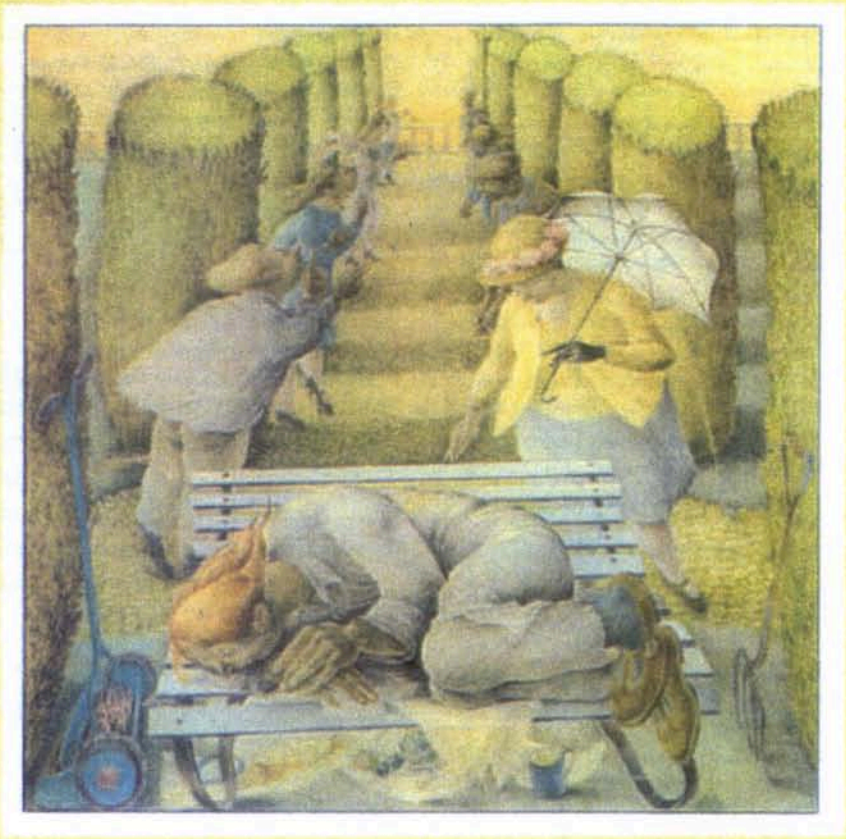
GENESIS



SELLING ENGLAND BY THE POUND

COMPLETE PIANO VOCAL SCORE

Silmarillion Publishing
The Netherlands

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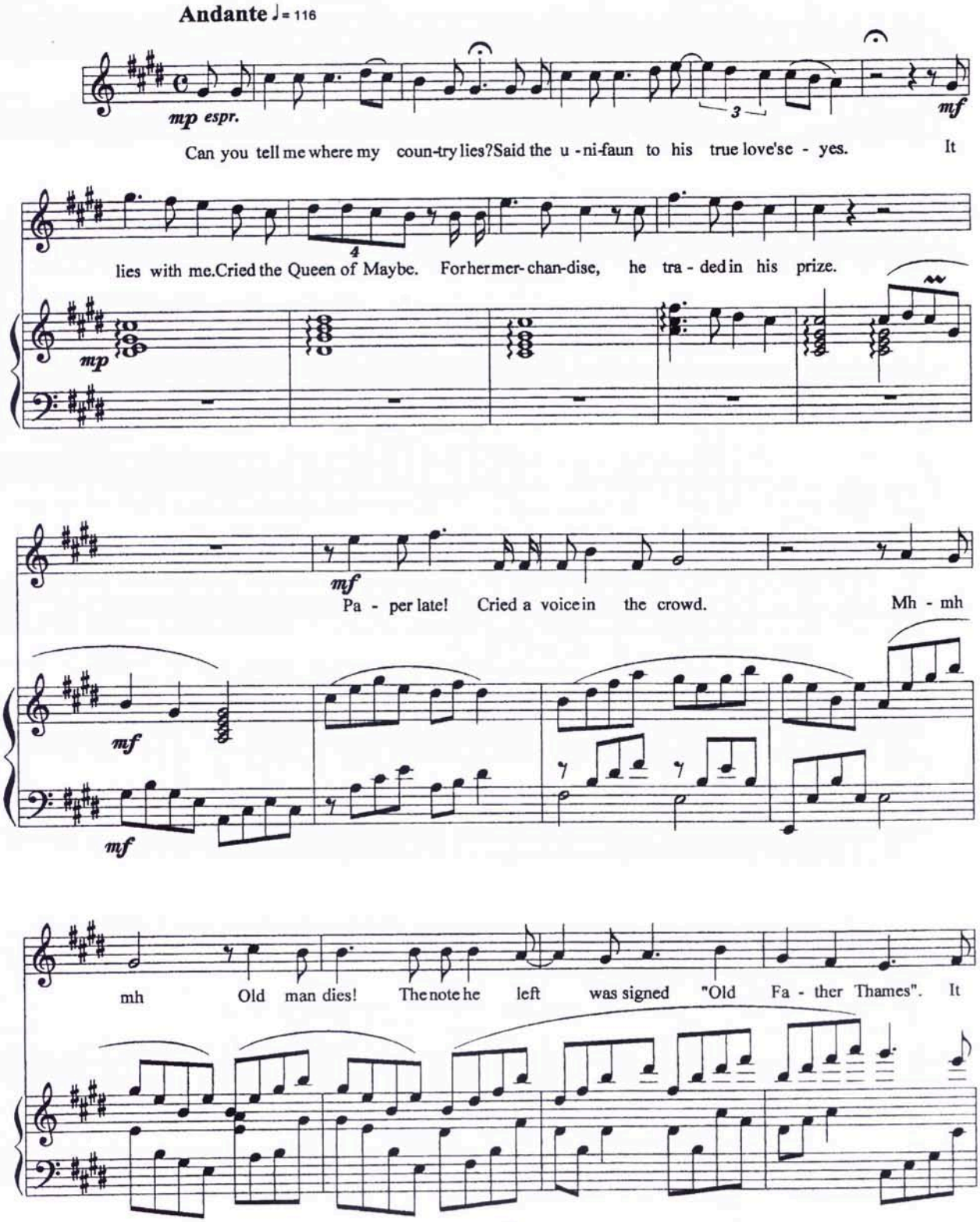
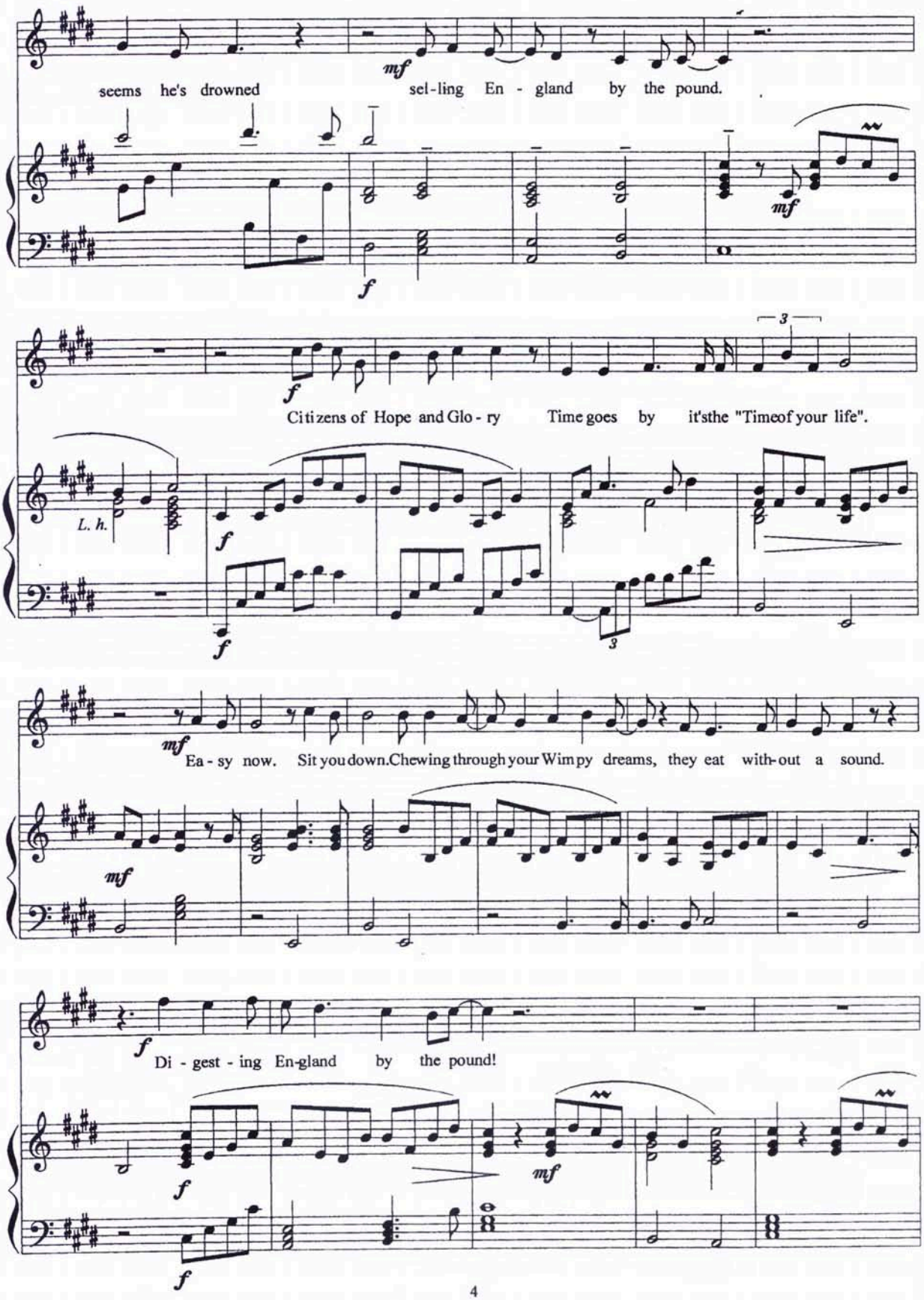
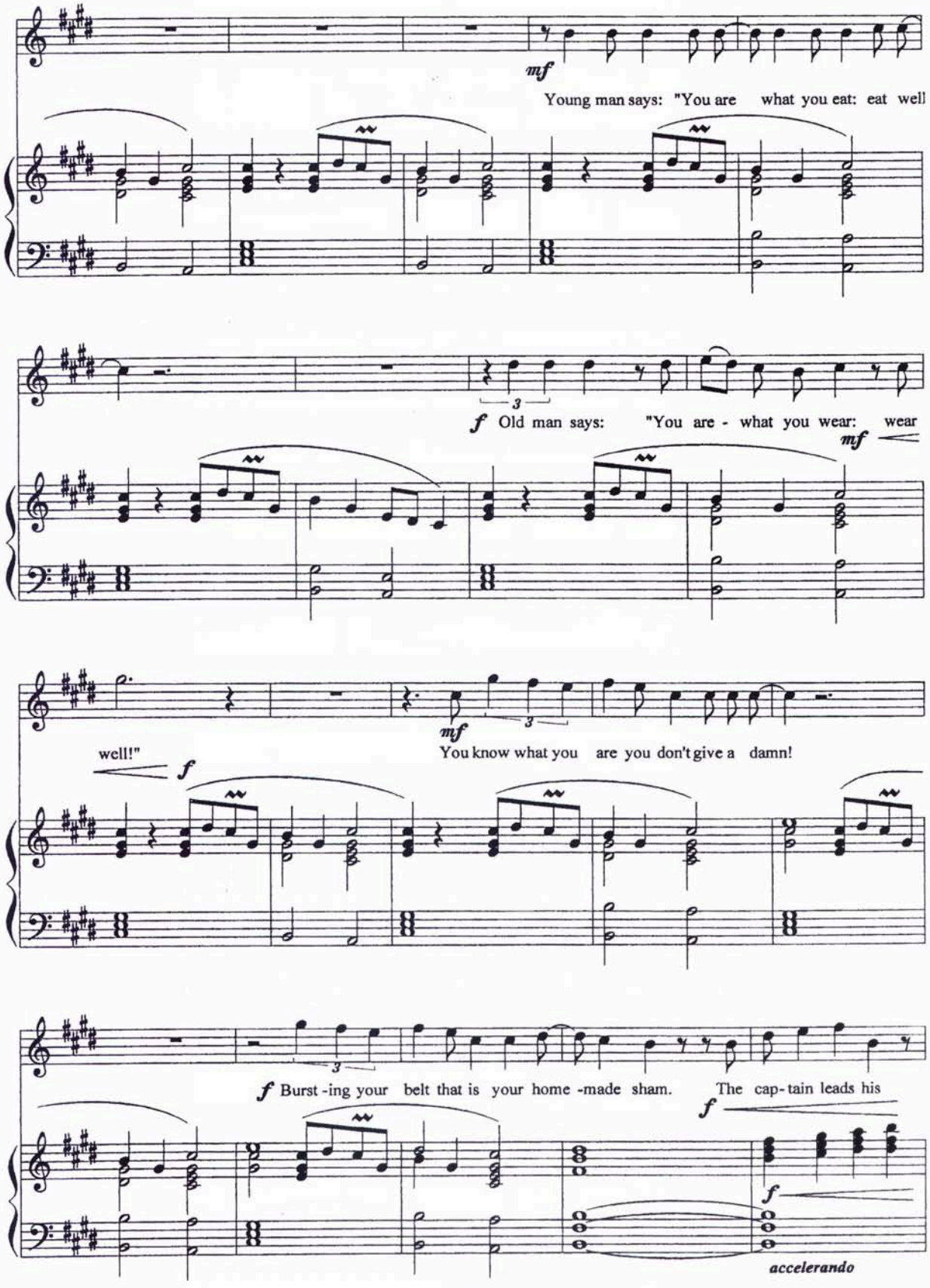
Silmarillion Publishing
The Netherlands

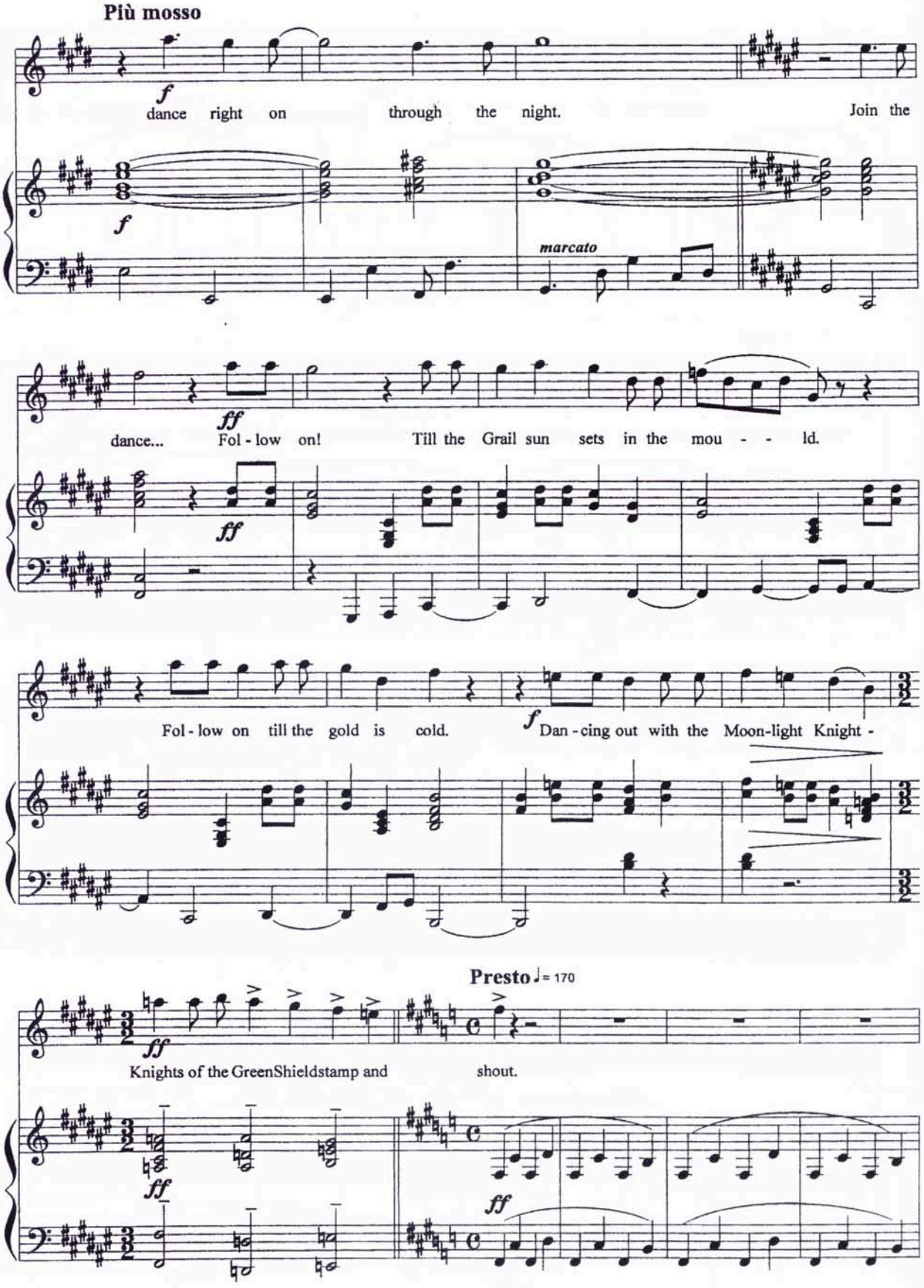
Dancing with the Moonlight Knight

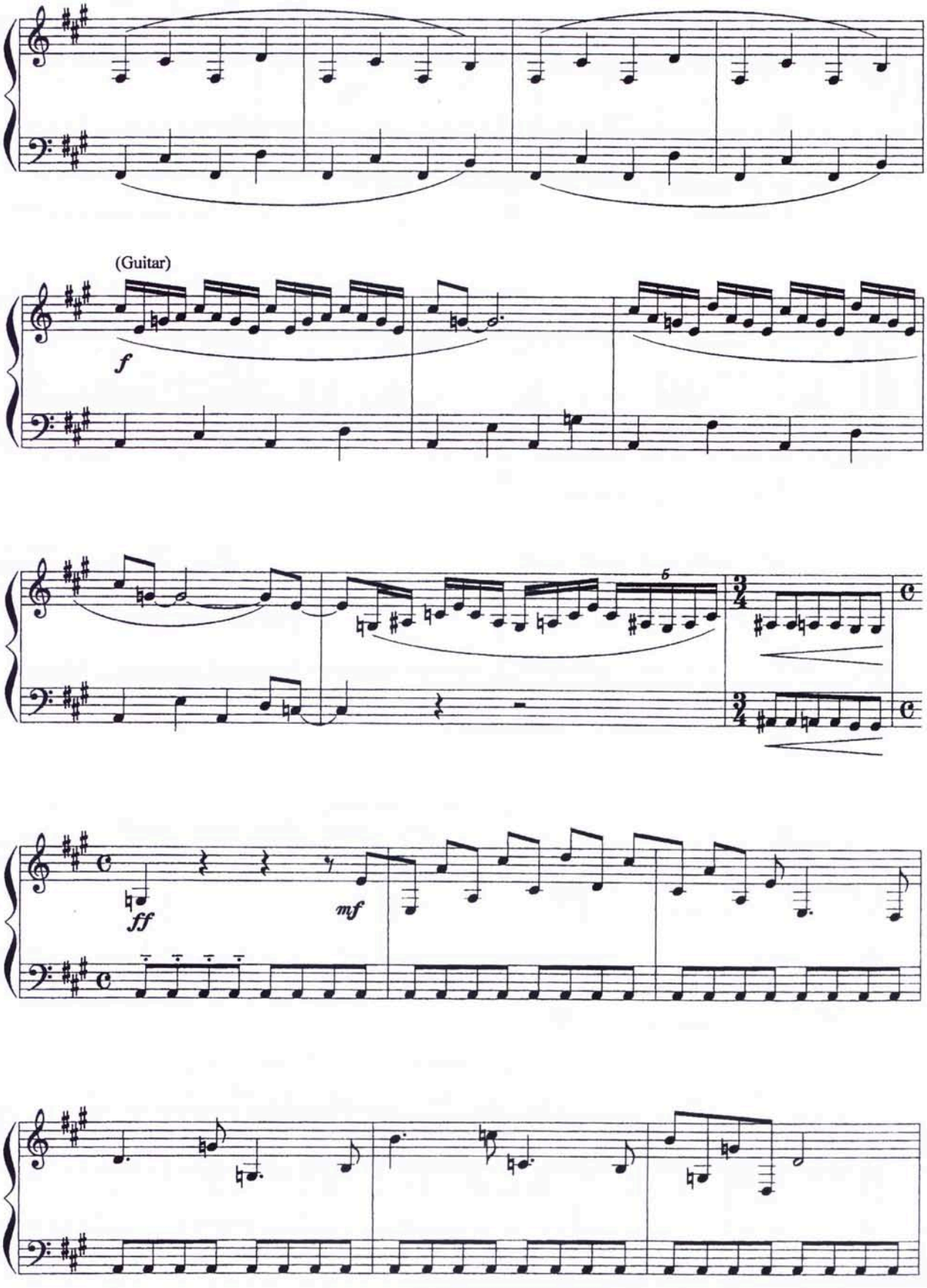
T. Banks, P. Collins, P. Gabriel
S. Hackett, M. Rutherford

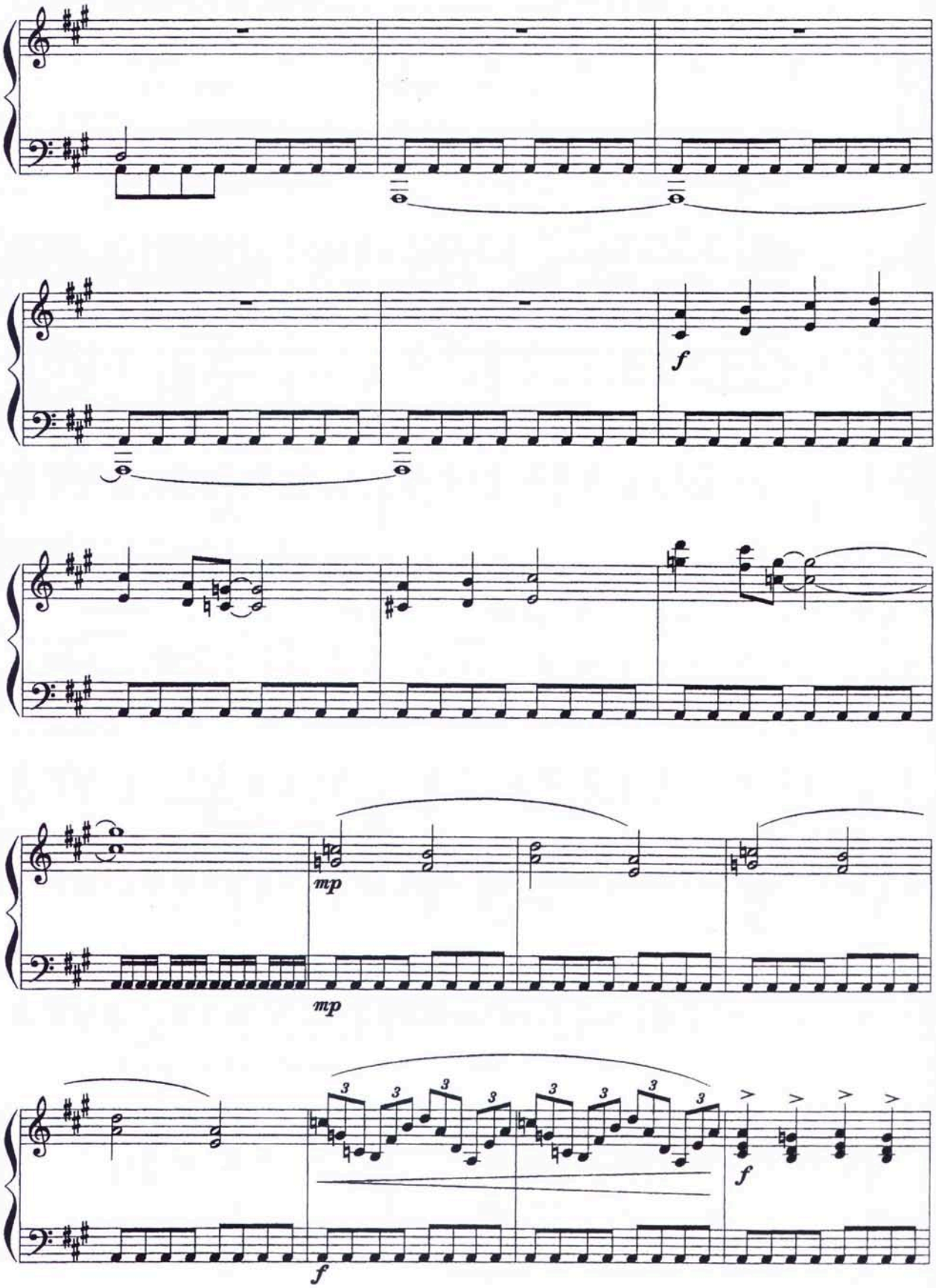


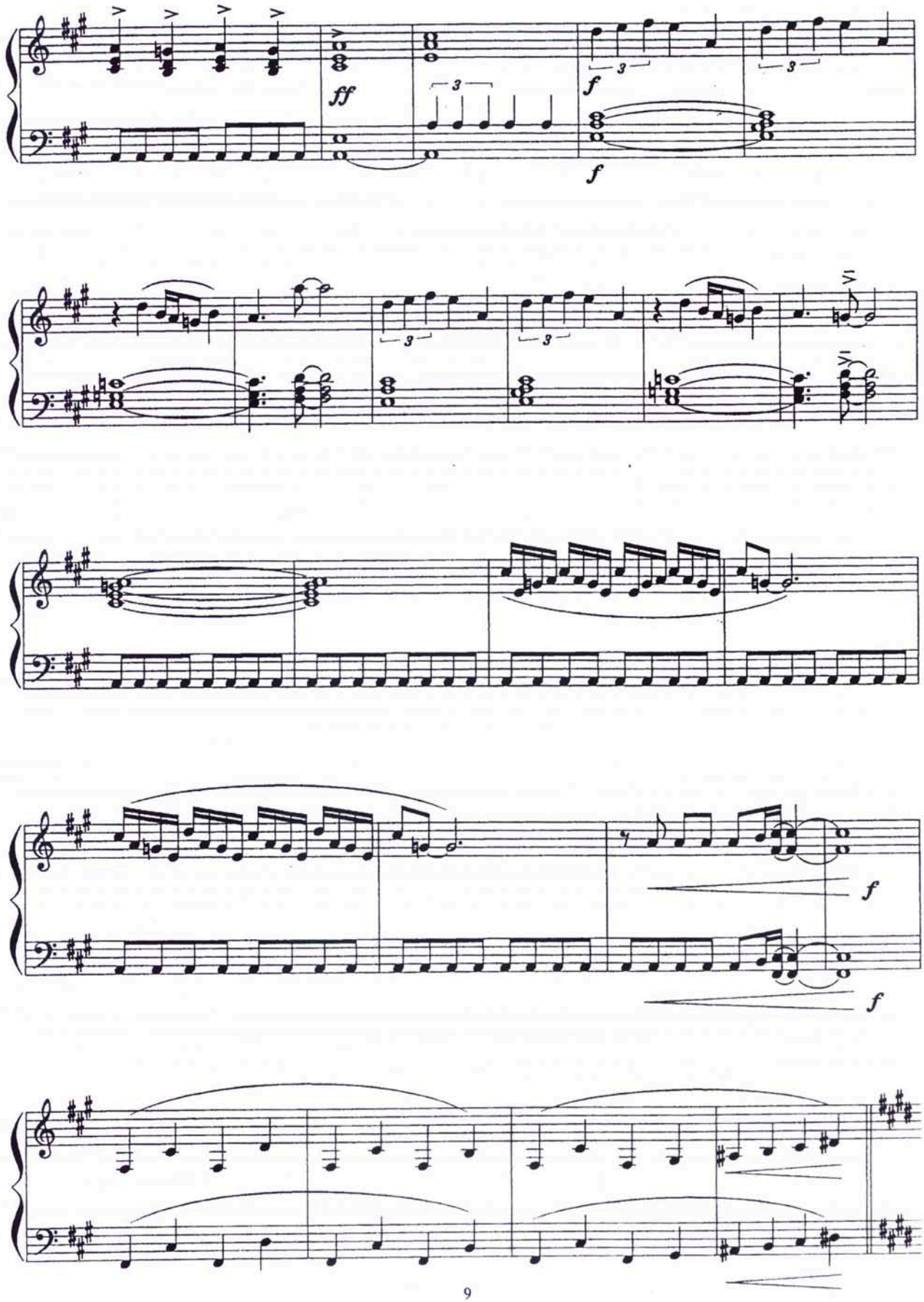

seems he's drowned
sel-ling En - gland by the pound.
mf
f
mf
f
Citizens of Hope and Glo - ry
Time goes by it'sthe "Timeof your life".
3
L. h.
f
f
3
mf
Ea - sy now. Sit you down.Chewing through your Wimpy dreams, they eat with-out a sound.
mf
f
Di - gest - ing En-gland by the pound!
f
mf
f

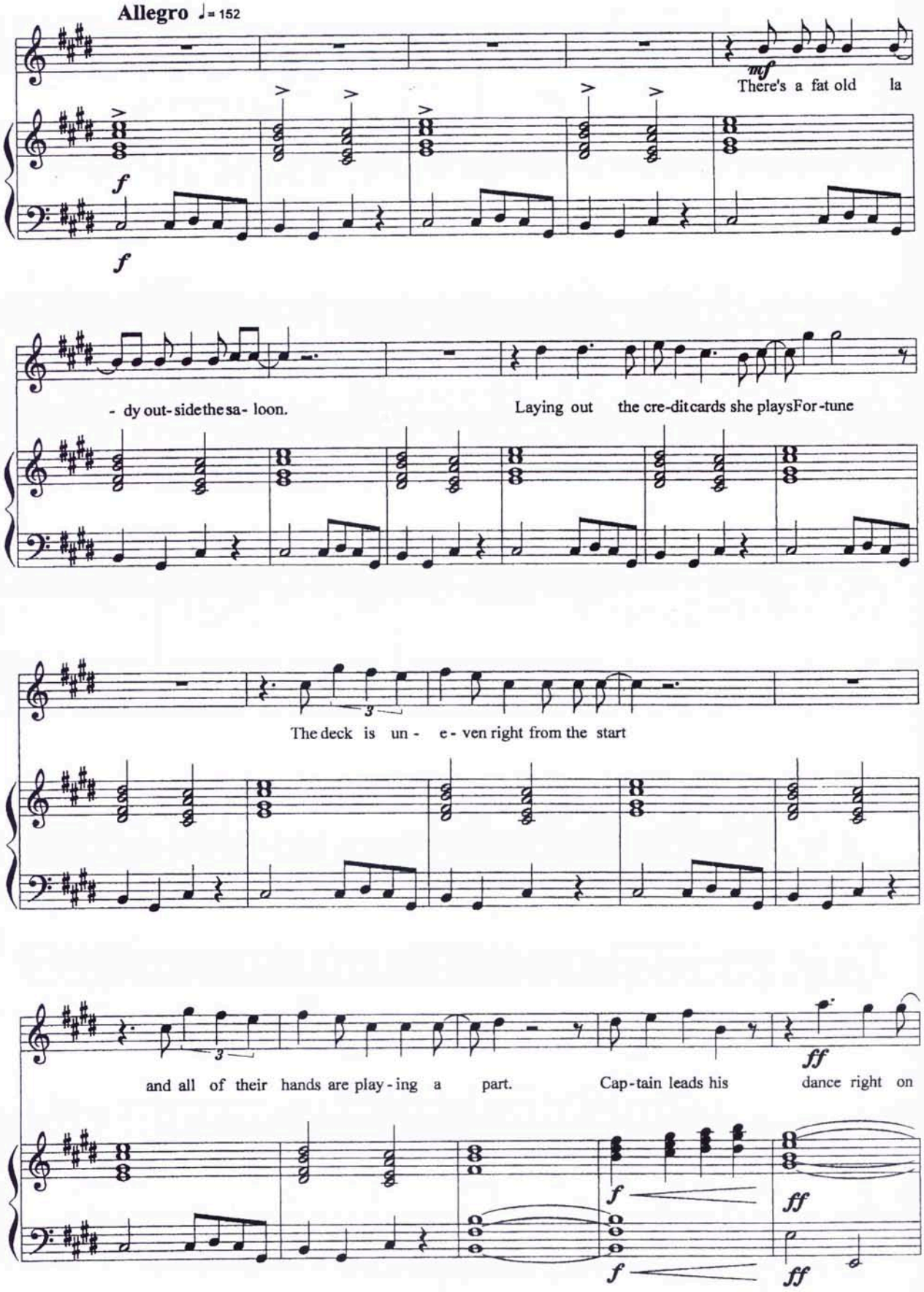

mf
Young man says: "You are what you eat: eat well
f Old man says: "You are - what you wear: wear
mf
mf
You know what you are you don't give a damn!
well!"
f
f Burst - ing your belt that is your home - made sham.
The cap - tain leads his
f
f
accelerando

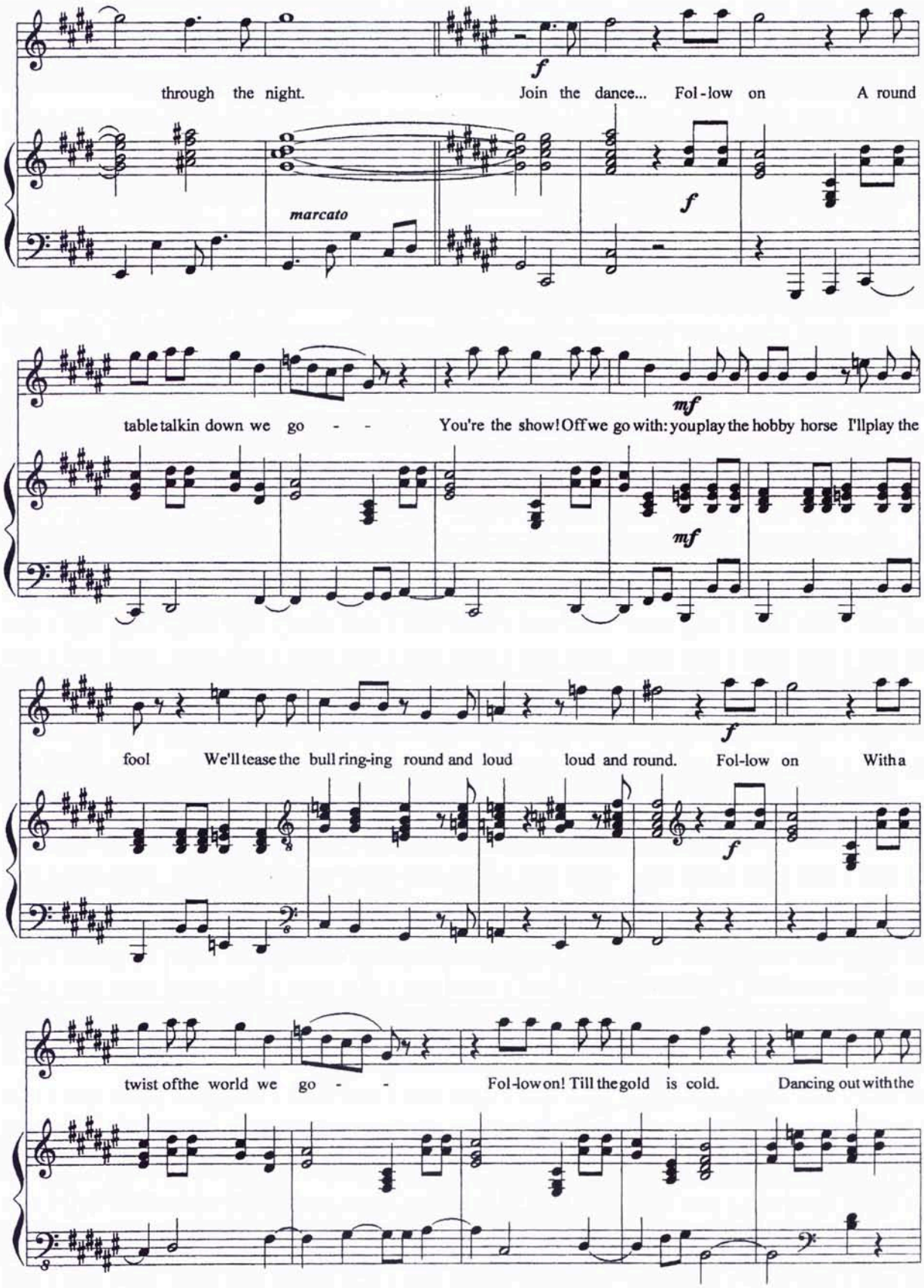

Più mosso
f
dance right on through the night. Join the
f
marcato
ff
dance... Fol - low on! Till the Grail sun sets in the mou - - ld.
ff
Fol - low on till the gold is cold.
f
Dan - cing out with the Moon-light Knight -
Presto ♩= 170
ff
Knights of the GreenShieldstamp and shout.
ff
ff

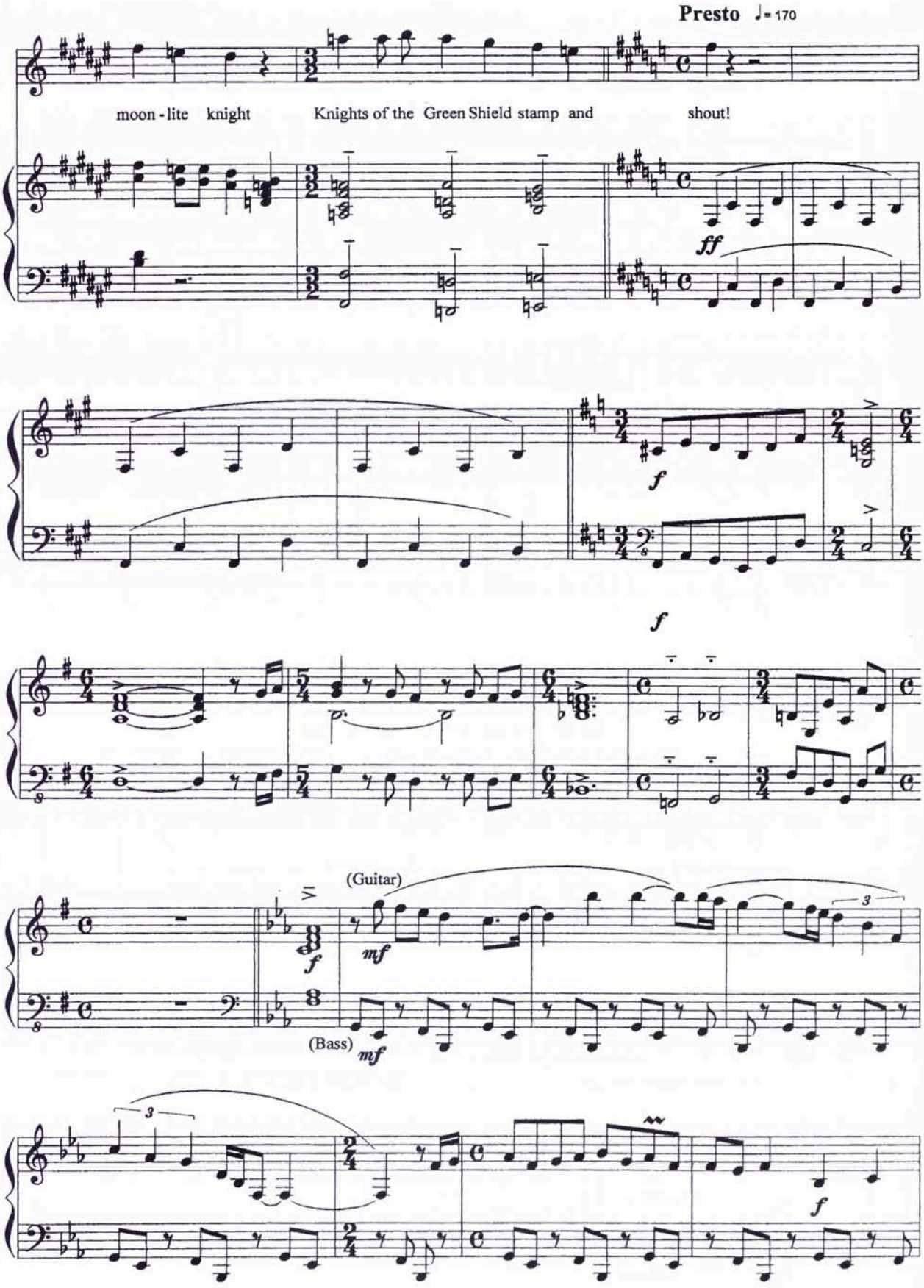

(Guitar)
f
6
ff
mf

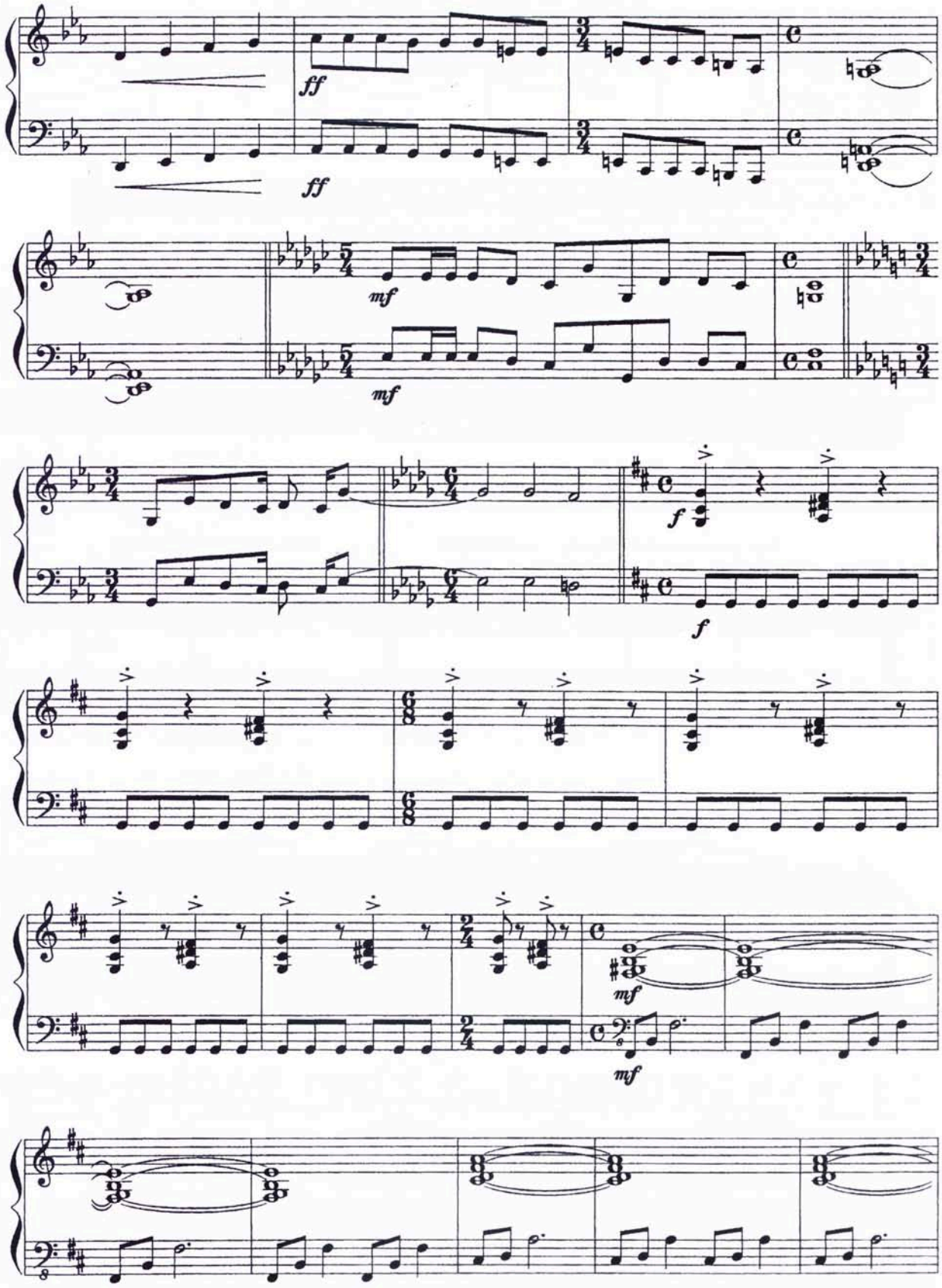

f
mp
mp
3
3
3
3
3
3
3
3
f
f

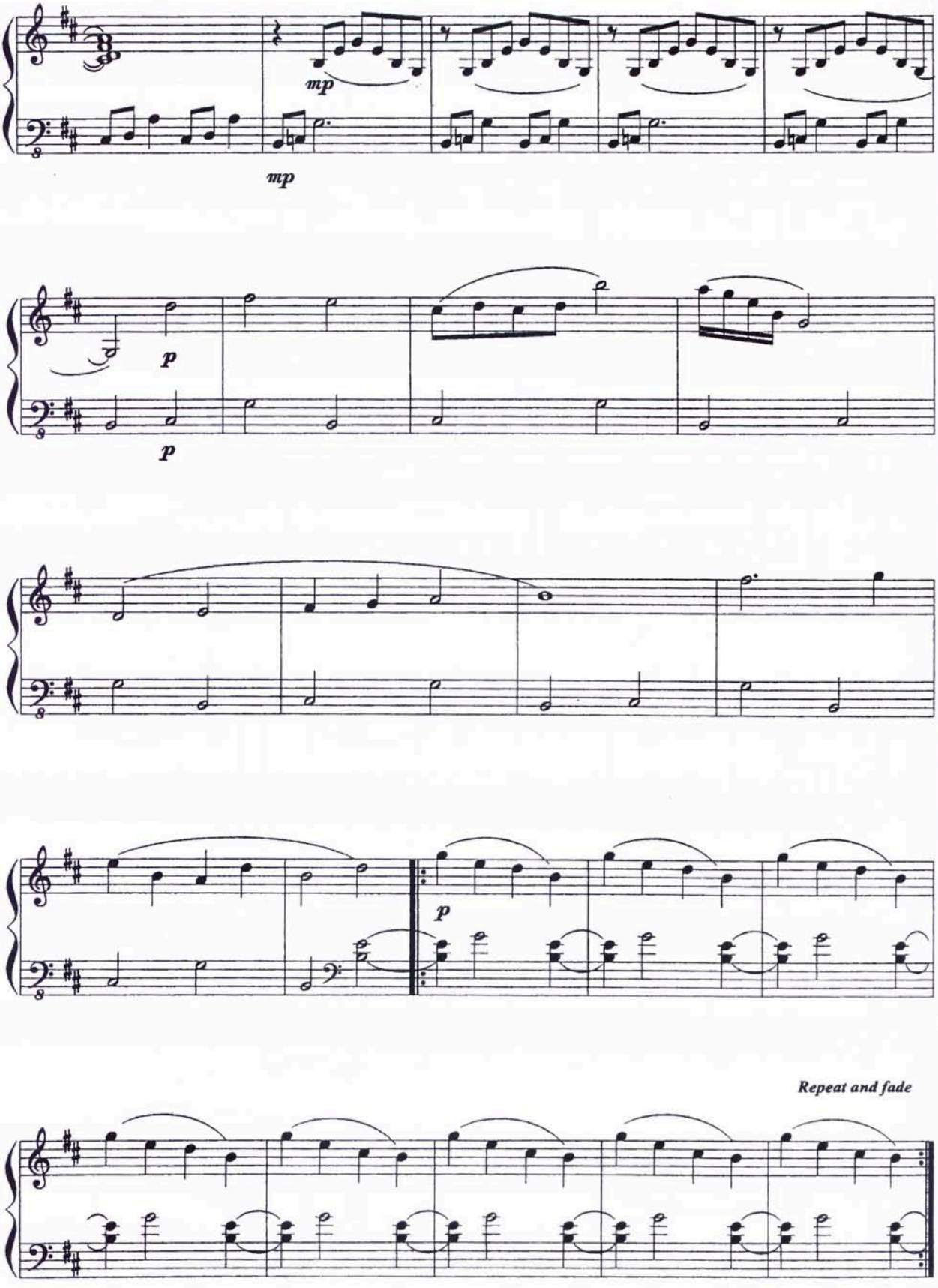

ff
f
f
f
f


Allegro ♩= 152
mf
There's a fat old la
f
f
- dy out- side the sa- loon.
Laying out the cre-dit cards she plays For-tune
3
The deck is un - e - ven right from the start
3
ff
and all of their hands are play - ing a part.
Cap-tain leads his dance right on
f
ff
f
ff


through the night.
Join the dance... Fol - low on A round
marcato
table talkin down we go - -
You're the show! Off we go with: you play the hobby horse I'll play the
fool We'll tease the bull ring-ing round and loud loud and round. Fol-low on With a
twist of the world we go - -
Fol-low on! Till the gold is cold. Dancing out with the


