Immigrant Eyes 2018

Oh Ellis Island was swarming,  
Like a scene from a costume ball,  
Decked out in the colours of Europe,  
On fire with the hope of it all,  
There my father's own father stood huddled  
With the tired and the hungry and scared,  
The turn of the century pilgrims,  
Bound by the dream that they shared

They were standing in line just like cattle,  
They were poked and sorted and shoved;  
Some were one desk away from sweet freedom;  
Some were torn from someone they loved.  
Through this sprawling tower of Babel  
Came a young man confused and alone  
Determined and bound for America;  
Carrying every-thing that he owned

*Sometimes when I look in my grandfather's immigrant eyes*  
*I see that day reflected and I can't hold my feelings inside*  
*I see starting with nothing and working hard all of his life*  
*'Don't take it for granted' say Grandfather's immigrant eyes*

Now he rocks and he stares out the window  
But his eyes are still just as clear  
As the day he sailed through the harbour  
To come ashore on the island of tears  
My grandfather's days they are numbered  
But I won't let his memory die  
For he gave me the gift of this country  
And the look in his immigrant eyes

*Sometimes when I look in my grandfather's immigrant eyes*  
*I see that day reflected and I can't hold my feelings inside*  
*I see starting with nothing and working hard all of his life*  
*'Don't take it for granted' say Grandfather's immigrant eyes*  
*'Don't take it for granted' say Grandfather's immigrant eyes*

by Guy Clarke and Roger Murrah  
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## Stealing Jesus Back 2006

They took him hostage somewhere in Texas  
Or was it Guantanamo Bay  
Fundamentalist hijack - kept his voice silent  
They kept him hidden away  
Tortured him with Bibles - carefully interpreted  
To exclude and keep many at bay  
And to justify killing in the name of God  
But Jesus keeps turning away

But out of the shadows comes a rebel band  
Moving through the night  
Painters and playwrights - poets and singers  
Coming to set things right  
Graffiti artists - the hungry and homeless  
The meek of the earth hold the key  
They've all had enough of the hijacked gospel  
They're coming to set Jesus free

Yes they're stealing Jesus back –  
They're stealing Jesus back  
Out of the shadows - into the light  
Been hidden away to keep his voice quiet  
But once again the voice will be heard  
Those that live by the sword are  
gonna die by the sword  
But once again the voice will be heard  
Because they're stealing Jesus back



The weak and the outcaste,  
The poor and forgotten,  
The lovers of the earth  
Wonder what's happened  
To the man from Nazareth  
They want to hear his voice  
They want to release a vulnerable saviour  
Who walks on a narrow track  
And say words of peace to a warring world  
Yes they're stealing Jesus back.

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## The Hungry Wind – 1982

The hungry wind is howling across the stricken land  
From across the seas a voice calls out, "We had to make a  
stand  
We did it for democracy," he cries with righteous breath,  
"To save a way of life that's become a way of death."

Take away your missiles, take your weapons home  
What right have you to make our land your nuclear battle  
zone?  
The hungry wind keeps howling while earth lets out a moan  
Take away your missiles, take your weapons home

Twilight of the universe, the final scene arrives  
As dangerous men play dangerous games with other people's  
lives  
Then silence from a battlefield which never had a choice  
Rose up and drowned that foolish pride  
And spoke with pleading voice

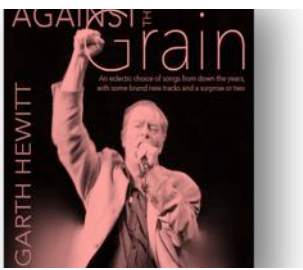
Take away your missiles, take your weapons home  
What right have you to make our land a nuclear battle zone?  
The hungry wind keeps howling while earth lets out a moan  
Take away your missiles, take your weapons home

Take away your missiles, take your weapons home  
What right have you to make our land your nuclear battle zone?  
The hungry wind keeps howling while earth lets out a moan  
Take away your missiles take your weapons home  
Take away your missiles take your weapons home  
Take away your missiles take your weapons home

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**NEW PROTEST** song by Christian singer/songwriter Garth Hewitt has been endorsed by Monsignor Bruce Kent, secretary of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. The song, called 'The Hungry Wind', was released as a single last week, and it hits out at the presence of American nuclear airbases in this country. Bruce Kent commented: "The Hungry Wind' is a powerful, moving song with a compelling message: we don't want to be anyone's nuclear battlefield – take your missiles home." Despite the relevance of the lyrics, though, the song was actually written two years ago. "I was deeply frustrated by the American policy of putting missiles in Europe and using Europe as their battlefield," says Garth Hewitt. "It seemed so morally indefensible. The song was written as a gut reaction."

