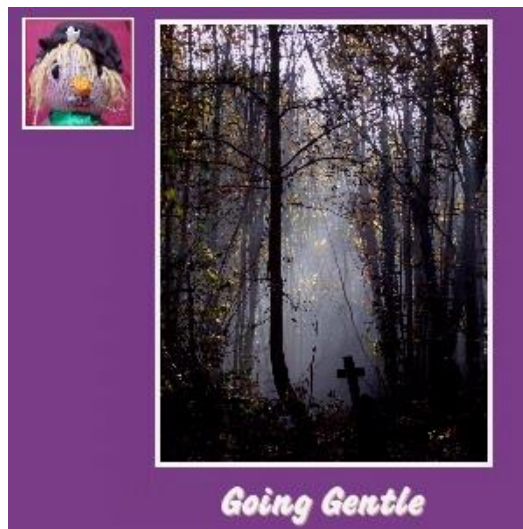


GOING GENTLE

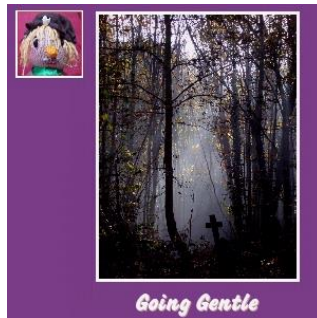


(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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GOING GENTLE



(Words and music: Robin Hill unless stated)

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[*Note 1] - "Do Not Go Gentle" is based on a poem by **Dylan Thomas**. Music is by Robin Hill

[*Note 2] - "Christmas (And I Miss You Tonight Part 2)" contains a short introduction based on the carol known in English as "Silent Night", music by **Franz Gruber**. Other music and all words by Robin Hill.

BLACKBIRD (AND I MISS YOU TONIGHT Part 1)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The days draw on much longer now,
The evenings warm and light,
The blackbird sings outside,
His song is full and bright;
Such sweetness on the ear,
So full of hope, of cheer,
And I miss you tonight.

Such stirring beauty here;
That sweetness, strong and clear,
And I miss you tonight.

AFTER THE SERVICE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

After the service, we looked at the flowers,
Laid out with love on the ground;
Enjoying the sunshine or dodging the showers,
Discussing things while milling around.

After the service, we piled in the car.
And drove off to the pub for the wake;
Enjoying the company, propping up the bar,
Discussing things over canapes and cake.

After the service, I stood up your urn
On the bookcase by your favourite chair;
Enjoying the telly, sometimes I turn,
And almost think you're no longer there.

TIRED

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

It's hard, so hard,
To see you tired of life:
So tired of living long,
So tired of staying strong;

It makes me sad
To see you come to this:
So tired of fighting on,
Your spirit all but gone;

To be the simple friend to you
That you have been to me,
To be the always selfless one
That you have strived to be,
To shine and always be the light
That fills the darkest hours,
All out of reach, beyond my grasping powers

It eats me up
To see you struggle now,
So tired of standing true,
So tired of pulling through,
So tired of being you.

THE FIRST SNOW

(Instrumental: music: Robin Hill)

ONE BLINK

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Was that a fire burning on the hill,
A beacon to guide us on?
A mist that descends until
One blink, and the light has gone.

Was that a star blazing in the sky,
A lantern to fix upon?
A cloud that slips quietly by,
One glance, and the light has gone.

===

The here today so easy,
The gone tomorrow tough,
To celebrate the times we knew
With love was never quite enough;

Eternity's ephemeral,
The whimsy of a flame,
The light before the darkness,
Still bright, but never quite the same.

===

Was that a brightness within your eyes,
A light that has always shone?
A braveness that quietly dies,
No breath, and the light has gone.

DO NOT GO GENTLE

(Words: Dylan Thomas Music: Robin Hill)

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

YOU'LL THINK OF ME

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

You'll think of me
When the warm soft Summer breeze
Blows lightly through to tease
Your hair;
As you peer across the meadow
To the shadows in the trees,
You'll see me there.

You'll think of me
When the sullen mist hangs low
And the leaves lie crisp below
Your feet;
As you button up your collar
I will make that warming glow
Much more complete.

Phantoms call from other places,
Slipping through the lonely spaces,
Reaching down the years;

Echoes of familiar faces,
Leaving just the faintest traces,
Soothing present fears;

You'll think of me
In your hour of sleepless doubt
As you wake and turn about
At night;
In that swell of restless sadness
You will feel me reaching out
To hold you tight.

CHRISTMAS (AND I MISS YOU TONIGHT Part 2)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)
("Silent Night" intro by Franz Gruber)

The days hang so much shorter now,
The evenings dark and cold,
The children sing outside,
Their songs are full and bold;
Such sweetness on the ear,
So full of hope, of cheer,
And I miss you tonight.