Presto ♩= 170
moon - lite knight
Knights of the Green Shield stamp and
shout!
ff
f
f
(Guitar)
mf
(Bass)
mf
f

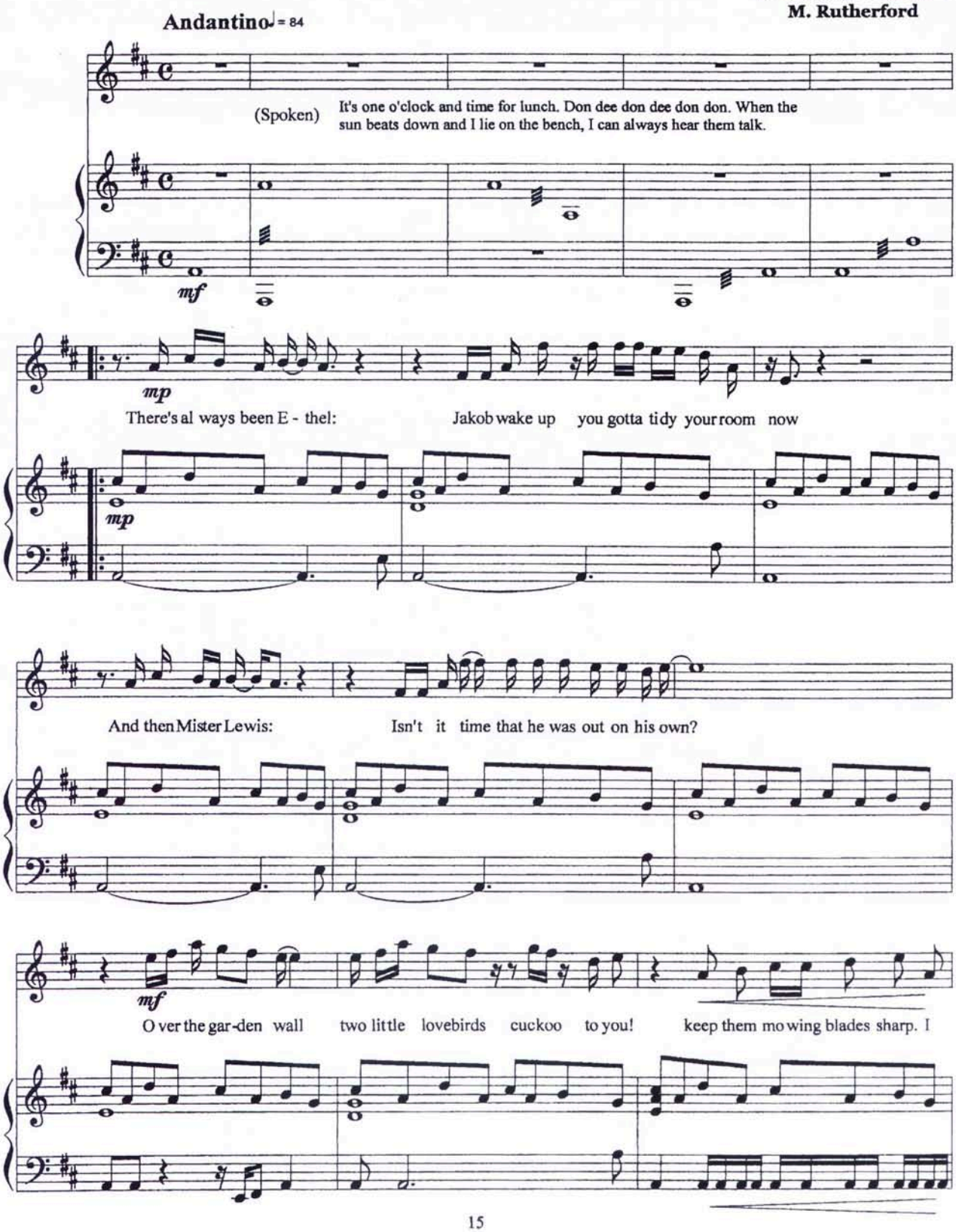

ff
ff
mf
mf
f
f
mf
mf

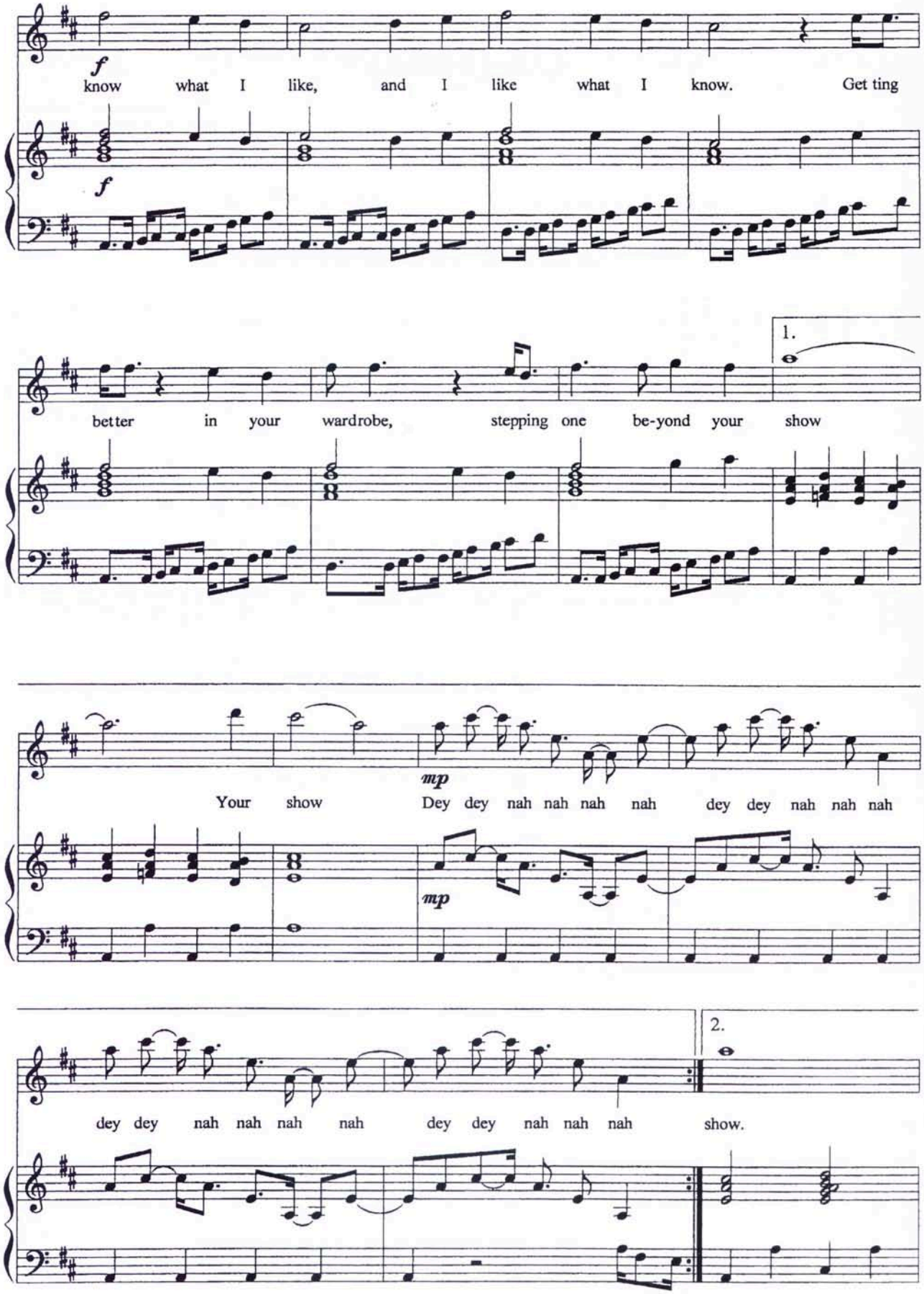

mp
mp
p
p
p
Repeat and fade

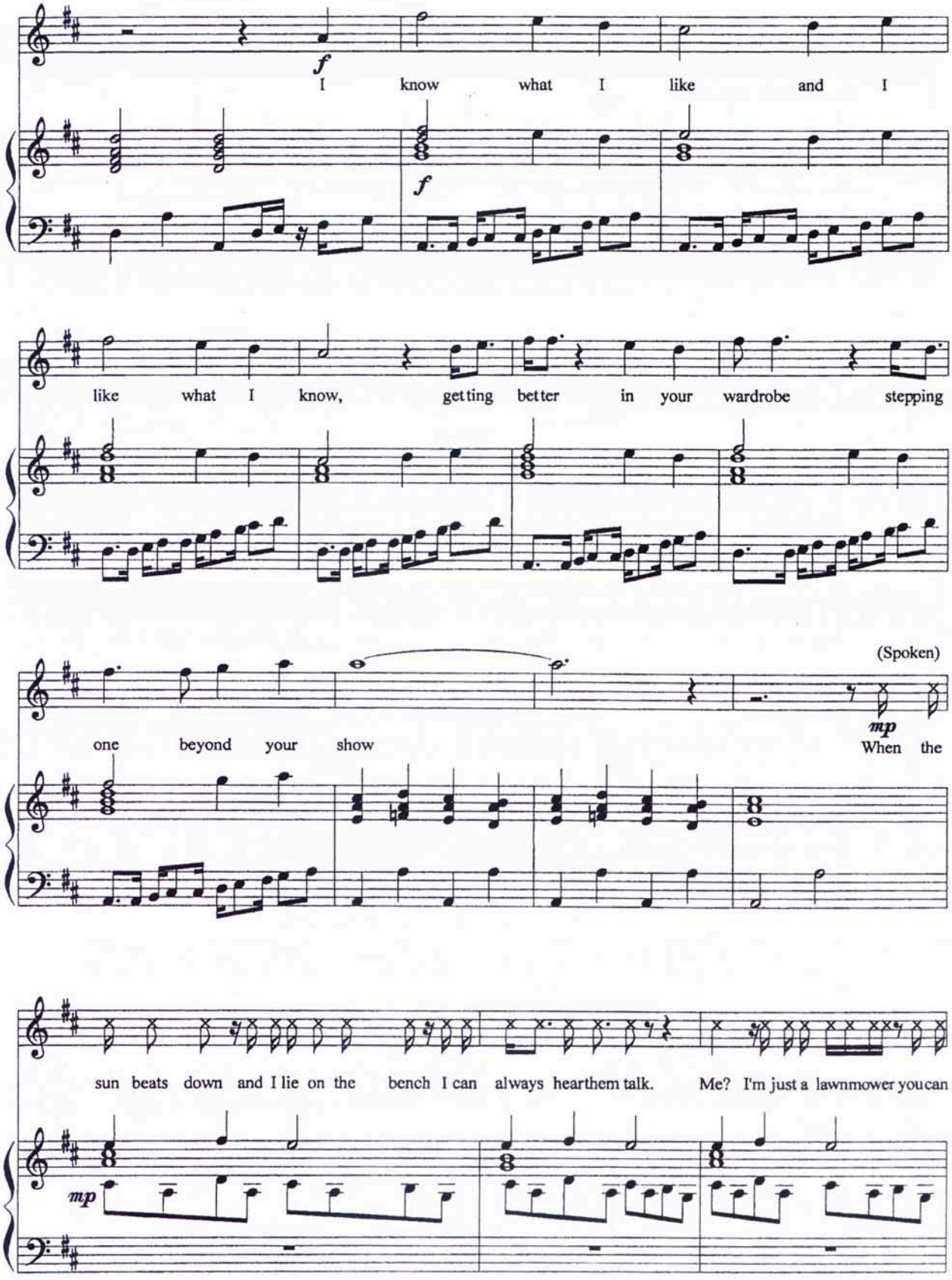
I know what I like

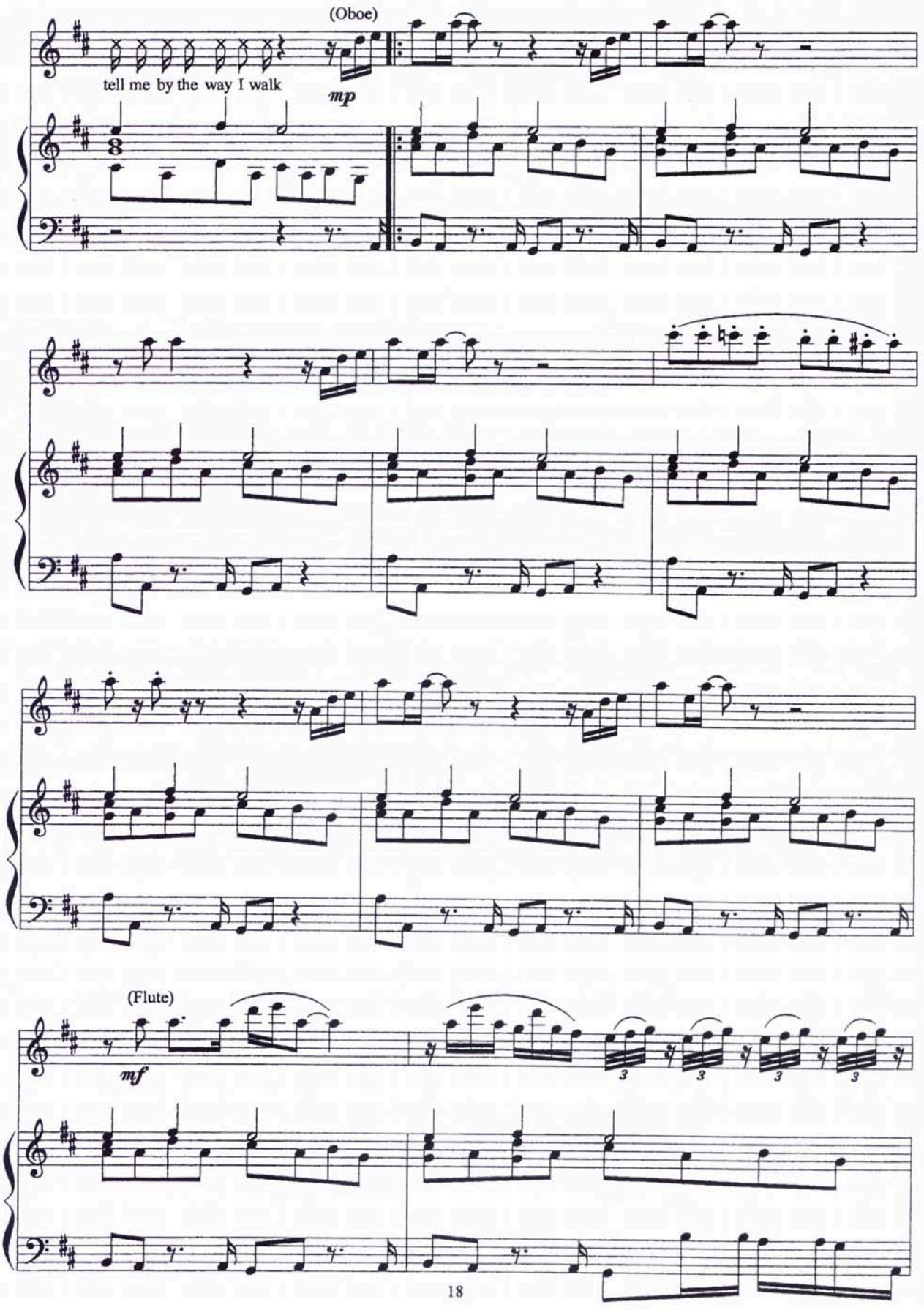
(In your wardrobe)

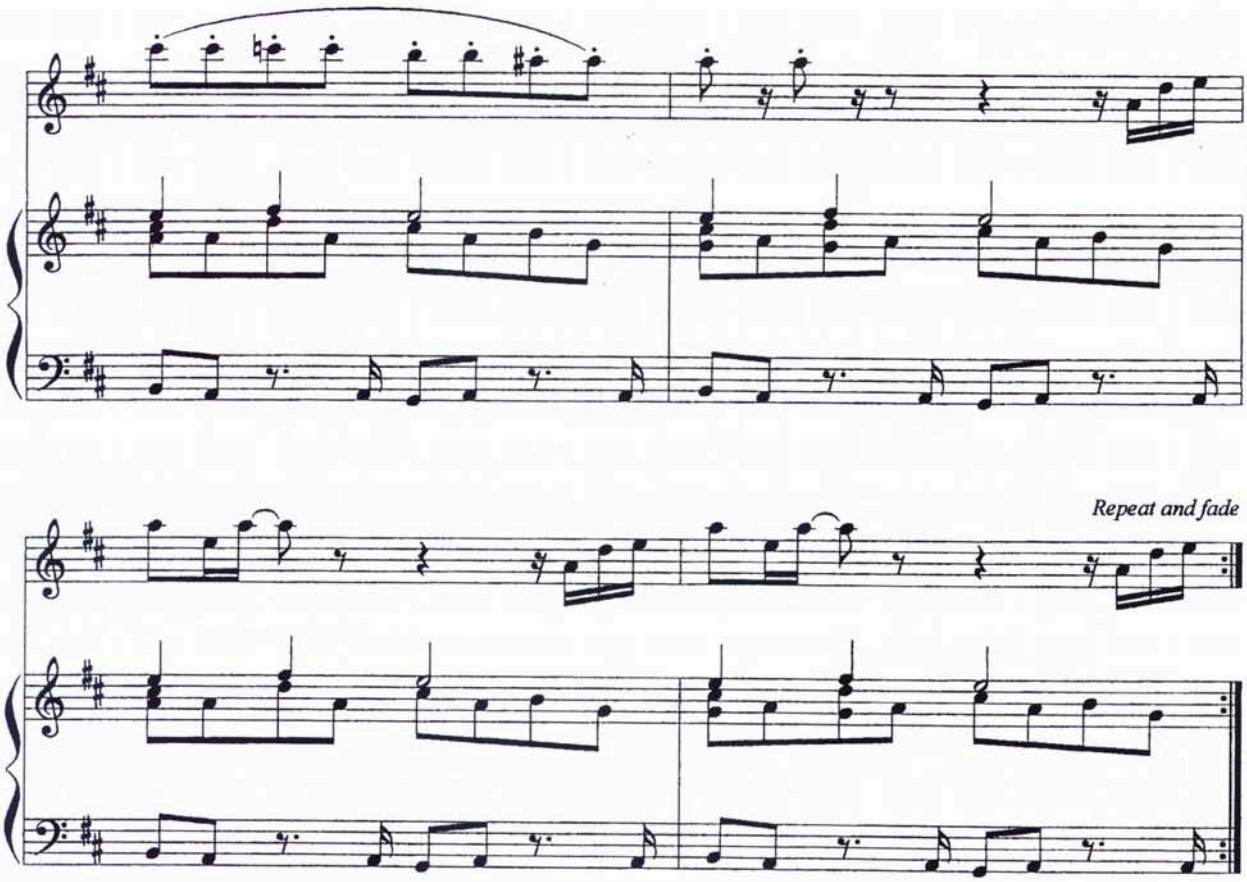
T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford




f
know what I like, and I like what I know. Get ting
f
better in your wardrobe, stepping one be-yond your show
1.
mp
Your show Dey dey nah nah nah nah dey dey nah nah nah
mp
dey dey nah nah nah nah dey dey nah nah nah
2.
show.


f
I know what I like and I
f
like what I know, getting better in your wardrobe stepping
(Spoken)
mp
one beyond your show
When the
sun beats down and I lie on the bench I can always hearthem talk. Me? I'm just a lawnmower youcan
mp


(Oboe)
tell me by the way I walk
mp
(Flute)
mf

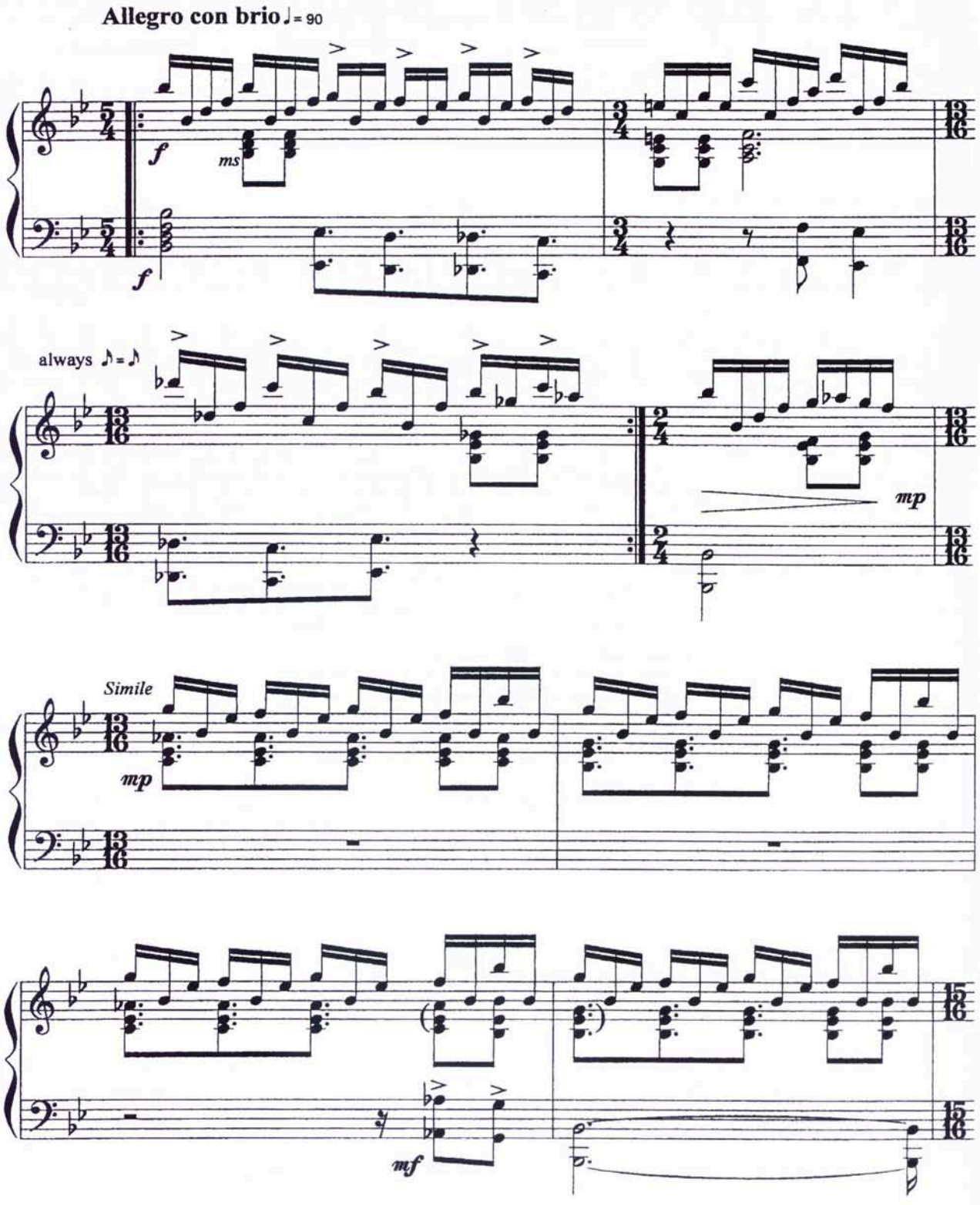


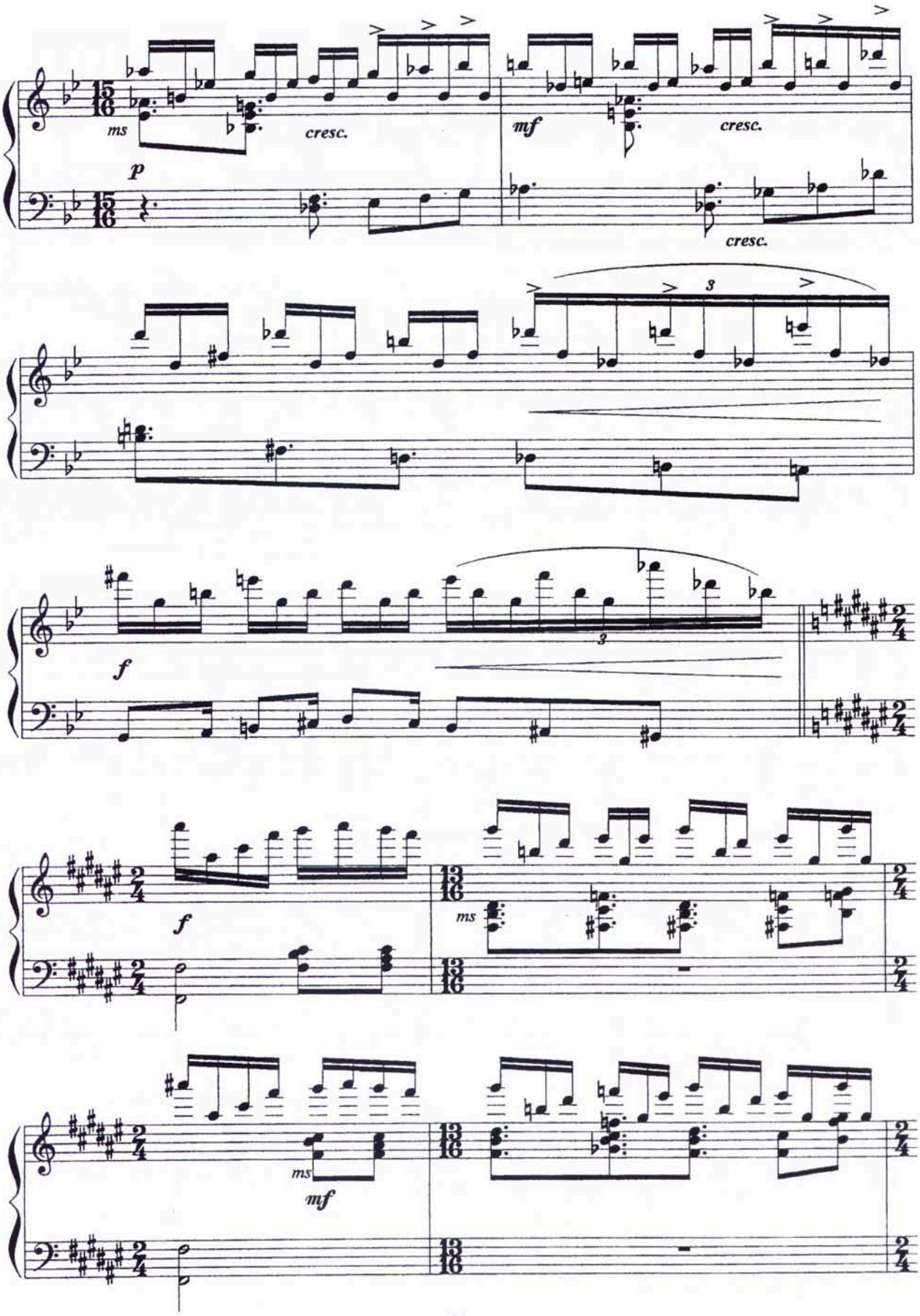
Sunday night, Mr. farmer called, said:
"Listen, son, you're waisting time; there's a future for you
in the fire escape trade. Come up to town!"
But I remembered a voice from the past;
"Gambling only pays when you're winning."
I had to thank old Miss Mort for schooling a failure.

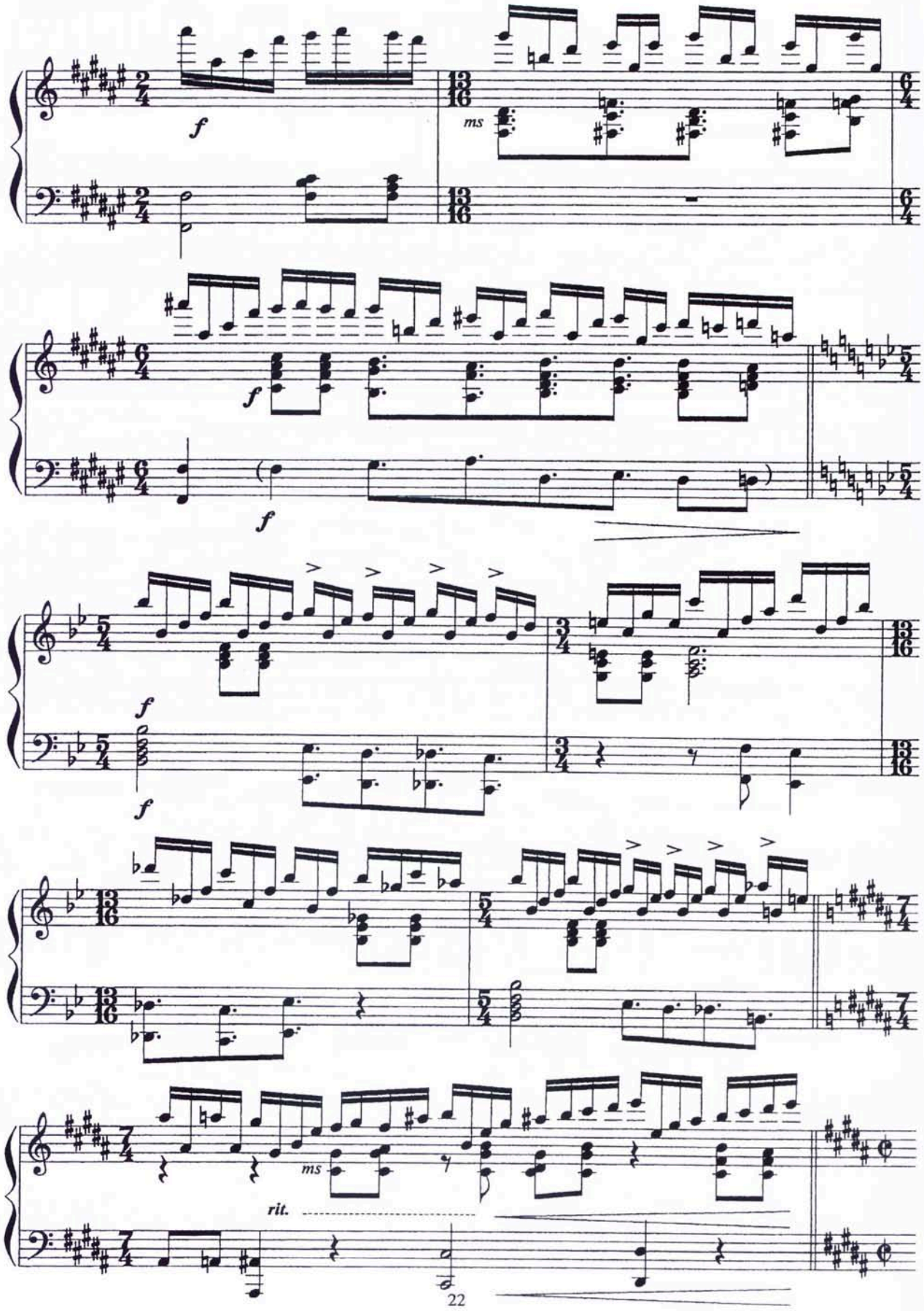
Keep them mowing blades sharp.....

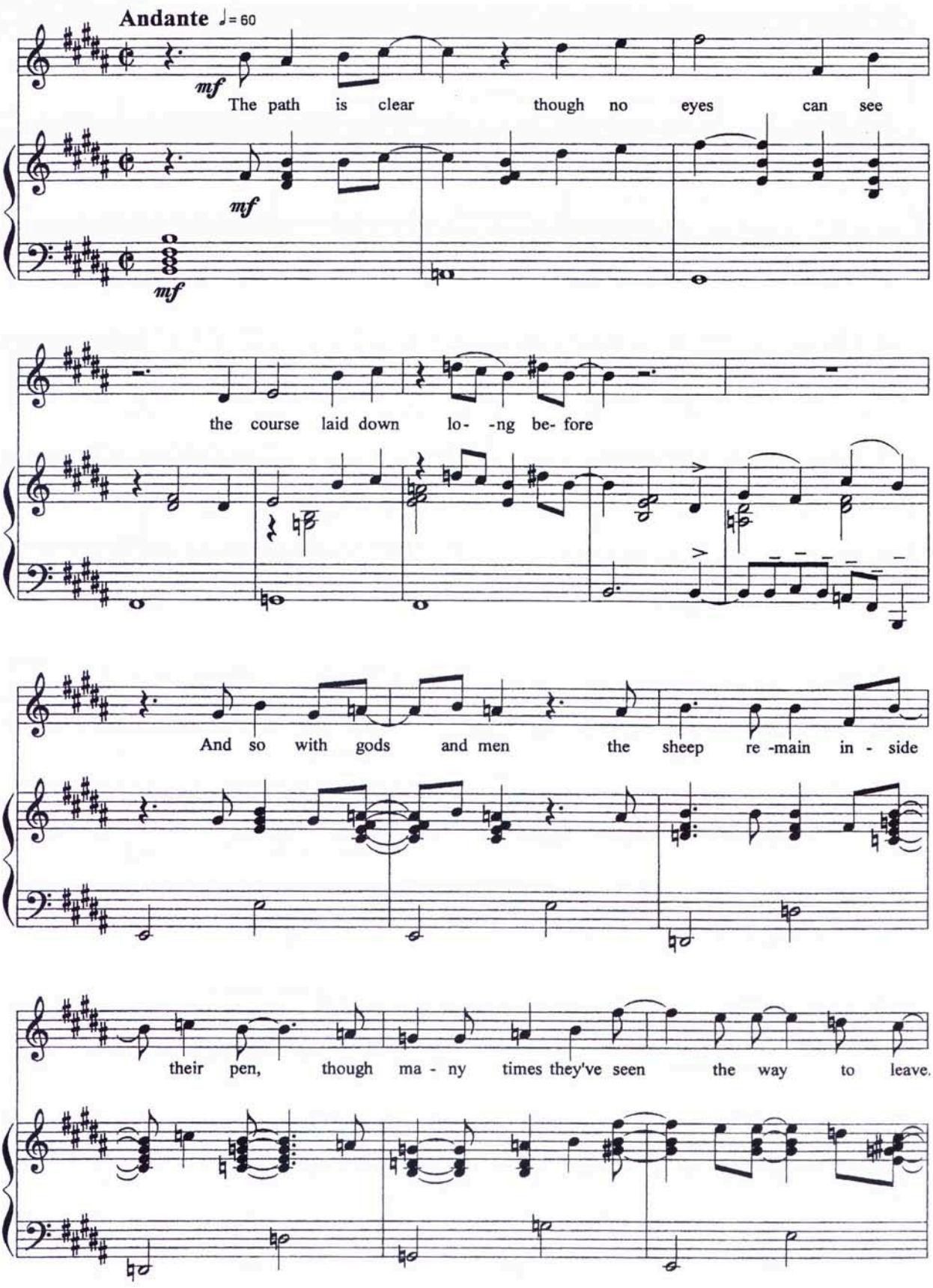
Firth of Fifth

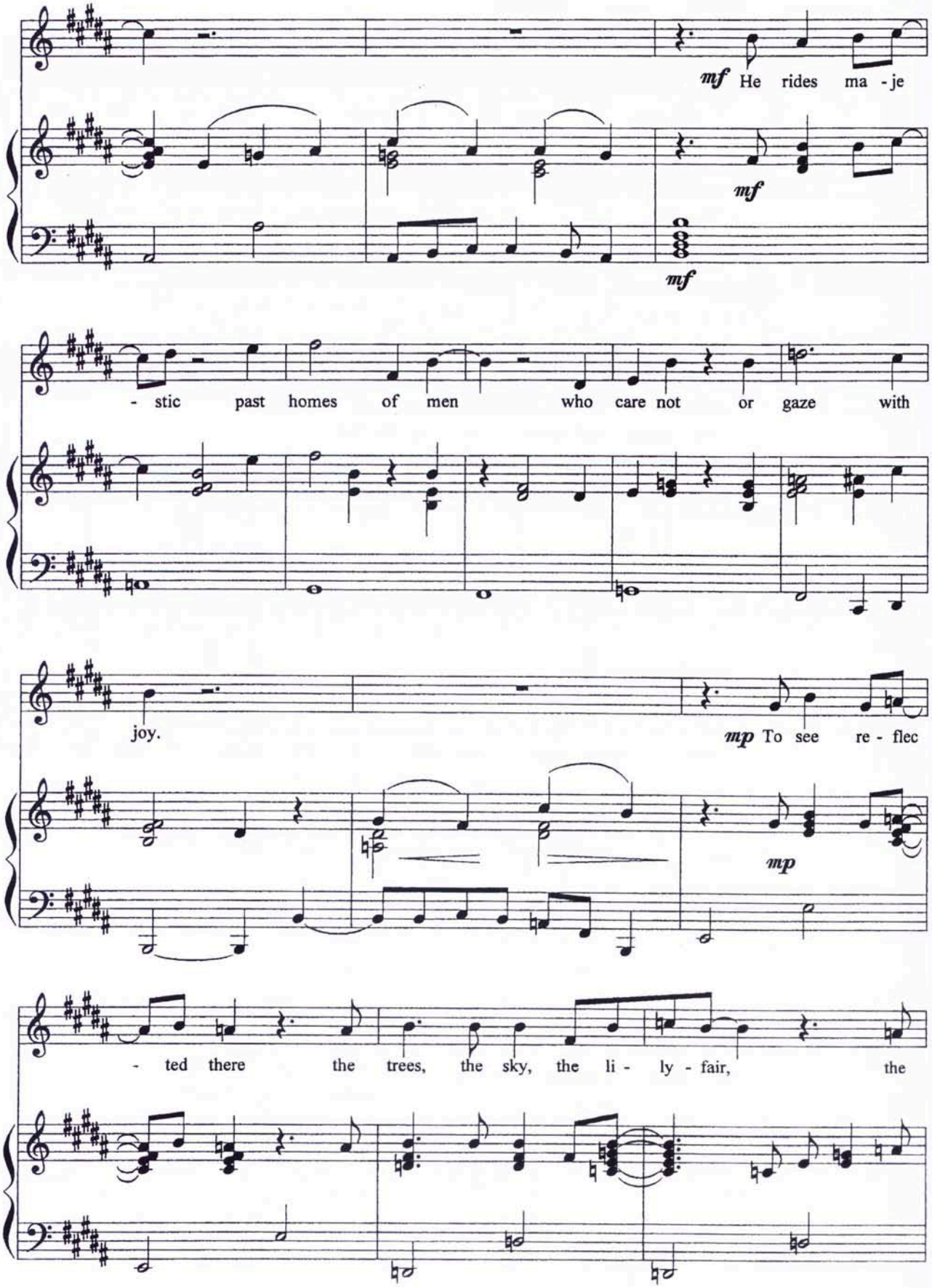
A. Banks, P. Collins, P. Gabriel
S. Hackett, M. Rutherford