*A newspaper cutting on the release of The Hungry Wind*

## **We Don't Do Body Counts** **Demo 1994**

We don't do body counts said General Tommy Franks  
Iraqi citizens don't matter to us  
We'll count our own dead - they're made in God's image  
But we don't do body counts of Iraqis we've killed.

We bomb with shock and awe - to wipe out more and more  
But we don't do body counts - who are they to us?  
They're not made in God's image - they're only Iraqis  
Like all Arabs and Muslims - they're nothing to us.

Why do they hate us when we give them our freedom?  
And kill them till they take it - what more can we do?

But Jesus does body counts - and Jesus is watching  
And says love your neighbour and your enemy too  
And Jesus does body counts and Jesus is waiting  
And Jesus is weeping over all that we've killed

Weeping for Abu Ghraib and for Guantanamo  
And for all those that we've tortured in our civilised way  
And Jesus does body counts and Jesus is watching  
And Jesus is weeping 'cos the world's lost its way.

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## **Not In My Name** **2003**

World leaders are thinking that the answers can come  
In the power of violence from the tank and the gun  
In bombing the people with rockets and planes  
But I want them to know it's not in my name

They say we'll stop the terror by going to war  
We'll terrorise terrorists until there's no more  
But dealing with the causes would be the better way  
And until we do it's not in my name

*Not in my name, not in my name  
When you go to war it's not in my name  
As the bombers are bombing and the innocent are slain  
I want you to know it's not in my name*

Well whatever happened to International Law  
Sharon ignores it yet we support him more  
Saddam ignores it and we say he must pay  
But until we deal fairly it's not in my name

*Not in my name, not in my name...*

Put down your weapons, ask the question why  
People are so desperate that they're prepared to die  
Take time to listen to other people's pain  
And until you do it's not in my time

*Not in my name, not in my name...*

Well could it be the arms trade, could it be the oil  
That fuels our desire to kill and despoil  
While this planet's in peril you want financial gain  
Well that's why I say it's not in my name

*Not in my name, not in my name...*

Call me old fashioned, call me naïve  
But it's something to do with what I believe  
Those that live by the sword are going to die by it too  
I think that's true so it's not in my name

*Not in my name, not in my name...*

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## Rainbow over Kampala 1983

Night-time in Kampala  
Can't believe my ears  
Night-time in Kampala  
You can almost smell the fear  
The guns they play a sad tattoo  
Out on the street tonight  
Night-time in Kampala  
Tell me who put out the light.

Daytime in Kampala  
Can't believe my eyes  
The beauty of the city  
Peeps through a sad disguise  
The cars they weave a drunken path  
Through the pot-holed streets  
Daytime in Kampala  
Nothing seems complete.

*But I have seen a rainbow over Kampala  
I have seen a sign of hope  
In a city that will change  
Angels fly low over Kampala  
Waiting for the moment that healing will begin  
I believe I can hear them start to sing.*

Jesus in Kampala  
His love reaching out  
Jesus in Kampala  
I've seen him there's no doubt  
I've seen him in his followers  
And the way they live their lives  
Jesus in Kampala  
The sign that hope survives

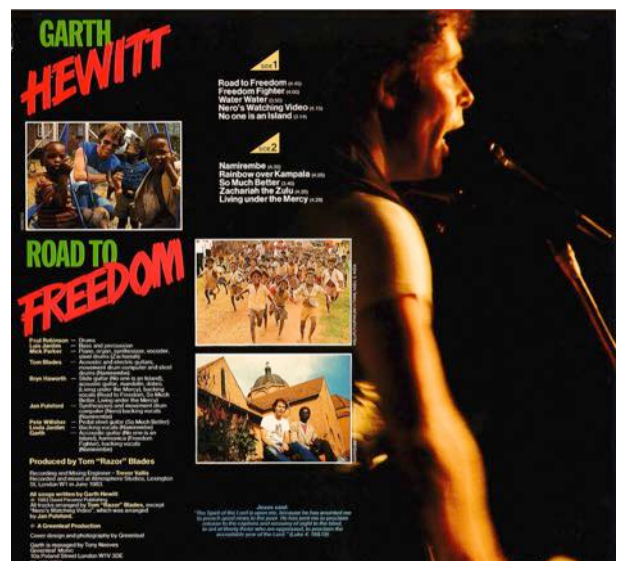
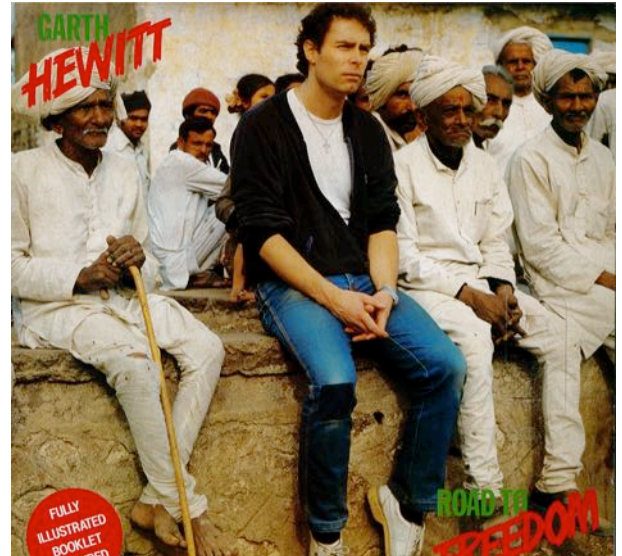
*But I have seen a rainbow over Kampala...*

