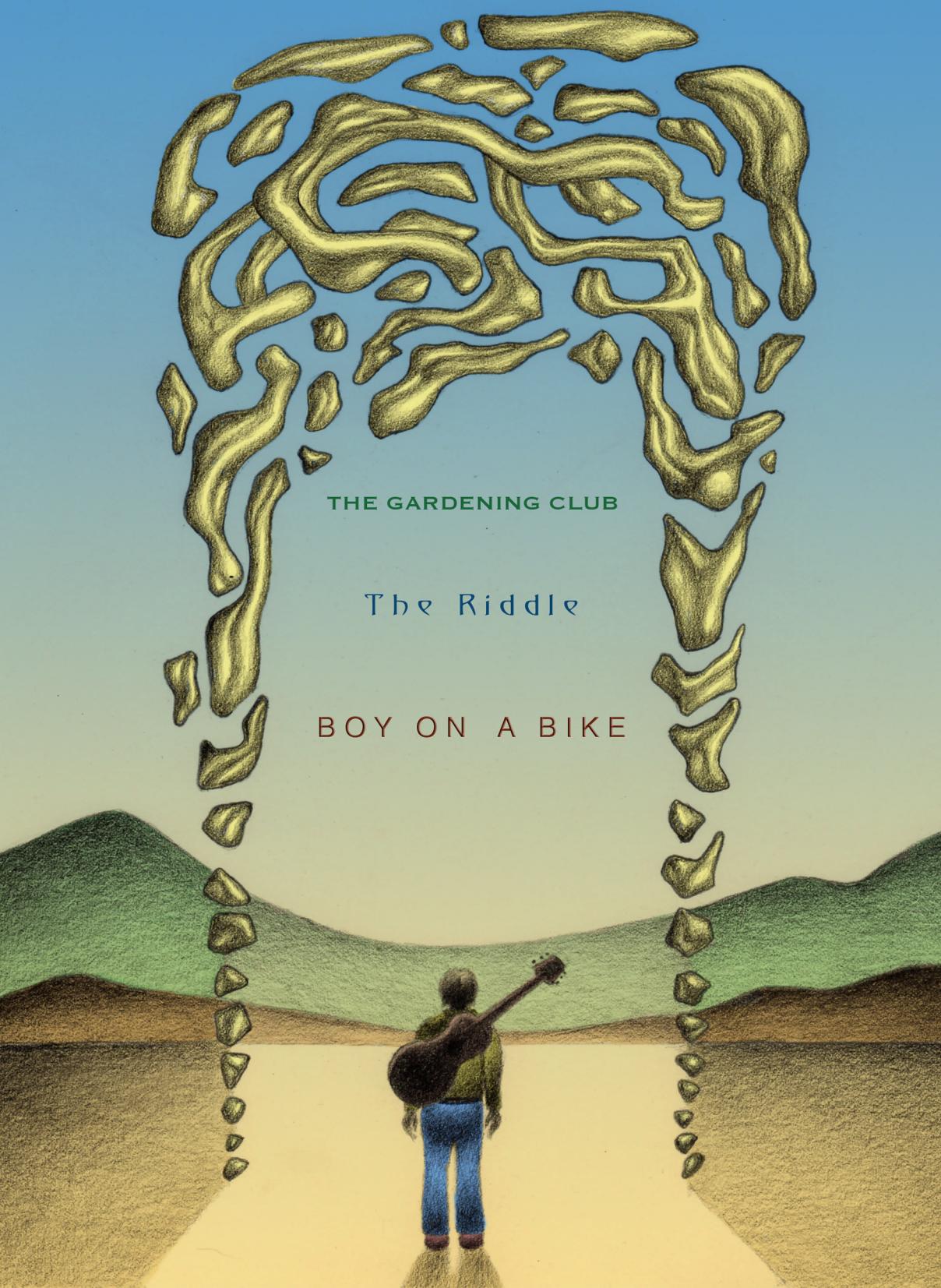


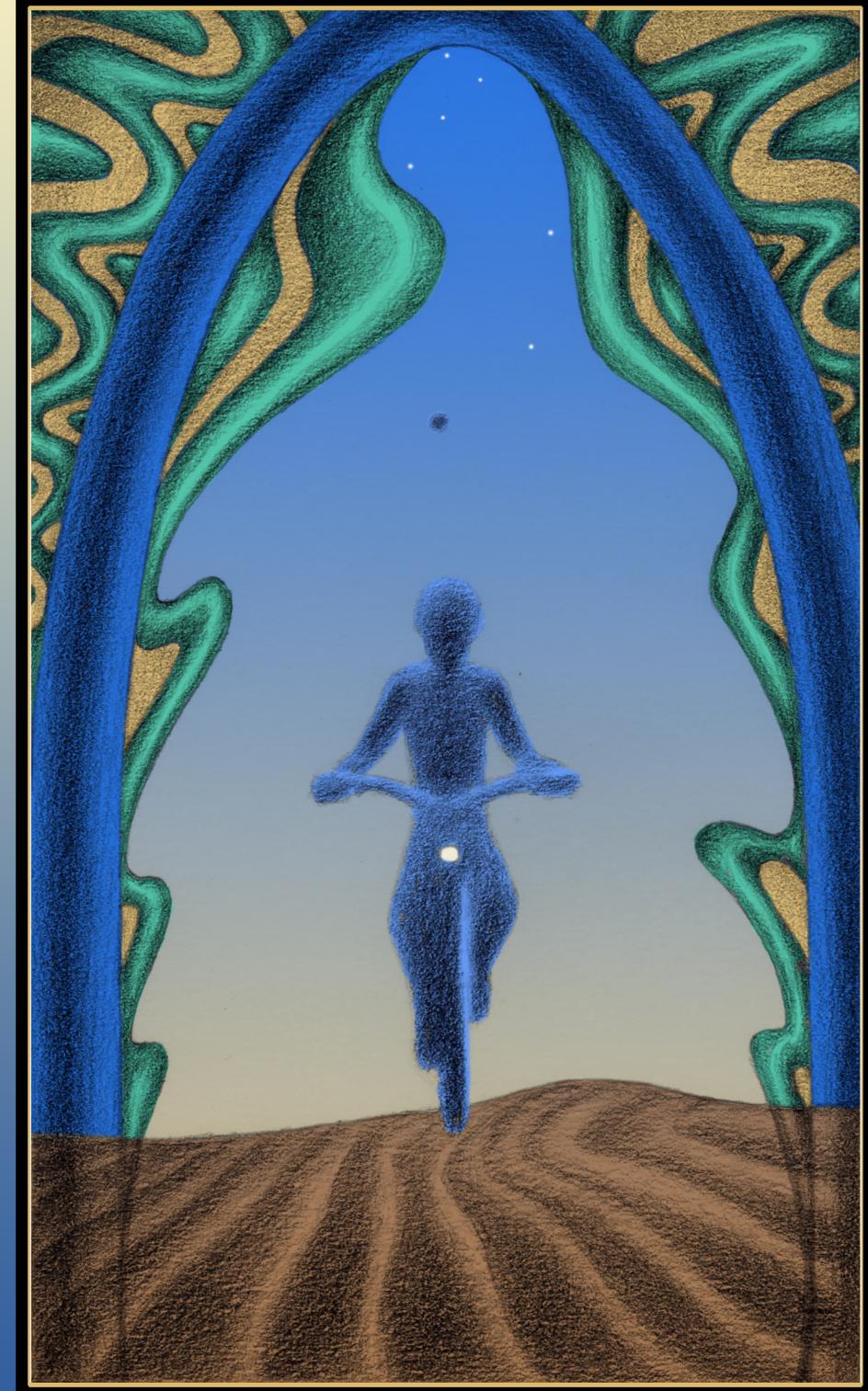