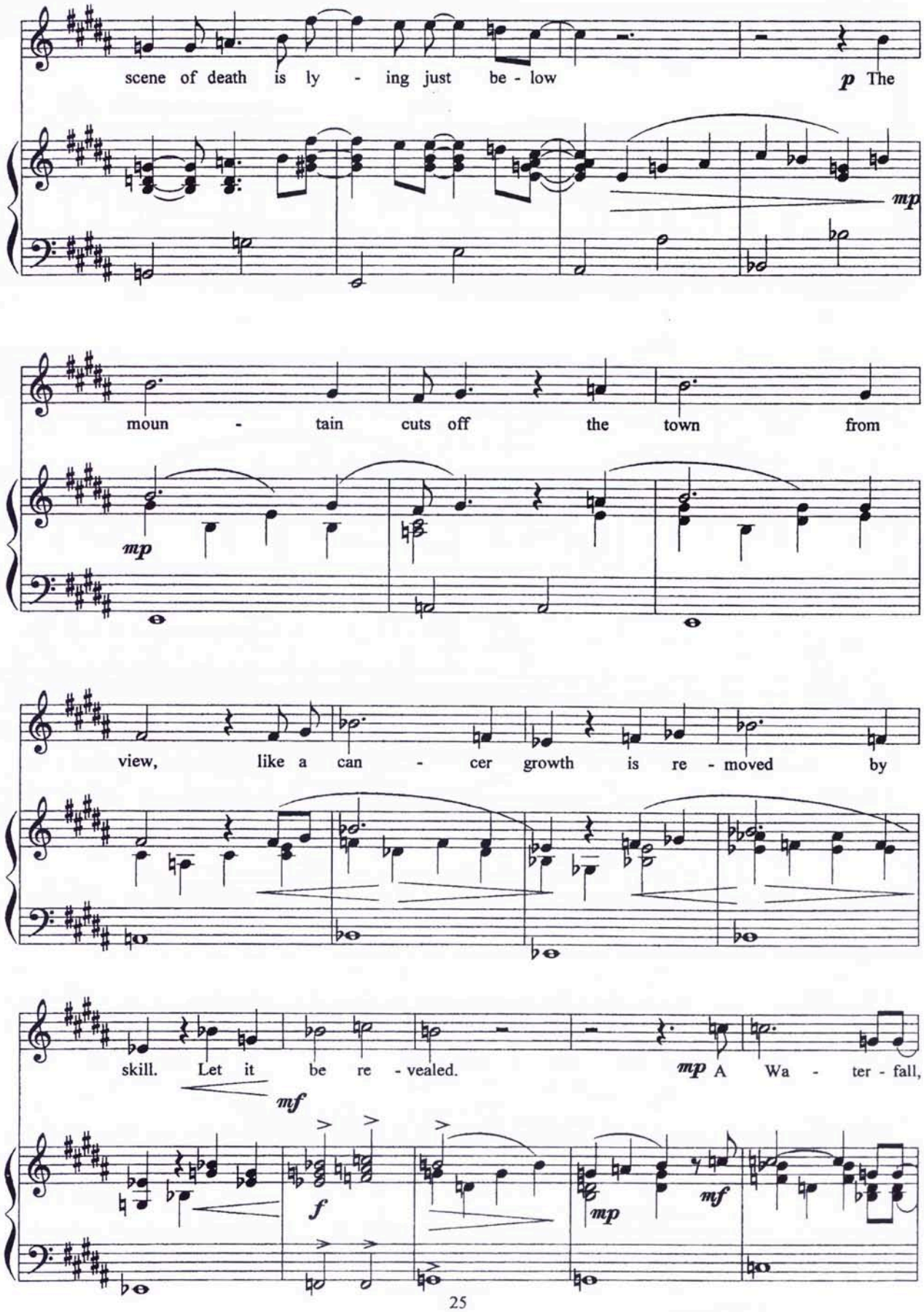


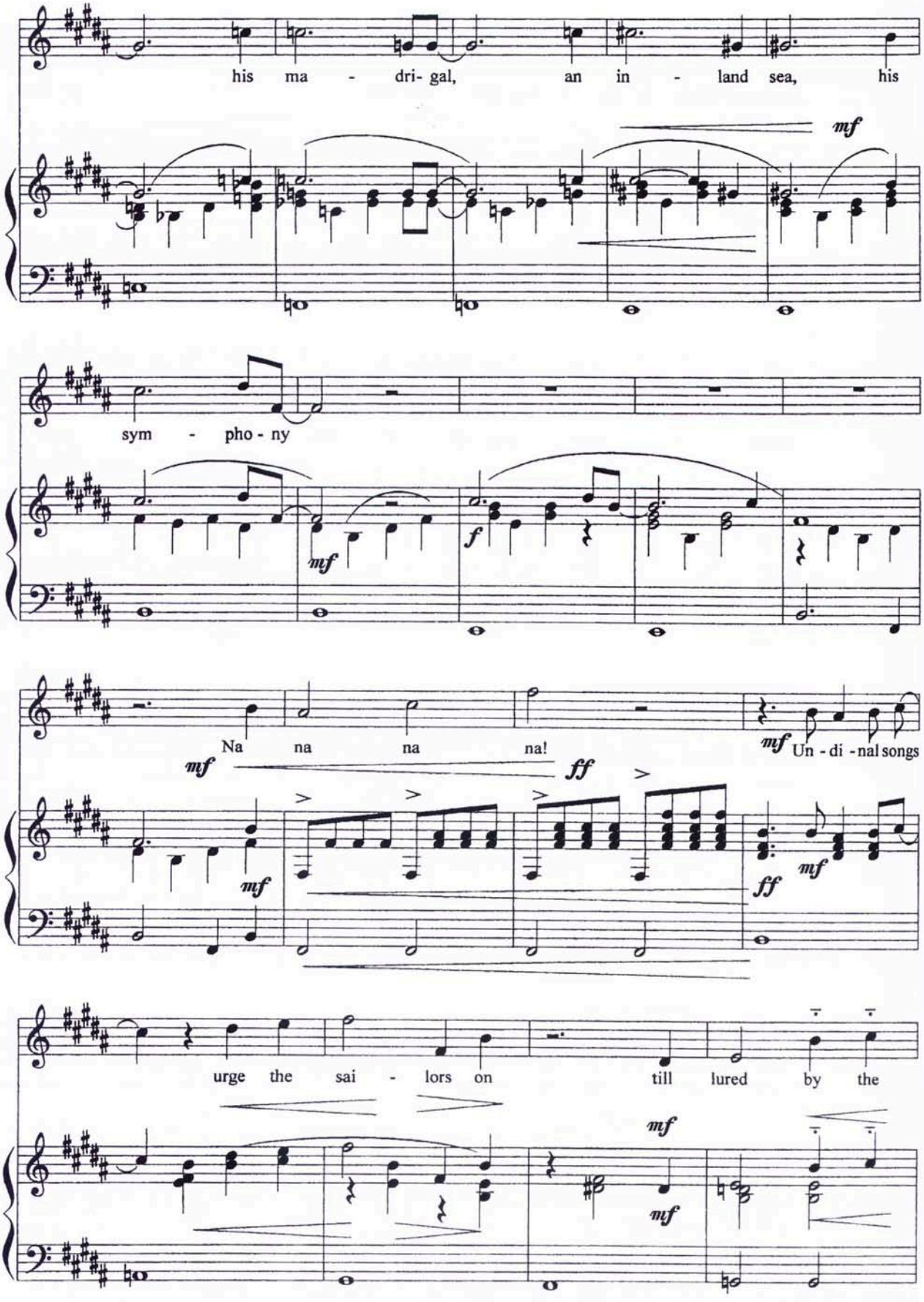

ms
p
cresc.
mf
cresc.
cresc.
3
f
3
f
ms
ms
mf

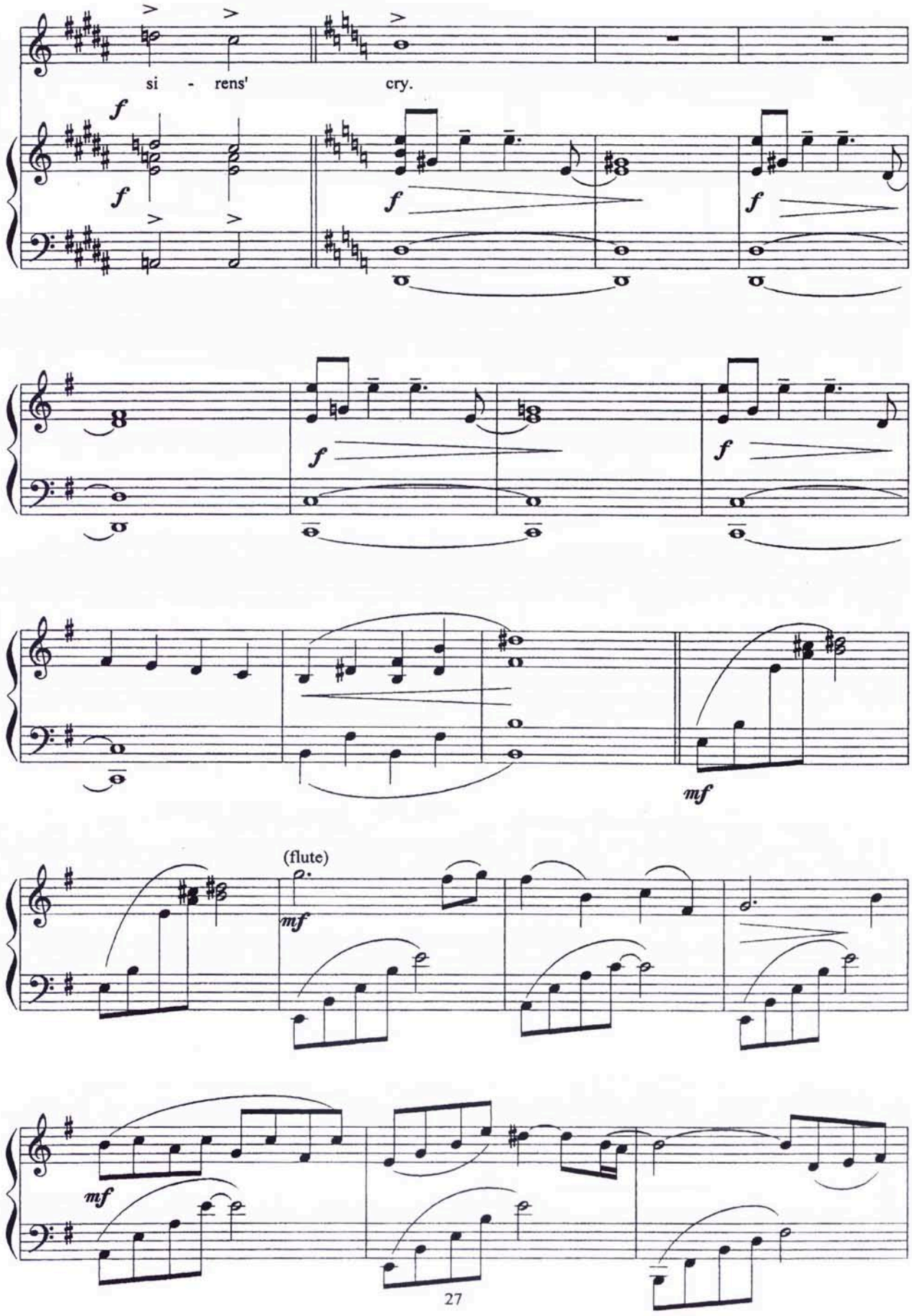

f
ms
f
f
f
f
ms
rit.

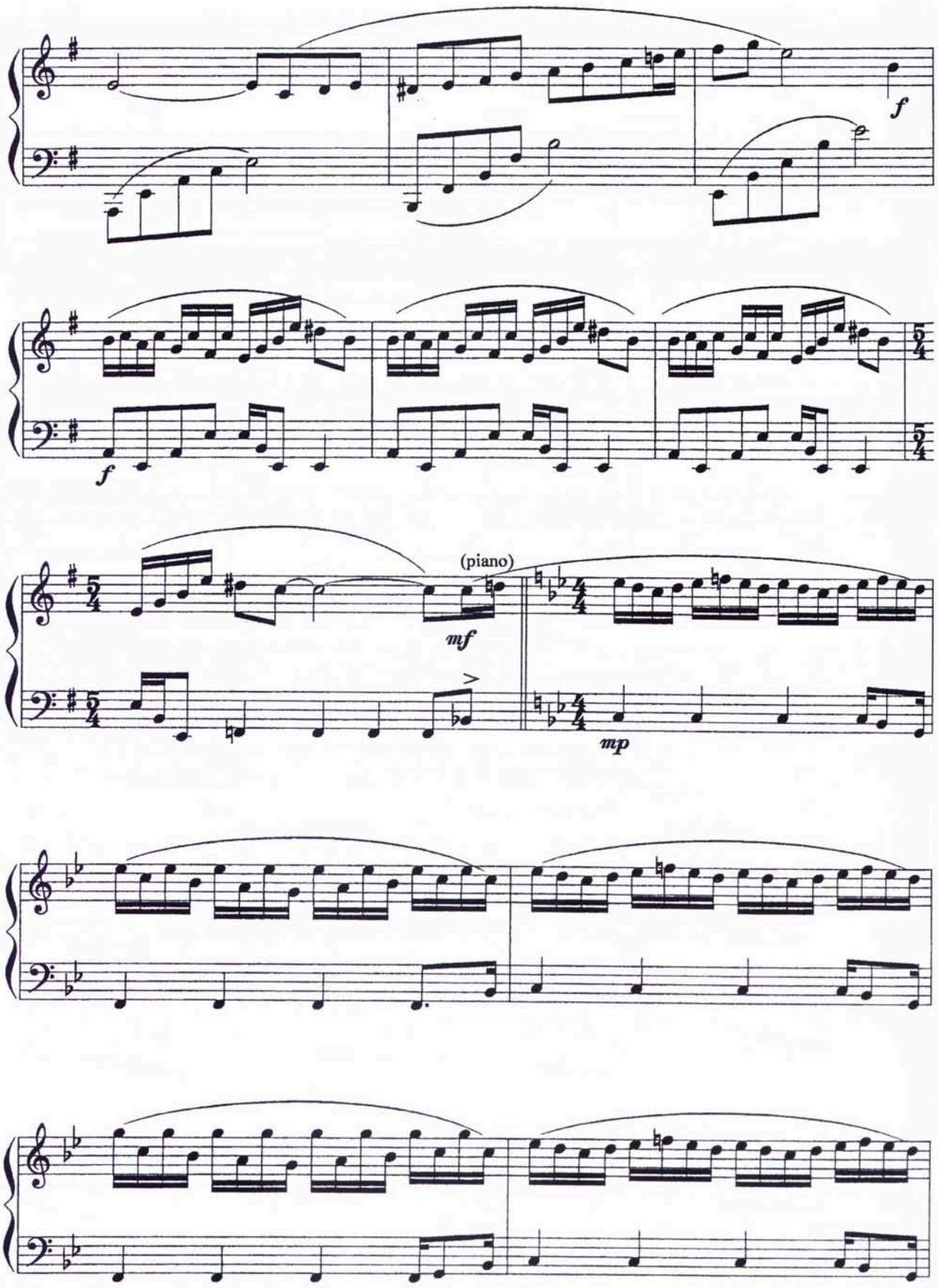

Andante ♩= 60
mf
The path is clear though no eyes can see
mf
mf
the course laid down lo- -ng be- fore
And so with gods and men the sheep re -main in - side
their pen, though ma - ny times they've seen the way to leave.

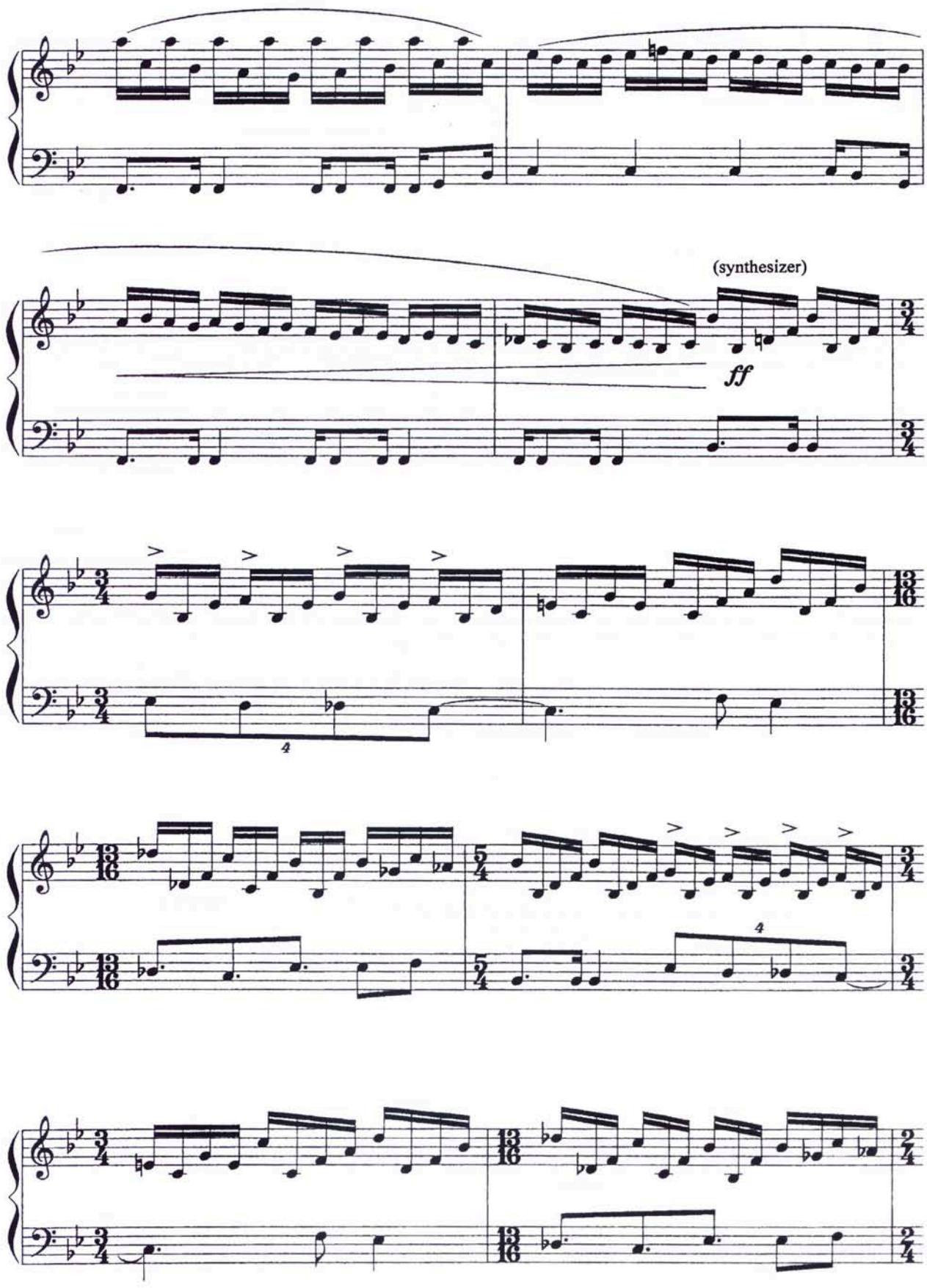

mf He rides ma - je
mf
mf
- stic past homes of men who care not or gaze with
joy.
mp To see re - flec
mp
- ted there the trees, the sky, the li - ly - fair, the

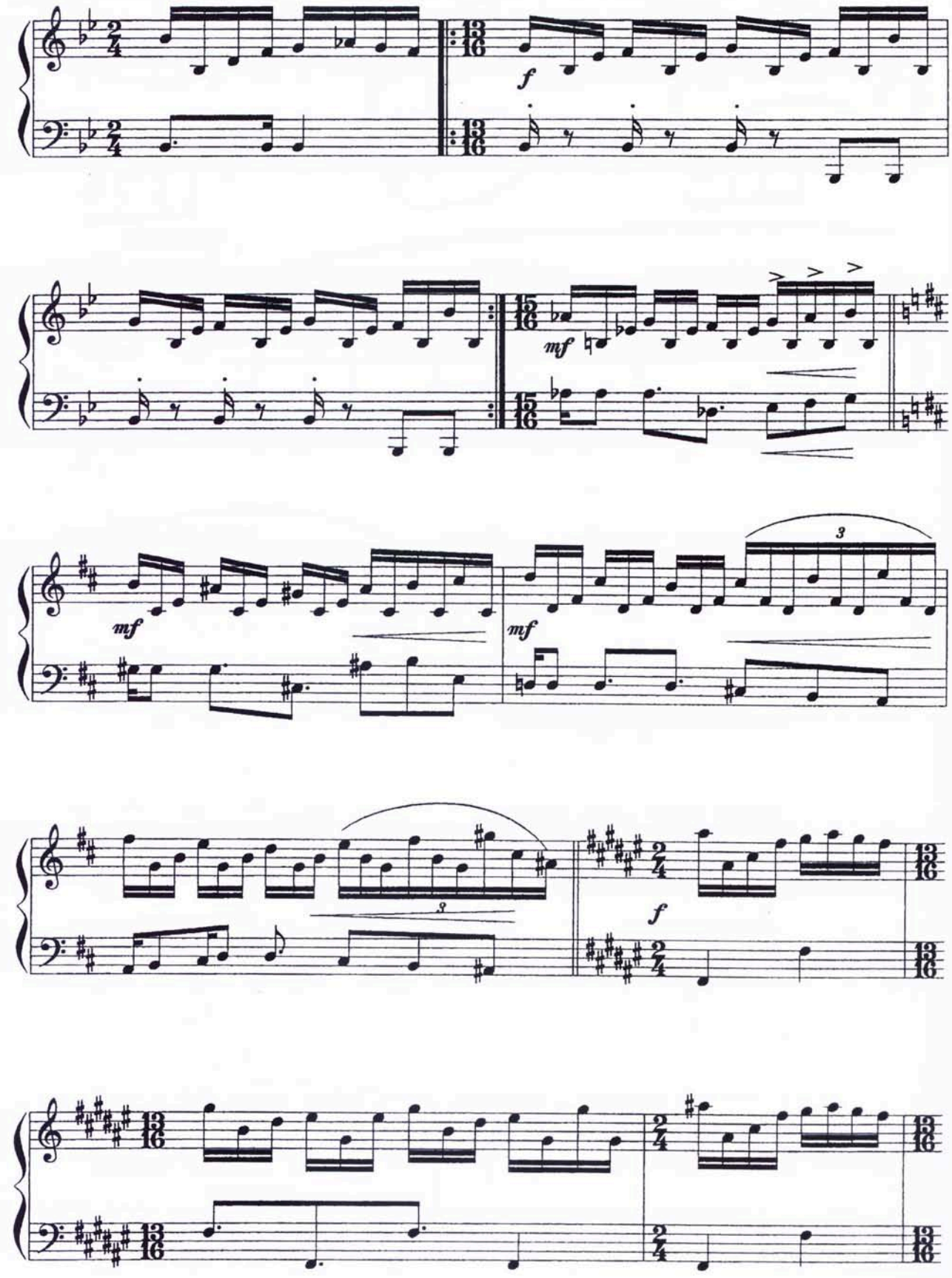

scene of death is ly - ing just be - low
p The
mp
moun - tain cuts off the town from
mp
view, like a can - cer growth is re - moved by
skill. Let it be re - vealed.
mp A Wa - ter - fall,
mf
f
mp
mf

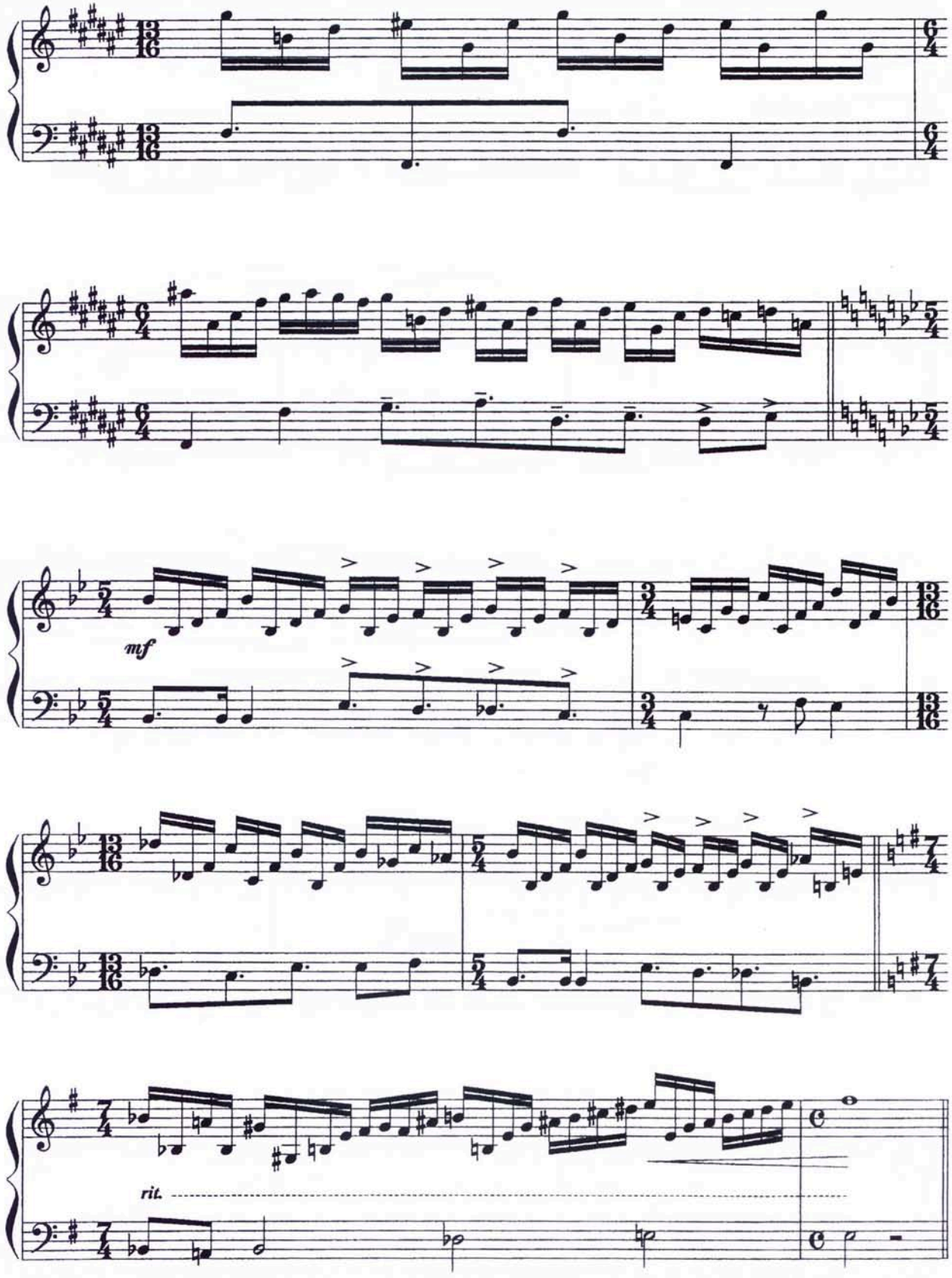

his ma - dri- gal, an in - land sea, his
mf
sym - pho - ny
mf
f
Na na na na!
mf
ff
mf
Un - di - nal songs
mf
ff
mf
urge the sai - lors on till lured by the
mf
mf

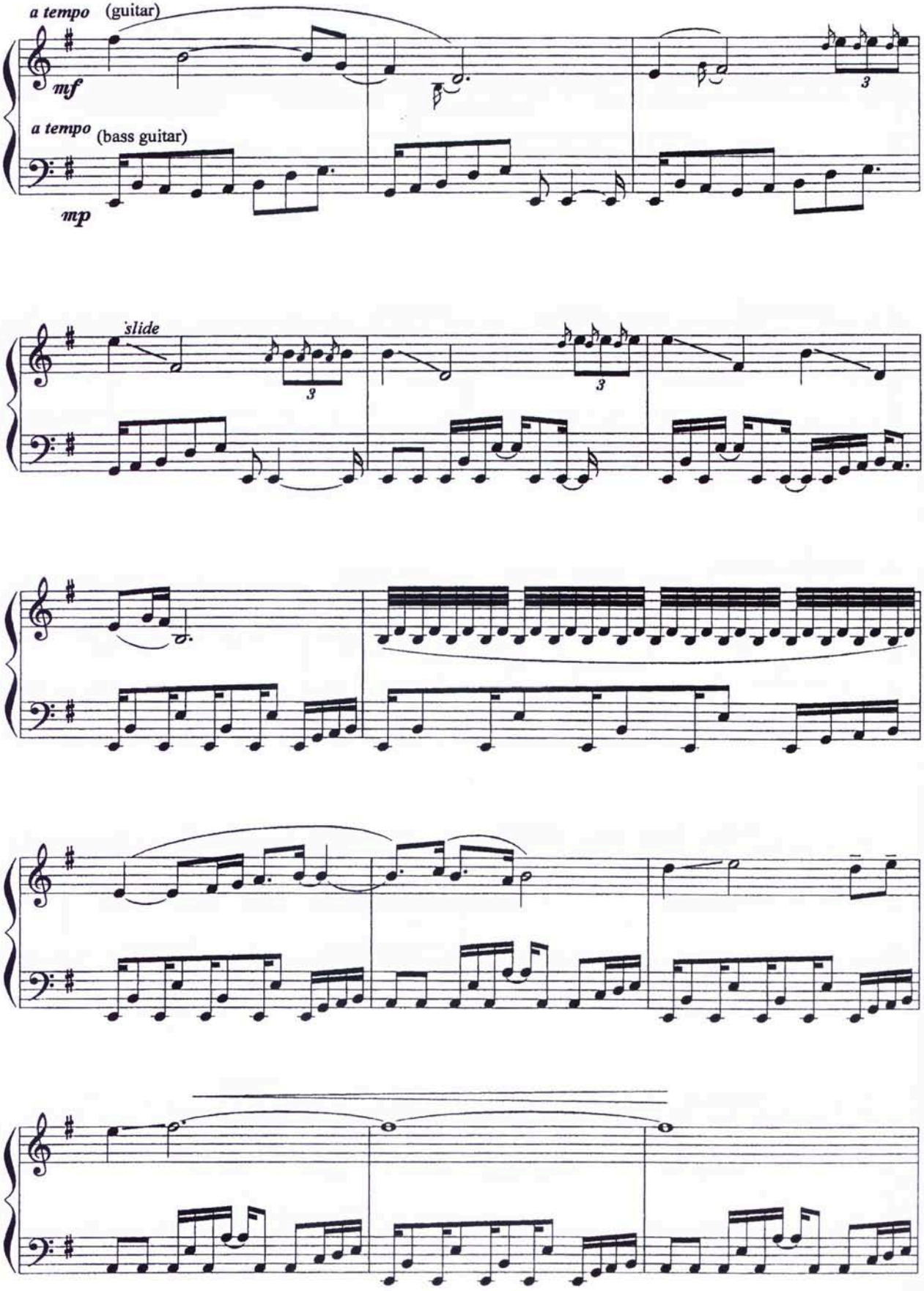

si - rens' cry.
f
f
f
f
f
f
f
mf
(flute)
mf
mf

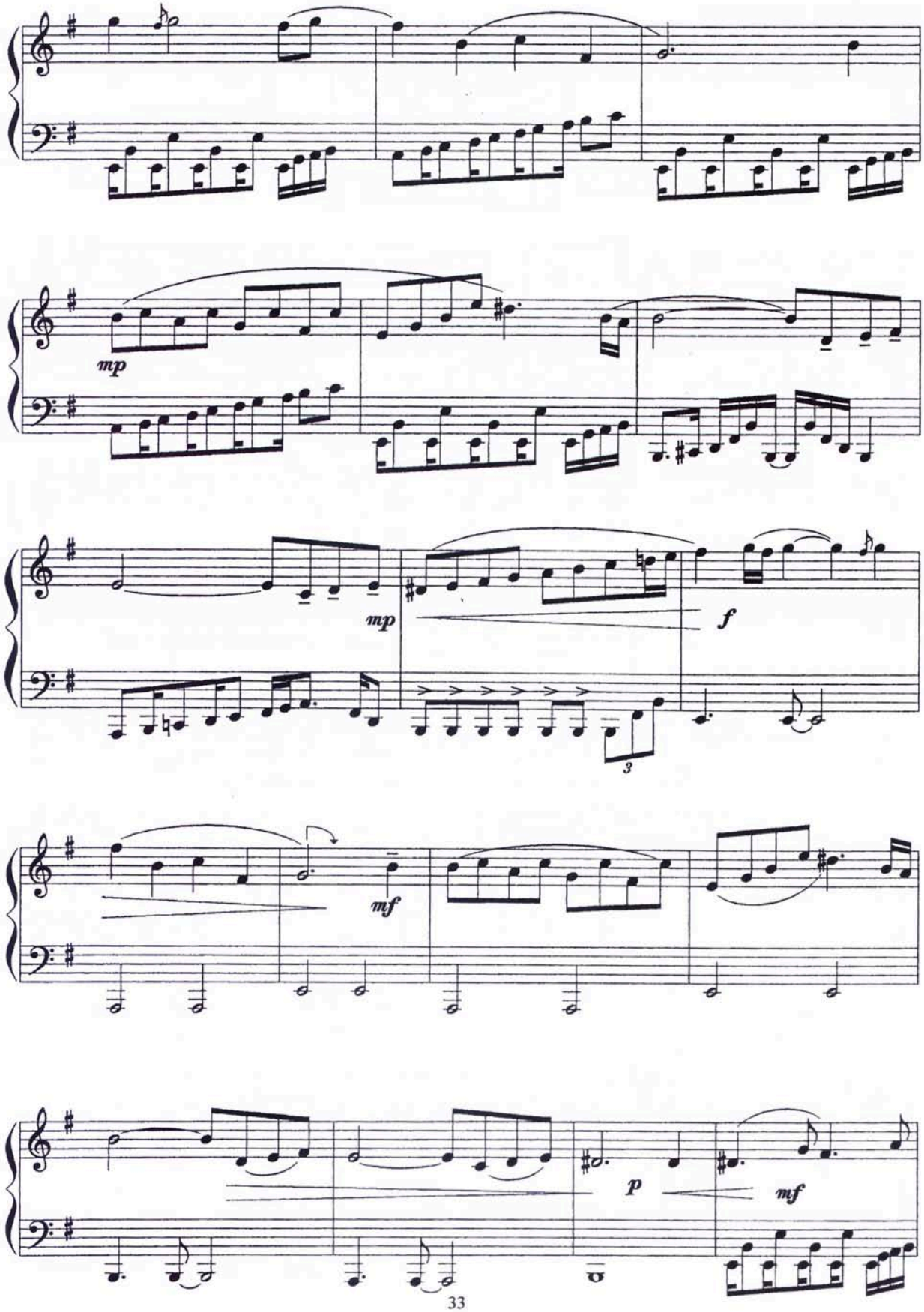

f
f
(piano)
mf
mp

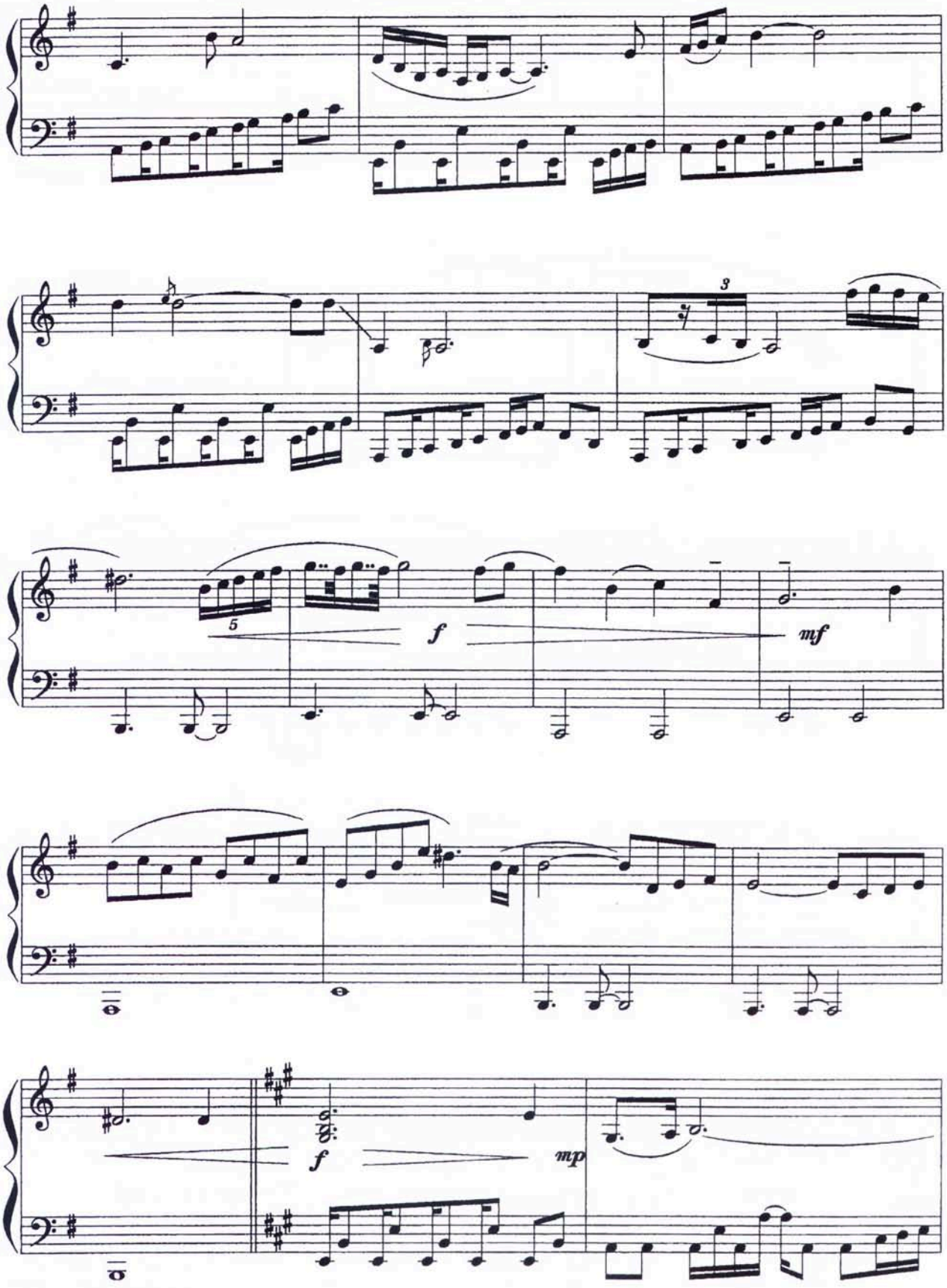

(synthesizer)
ff

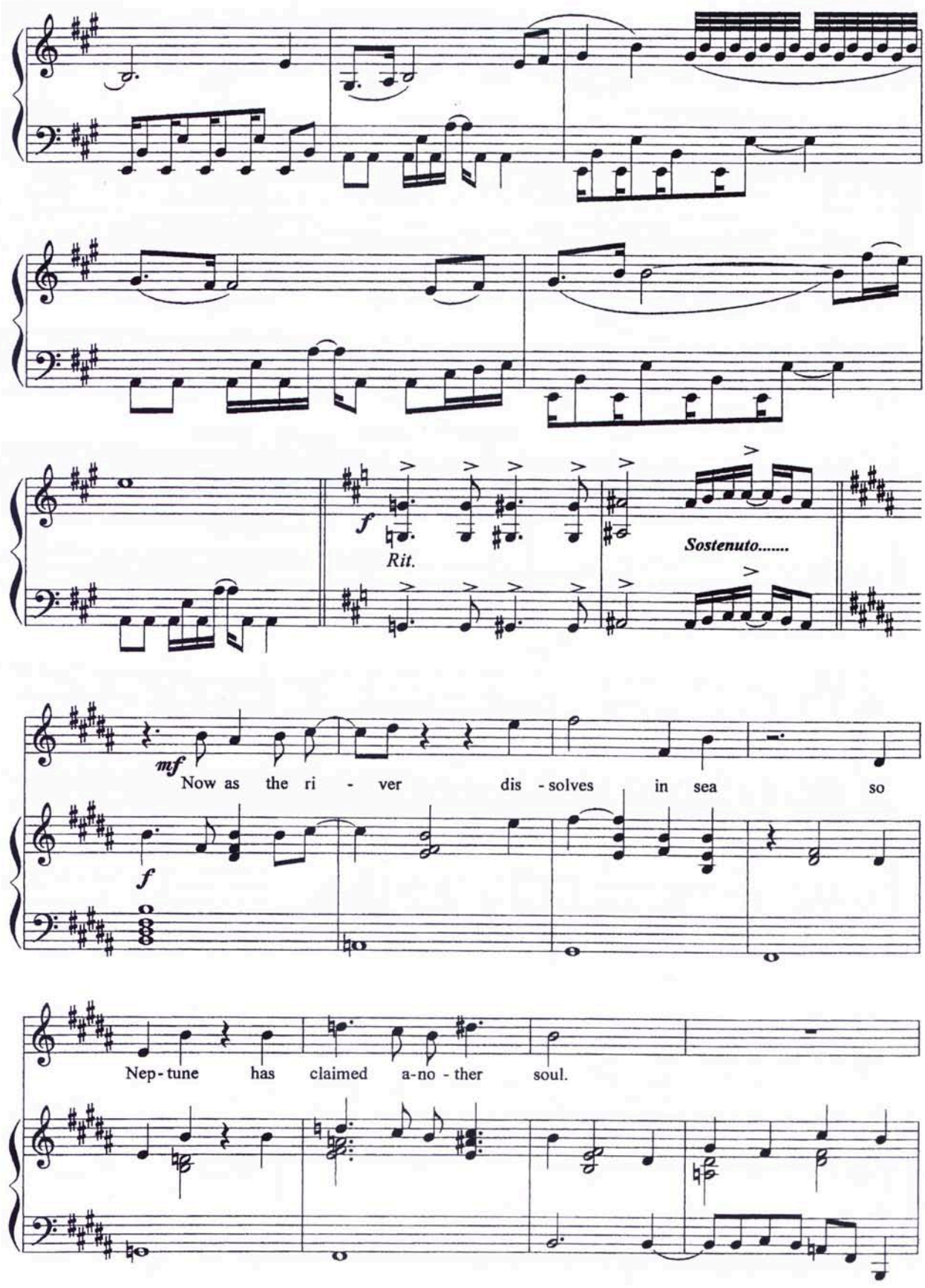

f
mf
mf
mf
3
3
f

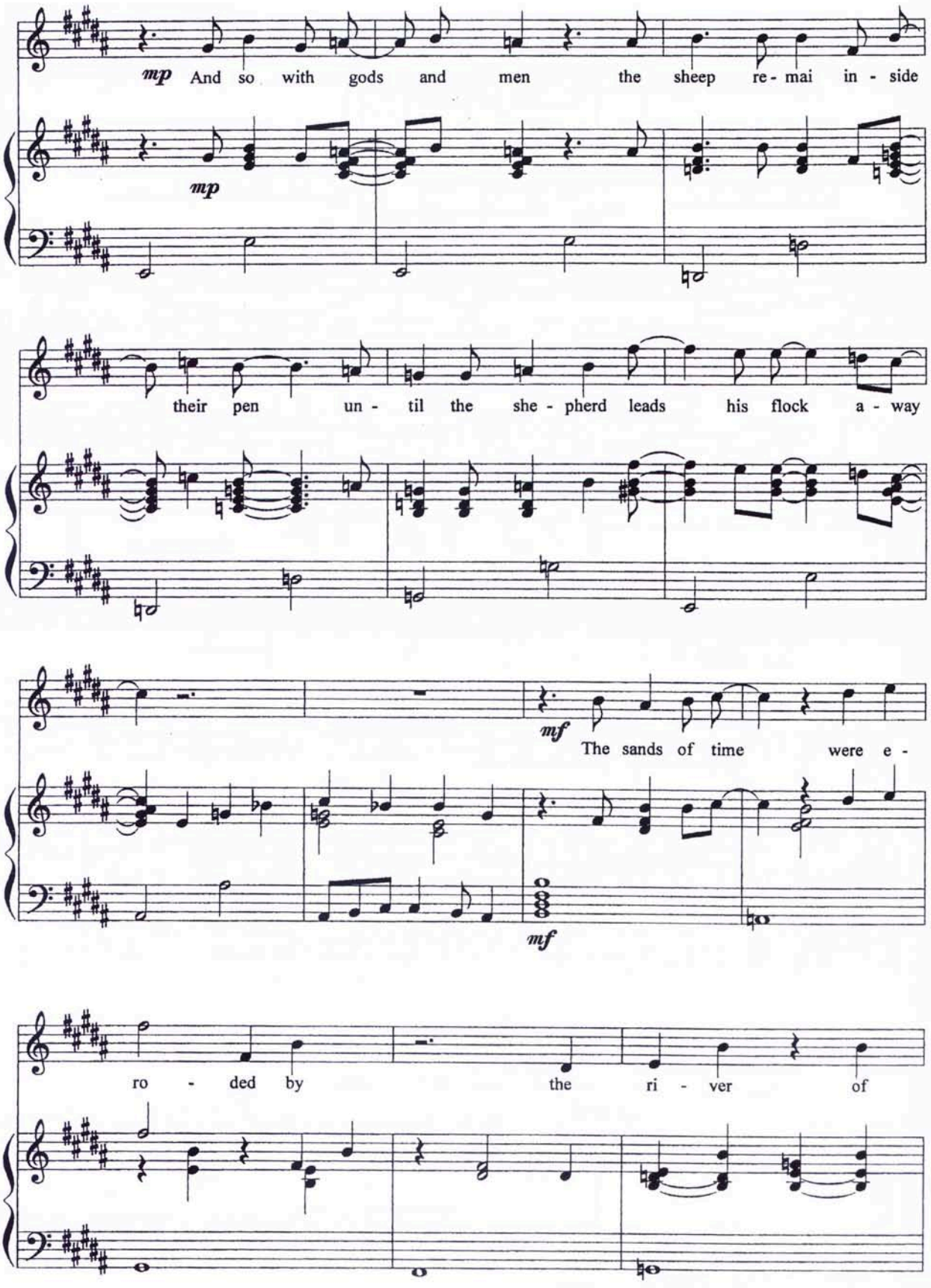

mf
rit.