The Father is watching his children tonight  
His diamond studded eyes  
Gleaming wet with the sight  
The tears that he sheds  
Are for the healing of your land  
The rainbow is a sign  
That you're always in his hand.

repeat

I have seen a rainbow over Kampala

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Another song from my 1982 visit to Uganda -  
a prayer for the people of Uganda. On a visit  
in '82, I was there with Rev Richard Bewes,  
Rector of All Souls' Langham Place, London,  
and he would keep whispering in my ear  
both this title and Namirembe, asking me to  
write songs on those themes. I gave in!

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## Love Song For The Earth 1976

Run the film backwards, let's start again,  
Our hero lies dead on the floor.  
So many times he forgot all the lines  
Of the script that he chose to ignore.  
Oh the pain of believing that there's no wrong or right  
Oh the noise of the silence alone in the night.

What can be known if we're here on our own  
And our spaceship goes nowhere at all.  
Everything changes, truth rearranges,  
According to who gives the call.  
And the rain keeps on falling and the night is coming  
down,  
As the earth starts to shaking, has the king lost his crown?

The cast had a ball as our hero took a fall,  
Not realising they had died too.  
'Who wrote this script?' I heard someone object.  
A voice said 'No-one but you'.  
And the voice started singing a love song for the earth,  
And the words of the song said 'become what you're  
worth'.

## Eternal Echoes 2006

Eternal echoes are calling me somewhere on the wind  
They're hard to hear –  
sometimes I fear I won't hear them again  
But they return and seem to say  
you've somewhere you belong  
Oh eternal echoes are leading me  
with the silent voice of love

We are what we do with our silence  
It is the drawing back of the bow string on the bow  
And silence is the place we meet face to face  
And silence is restoring me - it is the still small voice  
Preparing me for all that is to come

*Eternal echoes are calling me...*

You meet me by the water in the morning  
Say the boat that I must row cannot carry gold  
Nor weapons to maim or kill - they will destroy my soul  
So I must leave it all behind for a much, much better way  
Preparing me for all that is to come

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## Physical Pain 1979

Don't you know I'm missing you  
Like I never really thought I could do  
It's hurting me and making me blue  
Like a physical pain

Don't you know I'm missing you  
And the funny little things that you do  
Being far away from you  
Is like a physical pain

*And I can't wait to be with you again  
Back where those loving arms will be  
And I can't wait to be back home again  
Fly me silver wings across the sea*

And the people I meet are kind  
At least they are most of the time  
But deep inside I pine  
Like a physical pain

*And I can't wait to be with you again...*

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## I Will Return 1974

I will return, I will return  
I'll be coming for you when I come, when I come  
The moon will give no light, there'll be darkness - no more sun  
I'll be coming for you, I will come, I will come

What d'you think you're staring at? The angel said that day -  
The one who's gone away from you, he'll come in the same way  
And every eye will see him arriving in his power  
But no man knows the day, and no one knows the hour

But he said - I will return, I will return  
I'll be coming for you when I come, when I come  
The moon will give no light, there'll be darkness - no more sun  
I'll be coming for you, I will come, I will come

While I'm gone away from you my spirit will be near -  
So Jesus told his followers, said he'd always be there  
And one day he'd be coming back at the end of time  
To wind up his universe, so watch out for the signs



with Chris Barber

And he said – I will return, I will return  
I'll be coming for you when I come, when I come  
The moon will give no light, there'll be darkness - no  
more sun  
I'll be coming for you, I will come, I will come

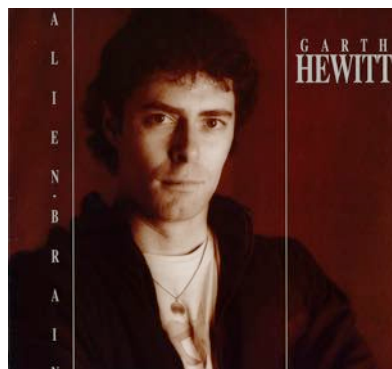
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## Alien Brain 1985

