GENESIS

SELLING ENGLAND BY THE POUND

COMPLETE PIANO VOCAL SCORE

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Dancing with the Moonlight Knight

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

Andante $J = 116$

Can you tell me where my country lies? Said the unicorn to his true love: "Yes, it lies with me."

Cried the Queen of Maybe. Former merchant, he traded in his prize.

Paper late! Cried a voice in the crowd. Mh-mh

Old man dies! The note he left was signed "Old Father Thames."
seems he's drowned selling England by the pound.

Citizens of Hope and Glory Time goes by it's the "Time of your life".

Easy now. Sit you down. Chewing through your Wimpy dreams, they eat without a sound.

Digesting England by the pound!
Young man says: "You are what you eat; eat well"

Old man says: "You are what you wear; wear well!"

You know what you are; you don't give a damn!

Burst-ing your belt that is your home-made sham. The cap-tain leads his

accelerando
Più mosso

dance right on through the night. Join the

dance... Follow on! Till the Grail sun sets in the mould.

Follow on till the gold is cold. Dancing out with the Moon-light Knight -

Presto $= 170$

Knights of the Green Shield stamp and shout.
There's a fat old la 

dy out-side the sa-

do, Laying out the cre-dit cards she plays For-

der The deck is un-

e-ven right from the start 

and all of their hands are play-ing a part. Cap-

tain leads his dance right on
through the night.

Join the dance... Follow on

Around

Marcato

table talkin' down we go -

You're the show! Off we go with you play the hobby horse I'll play the

foot. We'll tease the bull ring- ing round and loud loud and round. Follow on With a

Twist of the world we go...

Follow on! Till the gold is cold. Dancing out with the
Presto  \( \text{\textcopyright } \)  170

moon-lit knight  Knights of the Green Shield stamp and shout!
I know what I like
(In your wardrobe)

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

Andantino \( \text{m}^{\text{a}} \) = 84

(Spoken) It's one o'clock and time for lunch. Don dee don dee don don. When the sun beats down and I lie on the bench, I can always hear them talk.

There's al ways been E - thel: Jakob wake up you gotta tidy your room now

And then Mister Lewis: Isn't it time that he was out on his own?

Over the gar - den wall two little lovebirds cuckoo to you! keep them mowing blades sharp.
I know what I like, and I like what I know. Getting better in your wardrobe, stepping one beyond your show.

Your show, dey dey nah nah nah nah dey dey nah nah nah

dey dey nah nah nah nah dey dey nah nah nah show.
I know what I like and I like what I know, getting better in your wardrobe stepping

(Spoken)

one beyond your show

When the sun beats down and I lie on the bench I can always hear them talk. Me? I'm just a lawnmower you can

17
tell me by the way I walk
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

Allegro con brio $J = 90$

Simile

mp

mf
Andante $J=60$

The path is clear though no eyes can see

the course laid down long before

And so with gods and men the sheep remain inside

their pen, though many times they've seen the way to leave.
He rides majestic past homes of men who care not or gaze with joy.

To see reflected there the trees, the sky, the lily fair, the
Scene of death is lying just below.

Mountain cuts off the town from view, like a cancer growth is removed by skill. Let it be revealed.

A Waterfall,
his madrigal, an inland sea, his

symphony

Na na na na na!

Undinial songs

urge the sailors on till hured by the
Now as the river dissolves in sea so

Neptune has claimed another soul.
And so with gods and men the sheep remained inside their pen until the shepherd leads his flock away.

The sands of time were eroded by the river of
More fool me

Andantino $J = 80$

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

Here am I
while away the mornings
since you've gone.
Too long have I
lain alone
not knowing which way to turn.
And there you are
quite sure that
you were right  
acknowledging  
full well  
that I'd be the first one to go down

And you'd be the one who was laughing  
except when things weren't going your way  
And the lady would say that she'd

had enough wandering around on her own.
day you left

Well I think you knew you'd not be back

Well at least it would seem that way because you never said goodbye.

But when it comes right to you and me I'm

sure it will work out fine.

And you'd be the one who was laugh
You know I'd
always hold you and keep you warm.
Oh! More fool me!
But when it comes round to you and me
I ask myself do I re
ally believe in your love?
Yes I'm sure it will work out right.
The battle of Epping Forest

Marcia. Moderato \( \text{J.}^{110} \)

T. Banks, P. Collins, P. Gabriel
S. Hackett, M. Rutherford
Allegro  $J = 136$

Along the Forest Road there's hundreds of cars, luxury cars. Each has got its load of convenient bars, cutlery cars superscars! For today is the day when they sort it out, sort it out, 'cos they disagree on a gangland boundary.