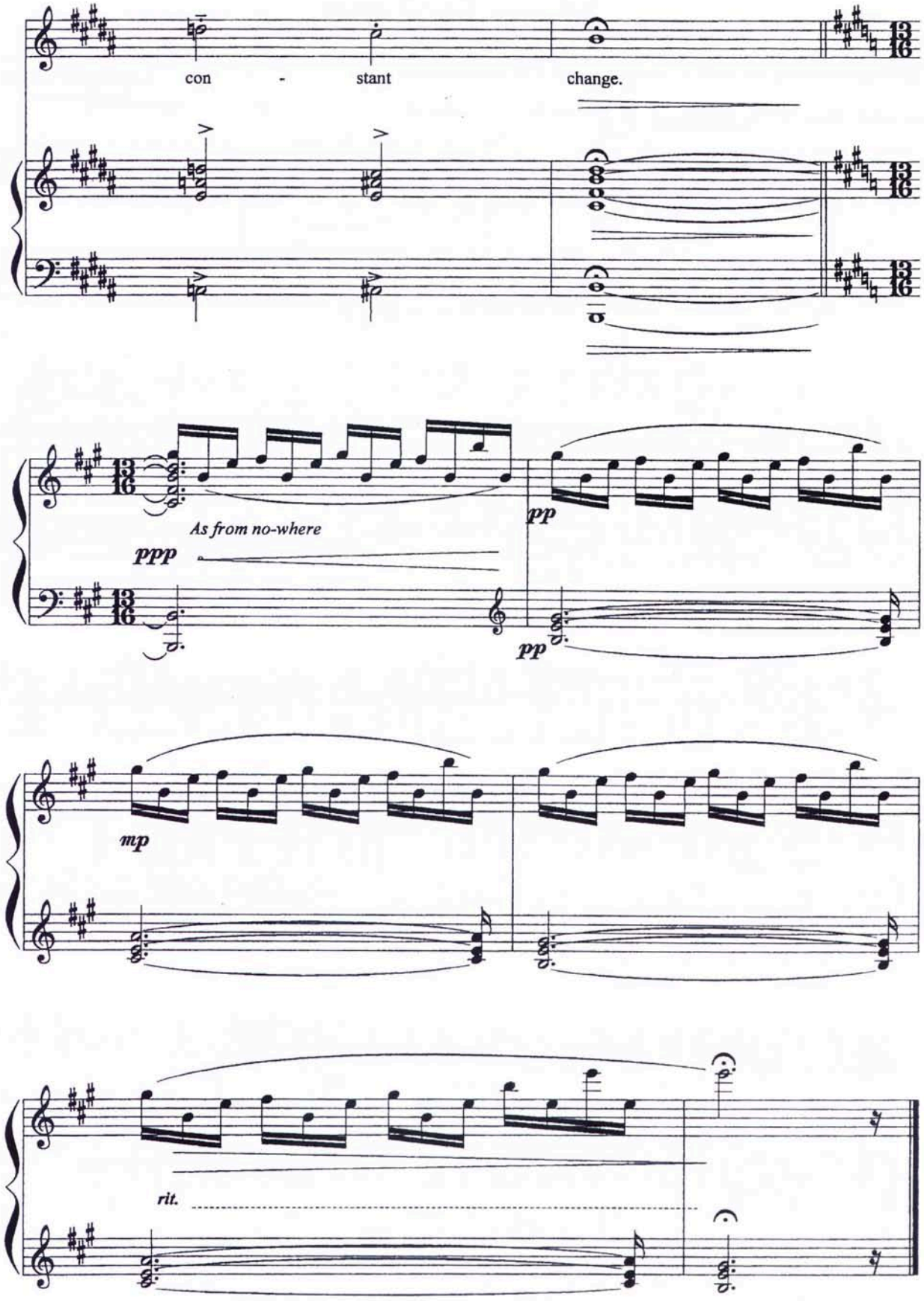

a tempo (guitar)
mf
a tempo (bass guitar)
mp
slide
3
3
3


mp
mp
f
3
mf
p
mf


3
5
f
mf
f
mp

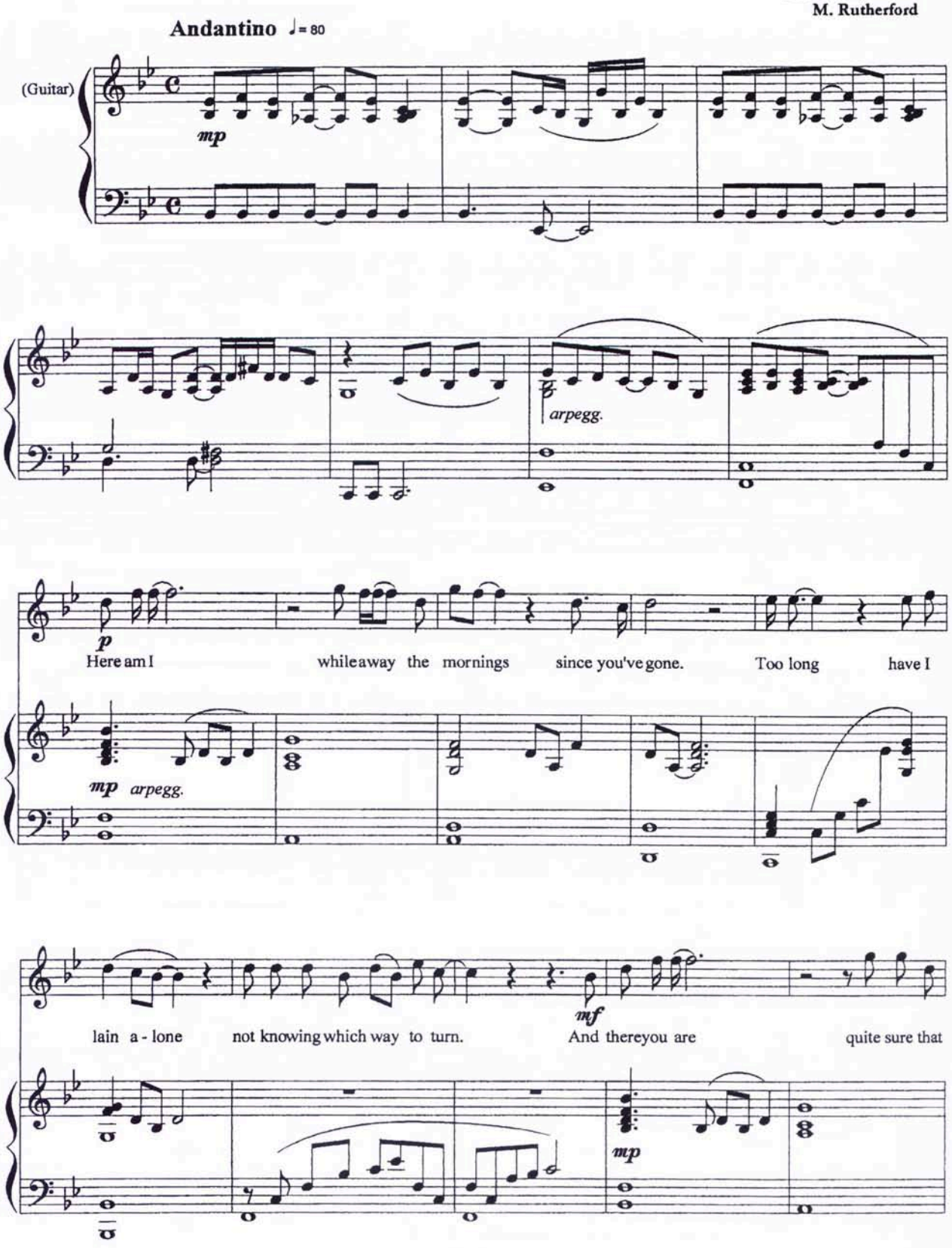

f
Rit.
Sostenuto.....
mf
Now as the ri - ver dis - solves in sea so
f
Nep - tune has claimed a - no - ther soul.

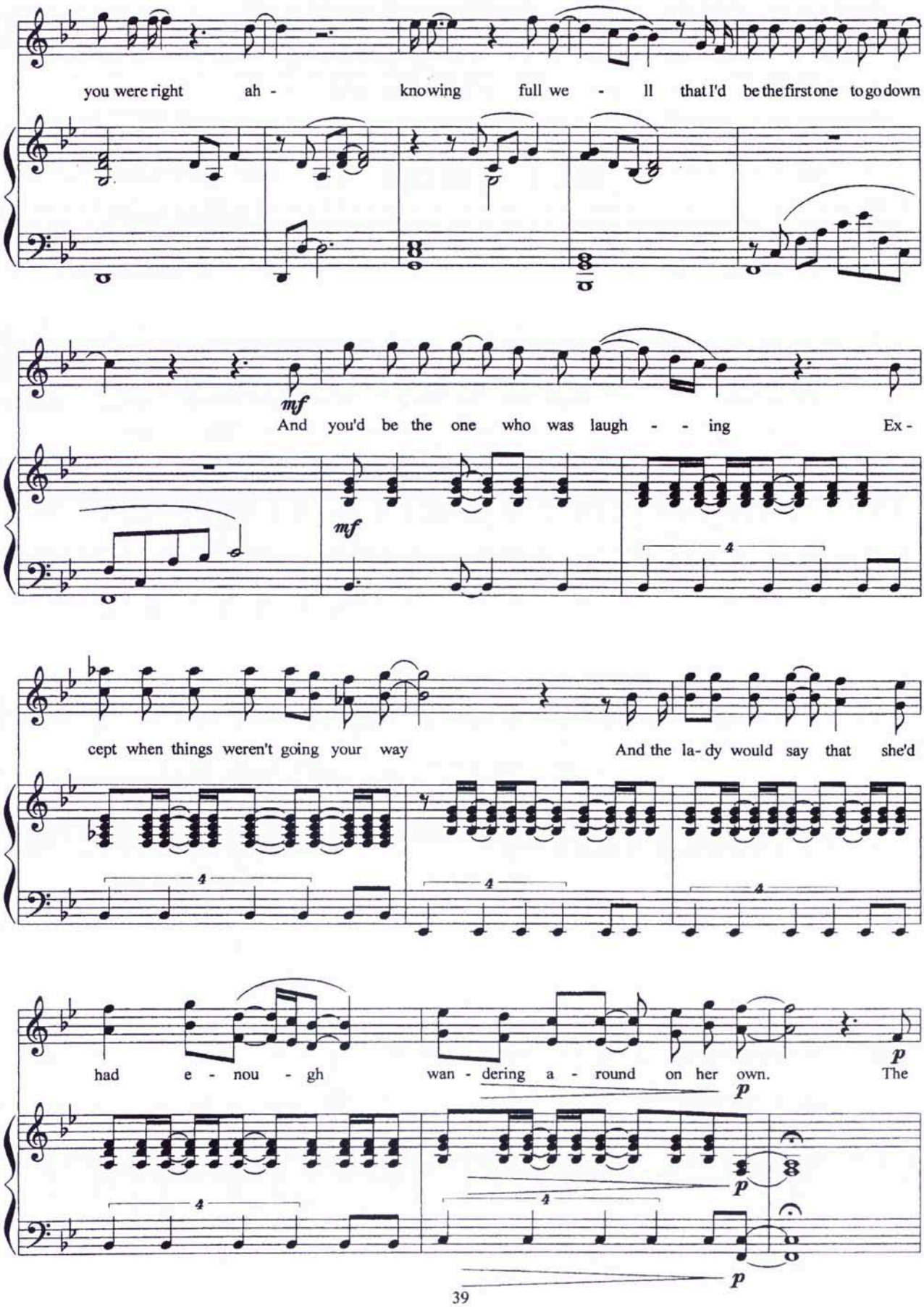

mp And so with gods and men the sheep re - mai in - side
mp
their pen un - til the she - pherd leads his flock a - way
mf The sands of time were e -
mf
ro - ded by the ri - ver of

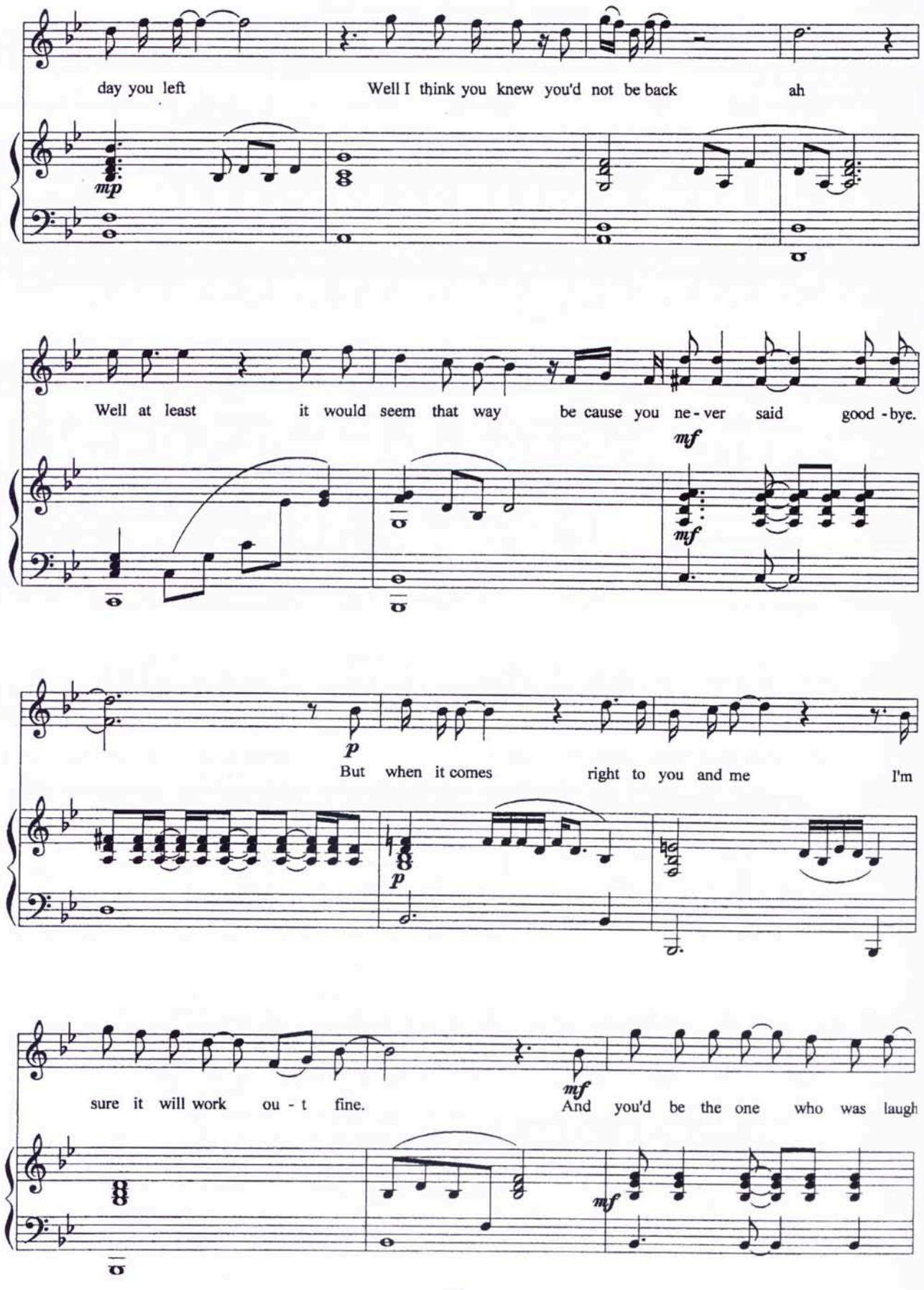

con - stant change.
As from no-where
ppp
pp
pp
mp
rit.

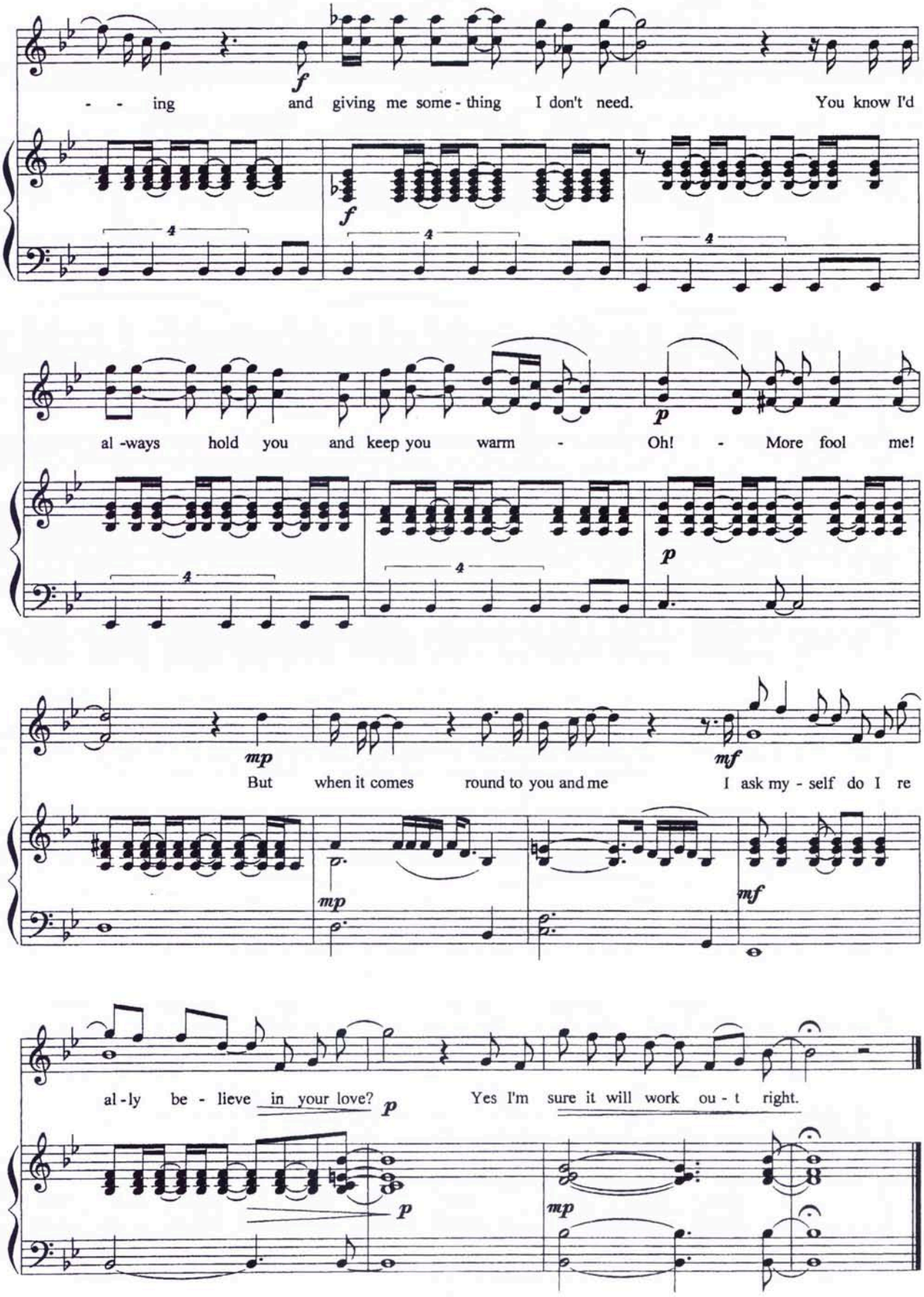
More fool me

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford




you were right ah - knowing full we - ll that I'd be the first one to go down
mf
And you'd be the one who was laugh - - ing Ex -
mf
cept when things weren't going your way And the la- dy would say that she'd
had e - nou - gh wan - dering a - round on her own. The
p
p
p
p

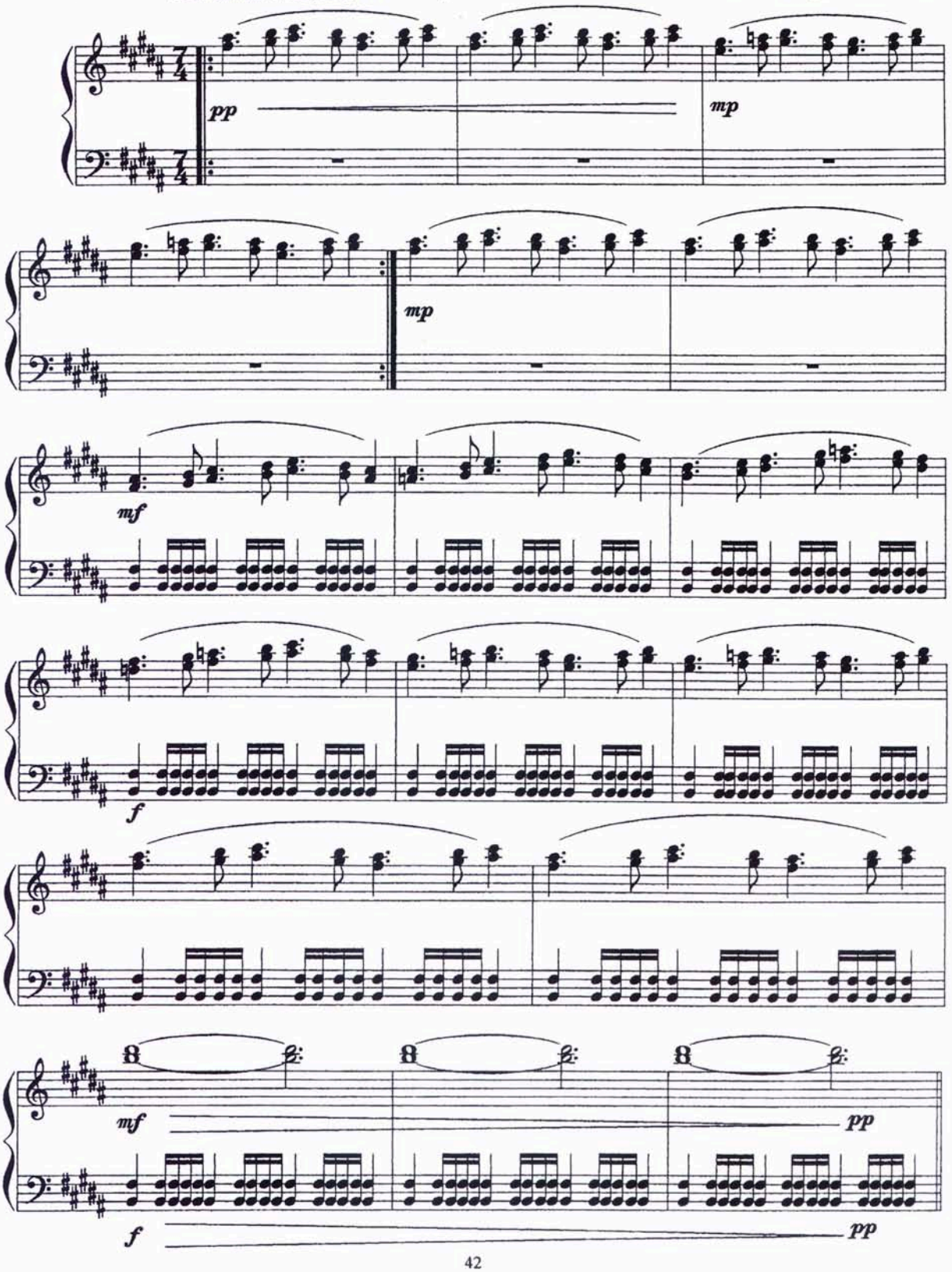

day you left
Well I think you knew you'd not be back
ah
mp
Well at least
it would seem that way
be cause you ne - ver said
good - bye.
mf
mf
p
But when it comes
right to you and me
I'm
p
mf
sure it will work
ou - t fine.
And you'd be the one who was laugh
mf

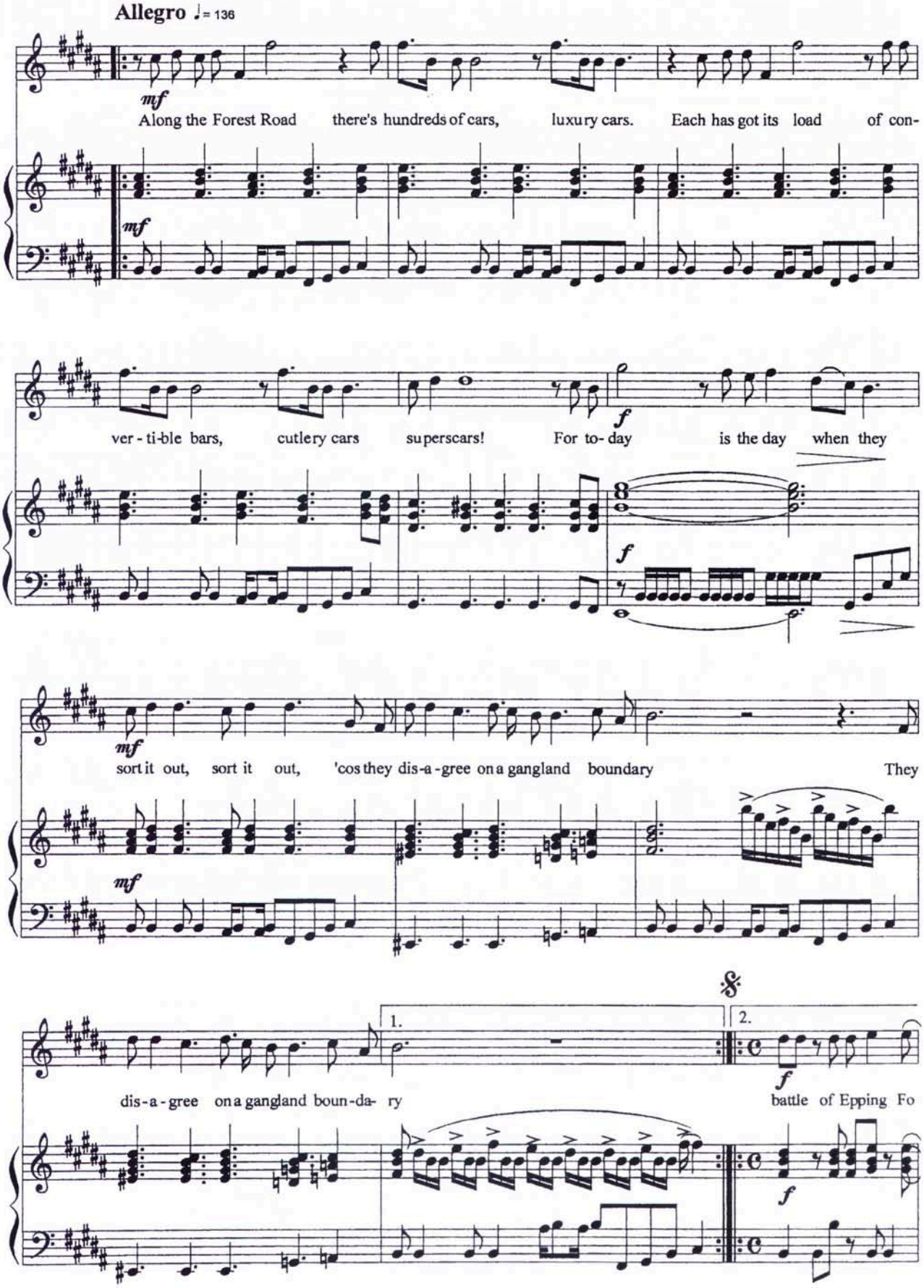

- - ing and giving me some - thing I don't need. You know I'd
al -ways hold you and keep you warm - Oh! - More fool me!
But when it comes round to you and me I ask my - self do I re
al - ly be - lieve in your love? Yes I'm sure it will work ou - t right.

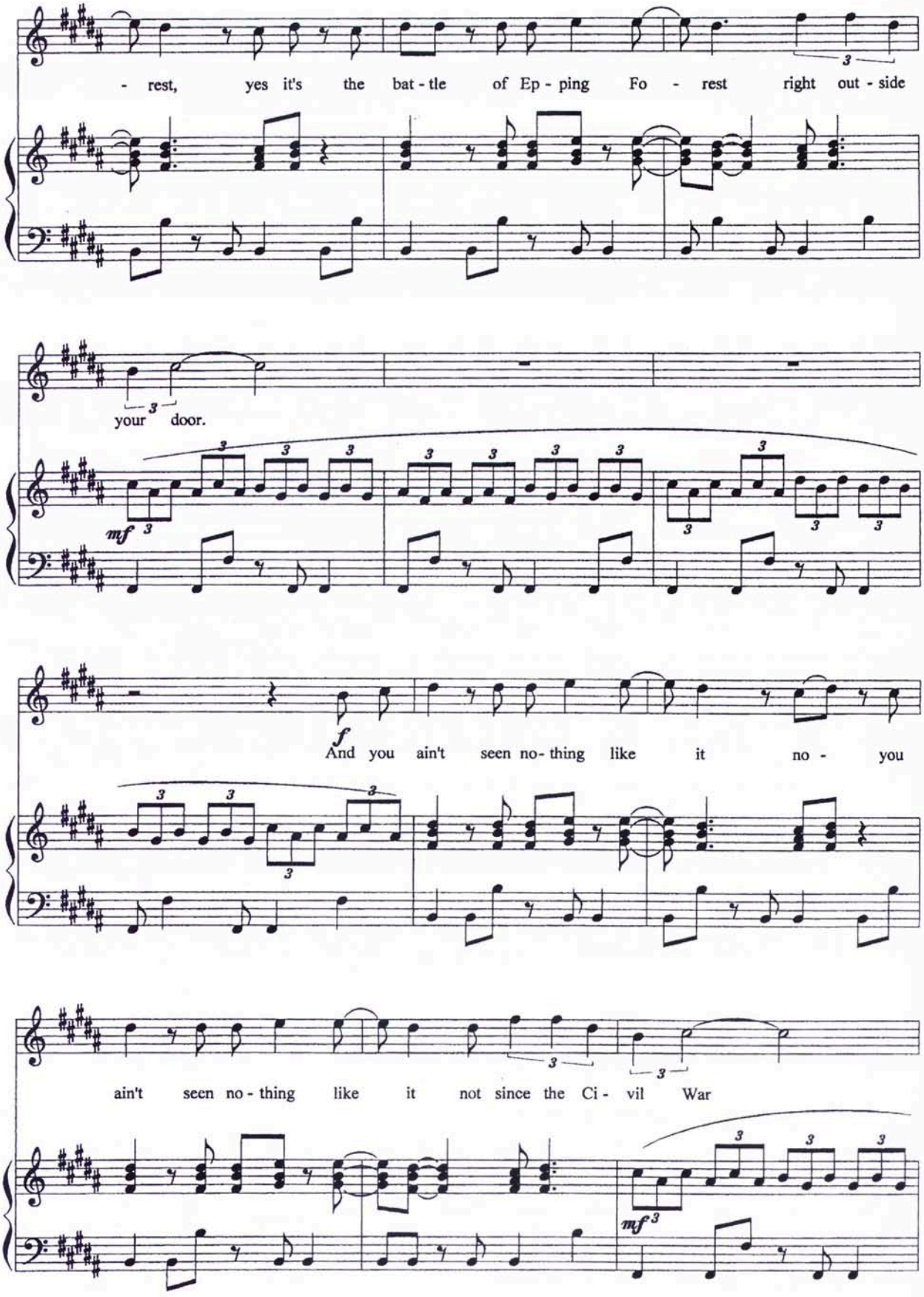
The battle of Epping Forest

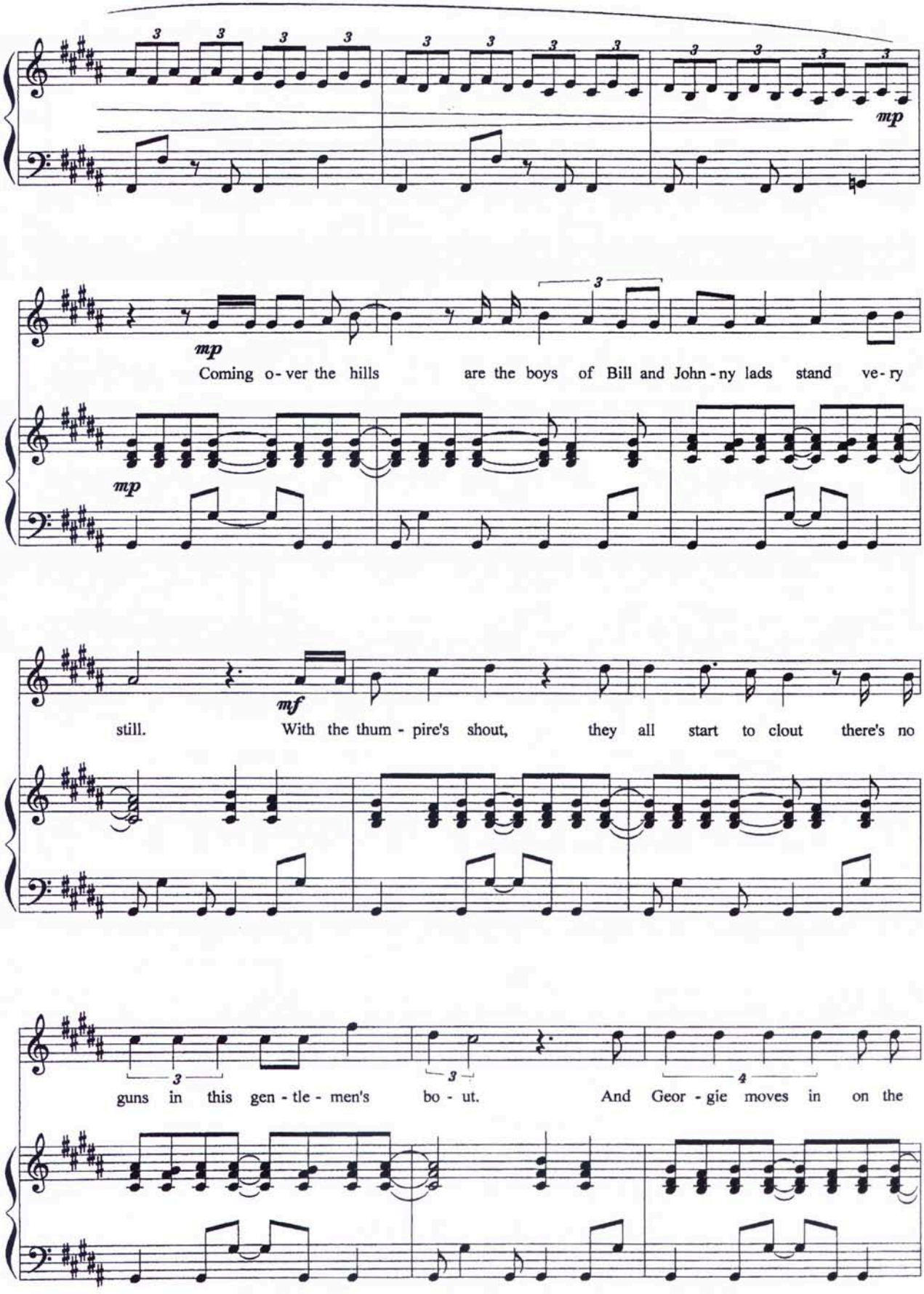
T. Banks, P. Collins, P. Gabriel
S. Hackett, M. Rutherford

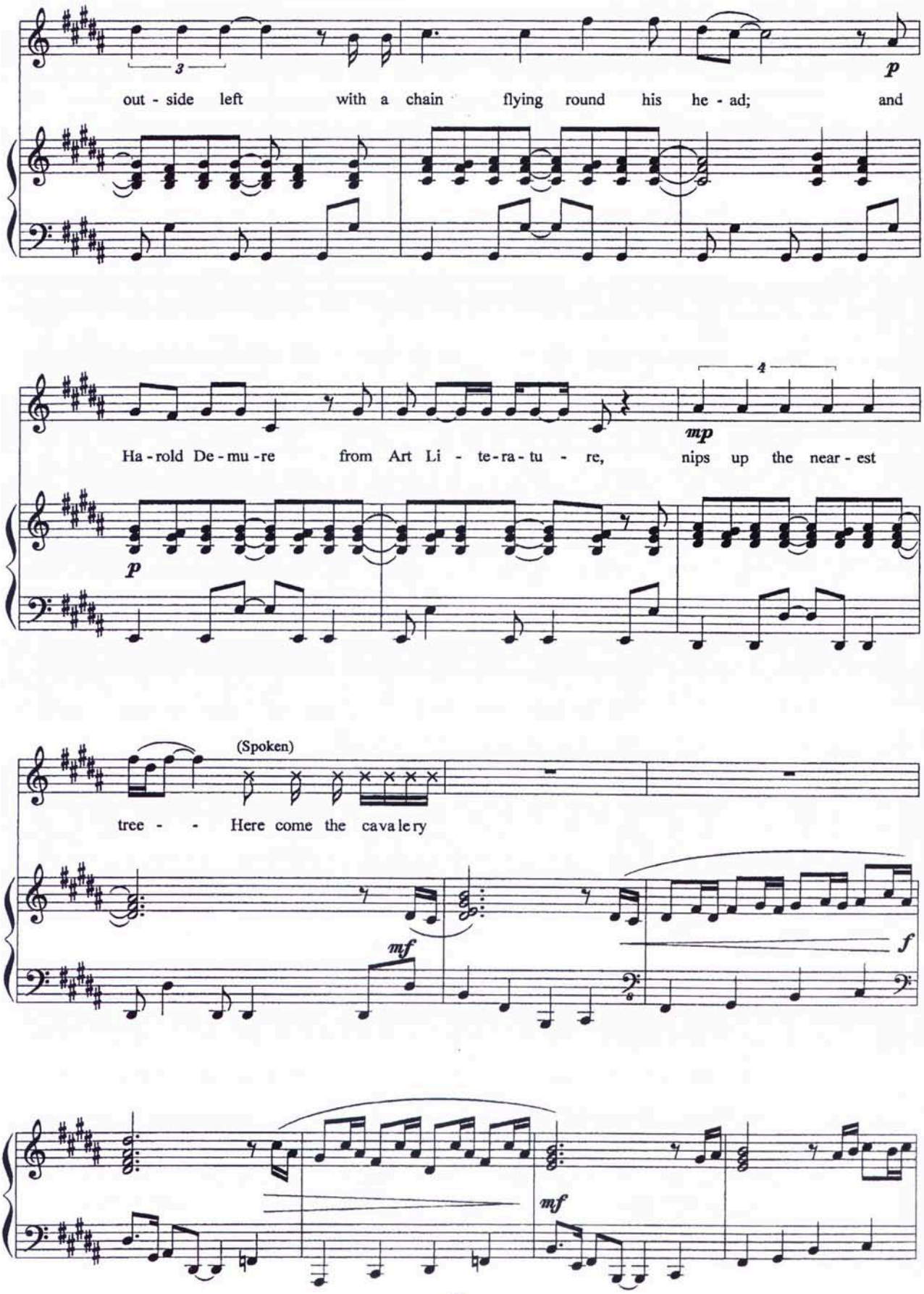
Marcia. Moderato ♩= 110

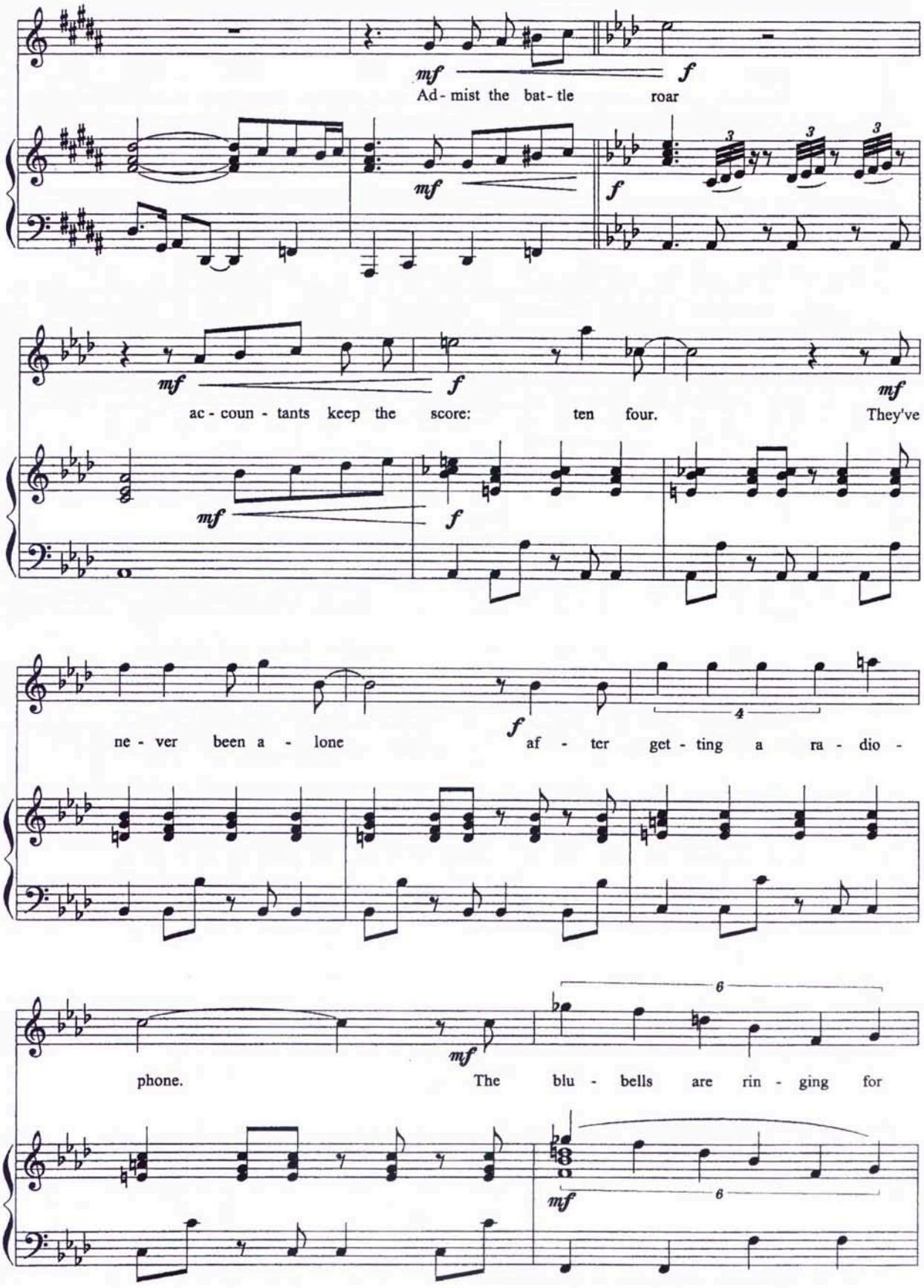


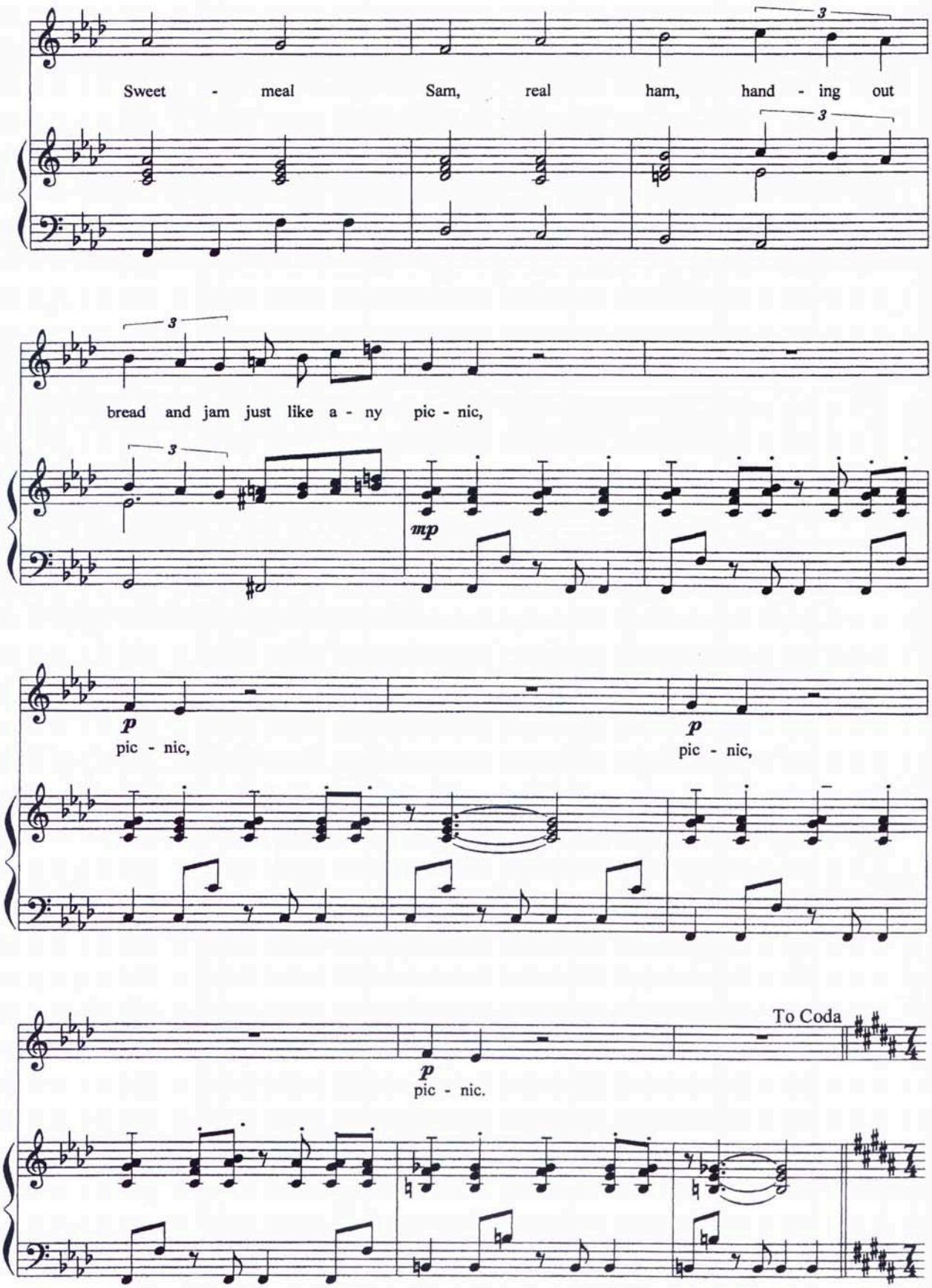

Allegro ♩= 136
mf
Along the Forest Road there's hundreds of cars, luxury cars. Each has got its load of con-
ver - ti-ble bars, cutlery cars superscars! For to- day is the day when they
sort it out, sort it out, 'cos they dis-a - gree on a gangland boundary They
dis-a - gree on a gangland boun-da- ry
battle of Epping Fo
1.
2.