They're flying in tonight  
Fresh from outer space  
Saliva on their lips  
Madness on the face  
The search it made them crazy -  
The need it drove them wild  
Their eyes gleam with a fury -  
Their sanity defiled

Oh they tried to touch the sun –  
They sought the Holy Grain  
Icarus could have told them  
Waxen wings will fail – will always fail

They built a mighty tower  
To try to catch a glimpse  
But infinity is hard to spot  
With Eden gone long since  
They even sold a birthright  
They didn't know they had  
They gave themselves to fantasy,  
It finally drove them mad



## CD Two

Oh they tried to touch the sun  
They sought the Holy Grail  
Icarus could have told them  
Waxen wings will fail – will always fail

They've given in to the Alien Brain  
Become a pawn in the Alien's game  
Sold their soul to the Alien Brain  
They're programmed by the Alien Brain

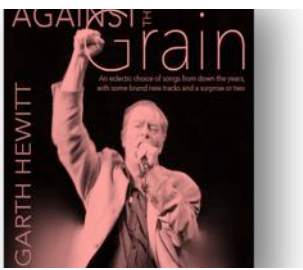
They crossed the last frontier  
Confused and ill at ease  
Victims of deception  
Dying of disease  
The roots of their beginning  
They cannot now recall  
They've listened to the wrong voice  
Ever since the fall

Oh they tried to touch the sun  
They sought the Holy Grail  
Icarus could have told them  
Waxen wings will fail – will always fail

*Page 136 & 137 of Against the Grain*

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# Against the Grain – Garth Hewitt

an eclectic choice of songs from down the years  
songs of peace, protest, poetry and prayer

## Oscar Romero 1985

*Oscar Romero - they're coming for you*  
*Oscar Romero - you'd better change your tune*  
*Oscar Romero - I think they're gonna shoot*  
*What is this faith that motivates you?*

Fearlessly preaching justice and peace  
Constantly pleading for violence to cease  
Voice of the voiceless - friend to the poor  
Voice of the people in El Salvador

*Oscar Romero - they're coming for you...*

Why did they fear him, what wrong had he  
done?

Who fired the bullet, who pointed the gun?  
A message of hope, a symbol of peace,  
Who spoke of a father whose love does not  
cease

*Oscar Romero - they're coming for you...*

Spoke up for the victims who died by the gun,  
Cried out for justice - let something be done.  
Spoke up for the hungry, spoke against greed,  
Spoke for the powerless, for the people in need.

*Oscar Romero - they're coming for you*  
*Oscar Romero - you'd better change your tune*  
*Oscar Romero - I think they're gonna shoot*  
*What is this faith that motivates you?*  
*What is this faith that motivates you?*  
*What is this faith that motivates you?*

Many people would like the poor to always say  
that it is God's will that they are poor.  
It is not God's will for some people to have  
everything and others to have nothing.  
This cannot be of God.

Archbishop Óscar Arnulfo Romero

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# Against the Grain – Garth Hewitt

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## Come Home (Mar Gregorios) 2018

Come home Mar Gregorios - we wait for you each day  
Come home Mar Gregorios - come and show the way  
You're our Shepherd - you're our prophet  
You're our peacemaker too  
Come home Mar Gregorios - we wait and pray for you.

*Mar Gregorios, Mar Gregorios  
Mar Gregorios, Lord hear our cry  
Mar Gregorios, Mar Gregorios  
Mar Gregorios, Lord hear our cry.*

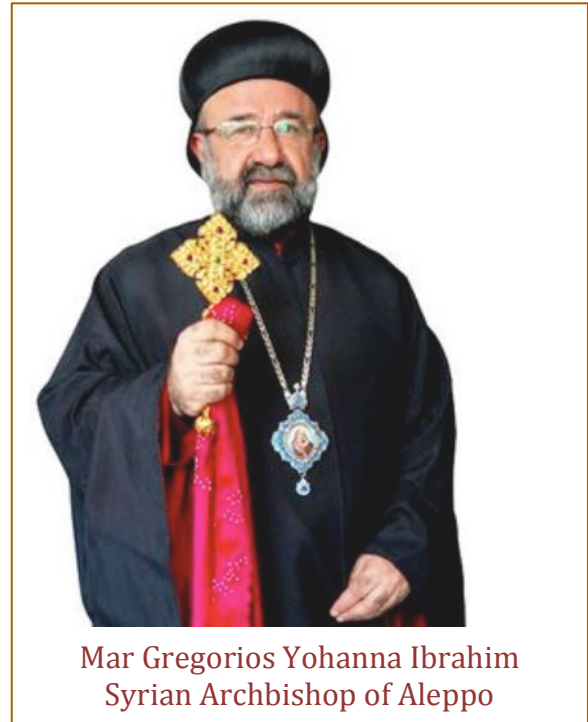
There's a stone wall of silence since you've been away  
A stone wall of silence – let's roll that stone away  
We need you - so we're waiting  
For your resurrection day  
Come home Mar Gregorios – let's roll that stone away.

