

St Stephen Intro

0:38 / 14:47

0:43 / 14:47

0:53 / 14:47

1:03 / 14:47

1:11 / 14:47

St Stephen (Live Dead)

Intro

B D - A E - E D - A B - B A - D E - E D - A B

E-D-A riff E D A A 10 times

E D
Saint Stephen with a rose,
A E
In and out of the garden he goes,
E D
Country garden in the wind and the rain,
No chord E
Wherever he goes the people all complain.

E-D-A riff E D A A 2 times

E D
Did Stephen prosper in his time?
A E
Well he may and he may decline.
E D
Did it matter, does it now?
No chord E
Stephen would answer if he only knew how.

Riff in E - B Short Solo E D A A 2 times

E D
Wishing well with a golden bell,
A E
Bucket hanging clear to hell,
E D
Hell halfway twixt now and then,
No chord G A E
Stephen fill it up and lower down and lower down again.

E D A E
Lady finger, dipped in moonlight,
D A E D
Writing "What for?" across the morning sky.
E D A E
Sunlight splatters, dawn with answers,
D A E D
Darkness shrugs and bids the day goodbye.
D E D A E
Speeding arrow, sharp and narrow,
D A E D
What a lot of fleeting matters you have spurned.
E D A E
Several seasons with their treasons,
D E D
Wrap the babe in scarlet colors call it your own

Play riff all together

E **D**
Did he doubt or did he try?

A **E**
Answers aplenty in the bye and bye,

E **D**
Talk about your plenty, talk about your ills,

No chord **E**
One man gathers what another man spills.

[Short drum interlude] E - 8 times EA 8 times

Play riff all together

E **D**
Saint Stephen will remain,

A **E**
All he's lost he shall regain,

E **D**
Seashore washed by the suds and foam,

No chord **E**
Been here so long, he's got to calling it home.

E
Fortune comes a crawlin', calliope woman,

D **A** **E**
Spinnin' that curious sense of your own.

E **D**
Can you answer? Yes I can.

A **E** **D**
But what would be the answer to the answer man?

[William Tell]

B
High green chilly winds and windy vines
In loops around the twisted shafts of lavender,

A
They're crawling to the sun.

Wonder who will water all the children of the garden
When they sigh about the barren lack of rain
and Droop so hungry neath the sky.

I B /// I Abm /// I B /// I A / F#m / I

Underfoot the ground is patched
With arms of ivy wrapped around the manzanita,
Stark and shiny in the breeze.

I E / B / I Abm / A / I B / Abm / I F#m D

William Tell has stretched his bow
till it won't stretch No furthermore
And/or it may require a change that hasn't come before.