They disagree on a gangland boundary battle of Epping Fo
- rest, yes it's the battle of Epping Forest right outside your door.

And you ain't seen no-thing like it no-you

ain't seen no-thing like it not since the Civil War
Coming over the hills are the boys of Bill and Johnny lads stand very still.

With the thumpire's shout, they all start to clout there's no guns in this gentleman's bout. And Georgie moves in on the
outside left with a chain flying round his head; and

Harold Demure from Art Literature, nips up the nearest

(Spoken)

tree. Here come the cavalry

mf
Ad-mist the battle roar

Accountants keep the score: ten four. They've

Never been alone after getting a radio-

phone. The bluebells are ringing for
Sweet meal Sam, real ham, handing out bread and jam just like any picnic,

To Coda

p picnic,
It's five to four on William Wright; he made his pile on Der-by night.

When Billy was a kid, walking the streets the other kids hid.
so they did. $p$  But now, after working hard in se-
curi-ty trade, he's got it made. The shops that need aid are those that haven't

[Music notation]

1. paid.
2. framed.

braking the legs of the bastard that got me framed!

Got
me framed!

Andantino \( \text{L.} = 110 \)

They called me the

Reverend when I entered the Church unstain

ed.

My employers are changed but the
name has remained.

- lined. It all began when I went on a tour

hoping to find some furniture I followed a sign saying "Beautiful Chest that

led to a lady who showed me her best she was taken by surprise
when I suddenly closed my eyes. So she rang the bell, and quick as hell,

Bob the Nob came out on his job, to see what the trouble was.

(Spoken)

Louise, is the reverend hard to please? - You’re telling me!

Perhaps, sir, if it’s not too late we could interest you in our old-fashioned “Staffordshire plate”?
Oh, no, not me! I'm a man of repute!

But the Devil caught hold of my soul and a voice cried out:
1. Shoot!

2. (Guitar)

Tempo I \( \approx 136 \)

(Spoken)
That's why we're in the...

D.S. al Coda
A-long the Fo-rest Road it's the end of the day and the Clo-uds roll a-way.
Each has got its load, they'll come out for the count at the break of day. When the

Meno mosso

limos return for the final review, 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.
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.
The cinema show

Andantino. Molto rubato

(Guitar)

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

(2nd time only)

Cinema show.
Home from work our Juliet clears her morning meal. She dabs her skin with pretty smells calling to appeal. "I will make my bed," she
said but turned to go

can she be late for her

1.

mf
to show

(landscape)

choco-late sur-prize?

2.

mf

rit.

mf

Take a lit-tle trip back with Fa- ther Ty-re-sias

mf

Listen to the Old One speak of all he has lived through
I have crossed between the poles for me there's no mystery

Once a man like the sea I raged once a woman like the earth I gave And there

is in fact more earth than sea

71
Take a little trip back with Father Tiresias

(Guitar)
Listen to the Old One speak of all he has lived through

I have crossed between the poles for me there's no mystery

Once a man like the sea I raged once a woman like the earth I gave

And there is in fact more earth than sea
Aisle of plenty

Andantino

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

"I don't belong here" Said old Tessa Out loud.

"Easy

love. There's the Safe Way Home." Thankful for her Fine Fair Dis- count, Tess Co-

o-pe-rates. Still a-lone in o-hell-o see the dead-

ly nigh-shade

arpegg...

grow.

mf
English ribs of beef cut down to forty seven pence a pound.

Peck freans family assorted from seventeen and a half to twelve

Forty seven pence a pound. Forty seven pence a pound English ribs of

Peck freans family assorted from seventy and a half to twelve Peck freans

Fairy liquid liquid giant slashed
beef cut down to forty seven pence a pound.

family assorted from seventy and a half to twelve

slashed twenty P to seventy and a half

English ribs of beef cut down to forty seven pence a pound

Peck freans family assorted from seventy and a half to twelve

half half half half half half half

Liquid giant
English ribs of beef cut down to forty-seven pence a pound

Peck freans family assorted from seventy and a half to twelve

P

Liquid giant half half half half half half half

It's scrambled eggs

Repeat and fade