*Mar Gregorios, Mar Gregorios  
Mar Gregorios, Lord hear our cry  
Mar Gregorios, Mar Gregorios  
Mar Gregorios, Lord hear our cry.*

Come home Mar Gregorios – to this deeply wounded place  
Archbishop of Aleppo- bring your music and your grace  
Bring Archbishop Paul Yazigi  
And the other captives too  
Come home Mar Gregorios – bring them all with you.

*Mar Gregorios, Mar Gregorios  
Mar Gregorios, Lord hear our cry  
Mar Gregorios, Mar Gregorios  
Mar Gregorios, Lord hear our cry.*

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Mar Gregorios Yohanna Ibrahim  
Syrian Archbishop of Aleppo



# Against the Grain – Garth Hewitt

an eclectic choice of songs from down the years  
songs of peace, protest, poetry and prayer

## Poets Of Nicaragua 2010

In the silence of Solentiname - accompanied by bird song  
Where artists keep painting and poets keep writing  
And faith has been framed by the blood of the martyrs  
From Isla Mancarron to Isla San Fernando  
From Isla La Venada - breathtaking beauty  
Also named to remember Elvis Chavarria  
And Felipe Pena and Donald Guevara  
Who laid down their lives in the struggle for freedom  
Where Ernesto Cardenal built the Church of liberation  
Where Carlos Godoy wrote the Misa Campesino  
So I raise a glass for songwriters and artists  
and the poets - of Nicaragua.

Standing on the roof of the Cathedral at Leon  
With the line of volcanoes stretching before you  
Volcanoes and poets erupting with passion  
Like Ruben Dario and Alfonso Cortes  
In a land on a journey to remove the oppression  
Where Bartolome de las Casas appealed for the people  
Where Dora Maria went on a hunger strike  
On behalf of the poor - on behalf of the nation  
Where planting and health bring hope to campesinos  
So I raise a glass for teachers and doctors  
And liberation priests and community workers  
And the poets - of Nicaragua.

In the silence of Solentiname - interpreted by bird song  
Where dignity was born from the womb of simplicity  
And justice will come as the fruit of humanity  
And daily survival arrives with creativity  
With painting on canvas and crafts full of colour  
By Rodolfo Arellano & Rosa Pineda  
Eneyda Castillo and Elba Jimenez  
And we take our lesson from the voices that echo  
From a country that listens to the words of its poets  
And the songs that are born in the heart of its singers  
From Luis Enrique to Katia Cardenal  
And the poets - of Nicaragua.

Where Ernesto Cardenal built the Church of Liberation  
Where Carlos Godoy wrote the Misa Campesino  
So I raise a glass for songwriters and artists  
And the poets - of Nicaragua.



Art from Solentiname

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# Against the Grain – Garth Hewitt

an eclectic choice of songs from down the years  
songs of peace, protest, poetry and prayer



## The Sea of Galilee

### Cast Your Net Again 2003

*Cast your net again - it's not over  
You'll find hope again - it's not over  
Cast your net again - it's not over  
Your life is not in vain - so cast your net again.*

Just at the point of giving up when the struggle had been so long  
On the downward slope of despair when everything seems so wrong  
Deep waters are around us - bitter tears begin to fall  
Take the time to be silent - take time to hear the call

*Cast your net again...*

They say that the darkest hour  
Is just before the dawn  
But with the brand new day  
Opportunities may come  
You may have laboured all night  
And the night has been very long  
But you'll find that darkest hour  
Is just before the dawn

*Cast your net again...*



### Did He Jump... Or Was He Pushed 1979

Did he jump or was he pushed  
Did he jump or was he pushed  
Make a choice or get ambushed  
Make a choice or get ambushed

I saw a man on my TV  
He said I wish I could be free  
But I'm a victim of my past  
And he believed it to the last  
I saw Adam in the garden  
Wondering should he, or should he  
not  
He reached out he took that fruit  
But what a lot, what a lot he got

Did he jump or was he pushed  
Did he jump or was he pushed  
Make a choice or get ambushed  
Make a choice or get ambushed