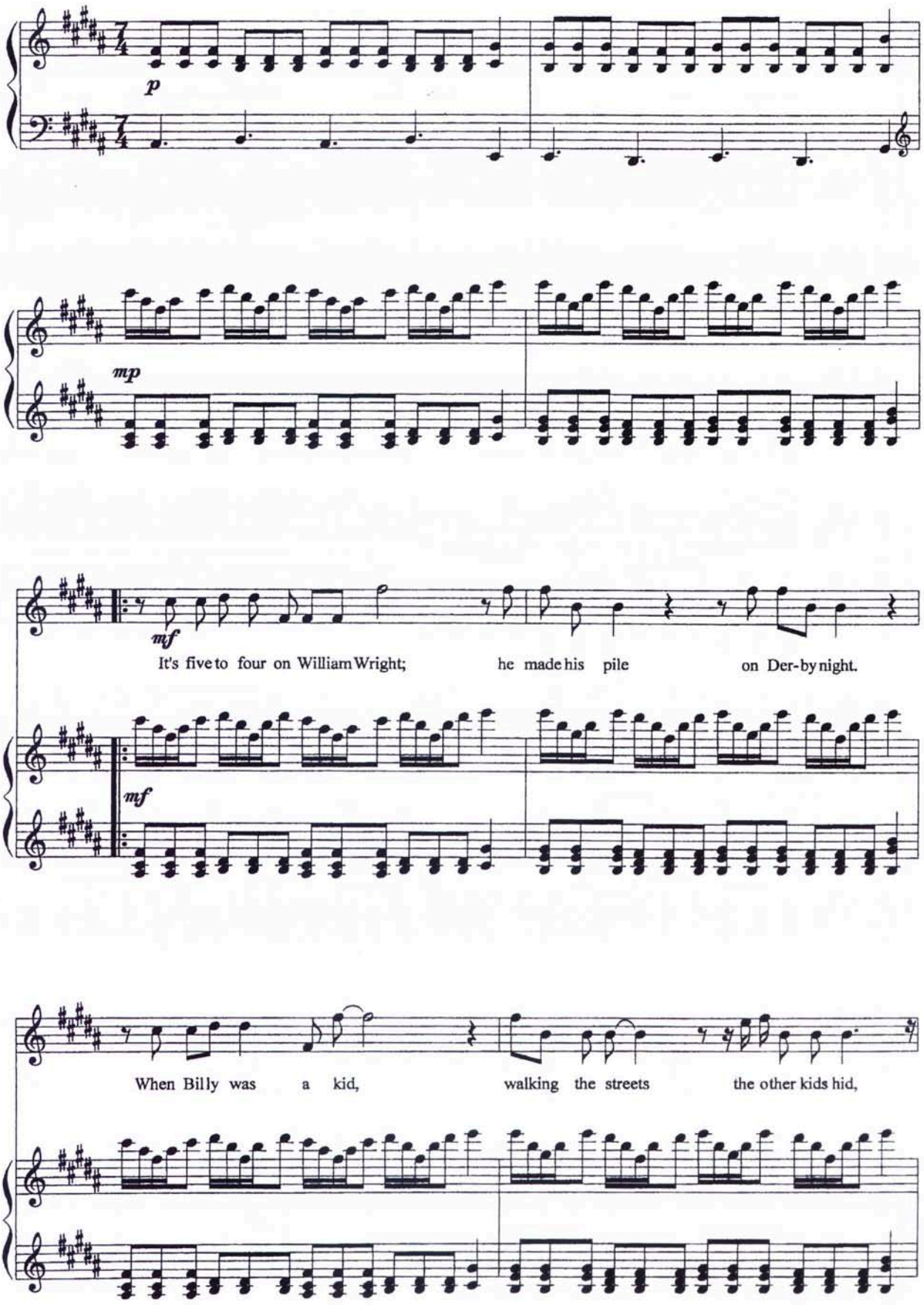

- rest, yes it's the bat - tle of Ep - ping Fo - rest right out - side
your door.
mf
f
And you ain't seen no - thing like it no - you
ain't seen no - thing like it not since the Ci - vil War
mf

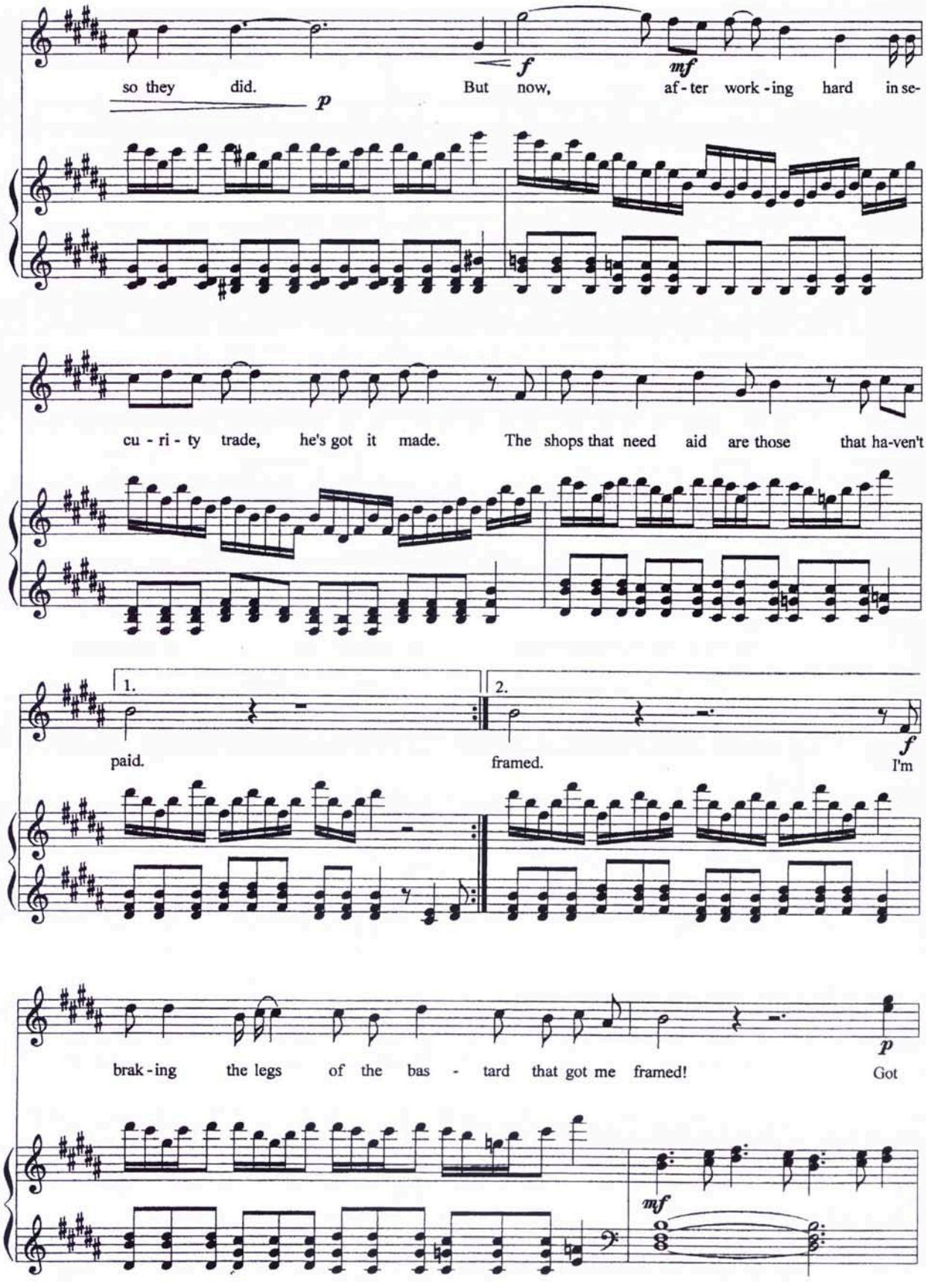

mp
mp
Coming o - ver the hills are the boys of Bill and John - ny lads stand ve - ry
mf
still. With the thum - pire's shout, they all start to clout there's no
guns in this gen - tle - men's bo - ut. And Geor - gie moves in on the

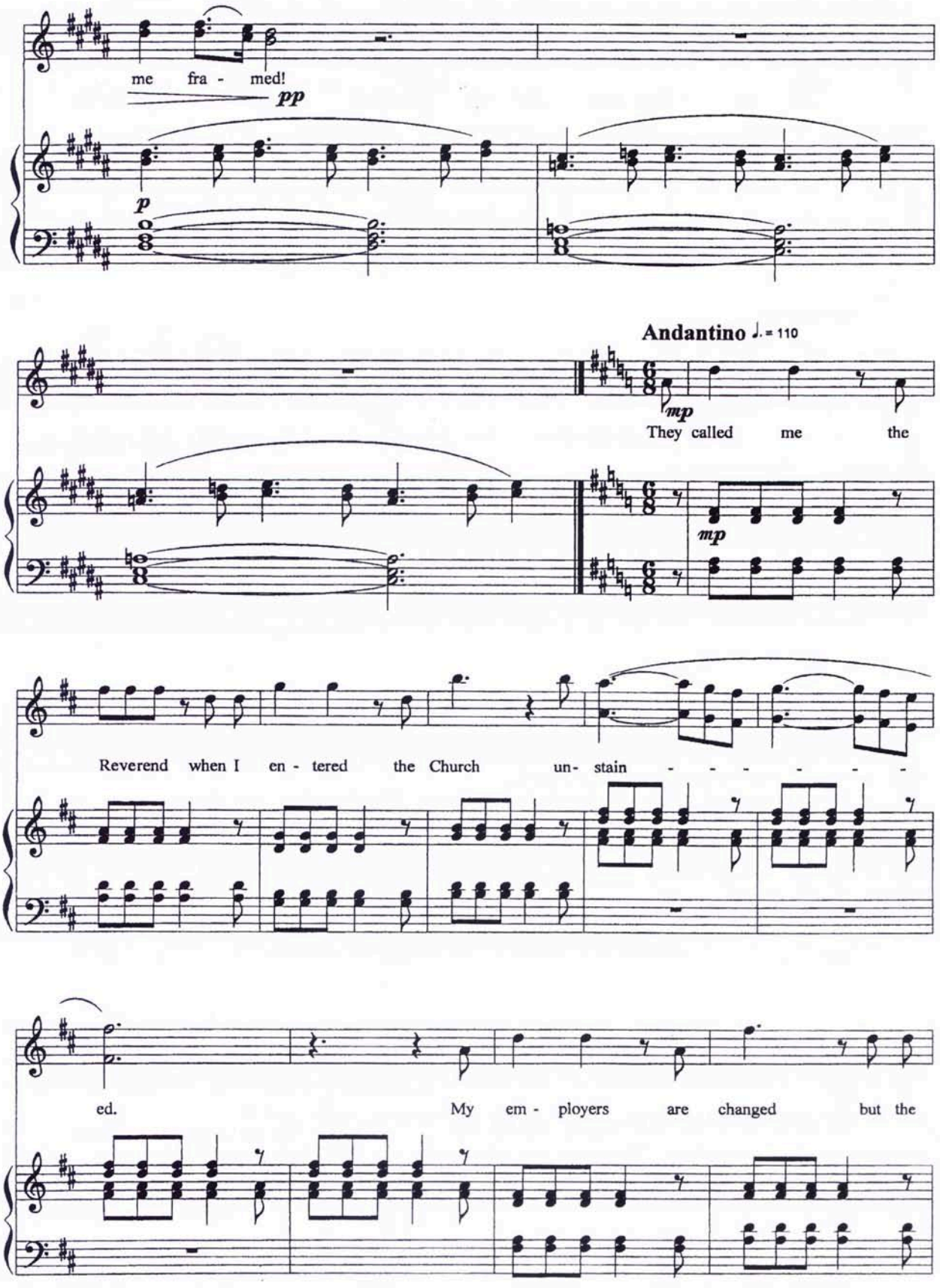

3
p
out - side left with a chain flying round his he - ad; and
4
mp
Ha - rold De - mu - re from Art Li - te - ra - tu - re, nips up the near - est
p
(Spoken)
tree - - Here come the cava le ry
mf
f
mf

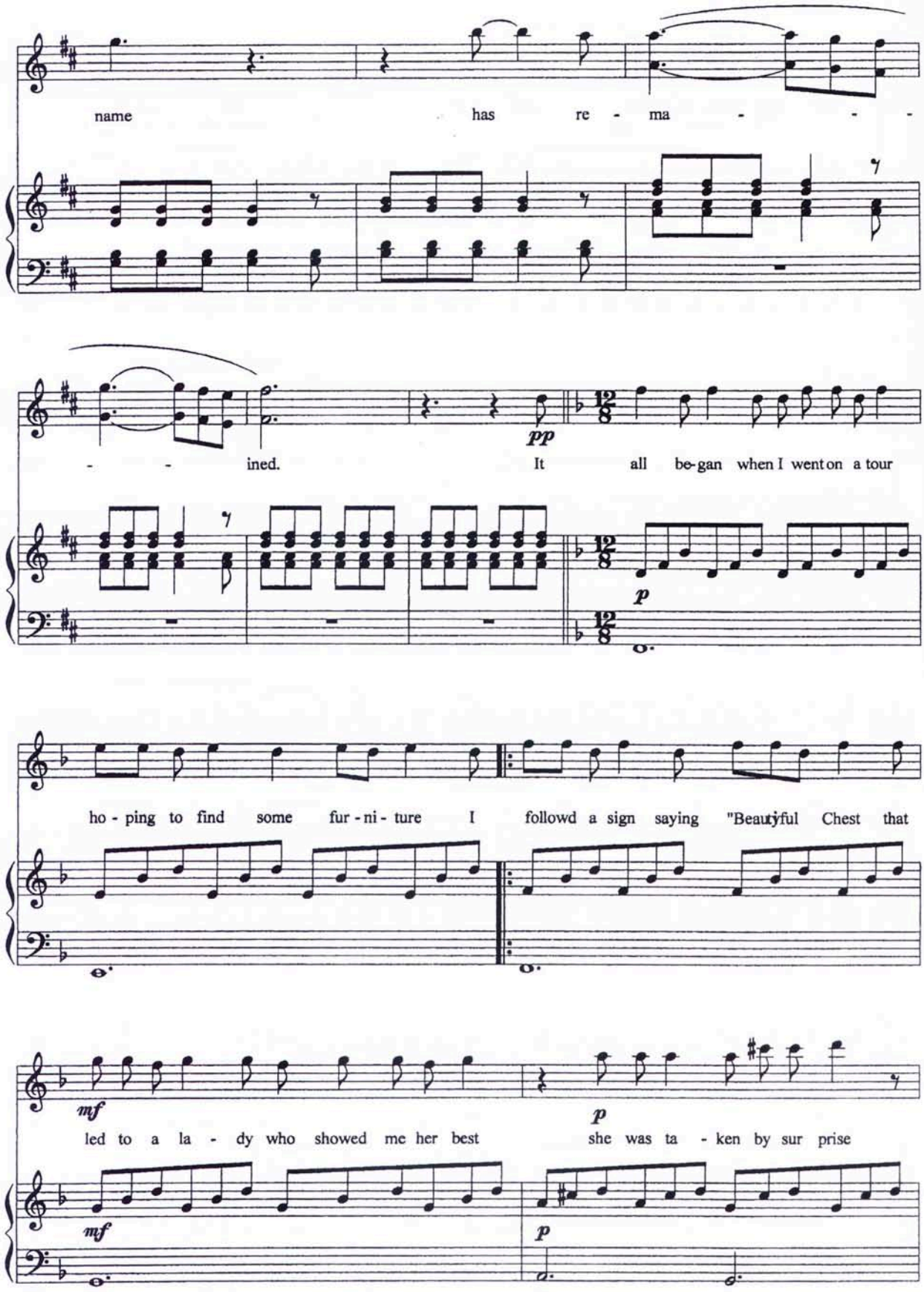

mf
Ad - mist the bat - tle
f
roar
mf
f
mf
ac - coun - tants keep the score:
ten four.
They've
mf
f
ne - ver been a - lone
f
af - ter get - ting a ra - dio -
4
mf
phone.
The blu - bells are rin - ging for
6
mf
6

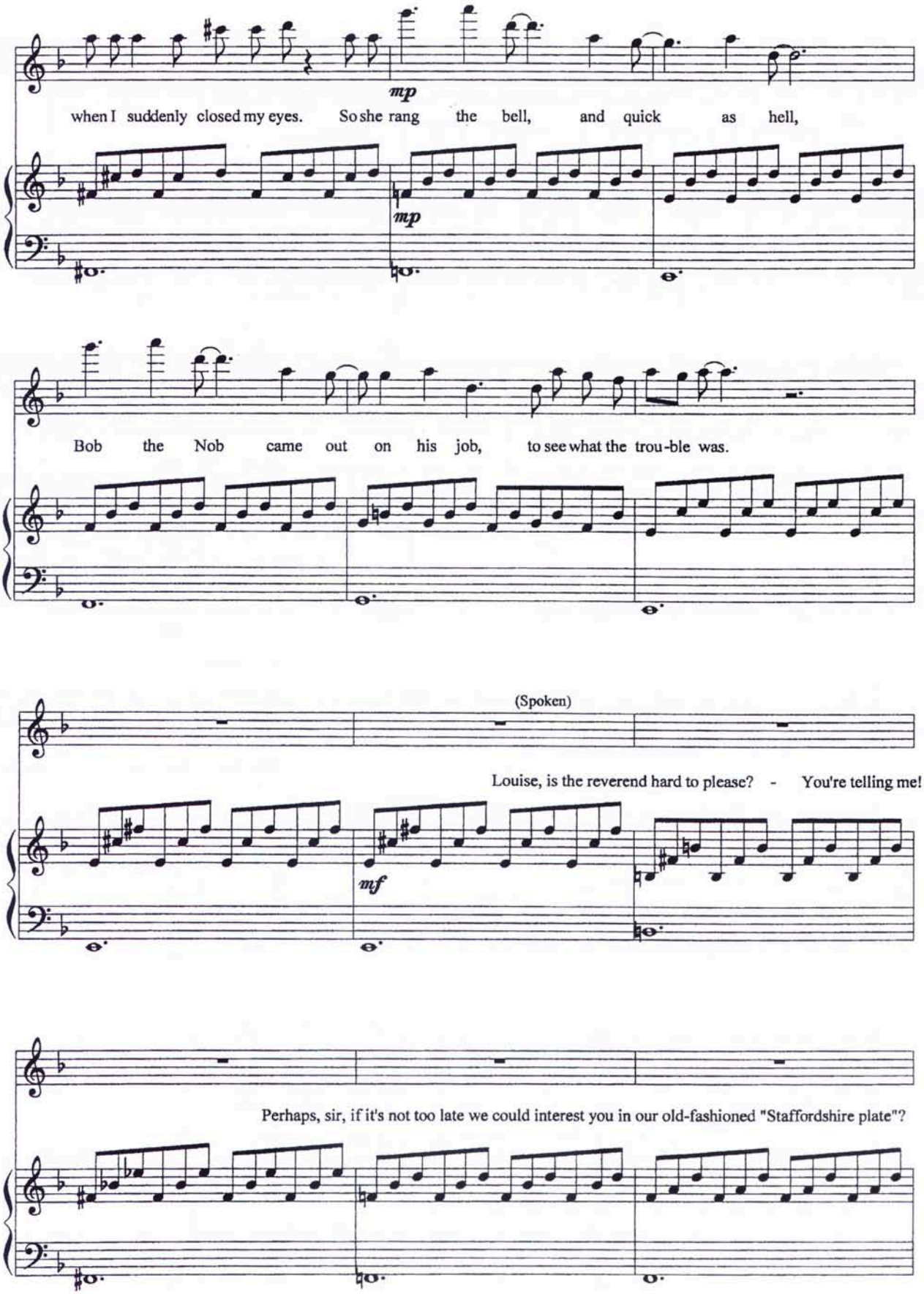

Sweet - meal Sam, real ham, hand - ing out
bread and jam just like a - ny pic - nic,
mp
p
pic - nic,
p
pic - nic,
To Coda
p
pic - nic.

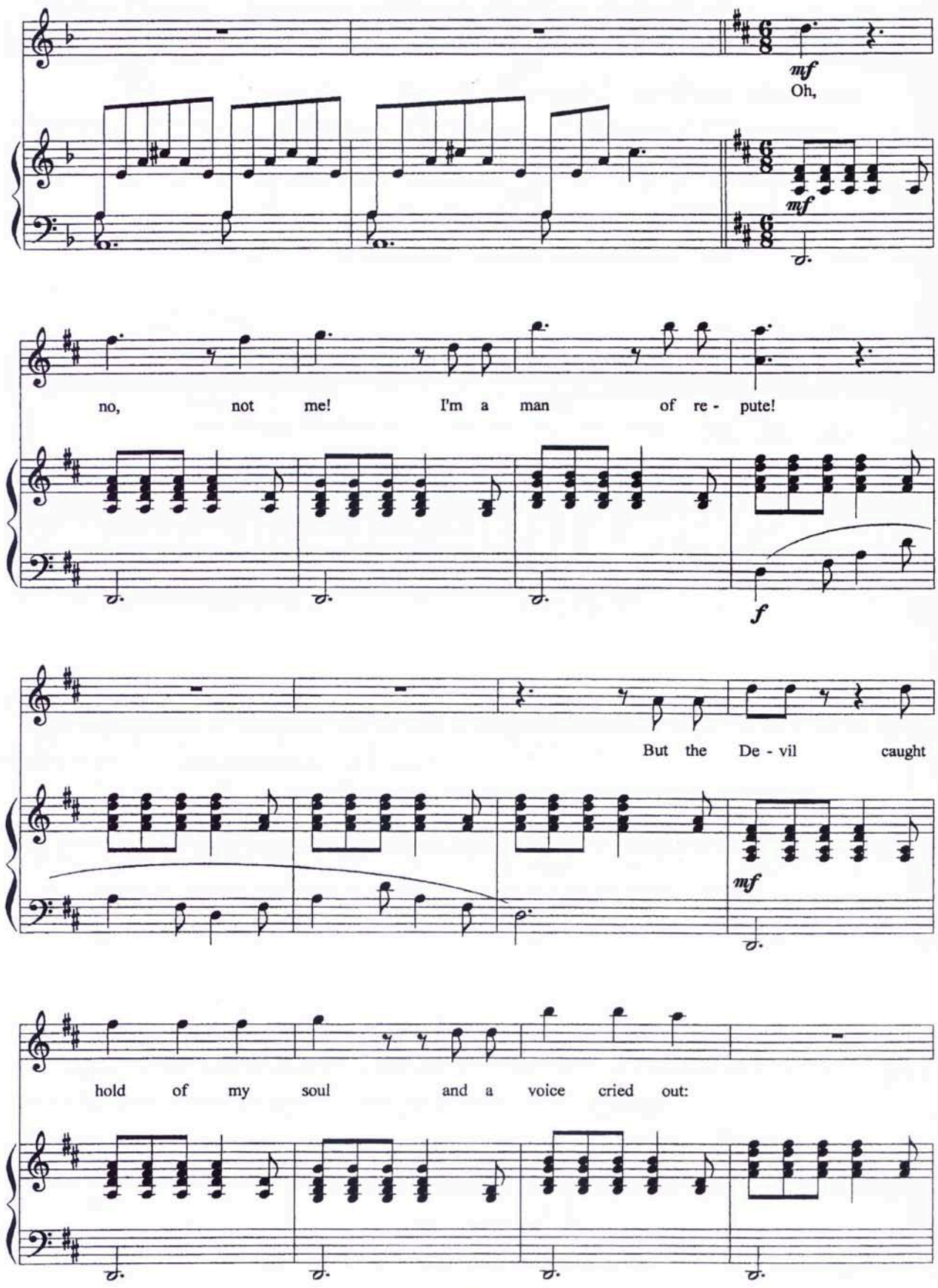

p
mp
mf
It's five to four on William Wright; he made his pile on Der-by night.
mf
When Billy was a kid, walking the streets the other kids hid,

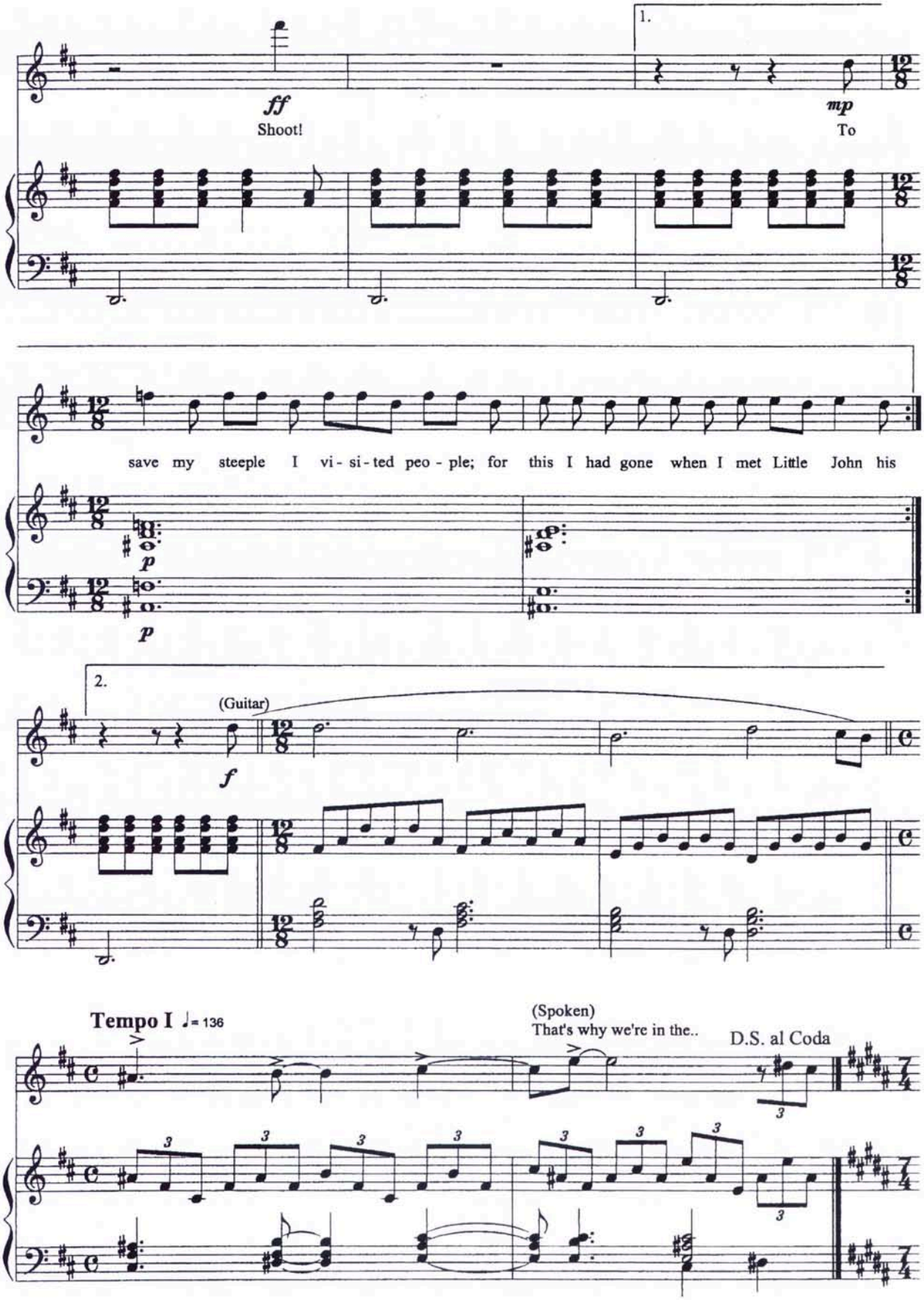

so they did.
But now, af - ter work - ing hard in se-
cu - ri - ty trade, he's got it made. The shops that need aid are those that ha-ven't
1.
2.
paid.
framed.
I'm
brak - ing the legs of the bas - tard that got me framed!
Got

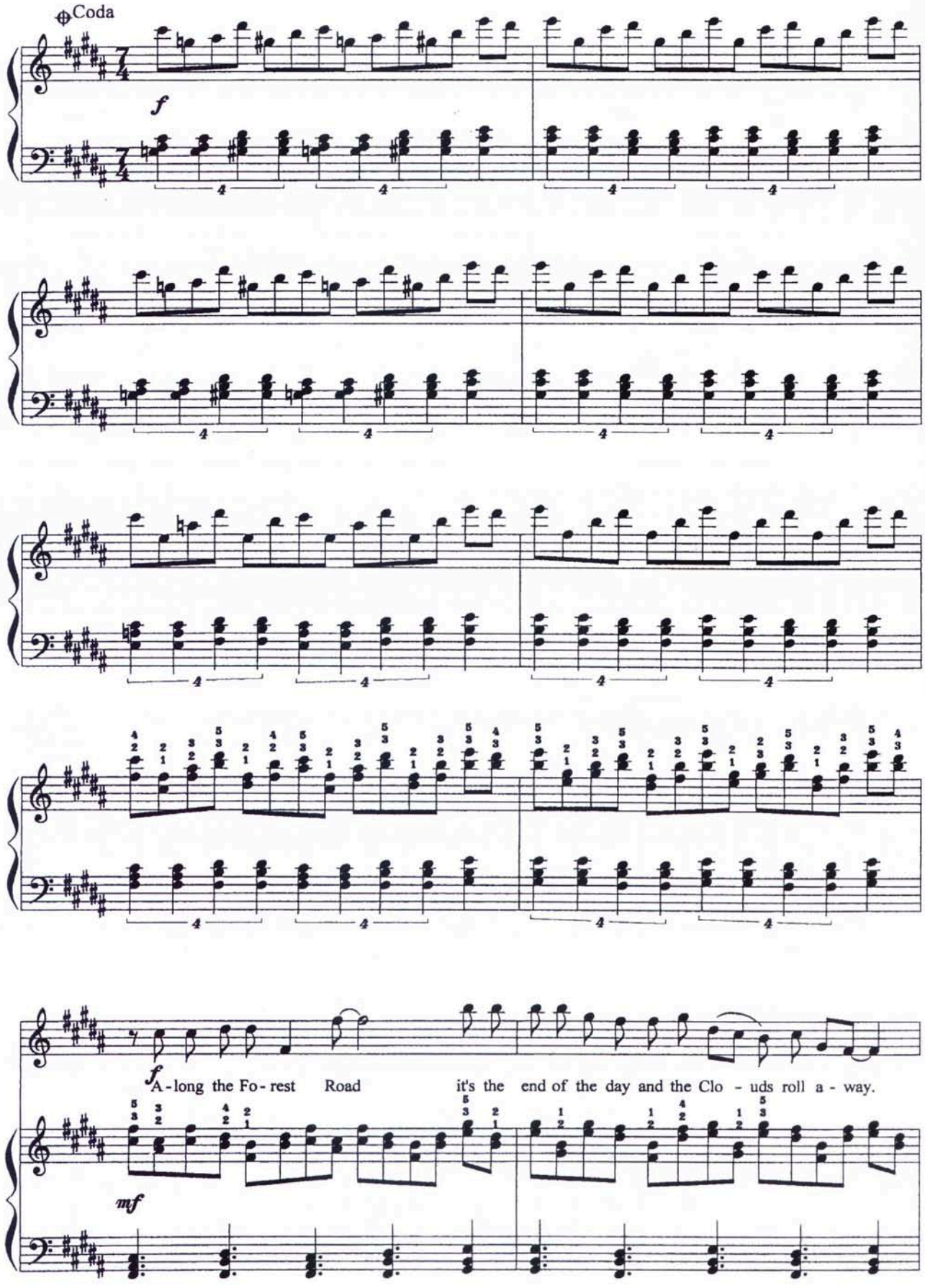

me fra - med!
pp
p
Andantino ♩. = 110
mp
They called me the
mp
Reverend when I en - tered the Church un- stain - - - - - - -
ed.
My em - ployers are changed but the

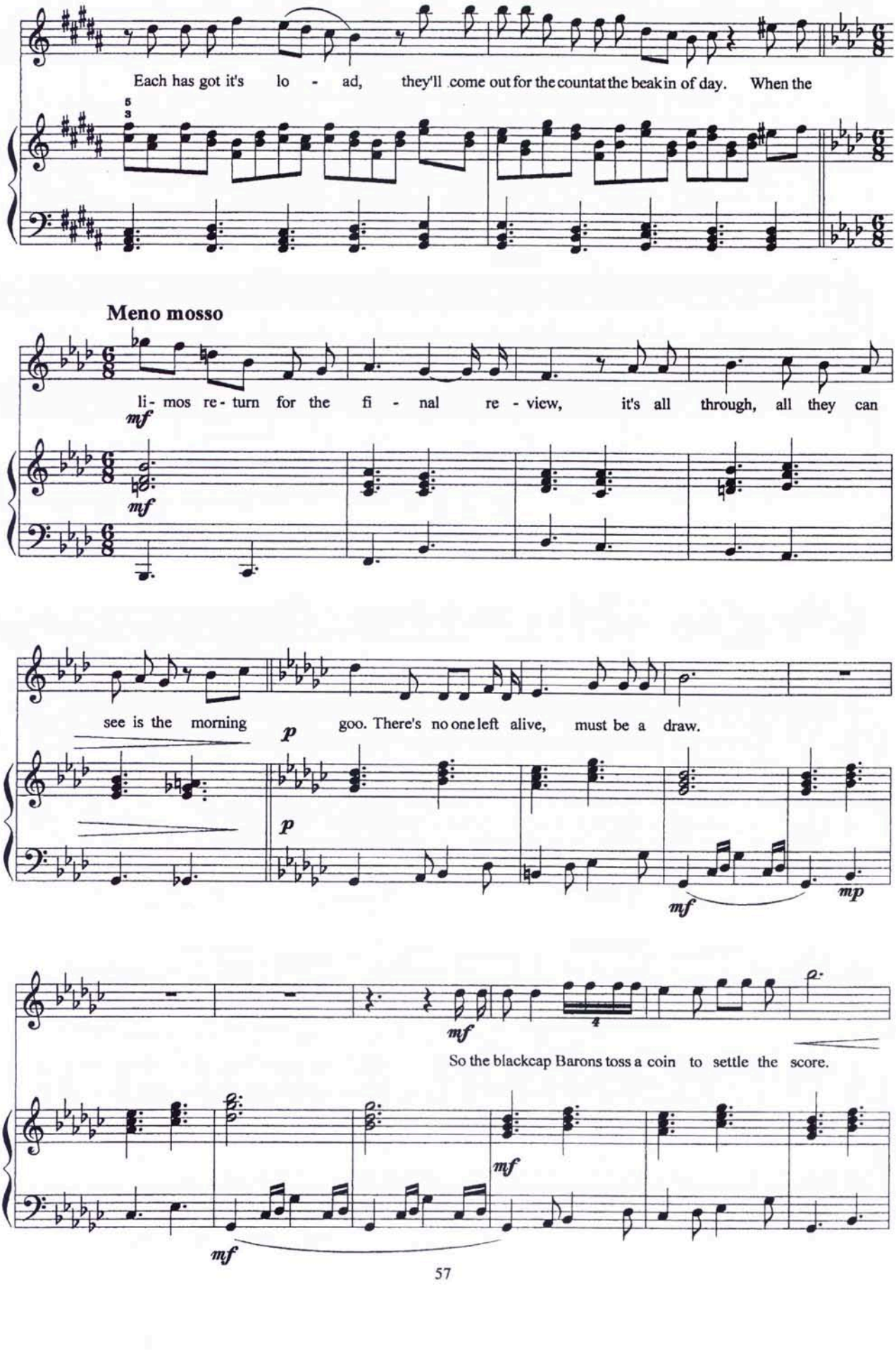

name has re - ma - - -
- - ined. It all be-gan when I went on a tour
ho - ping to find some fur - ni - ture I followd a sign saying "Beautyful Chest that
led to a la - dy who showed me her best she was ta - ken by sur prise

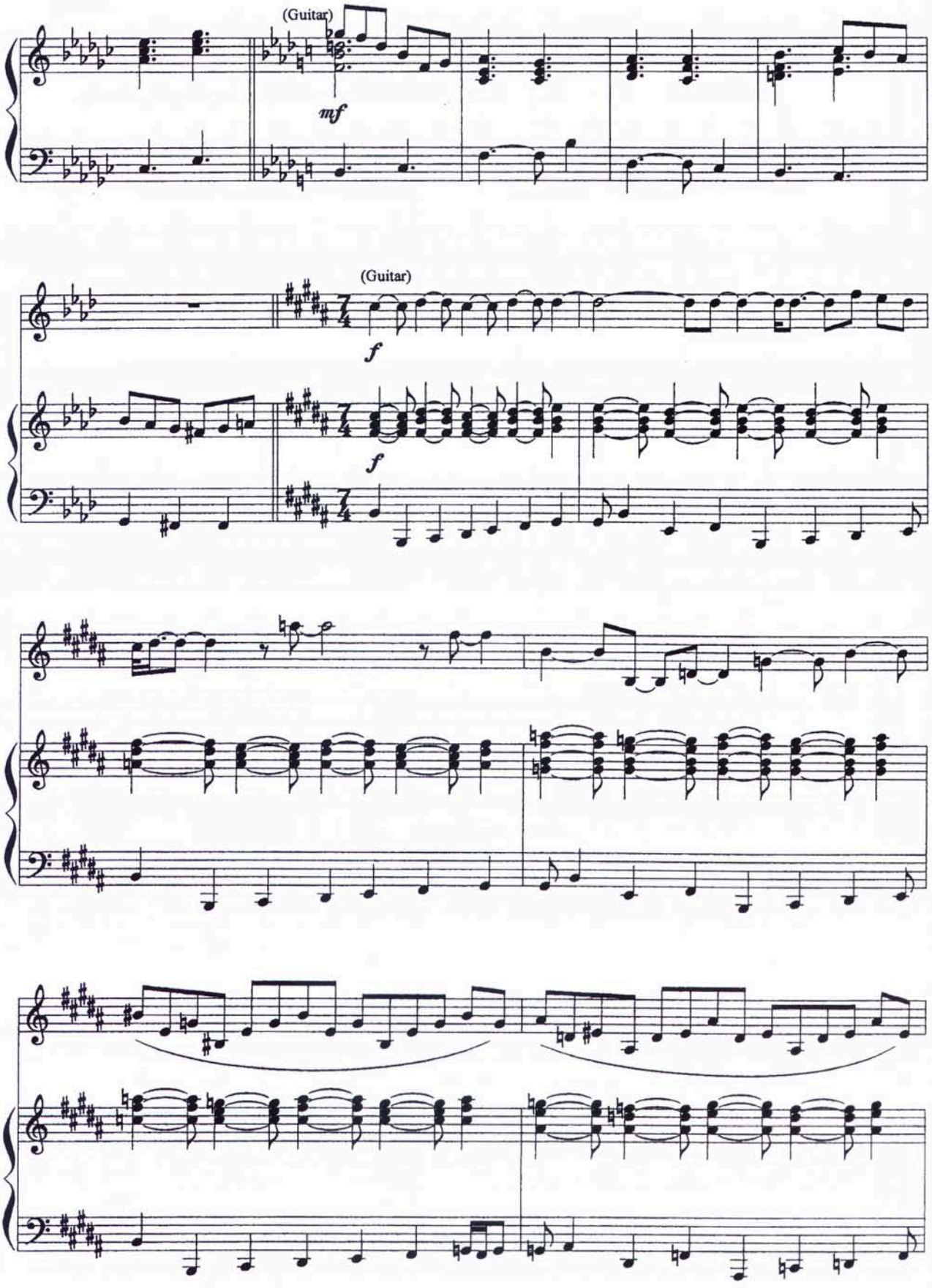

mp
when I suddenly closed my eyes. So she rang the bell, and quick as hell,
mp
Bob the Nob came out on his job, to see what the trou-ble was.
(Spoken)
Louise, is the reverend hard to please? - You're telling me!
mf
Perhaps, sir, if it's not too late we could interest you in our old-fashioned "Staffordshire plate"?