Such youthful passion here;
Their voices strong and clear,
And I miss you tonight.

TIME WILL PASS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A picture on the mantelpiece
Is all that's left of you;
Your once bright colours faded now
To softer sepia hue;
And in some corner of your smile
A vaguely stirring theme,
Of warmer days, now lost behind
A half remembered dream;

And as the firelight dances,
Time will pass;
And as the mood advances,
Time will pass.

The glow will creep across the room
As evening steals outside,
While past and present spark as one,
And flicker, side by side,
To catch a glint within your eye,
Some trick within the flame,
That flits between the knowing well,
And wondering all the same;

And as the shadows lengthen,
Time will pass;
And as these longings strengthen,
Time will pass.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A shadow on the wall,
A creaking on the stair,
A whisper from the doorway,
And you are there.

A stillness there outside,
An echo from afar,
A ruffle of the curtain,
And there you are.

Illusion,
The shadows play;
Confusion,
The senses stray;
Conclusion,
The fears make way,
It's quite okay.

A footfall on the landing,
A stirring in the night,
A call for reassurance,
And it's alright.

MAY YOU FIND REST

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

It's okay now, just let it go;
Nothing more matters tonight:
I'll stay by your side until light,
Holding your hand, and squeezing it tight,
Giving you courage, soothing the pain,
Easing you gently to morning again,
It's okay

May you find rest,
May you find sleep,
May all your dreams
Be peaceful and deep,

May you find comfort,
May you stay strong,
And may all your night times
Be restful and long,

It's alright now, just let it pass;
Nothing more matters right now:
I'll sit here 'til morning somehow,
Watching and waiting, wiping your brow,
Holding your hand, and squeezing it tight,
Helping you make it through just one more night,
It's alright

FOR BEING YOU

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

It seems the nights are drawing on in,
Let's shut out the darkness outside,
I'll switch off the football, we'll sit and begin
To reflect on these feelings inside:
For, caught in the still at the end of the day,
There's a sense of forever that time can't betray,
A stirring of something that words won't convey,
That only this silence can say

It seems the nights are turning to cold,
Let's put another log on the fire.
I'll fill up the kettle, and then, if we're bold,
We'll drink in this warming desire:
The slow steady tick of the clock on the wall,
The lick of the flames and the patterns that fall,
The smallest of things have the power to enthrall,
With never more sense to it all

===

Thanks just for being you,
And I can make a promise too:
A feeling from the day we met
That someday, somehow, we'll build Rome yet

ALL WE EVER KNEW

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The longer that your life is,
The shorter it appears;
The slower that your heart beats,
The quicker go the years:

At every point we knew it all,
At every point were wrong,
And all we knew was nothing all along.

The hazier your vision,
The clearer are your eyes;
The worse the self-deceptions,
The less they seem like lies:

The naïve will offer answers,
The cynic claim there's none,
And both are wrong, and right, when all is done.

The ones who claimed the credit,
And the ones who took the blame,
The ones who bowed in triumph
And the ones who bowed in shame,
Just a row of empty heads
Arranged against a wall,
And all we ever knew
Is what we never knew at all.

The harder is your journey,
The easier somehow;
The further that you travel,
The nearer here and now:

The blind will see the lantern,
The deaf will hear the bell,
And each will know at last that all is well.

HOW IT WOULD END

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

This is the moment, my friend:
Be brave, and try not to grieve.
Who would have thought it, who would believe
That this is how it would end.

Be strong and steadfast, my friend:
All that we did, well, we did for the best,
And who would have known it, who would have guessed
That this is how it would end.

This is the moment, my friend:
Take courage, try not to cry:
For who could now question, who would ask why
This is how it would end.

ONE MORE YEAR

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Let's drop off the kids,
Then open up a bottle,
There's a celebration here;
Drink to it all,
Basking in the feeling
Of one more year

Let's drop off your Mum,
Then pour the sparkling liquid,
There's a reason for good cheer;
Drinking it in,
Toasting up the glory
Of one more year

=====

We shouldn't talk of endless days,
Perpetual means, unending ways,
'Forever' such a spurious phrase
To lead to 'in the end':

Let's talk instead of moments sparse,
Of ticking clocks, and hours that pass,
And how, with each, we raise a glass
To toast a precious friend

=====

Let's drop off the dog,
Then raise aloft our glasses
To the things we hold most dear;
Drink to ourselves,
In joyful celebration
Of one more year

THE FAINTEST CORNER OF YOUR SMILE

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)