I saw Hitler in his bunker  
Blood and pain were all around  
What made him cause the fear and  
hatred  
What made him drag his people  
down

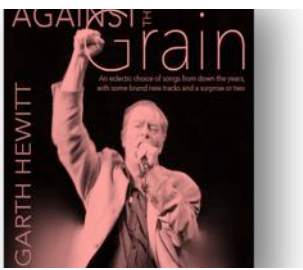
Did he jump or was he pushed  
Did he jump or was he pushed  
Make a choice or get ambushed  
Make a choice or get ambushed

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# Against the Grain – Garth Hewitt

an eclectic choice of songs from down the years  
songs of peace, protest, poetry and prayer

## The Writing on the Wall 1992

*Better read the writing on the wall  
Don't just paint it over, don't just paint it over  
Better read the writing on the wall  
Don't just paint it over, don't just paint it over*

Ramallah, Nablus, Gaza, Beit Sahour  
It's a litany of pain as we recite the names  
Jabalia, Kalandia, Jenin and Bethlehem,  
Lest we forget your name, lest we forget the  
pain

*Better read the writing on the wall...*

The soldiers came at midnight  
They dragged the family out  
With guns they demanded  
That they paint the writing out  
Oh but the thickness of the paint  
Could not conceal the words  
The Intifada will not end 'till justice is our friend

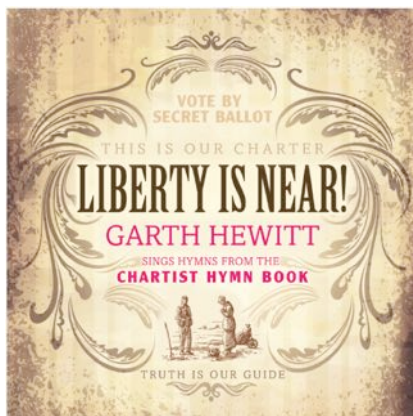


This song was written  
some years before the  
building of the  
separation wall – yet  
this photo seems  
appropriate here

If we forget you or if we remain silent  
The stones will call out your name - yes they will  
If we forget you or if we remain silent  
The stones will call out your name - they'll call

Ramallah, Nablus, Gaza, Beit Sahour  
It's a litany of pain as we recite the names  
Jabalia, Zebabdeh, Jenin and Bethlehem  
Lest we forget your names, lest we forget the  
pain

*Better read the writing on the wall...*



## Hail Glorious Morn! (Chartist Hymn 13) 2013

Hail, glorious morn! When Christ arose,  
And burst the fetters of the tomb,  
And triumphed o'er his cruel foes  
Who stood amazed – confounded – dumb.

While time, and tide, and planets roll,  
Tho' kings, and priests, and tyrants join  
To crush the burstings of the soul,  
Inspired with truth – pure truth shall shine!

Nor fear, nor sword, nor dungeons vile,  
Shall quench the ever-burning spark;  
Although its path may be awhile  
Sunless and cheerless - dreary - dark.

It burns, and shall for ever burn,  
The fire of perfect liberty;  
All men its principles shall learn,  
And then we shall, we must be free.

But Christ has risen from the dead  
And gained a glorious victory;  
Then follow him – the Truth – your head,  
Demand your Charter, and be free.  
Then follow him – the Truth – your head,  
Demand your Charter, and be free.

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# Against the Grain – Garth Hewitt

an eclectic choice of songs from down the years  
songs of peace, protest, poetry and prayer



## Number One 1974

You came through the waters to stand in fire here  
Like tempered gold new burnished in the sun  
And no-one really thought you'd ever be here  
Takes more than silver coins to hold you down  
And I had to close my eyes, when I looked in your face  
I couldn't stand the beauty that was there  
A beauty that could make me look so poor

I was never close to you before now  
Though many times I called aloud your name  
I didn't even think that you would hear me  
But you chose to be with me just the same  
And I had to bow my head, when you spoke to me first  
I couldn't understand the words I heard  
A beauty that could make me look so cruel

All the world could save for you was agony  
A priceless life thrown willing to the swine  
And I was one of those who tore your eyes away  
What man alive could stand up to your gaze  
I fell down and I cried, when I saw what I'd done  
I killed the holiest love I ever saw  
A beauty that could show my life so raw.

Oh Jesus the gates of hell couldn't even hold you  
For death itself was shrivelled by your love  
And I never thought that I could stand here with you  
There's nothing they could do would drag me back  
And I have to close my eyes, and bow my head right down  
And touch the very wounds that make me strong  
A beauty that could raise me from the ground

A beauty that could raise me from the ground

*Written by David Rees,  
used with kind permission of Daniel Rees*

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# Against the Grain – Garth Hewitt

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## Love Bade Me Welcome 1992

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew  
back  
Guilty of dust and sinne  
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow  
slack  
From my first entrance in  
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,  
If I lack'd any thing

A guest, I answered, worthy to be here:  
Love said, you shall be he.  
I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,  
I cannot look on thee.  
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply  
Who made the eyes but I?