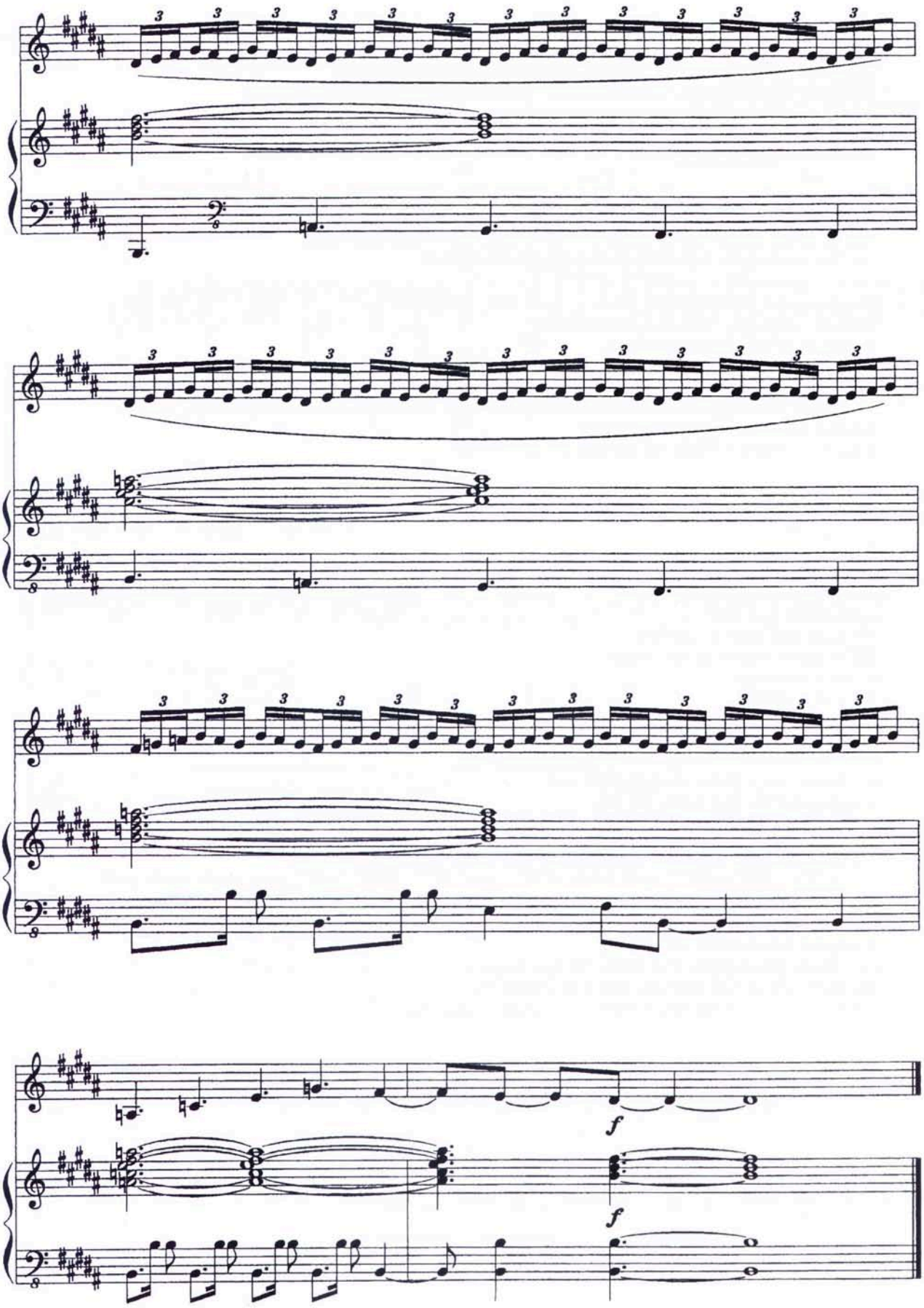

mf
Oh,
mf
no, not me! I'm a man of re - pute!
f
But the De - vil caught
mf
hold of my soul and a voice cried out:


1.
ff
Shoot!
mp
To
save my steeple I vi - si - ted peo - ple; for this I had gone when I met Little John his
p
p
2.
(Guitar)
f
Tempo I ♩= 136
(Spoken)
That's why we're in the..
D.S. al Coda


Coda
f
A - long the Fo - rest Road it's the end of the day and the Clo - uds roll a - way.
mf


Each has got it's lo - ad, they'll come out for the count at the beak in of day. When the
Meno mosso
li- mos re- turn for the fi - nal re - view, it's all through, all they can
see is the morning goo. There's no one left alive, must be a draw.
So the blackcap Barons toss a coin to settle the score.


(Guitar)
mf
(Guitar)
f
f


f
f

There's Willy Wright and his boys - one helluva noise, that's Billy's boys!
With fully-fashioned mugs, that's Little John's thugs, the Barking Slugs - supersmugs!
For today is the day when they sort it out, sort it out,
Yes, these Christian soldiers fight to protect the poor.
East-End heroes got to score in . . .

"I do my double-show quick!" said Mick the Prick, fresh out the nick.
"I sell cheap holiday. The minute they leave, then a visit I pay-and does it pay!"
And his friend, Liquid Len by name, of Wine Women and Wandsworth fame,
said "I'm breaking the legs of the bastard that got me framed!

His name came, I understood,
when the judge said, "You are a robbing hood."
He told me of his strange foundation,
conceived on sight of the Woodstock nation;
he'd had to hide his reputation.
When poor, 'twas salvation from door to door.
But now, with a pin-up guru every week,
it was Love, Peace & Truth Incorporated for all who seek.

He employed me as a karmamechanic, with overal charms.
His hands were then fit to receive, receive alms.

That's why we're in . . .
Battle of Epping Forest,
yes, its the Battle of Epping Forest,
right outside your door.
We guard your souls for peanuts,
and we guard your shops and houses
for just a little more.
Just a little more.

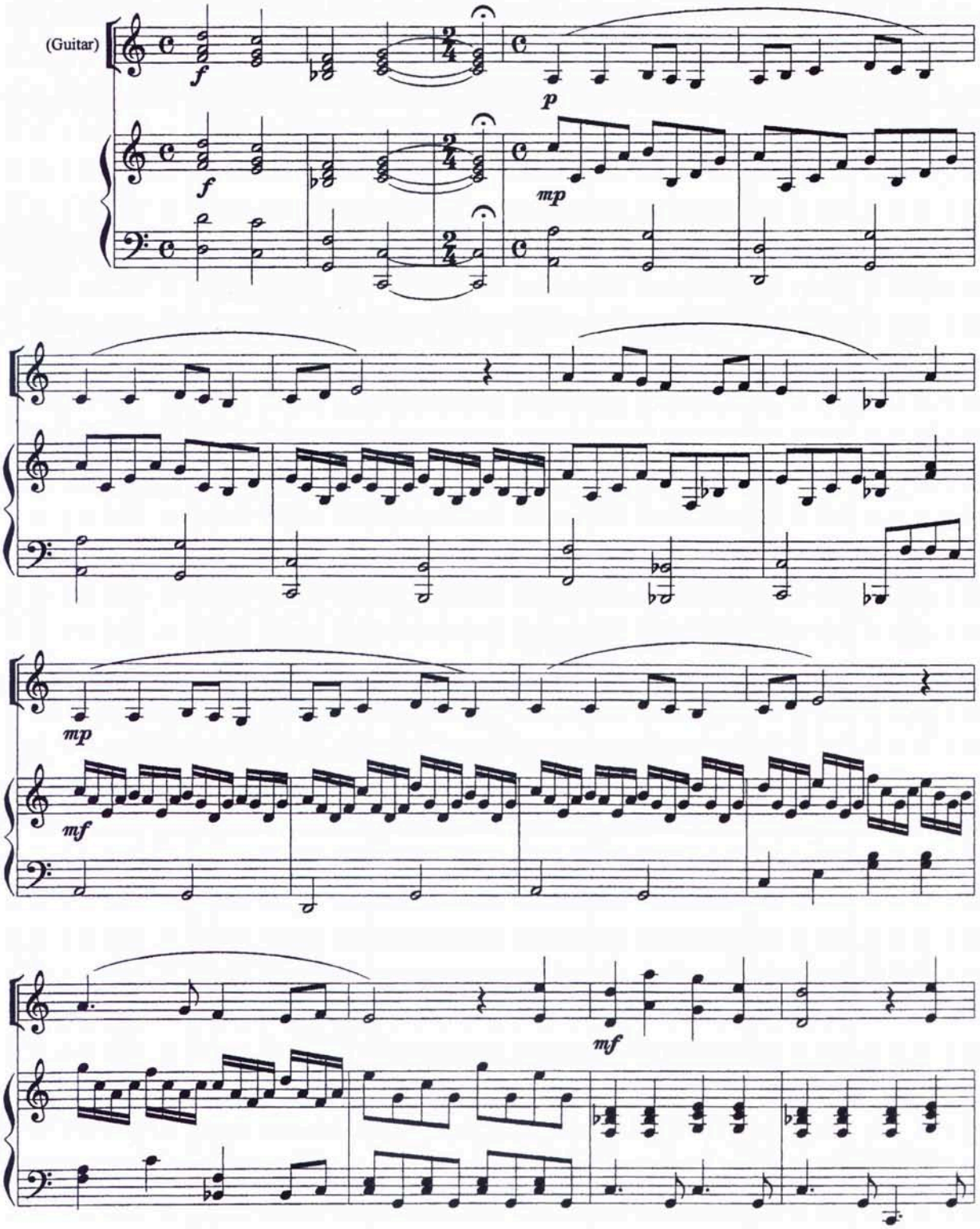
In with a left hook is the Bethnal Green Butcher,
but he's countered on the right by Mick's chaingang fight,
and Liquid Len, with his smashed bottle men,
is lobbing Bob the Nob across the gob.
With his kisser in a mess, Bob seems under stress,
but Jones the jug hits Len right in the mug;
and Harold Demure, who's still not quite sure, fires acorns from out of his sling.
(Here come the cavalry!)

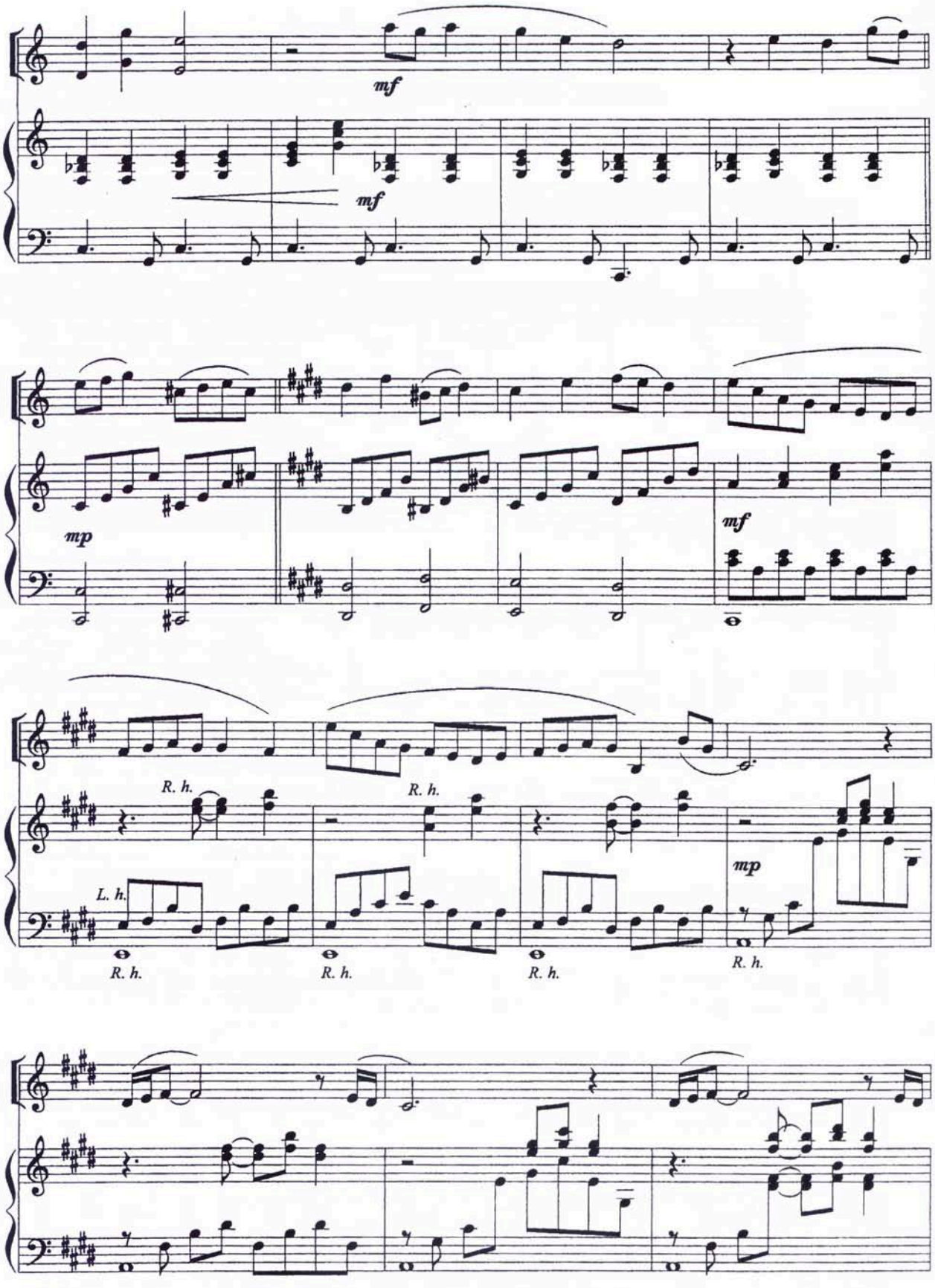
Up, up above the crowd,
inside their Silver Cloud, done proud,
the bold and brazen brass, seen darkly through the glass,
The butler's got jam on his Rolls; Roy doles out the lot,
with tea from a silver pot just like any picnic, picnic, picnic, picnic.

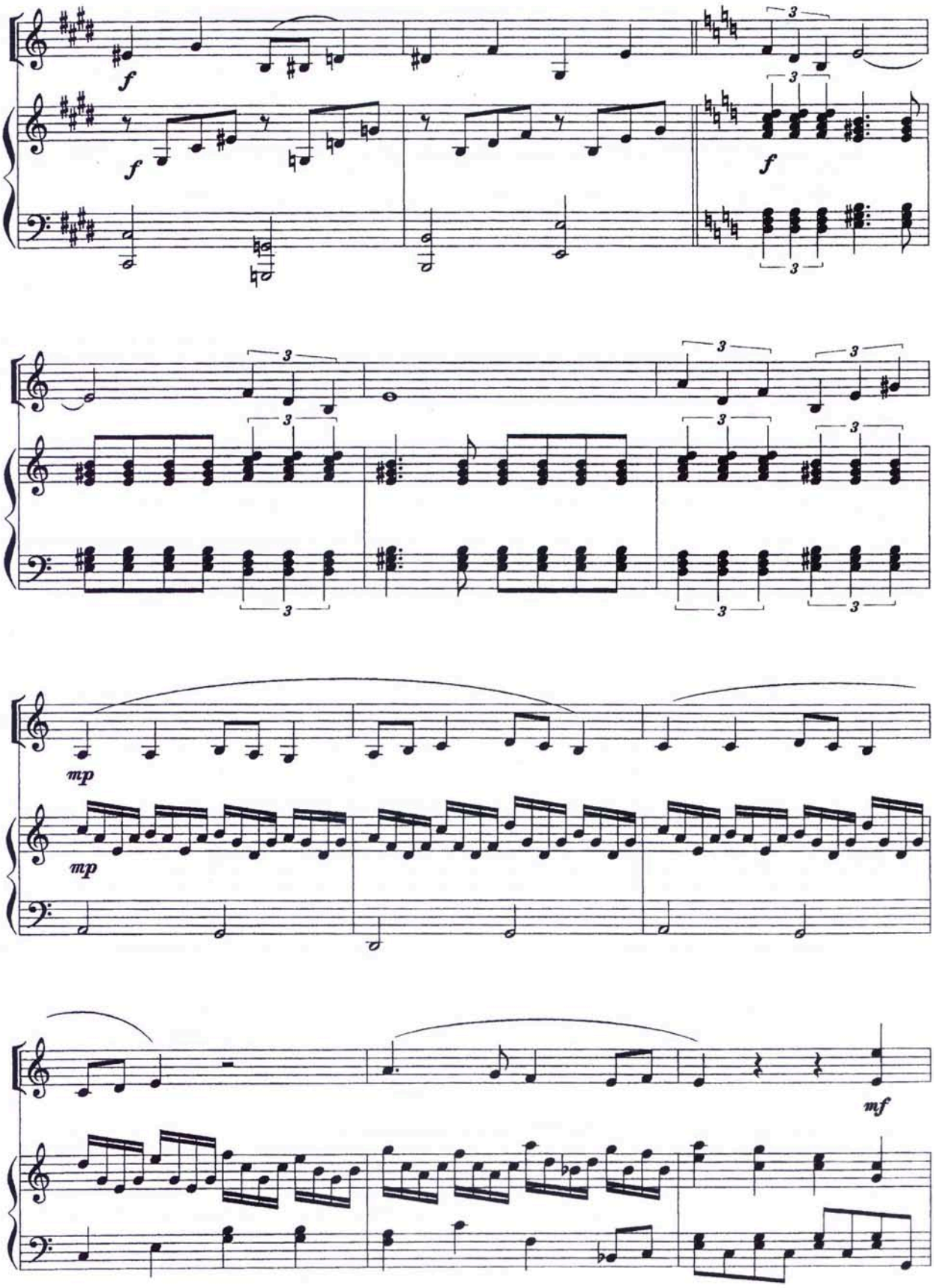
After the ordeal

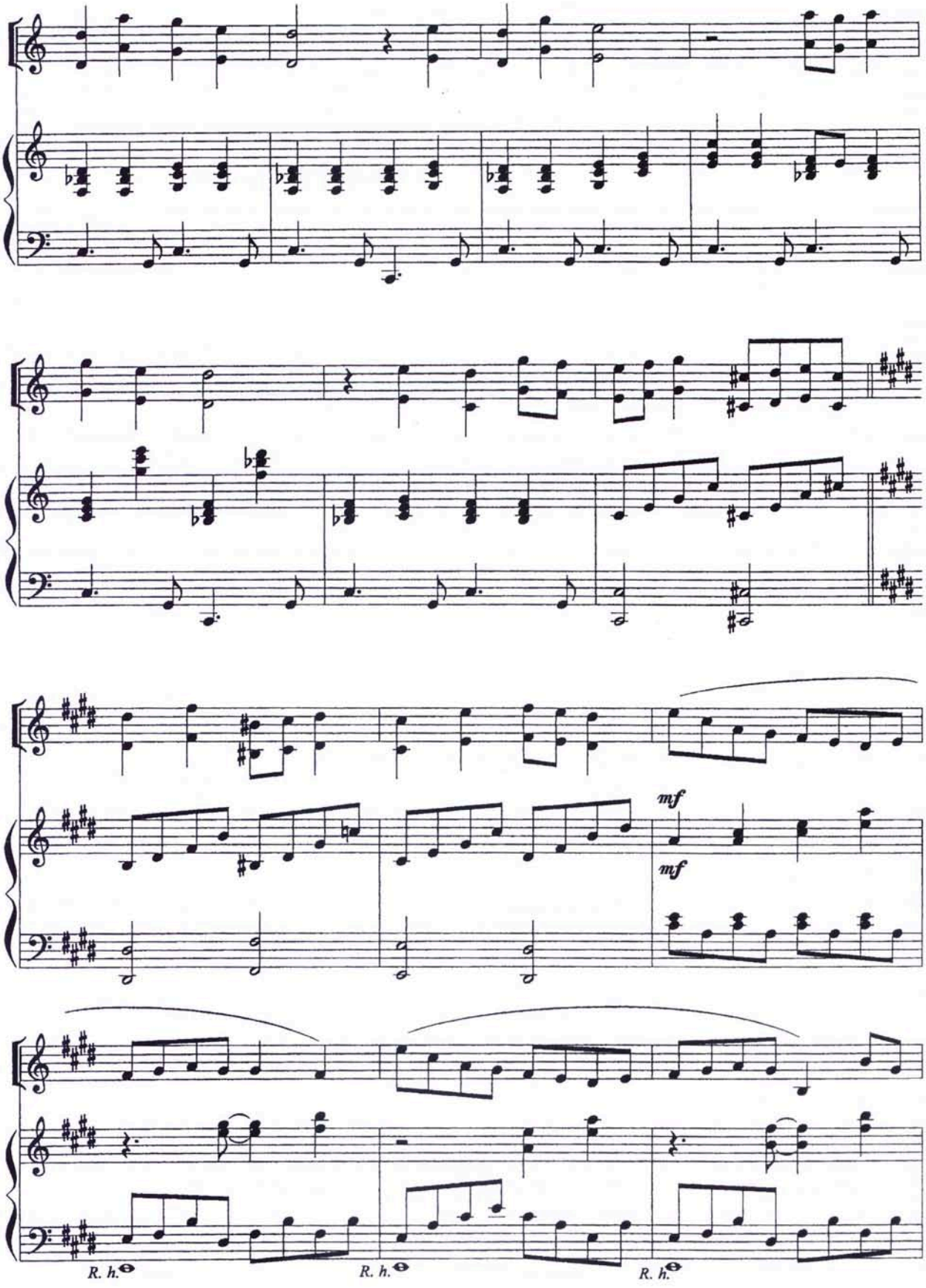
T. Banks, P. Collins
S. Hackett, M. Rutherford
P. Gabriel

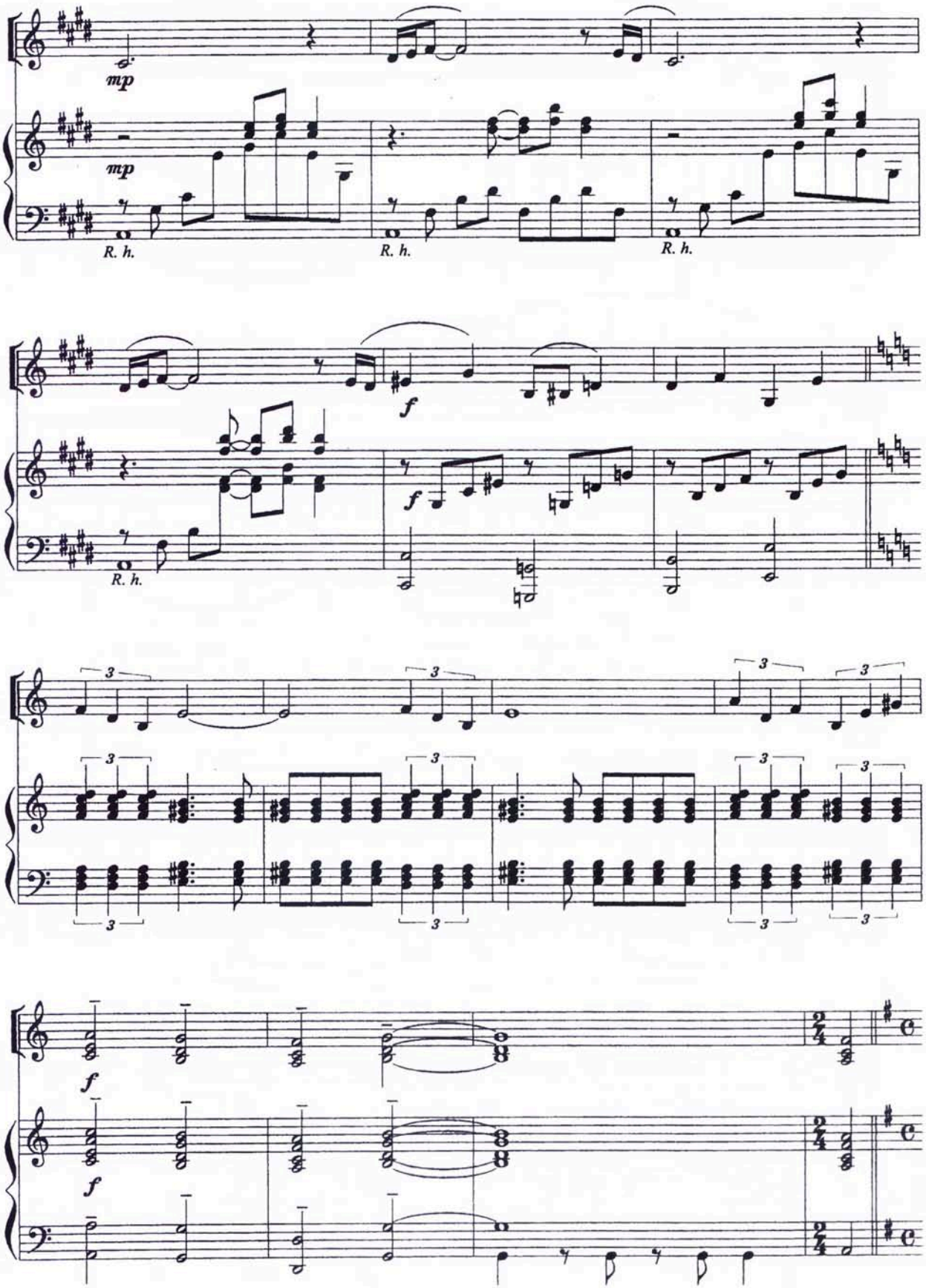
Andante mosso

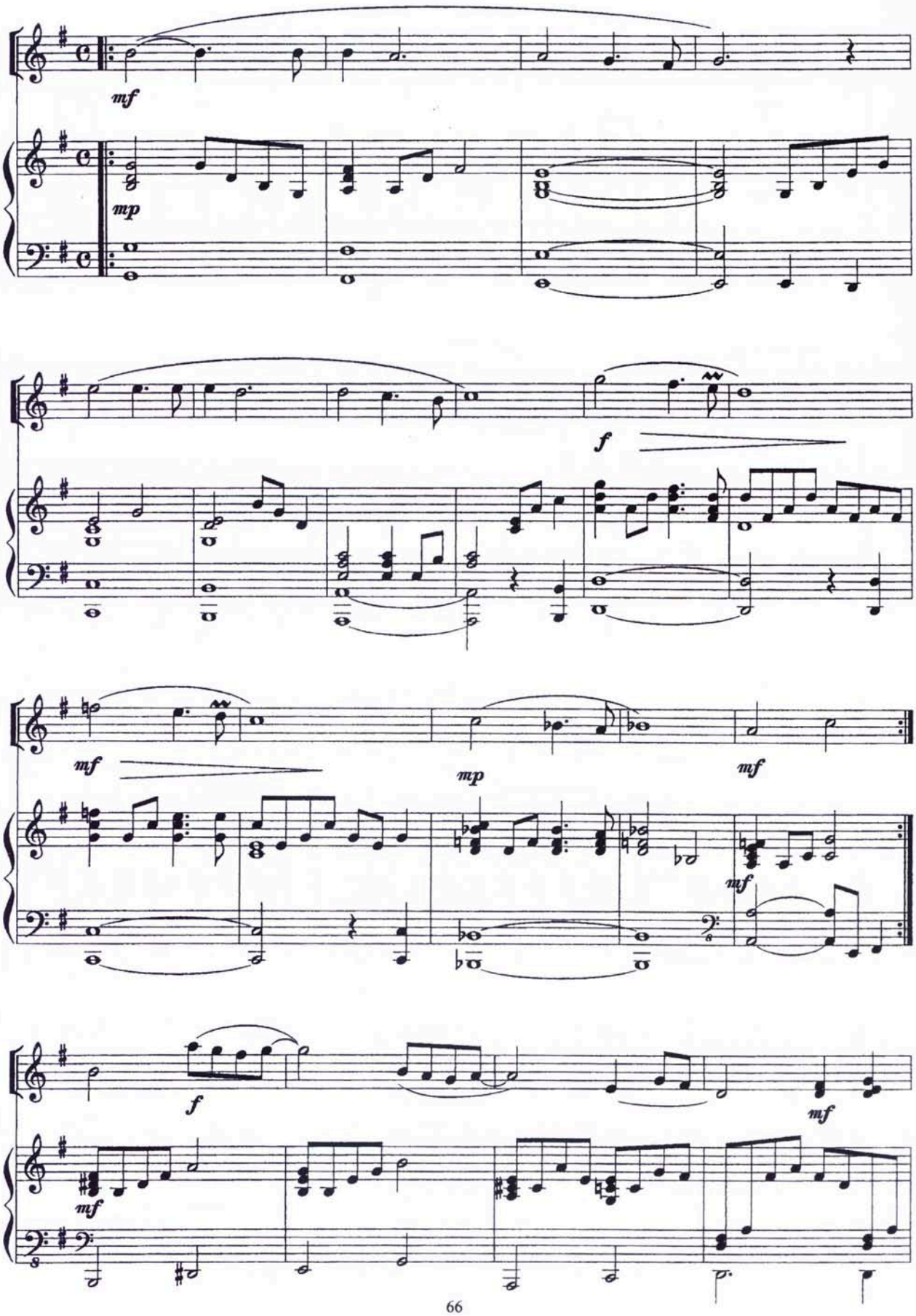


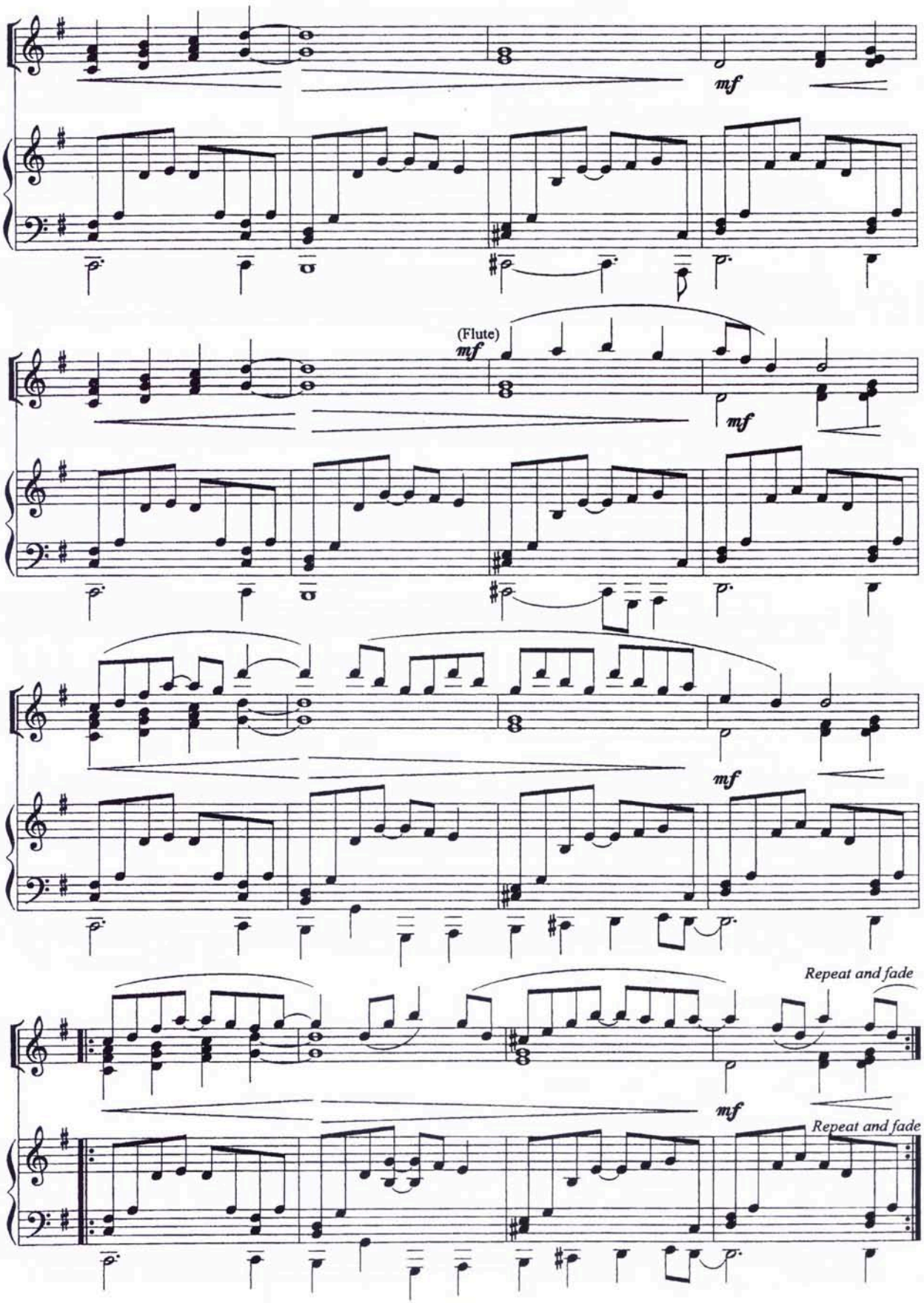

mf
mf
mp
mf
R. h.
R. h.
L. h.
mp
R. h.
R. h.
R. h.
R. h.


f
f
f
mp
mp
mf


mf
mf
R. h.
R. h.
R. h.

