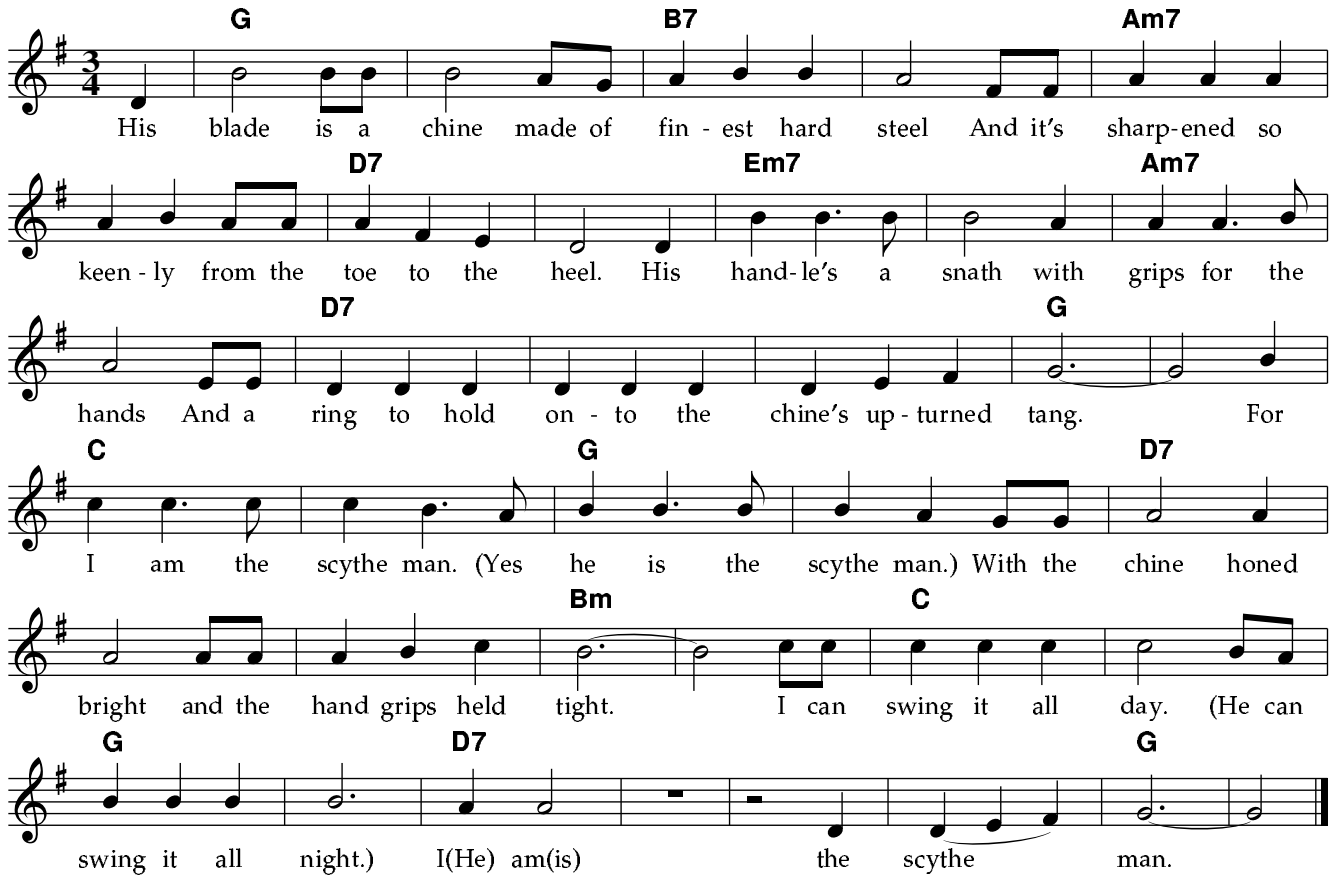


Songs

Thistlebane

A rustic love song for Spanks

For James on the occasion of the 35th anniversary of his entry to this world. David Johnson 2017
A birthday present was a beautifully crafted scythe, apt for one who abjures petrol powered machines.



His blade is a chine made of fin - est hard steel And it's sharp-ened so
keen - ly from the toe to the heel. His hand - le's a snath with grips for the
hands And a ring to hold on - to the chine's up - turned tang. For
I am the scythe man. (Yes he is the scythe man.) With the chine honed
bright and the hand grips held tight. I can swing it all day. (He can
swing it all night.) I(He) am(is) the scythe man.

His blade is a chine made of finest hard steel
And it's sharpened so keenly from the toe to the heel.
His handle's a snath with grips for the hands
And a ring to hold onto the chine's upturned tang.

Chorus:

For I am the scythe man. (He is the scythe man.)
With the chine honed bright and the hand grips held tight.
I can swing it all day. (He can swing it all night.)
I am (He is) the scythe man.

If wheat you were needing to grow in a field
And it needed hard clearing to be sure of a yield.
I would work till the night from the start of the day
Till Thistlebane cleared every weed from your way.

If you planted the field with the promise of wheat
And it grew thick and lush and was ready to reap.
I would work by your side with my bold Thistlebane
Till the harvest was cut for the bright golden grain.

Songs

If you wandered away and got lost in dense scrub
And was wanting a cuppa and a nice bit of grub.
With my Thistlebane swinging with a strong steady swoosh
I would carve you a path back home through the bush.

If the choicest of blackberries you wanted to pick
From the midst of dense tangles both thorny and thick.
I would hone up my blade with my sharpening tool
And dance 'heel and toe' till your bucket was full.