*Love bade me welcome  
Love bade me welcome  
From my first entrance in  
Love bade me welcome  
Love bade me welcome  
So I did sit and eat*

Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my  
shame  
Go where it doth deserve.  
And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the  
blame?  
My deare, then I will serve.  
You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my  
meat:  
So I did sit and eat.

*Love bade me welcome*

*So I did sit and eat  
Love bade me welcome*

*Words by George Herbert*

*Page 98 of Against the Grain*

## Bread of Life 1993

*Bread of life, bread of life  
All things made new  
Bread and wine, bread and wine  
We feed on you.*

We pause to remember the words that you said  
"I am the vine" - "I am the bread"  
"I give my body that the world may live"  
We feed on your body – it's the life that you  
give.

*Bread of life, bread of life...*

A child in a manger - no room in an inn  
That's just the way that the story begins  
The death of a Saviour - the rising anew  
The story continues in me and in you.

*Bread of life, bread of life...*

You're the strength for our journey - the path we  
should take  
The food that gives life - the truth and the way  
Our constant companion, our comfort, and  
friend  
In the deepest of darkness, you're there 'til the  
end.

*Bread of life, bread of life...*

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# Against the Grain – Garth Hewitt

an eclectic choice of songs from down the years  
songs of peace, protest, poetry and prayer

## Goodbye To All the Heroes 1978

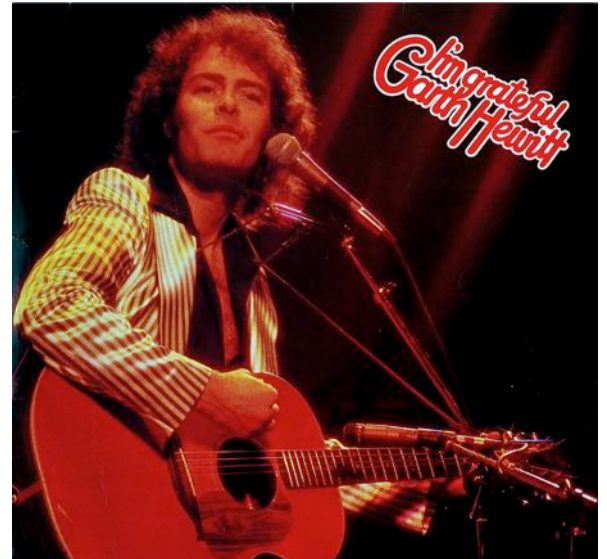
Twentieth century traveller crippled by disease  
The doubts that you believe in they've got you on your knees  
This is just a simple song don't want to get it wrong  
Oh I learned it from the singer  
I learned it from the singer  
I learned it from the singer  
It's his song

The naked ape walks proudly in his concrete world tonight  
The nightmares he's created he dismisses from his sight  
The golden calf is laughing as he turns into a snake  
Leaving only broken promises  
Only broken promises  
Only broken promises  
In his wake

Goodbye to all the heroes who crumble into dust  
Goodbye to all your fantasies that fade as they must  
Welcome in the troubadour who rides upon the storm  
Wrap yourself in wisdom his truth will keep you warm

You change with every wind that blows –  
You're a person no one knows  
Chameleon your colours changing your smile comes and goes  
You say you are the singer you think you wrote the song  
But the eyes of the troubadour  
The eyes of the troubadour  
The eyes of the troubadour  
Say you're wrong

Goodbye to all the heroes who crumble into dust  
Goodbye to all your fantasies that fade as they must  
Welcome in the troubadour who rides upon the storm  
Wrap yourself in wisdom his truth will keep you warm





# Against the Grain – Garth Hewitt

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## Red Hot and Cooking

1982

**A rock and roll novel!**

Steamy little basement on 42<sup>nd</sup> Street  
Everybody's fighting but they don't want a seat  
They just want to stand there and listen to the beat  
Because Smoking B Boppa, he plays it real neat

And he's red hot and cooking  
Smoking, mean and rocking  
He may not be good looking  
Well he plays it red hot and cooking

There's a lot of hungry people out on the streets tonight  
Some of those tigers are looking for a fight  
The word has gone round that he's in town tonight  
The heat's on the street but they know it's alright

And he's red hot and cooking  
Smoking, mean and rocking  
Well he may not be good looking  
But he plays it red hot and cooking

Smoking B Boppa is in town tonight  
Smoking B Boppa is in town tonight  
Smoking B Boppa is in town tonight...