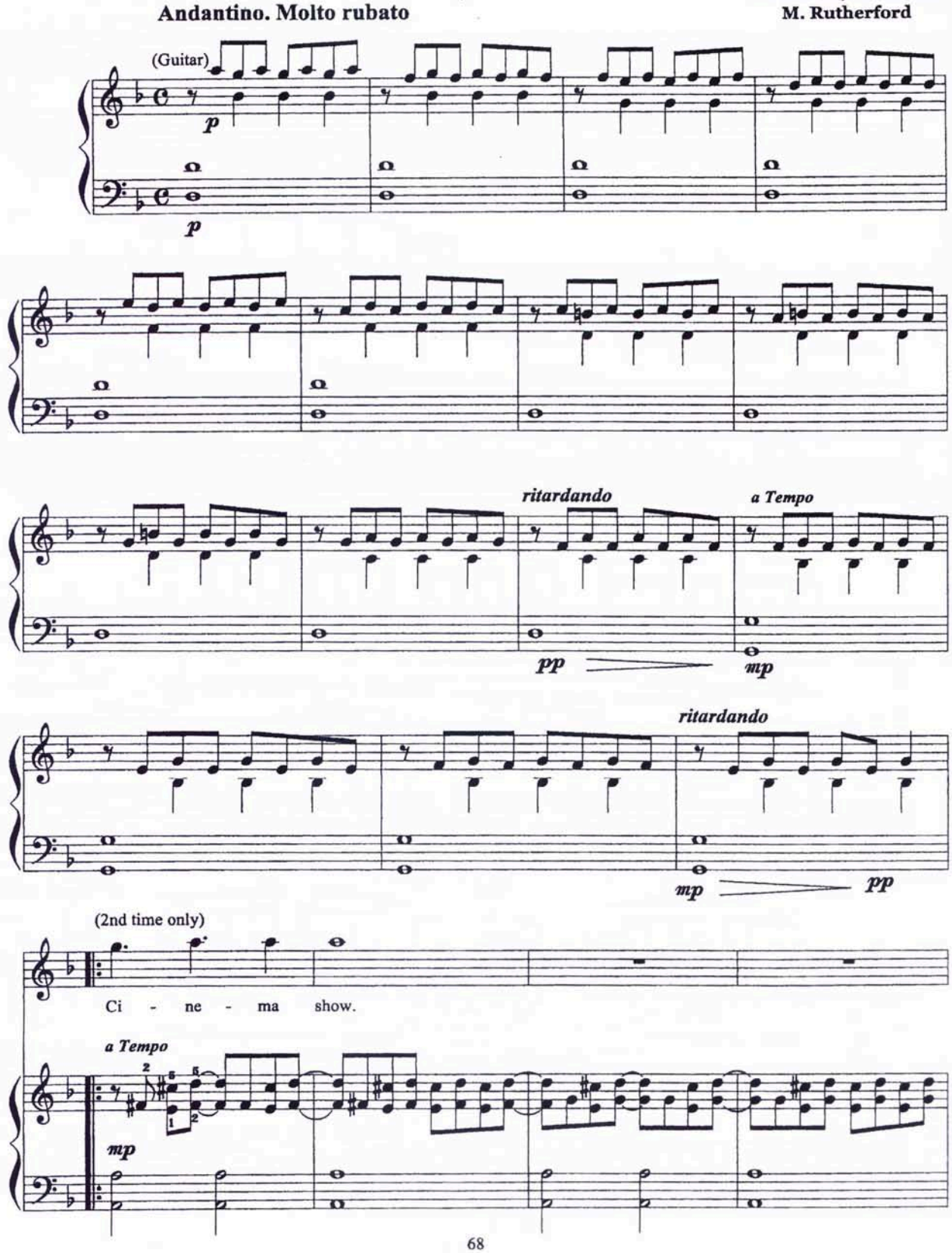

mp
mp
R. h.
R. h.
R. h.
f
f
R. h.
3
f
f

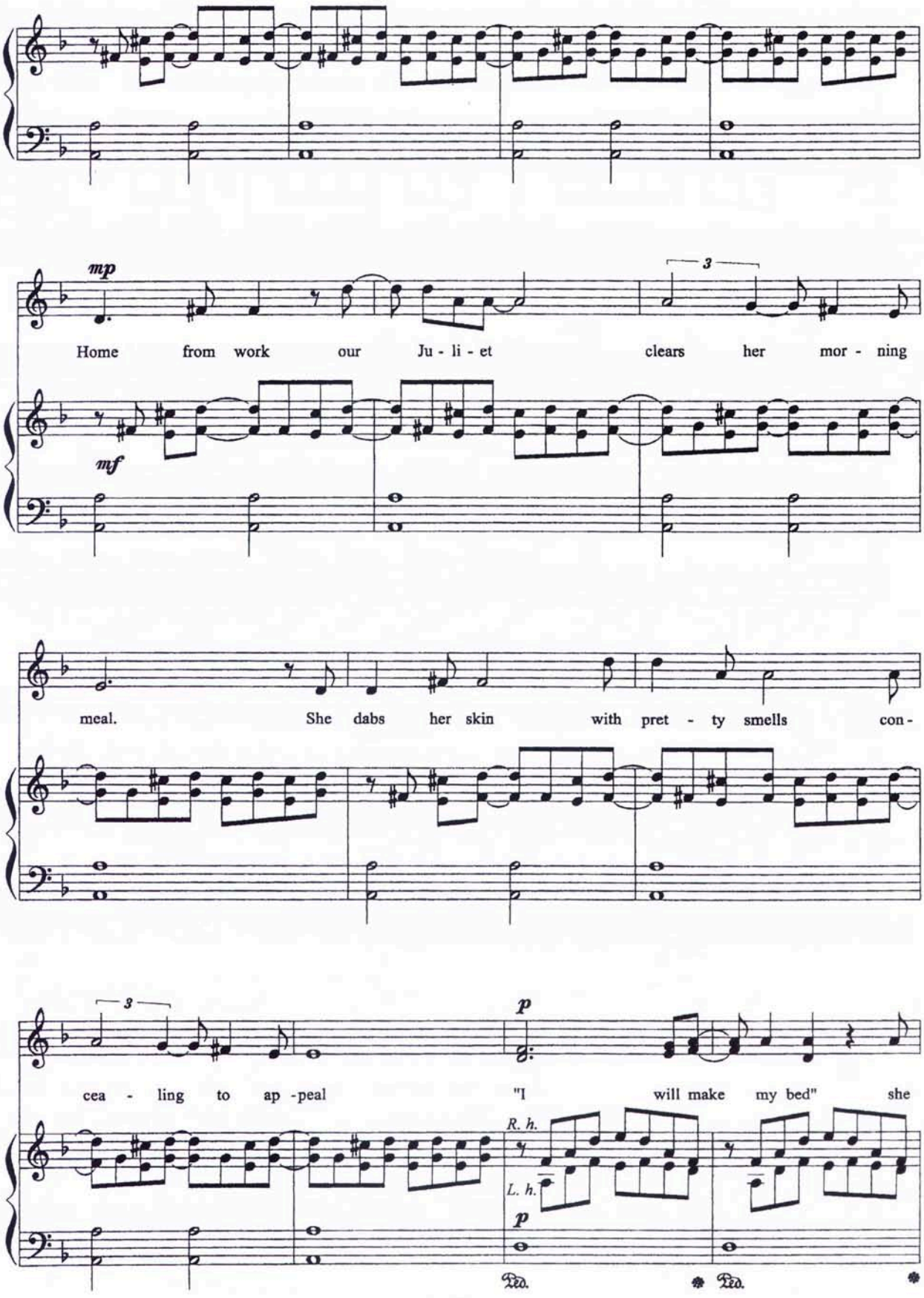

mf
mp
f
mf
mp
mf
mf
f
mf
mf

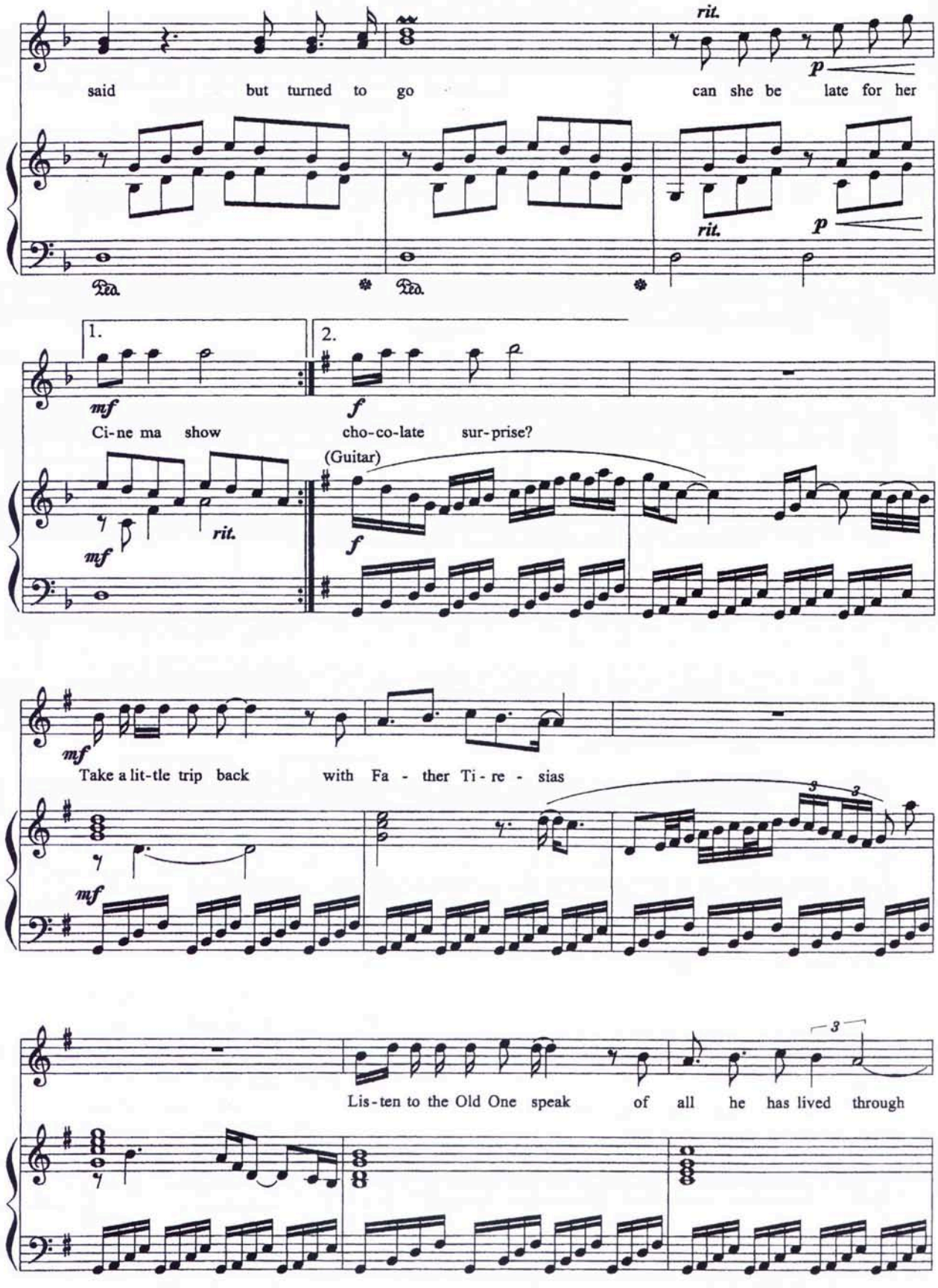

mf
(Flute)
mf
mf
mf
Repeat and fade
mf
Repeat and fade

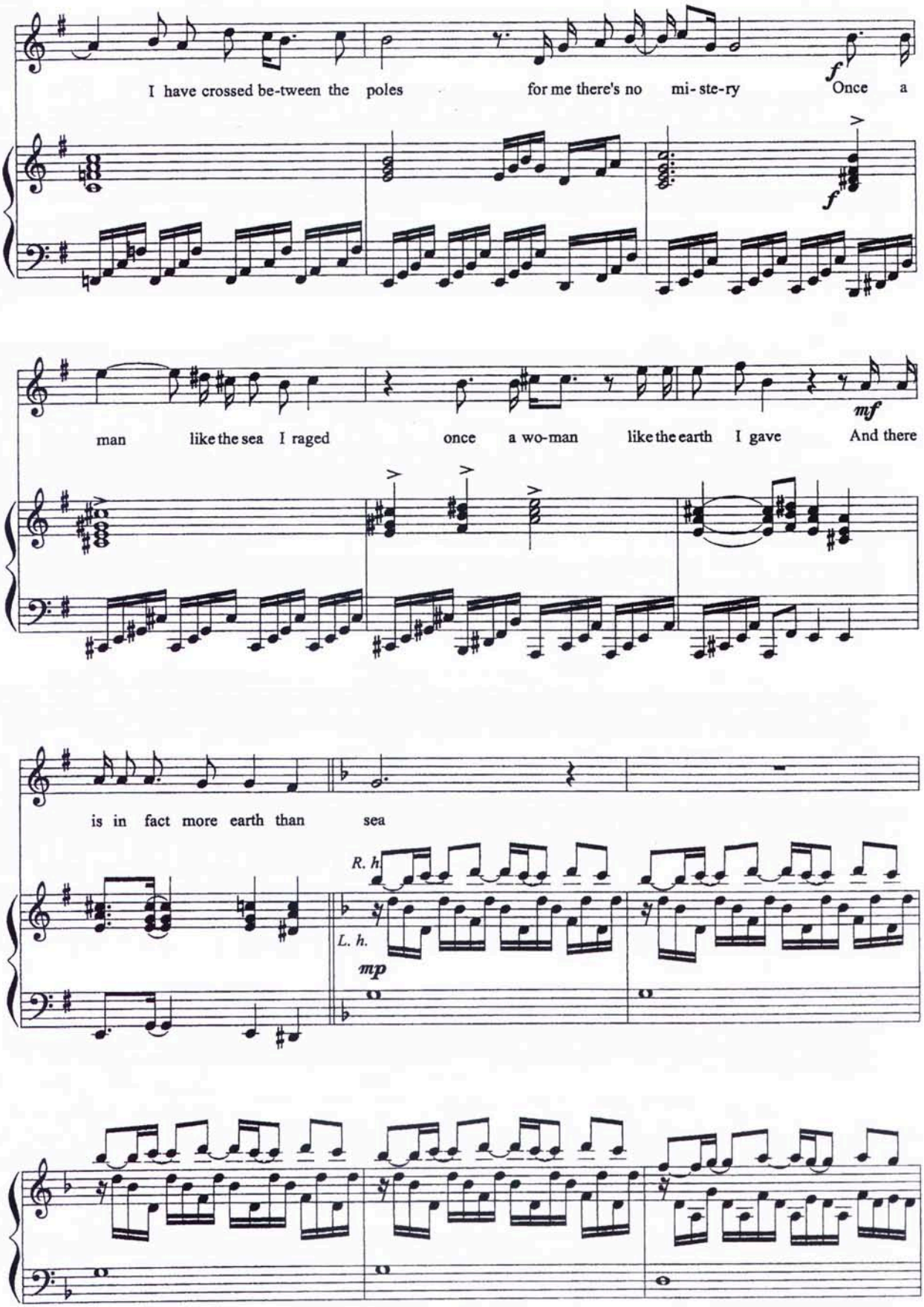
The cinema show

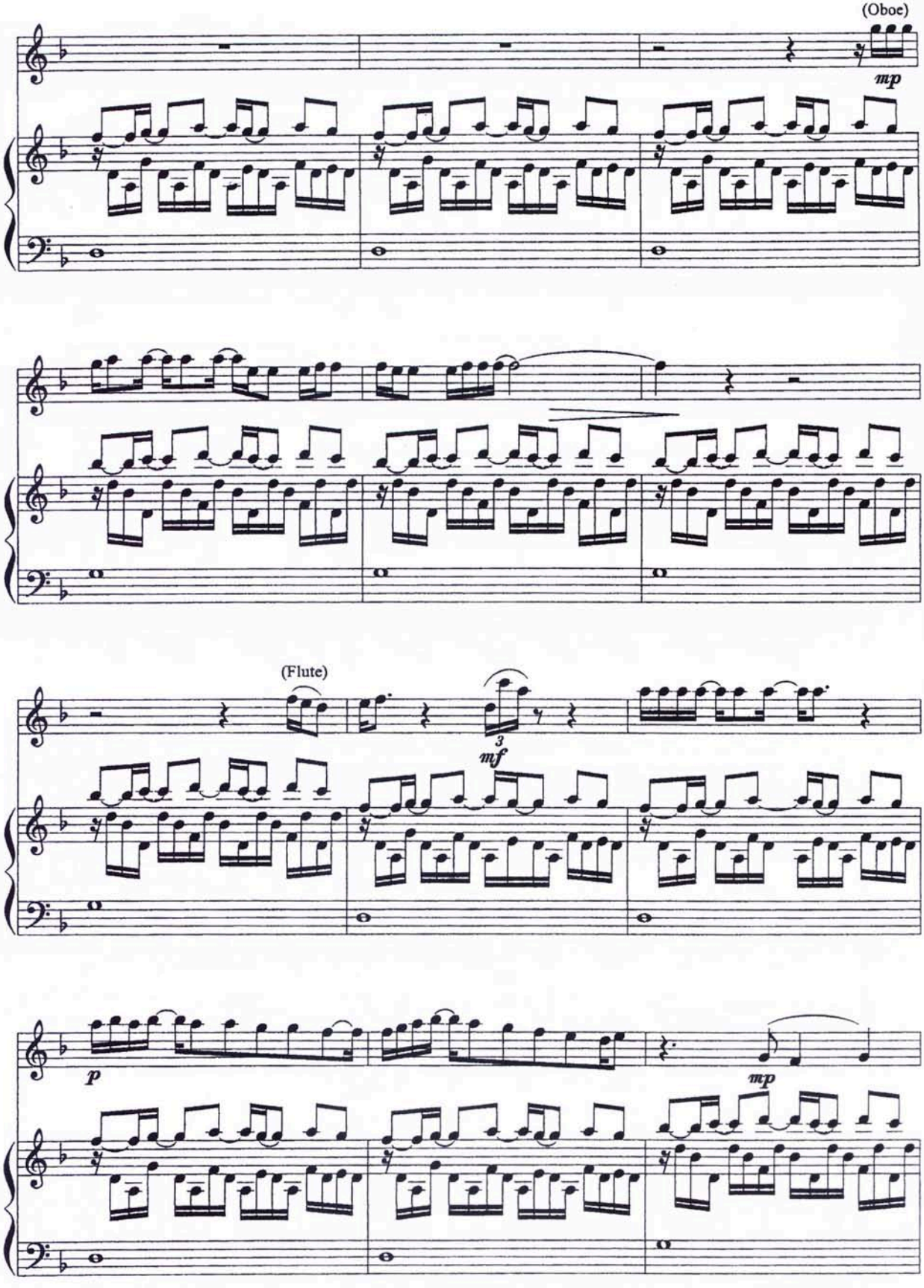
T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford

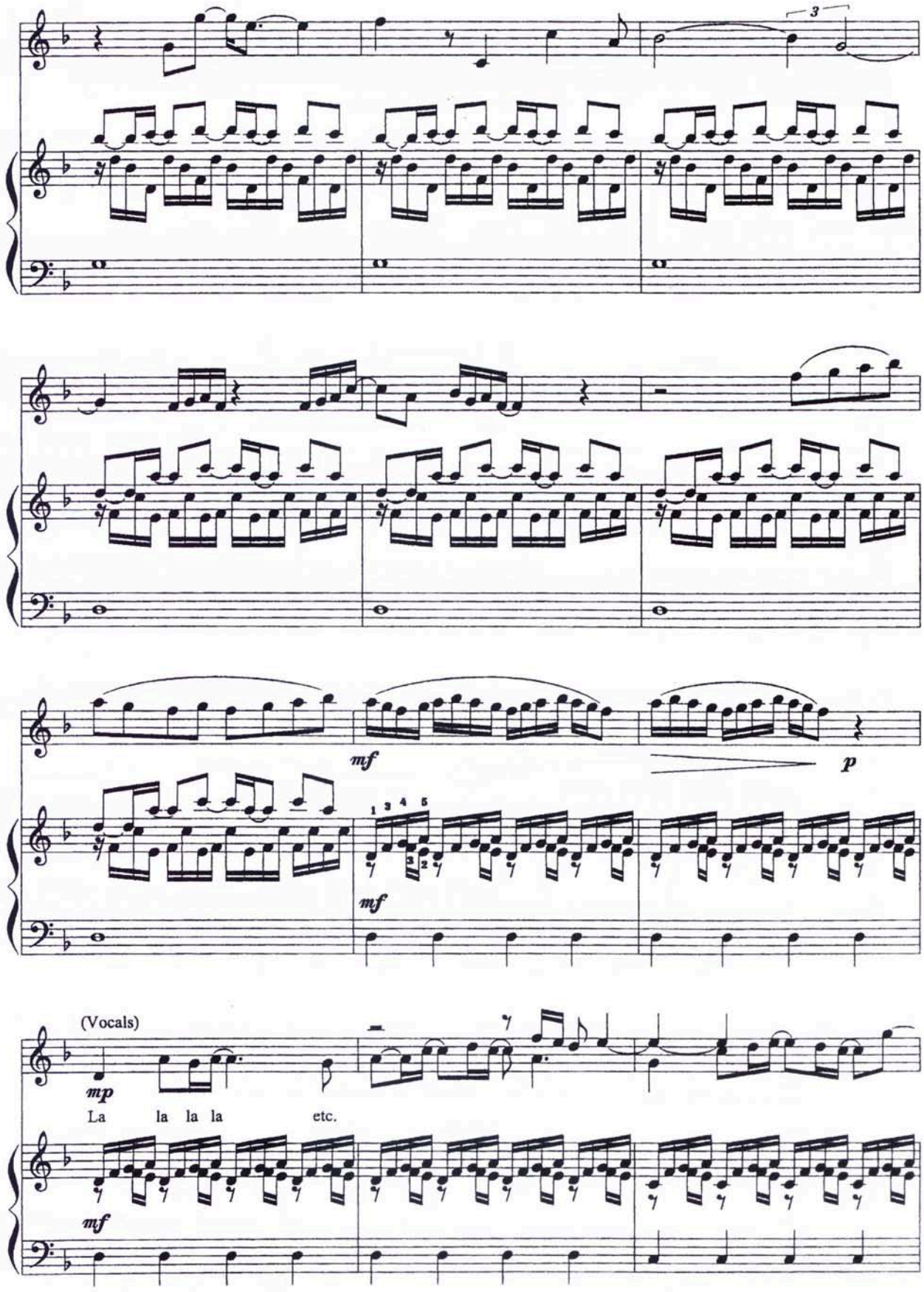


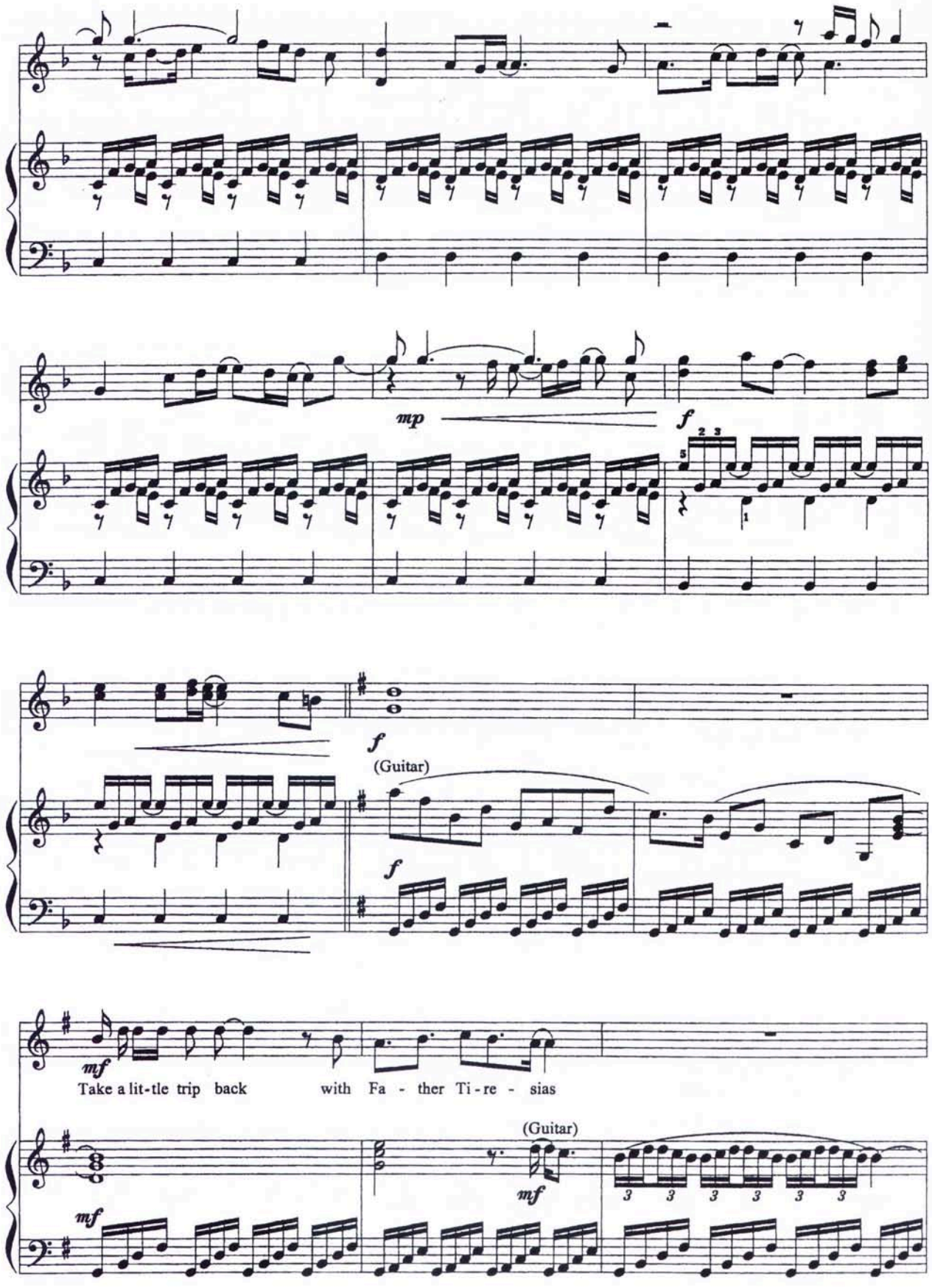

mp
3
Home from work our Ju - li - et clears her mor - ning
mf
meal. She dabs her skin with pret - ty smells con -
3
p
cea - ling to ap - peal "I will make my bed" she
R. h.
L. h.
p
Ped.
Ped.

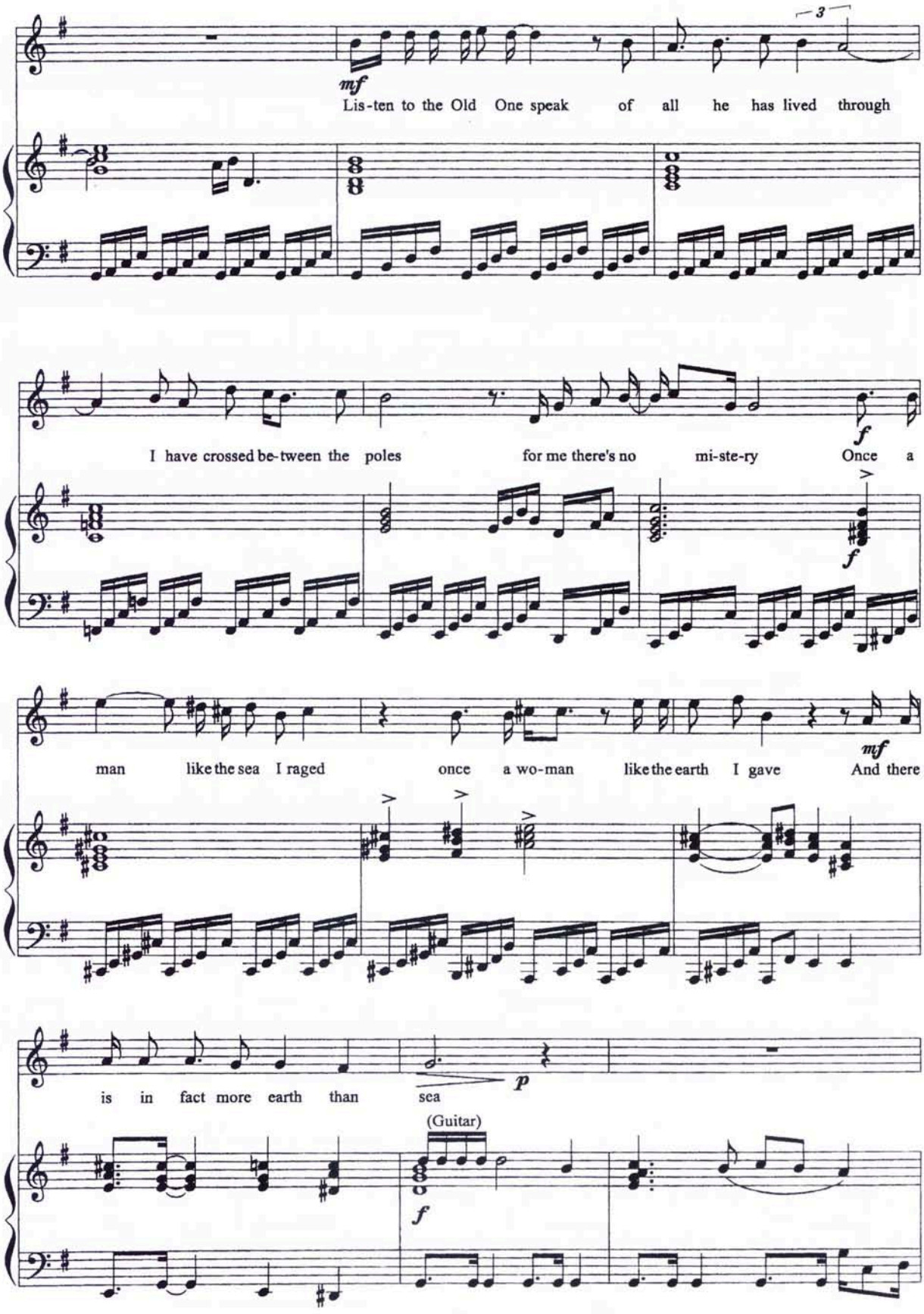

said but turned to go
rit.
p
can she be late for her
Ped.
Ped.
rit.
p
1.
2.
mf
f
Ci-ne ma show
cho-co-late sur-prise?
(Guitar)
mf
rit.
f
mf
Take a lit-tle trip back with Fa - ther Ti - re - sias
3
3
mf
3
Lis-ten to the Old One speak of all he has lived through

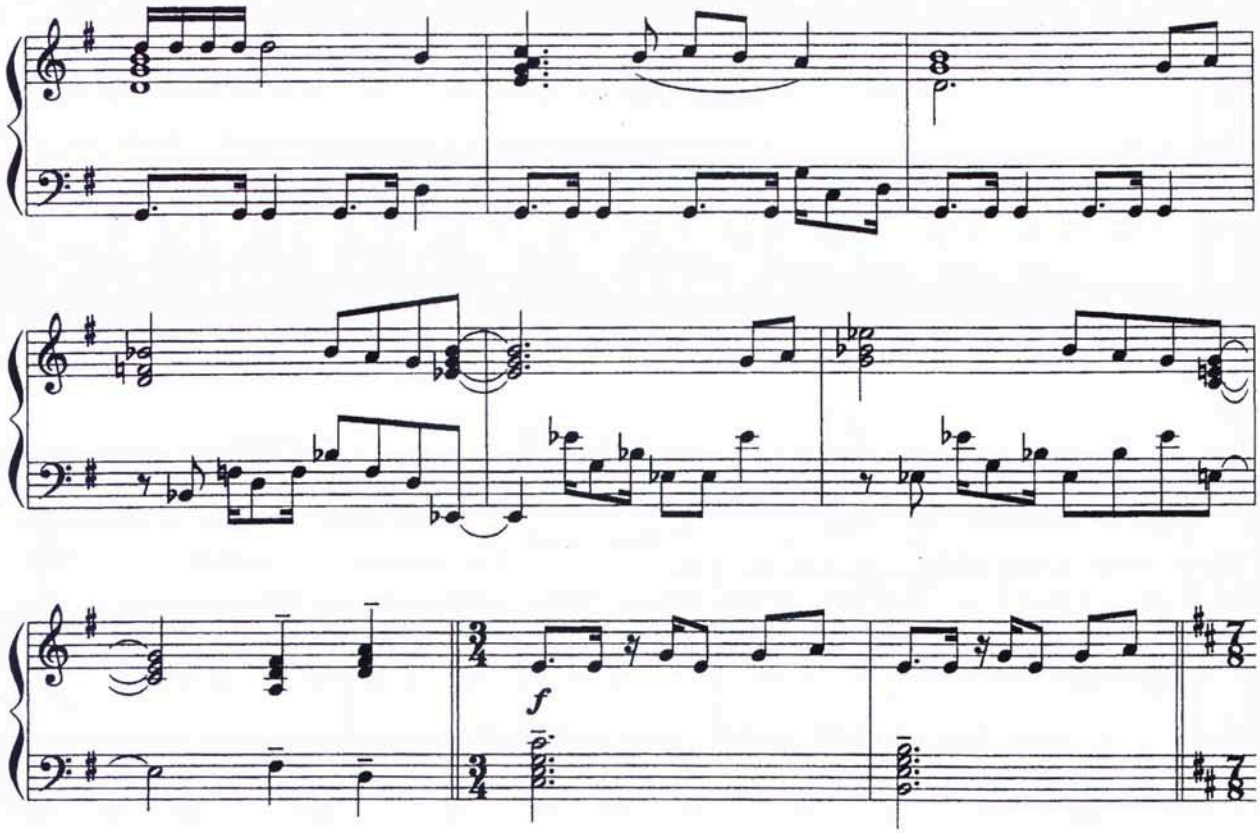

I have crossed be-tween the poles
for me there's no mi- ste-ry
f
Once a
man like the sea I raged
once a wo-man like the earth I gave
mf
And there
is in fact more earth than sea
R. h.
L. h.
mp


(Oboe)
mp
(Flute)
3
mf
p
mp

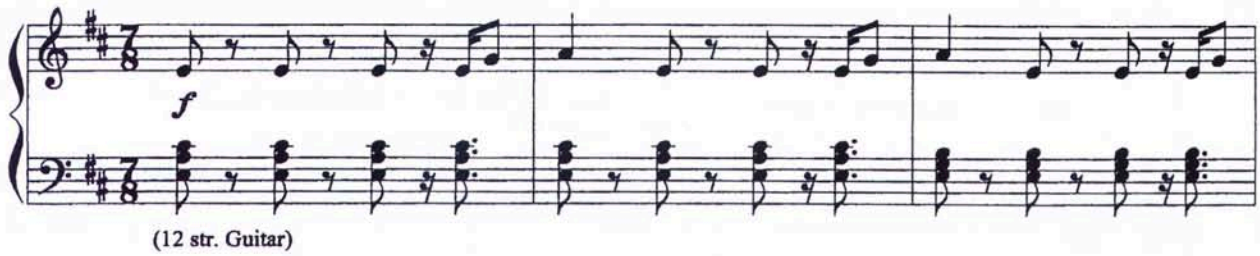

3
mf
p
mf
(Vocals)
mp
La la la la etc.
mf


mp
f
f
(Guitar)
f
mf
Take a lit-tle trip back with Fa - ther Ti - re - sias
(Guitar)
mf
mf

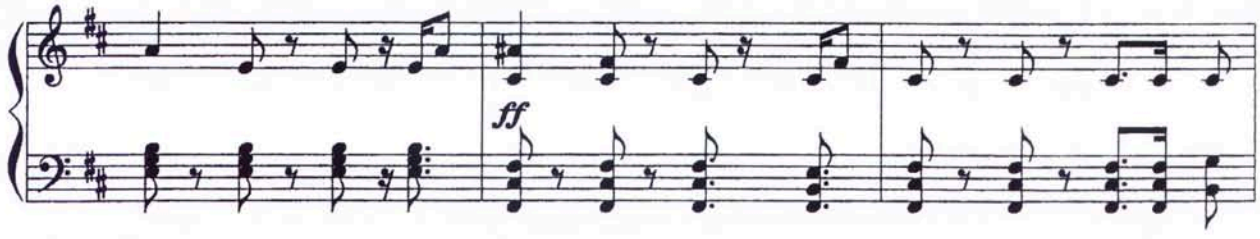

3
mf
Lis-ten to the Old One speak of all he has lived through
I have crossed be-tween the poles for me there's no mi-ste-ry Once a
f
f
man like the sea I raged once a wo-man like the earth I gave And there
mf
is in fact more earth than sea
p
(Guitar)
f

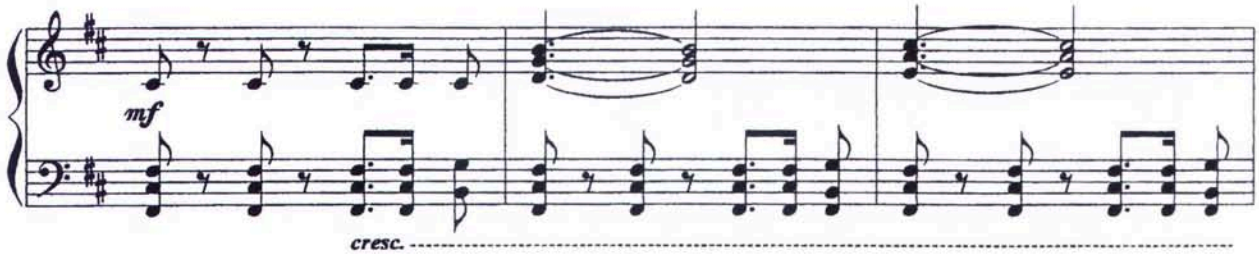


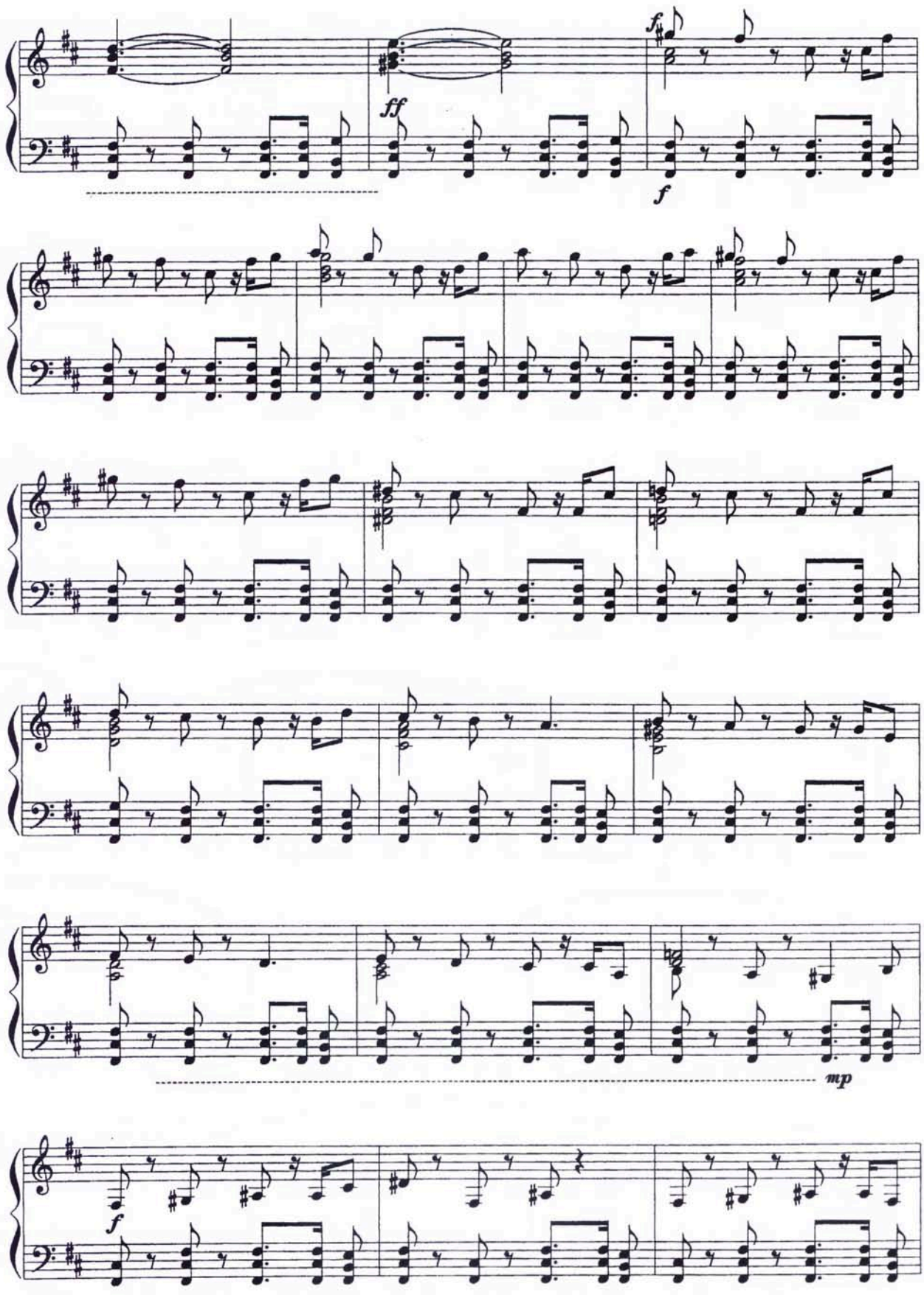
Più mosso ♩= 126

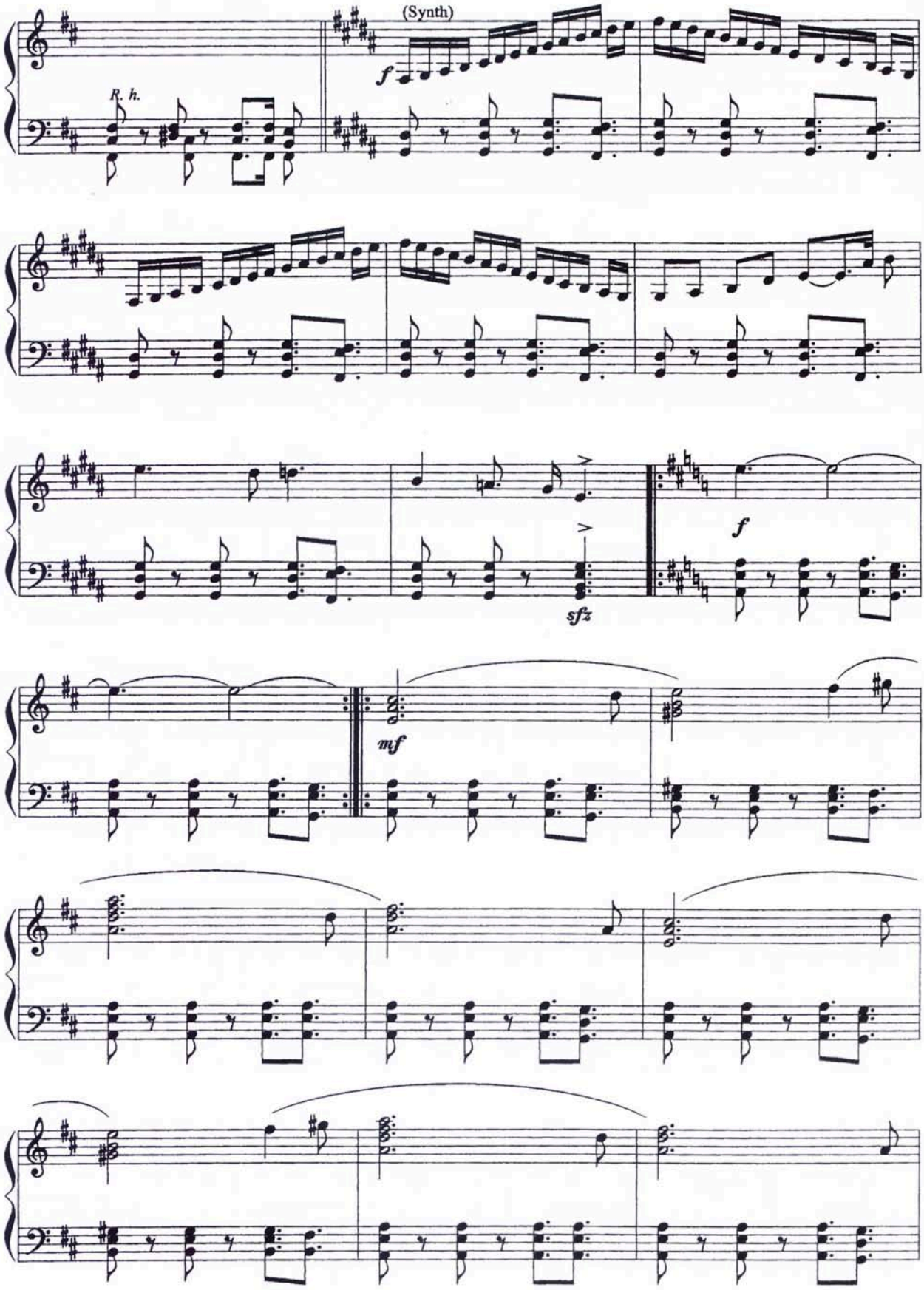


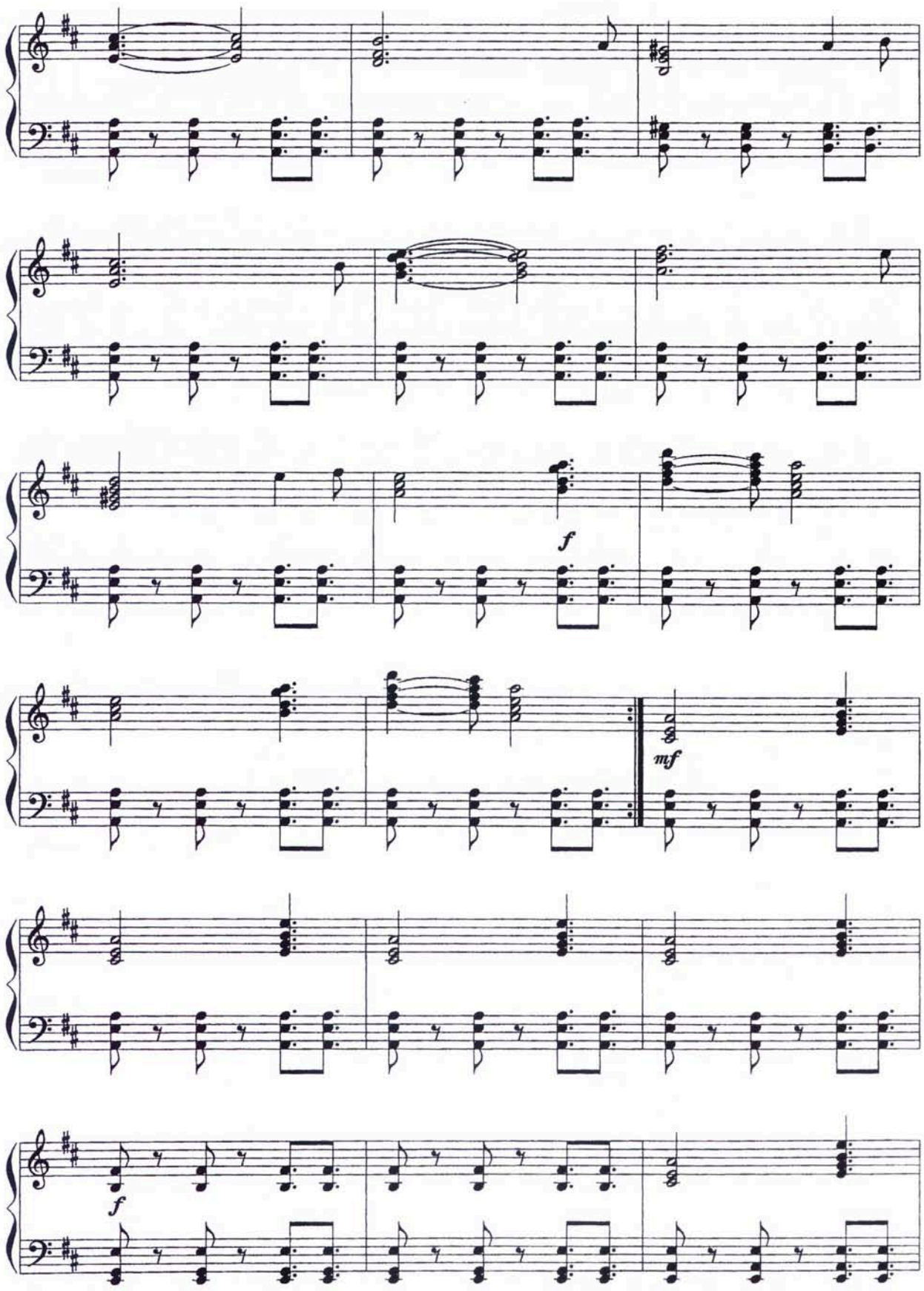
(12 str. Guitar)

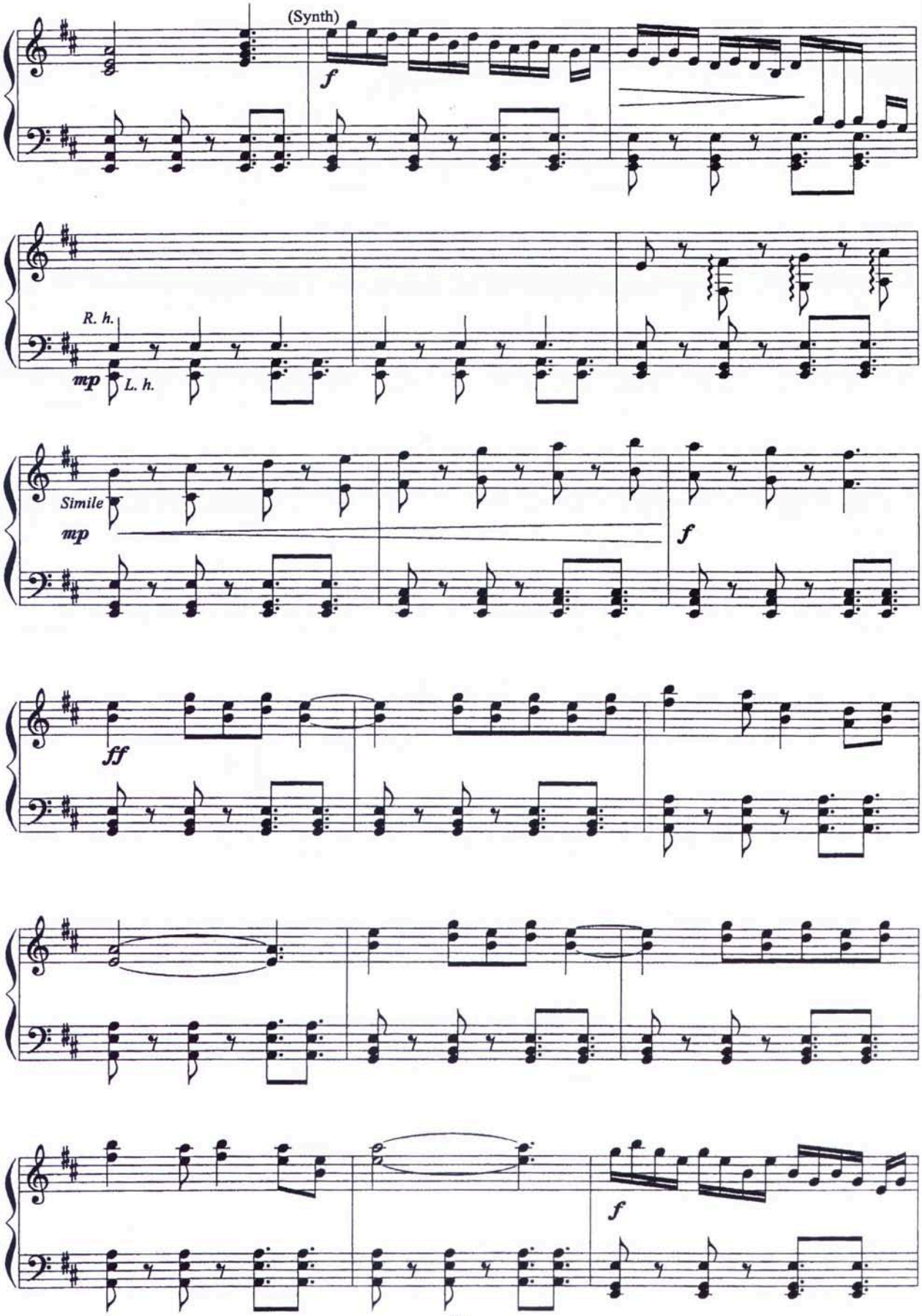


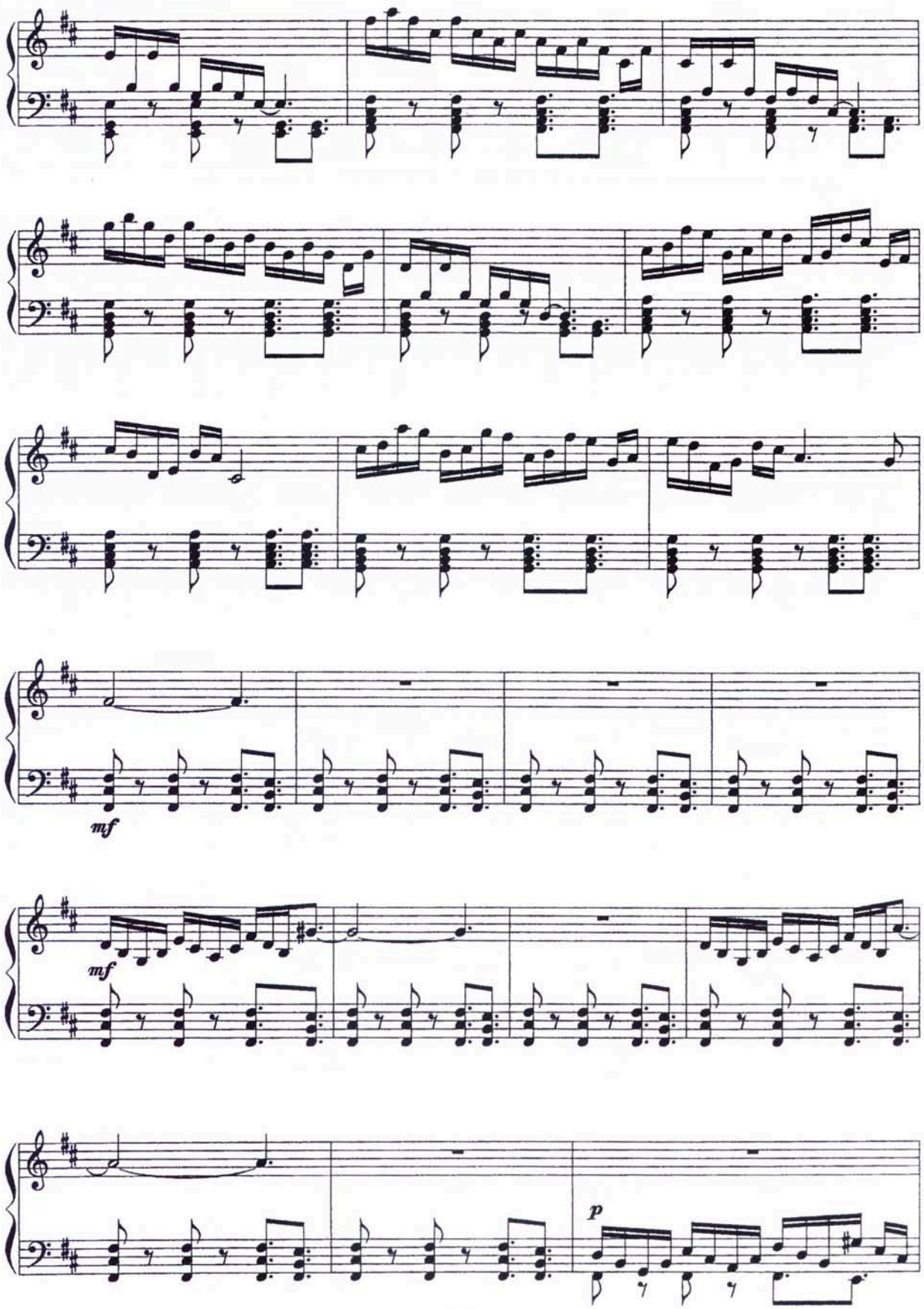


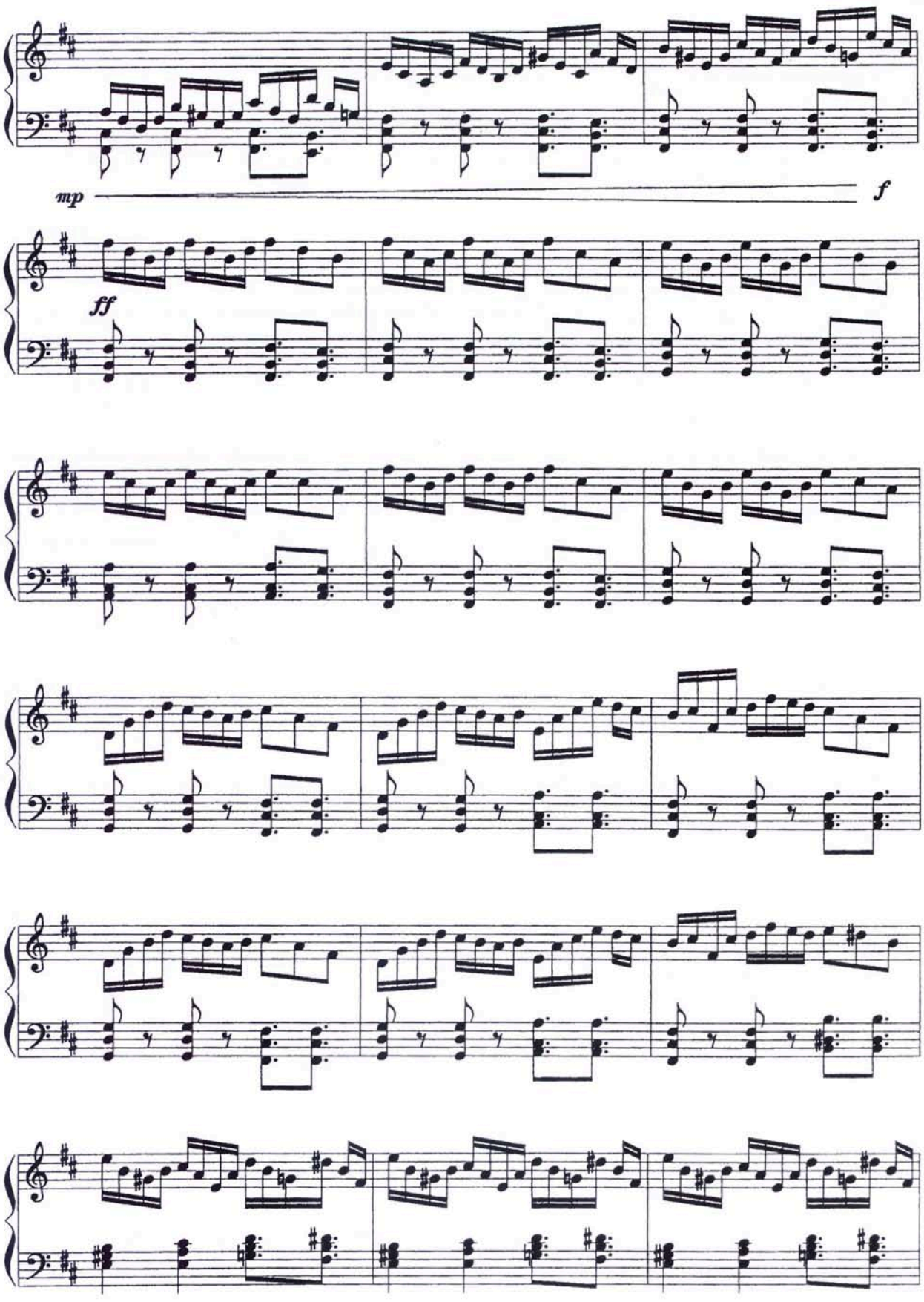

ff
f
f
mp
f

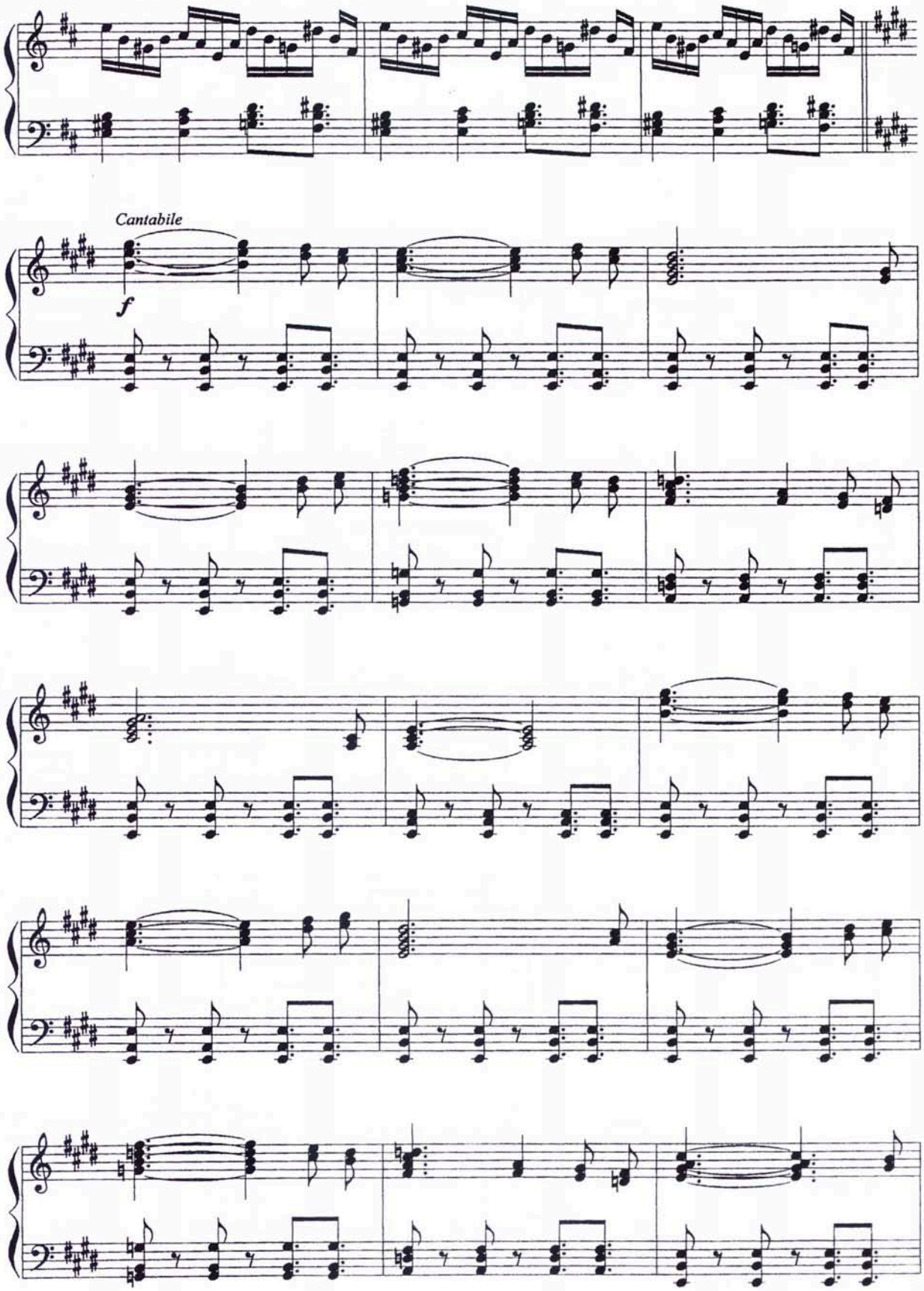

(Synth)
f
R. h.
sfz
f
mf

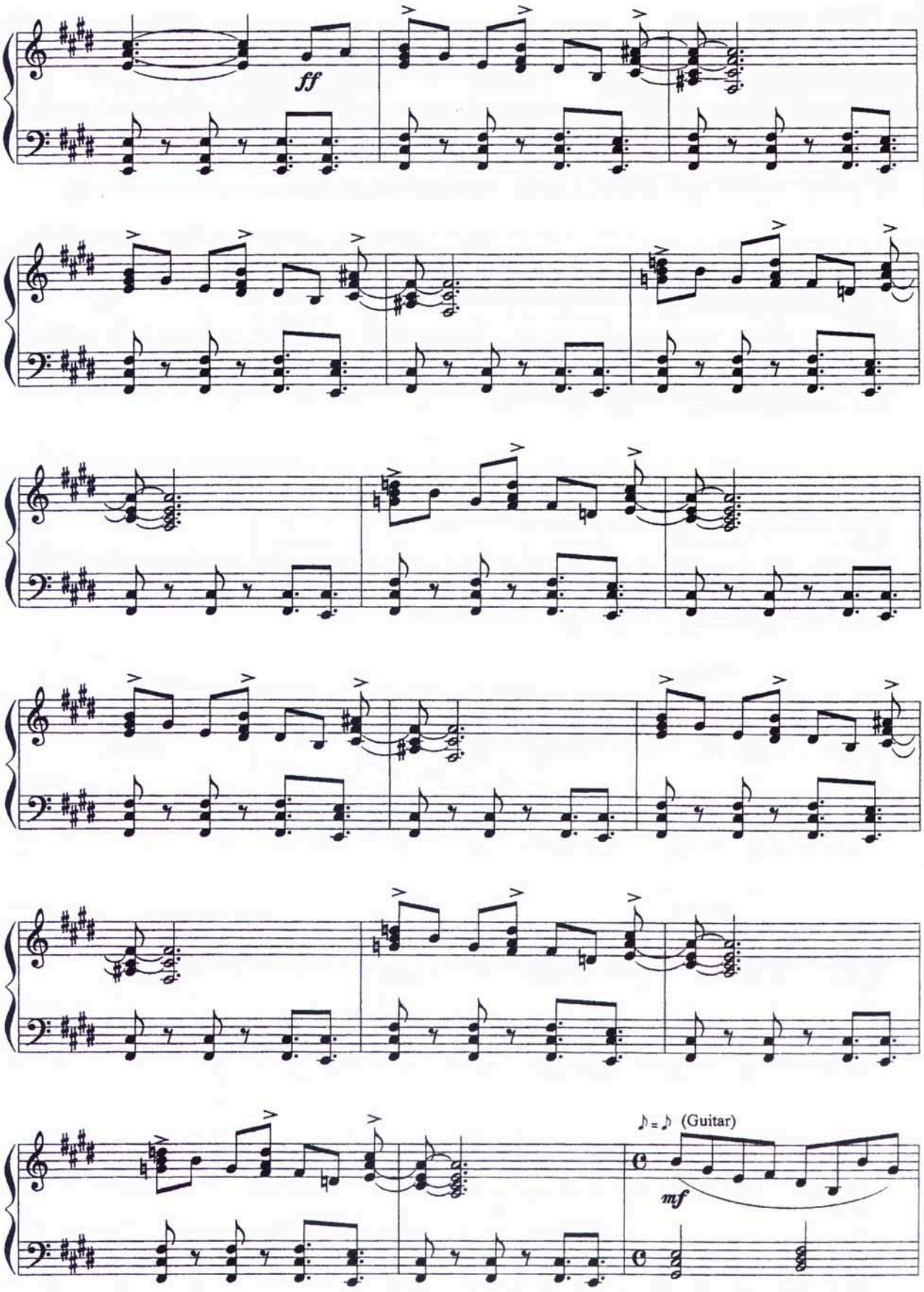

f
mf
f

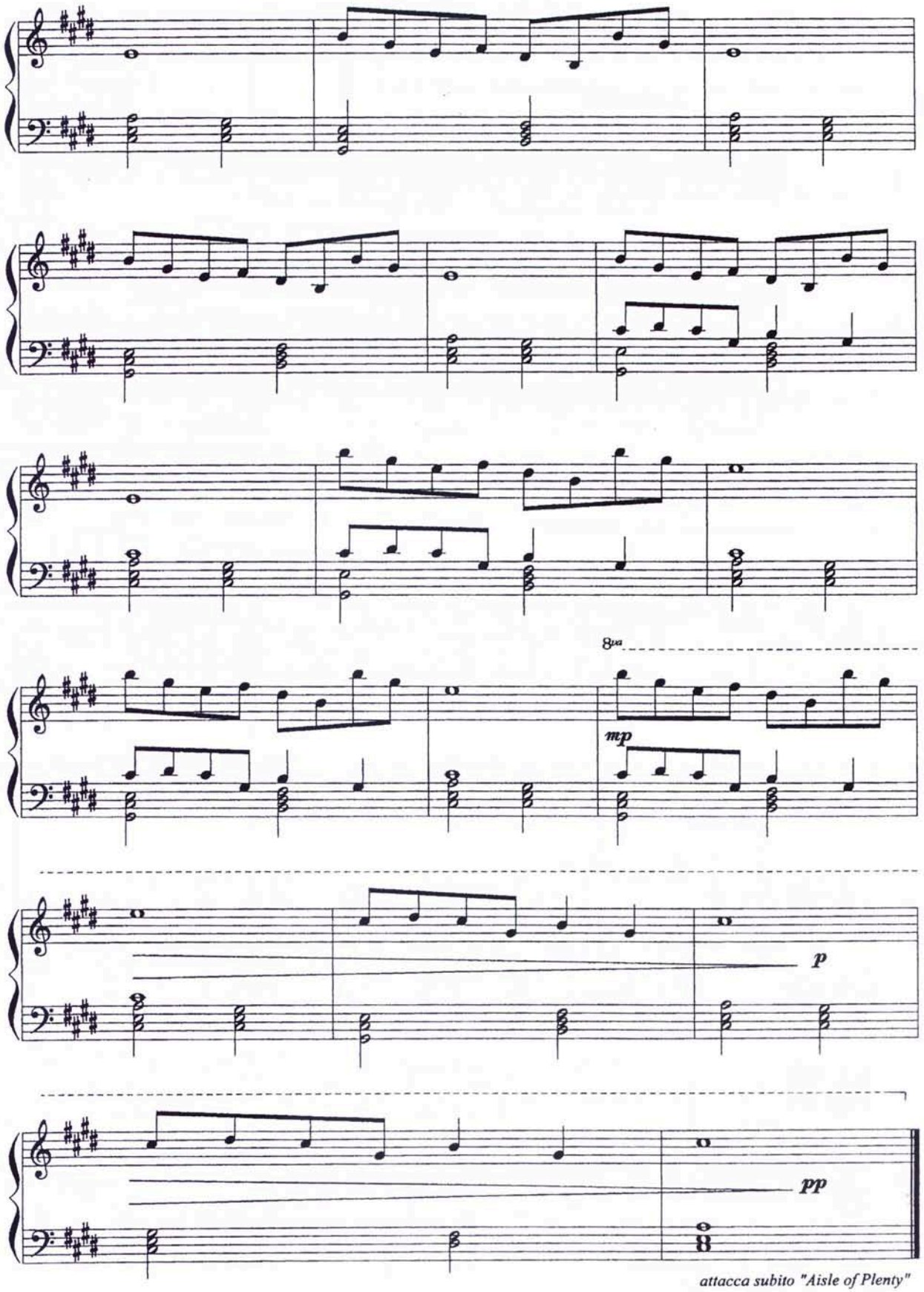

(Synth)
f
R. h.
mp
L. h.
Simile
mp
f
ff
f


mf
mf
p


mp
f
ff


Cantabile
f

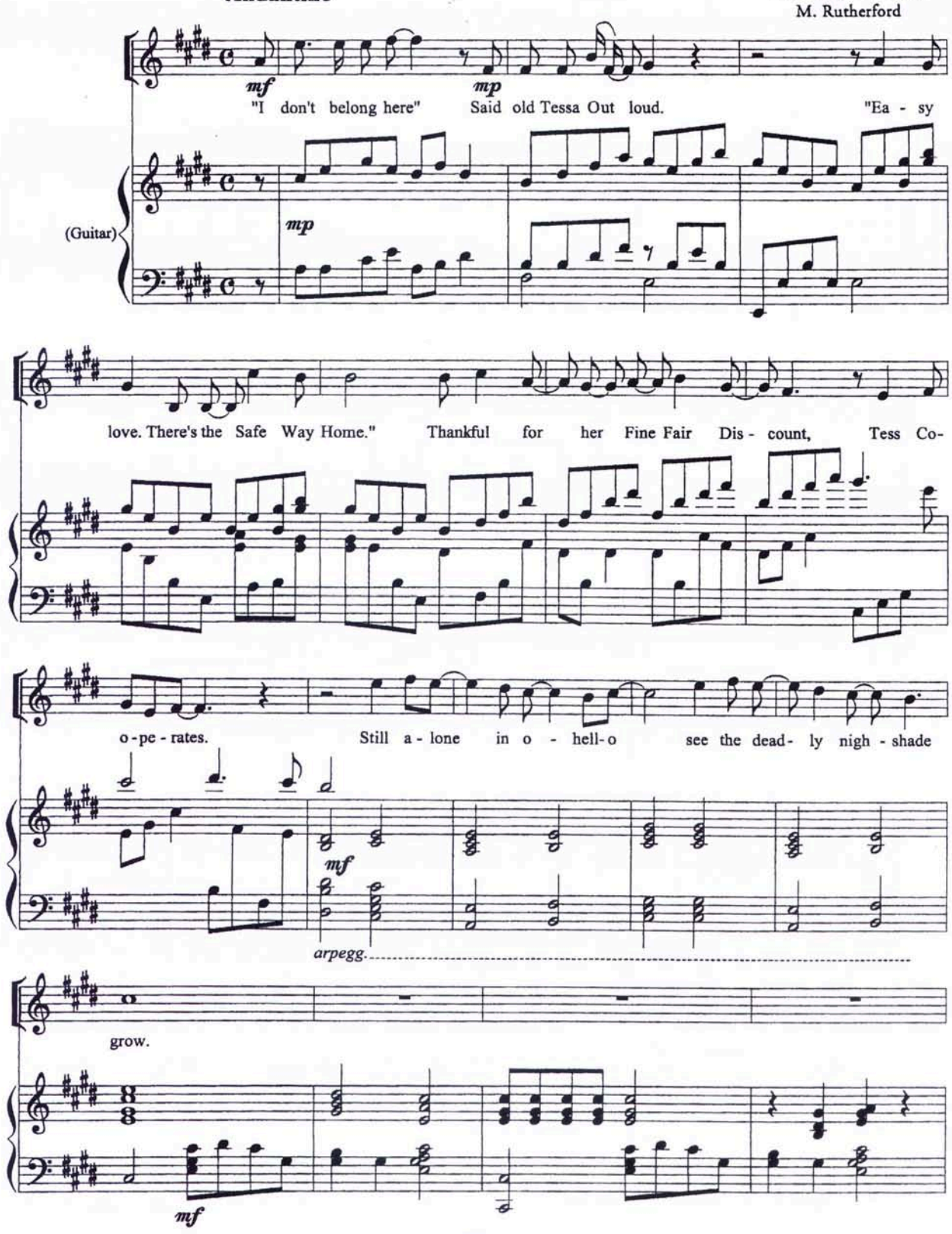

ff
♪ = ♪ (Guitar)
mf

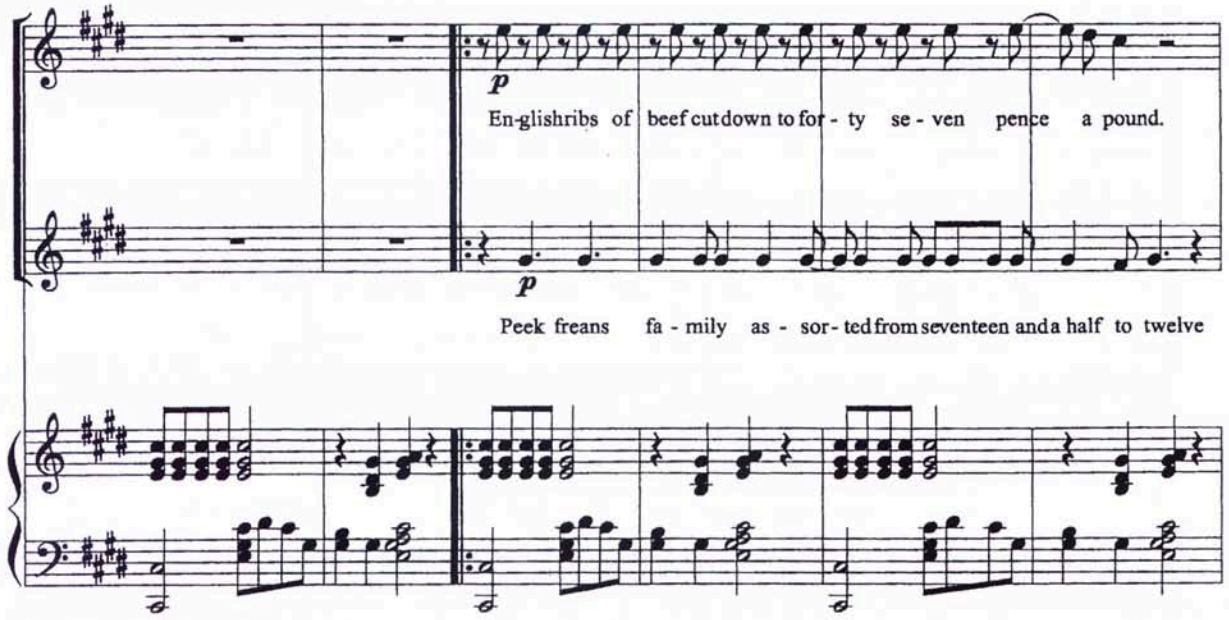


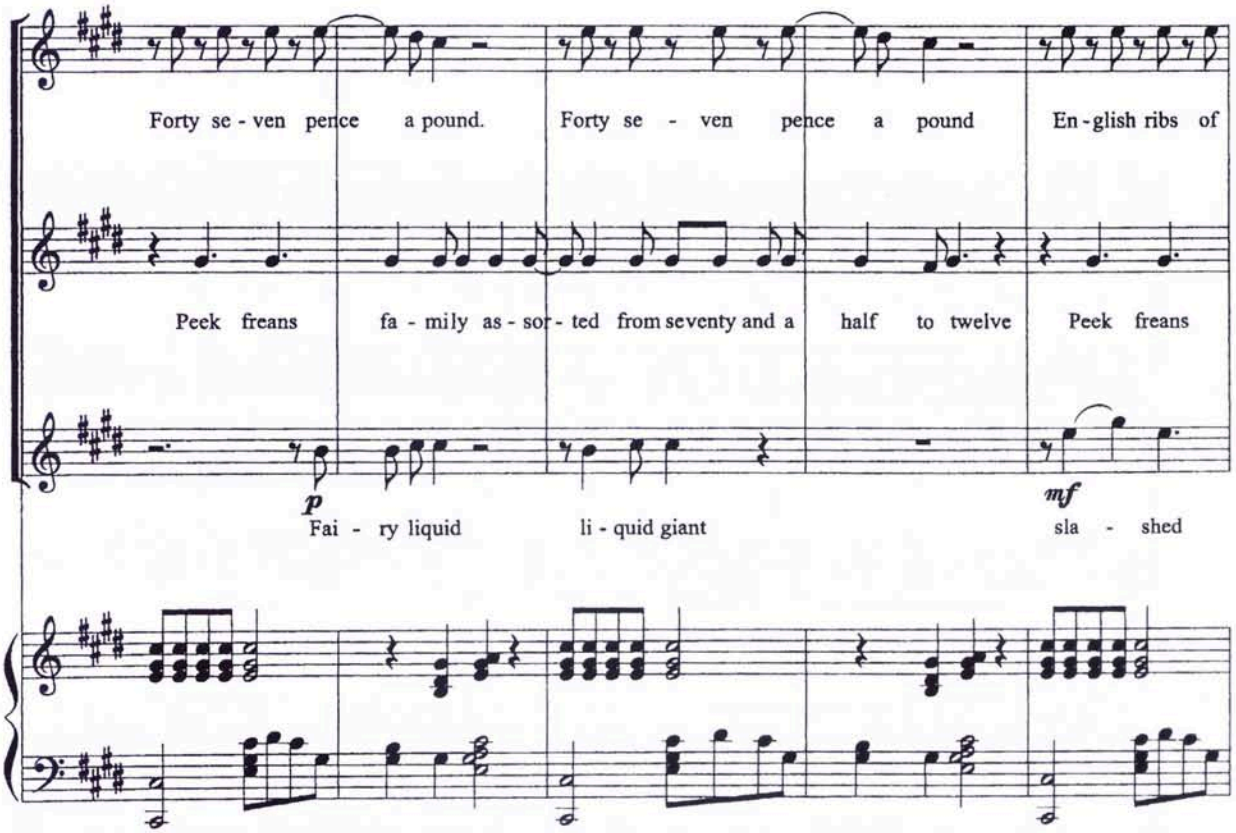
attacca subito "Aisle of Plenty"

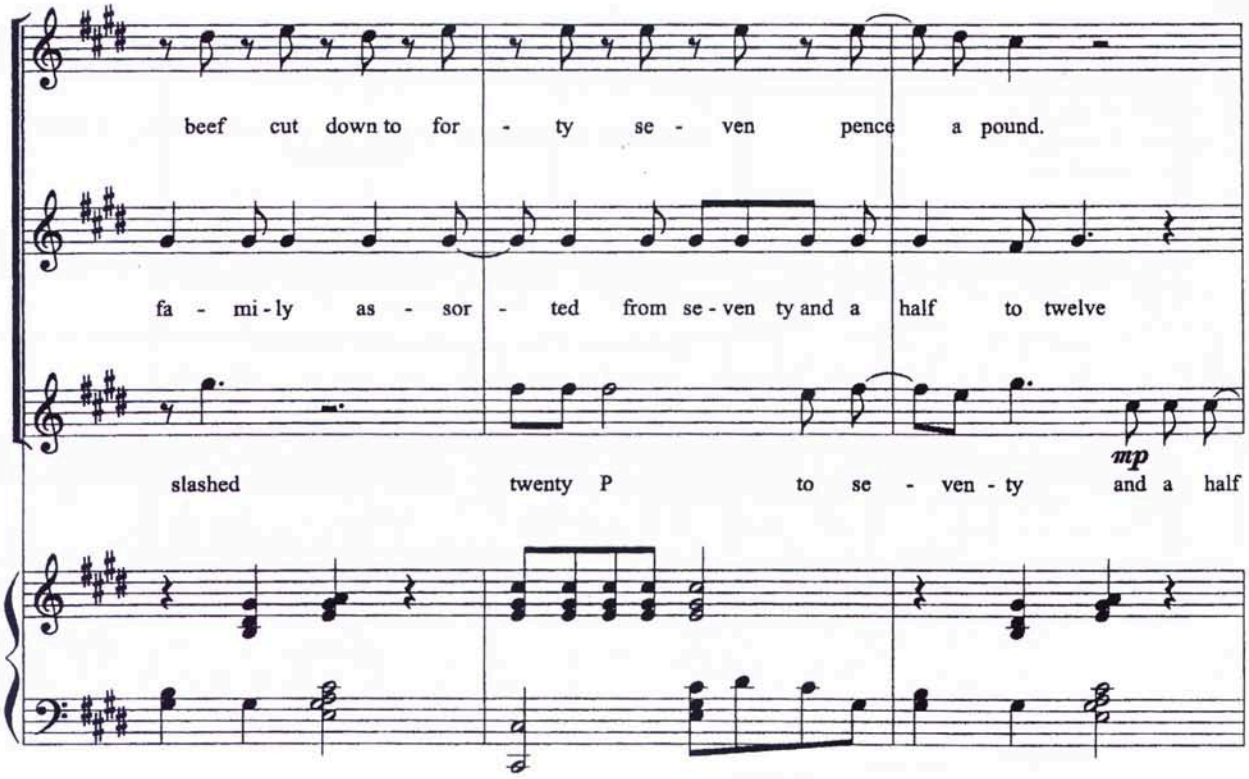
Aisle of plenty

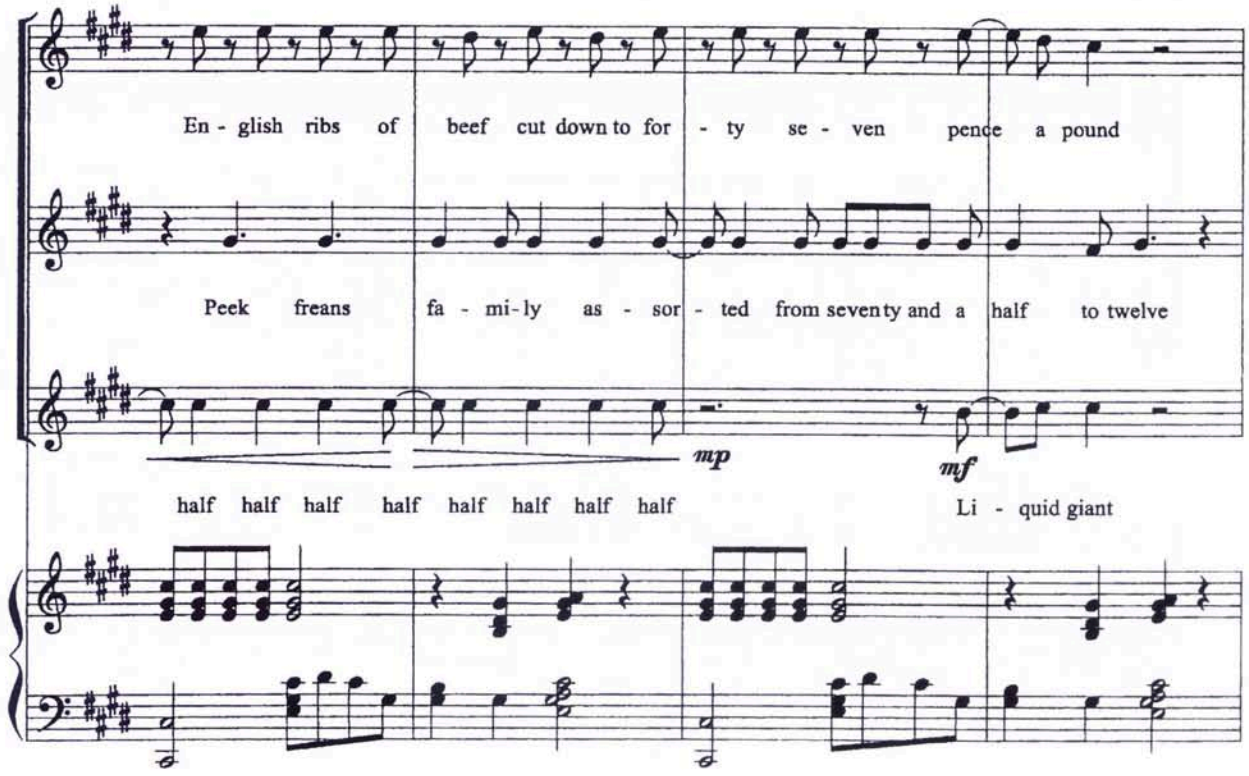
A. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford

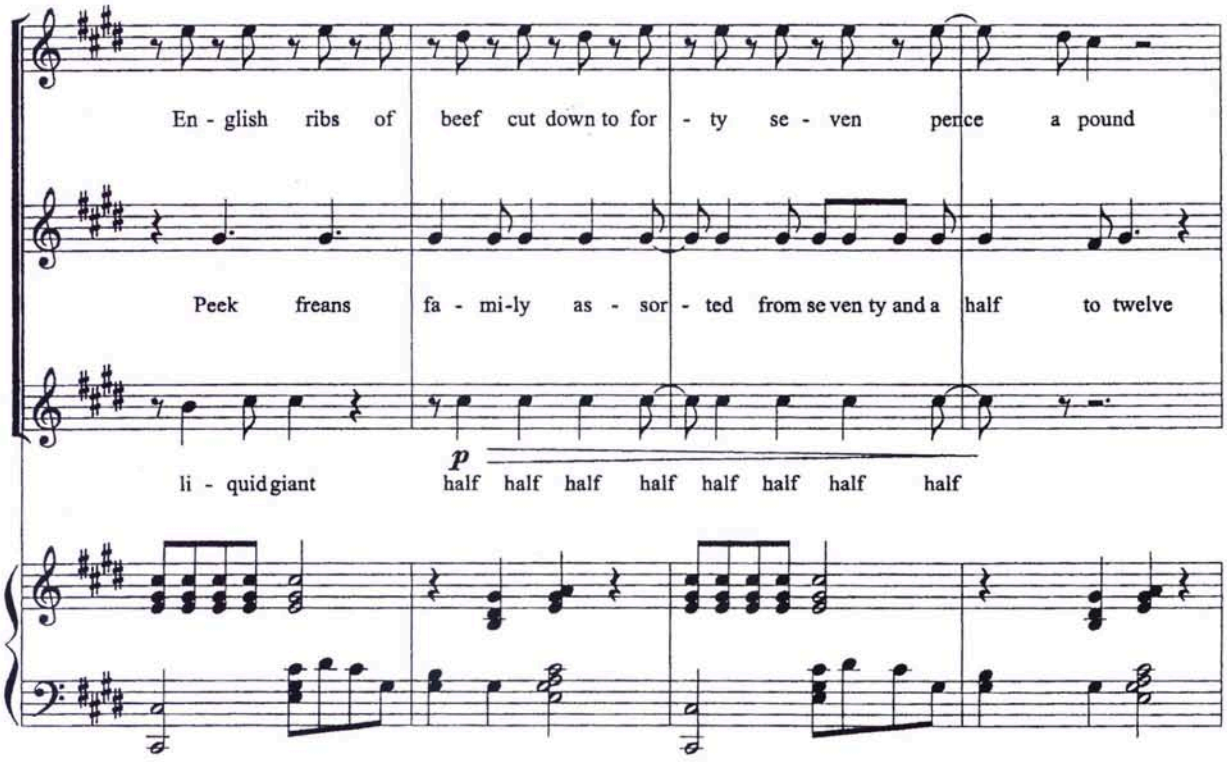


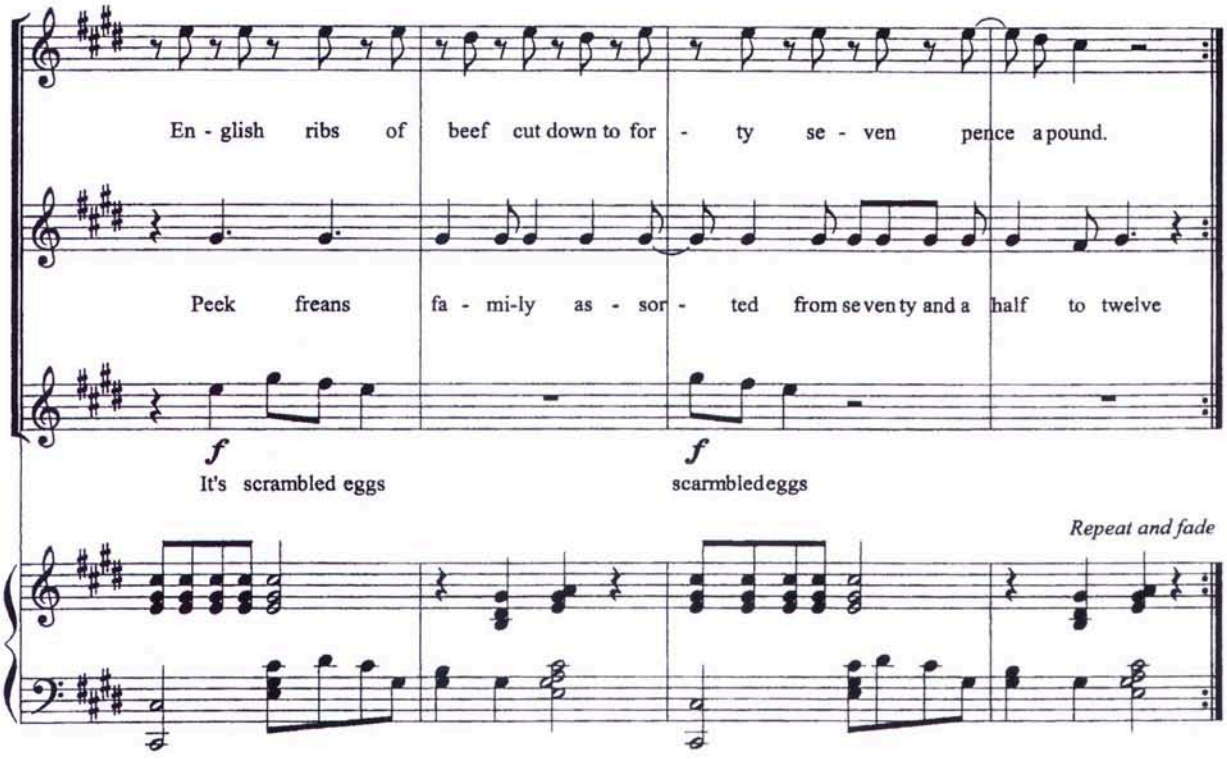

p
En-glishribs of beef cutdown to for - ty se - ven pence a pound.
p
Peek freans fa - mily as - sor - tedfromseventeen anda half to twelve


Forty se - ven pence a pound.
Forty se - ven pence a pound
En - glish ribs of
Peek freans
fa - mily as - sor - ted from seventy and a
half to twelve
Peek freans
p
Fai - ry liquid
li - quid giant
mf
sla - shed


beef cut down to for - ty se - ven pence a pound.
fa - mi - ly as - sor - ted from se - ven ty and a half to twelve
mp
slashed twenty P to se - ven - ty and a half


En - glish ribs of beef cut down to for - ty se - ven pence a pound
Peek freans fa - mi - ly as - sor - ted from seventy and a half to twelve
mp
mf
half half half half half half half half
Li - quid giant


En - glish ribs of beef cut down to for - ty se - ven pence a pound
Peek freans fa - mi-ly as - sor - ted from se ven ty and a half to twelve
p
li - quid giant half half half half half half half half


En - glish ribs of beef cut down to for - ty se - ven pence a pound.
Peek freans fa - mi-ly as - sor - ted from se ven ty and a half to twelve
f
It's scrambled eggs
f
scarmbled eggs
Repeat and fade