Temperature is rising, B Boppa has arrived  
And only the toughest in the jungle will survive  
He never move a muscle, never break a grin  
He just head for the corner - simply plug in

*And he's red hot and cooking...*

Well he's in a mean mood tonight  
He's burning the skin right off of his fingers  
The boy doesn't seem to notice – he doesn't seem to care at all  
I can see the smoke rising and he really is red hot and he's cooking  
Smoking B Boppa is mean, mean, mean, mean...  
He's red hot and he's cooking  
He's a guitar picking hero  
I can see the smoke rising and the temperature is rising  
He really is red hot and he's cooking...

**with legend Tom 'Razor' Blades on guitar - and the band  
photo on page 50 of Against the Grain**



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# Against the Grain – Garth Hewitt

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## How the Dice Falls demo 1981

An old friend of mine claimed every time  
The words he spoke were true  
But if they were wise they were dressed in disguise  
But that's a choice I must leave up to you

He'd come up real close and get all verbose  
And breath his stale breath over me  
And as midnight would chime he'd sing this old rhyme  
But he'd sing it all out of tune

*It depends how the dice falls tonight boys  
It depends how the dice falls for you  
You can use all your skill, bend all your will  
But the dice will decide for you*

Too many nights with too many frights  
From too many days on the run  
He'd never admit it he'd never be pitied  
He claimed every second was fun  
But I knew the signs when soaked in the wine  
He'd make his way over to me  
Do you want some advice at a reasonable price  
But if you didn't he gave it for free

*It depends how the dice falls tonight boys...*

Well the years have gone by since I looked in his eye  
And heard what he had to say  
I'll never forget it though I often regret it  
That I never offered to pay  
I kept to myself the unspeakable wealth  
Of a love that will never grow old  
And I left him drinking and happily thinking  
The words he spoke were like gold

*It depends how the dice falls tonight boys...*

So he thought, hmm the dice will decide it for you  
No it won't - the dice won't decide it for you

## Golden Studded Jukebox demo 1980

There's a truckstop down in Texas  
Where I stopped to get a bite  
All heads turned as I walked in,  
I thought boy I'm gonna have me a fight  
And as I walked across that floor  
Every eye was looking at me  
Thought I'd like to change the subject –  
Ain't there anything else to see

But no one moved a muscle  
I got a table and I sat down  
Called out to the waitress –  
Hot coffee and a plate of hash browns  
The atmosphere was distinctly weird  
I thought I'd really like to find me a friend  
Then I looked across the corner  
I knew my troubles were at an end

*It was a golden studded jukebox flashing its teeth at me  
A golden studded jukebox beautiful sight to see  
Oh a golden studded jukebox with a tear in every song  
When it's country rockin' music things don't seem so wrong*

My hand went in my pocket I needed to feed that machine  
I went to read the selection –  
It was the best one that I'd ever seen  
There was one of John Prine sounding just fine  
And one of Joe Ely too, Waylon and Willie, bald headed Billy  
And one of Emmylou

*It was a golden studded jukebox flashing its teeth at me...*

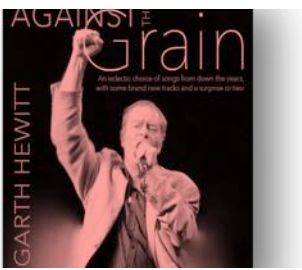
The atmosphere had cleared – something you can't read  
Nobody was looking at me but when I asked for loose change  
Hands went into pockets somebody grinned for free  
So I chose a song of Merle Haggard –  
'On the fighting side of me.'

*It was a golden studded jukebox flashing its teeth at me...*

*A golden studded jukebox with a tear in every song  
When it's country rockin' music things don't seem so wrong*

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# Against the Grain – Garth Hewitt

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## May You Live To Dance (On Your Own Grave) 1978

May you live to dance on your own grave  
May you live to boogie on and on  
May you live to dance on your own grave  
May you die to rise with the Son

I ain't asking you to lose your reason  
I ain't asking you to lose your mind  
Just asking you to raise your glasses  
And drink that resurrection wine

I have listened to a singer  
I have listened to a song  
Said, "here to day and gone tomorrow"  
I know one who proved him wrong

The stone has rolled away for ever  
Spring is here and winter's gone  
Old man death – his days are numbered  
See the devil on the run

May you live to dance on your own grave  
May you live to boogie on and on  
May you live to dance on your own grave  
May you die to rise with the Son

I ain't asking you to lose your reason  
I ain't asking you to lose your mind –  
Just asking you to raise your glasses  
And drink that resurrection wine

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