gardeningclubmusicandart.ca



BOY ON A BIKE

THE GARDENING CLUB

BOY ON A BIKE



THE GARDENING CLUB



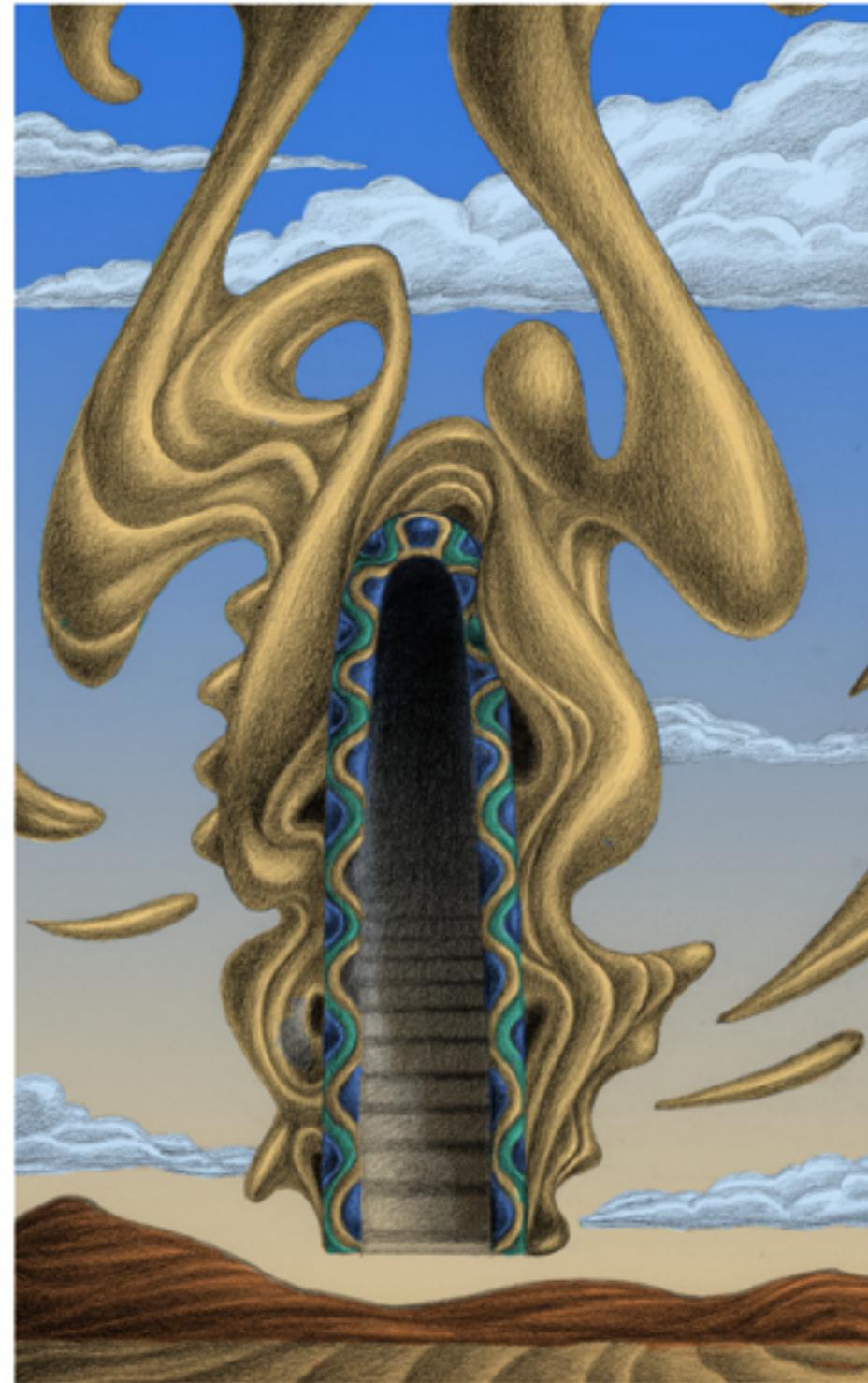
# BOY ON A BIKE

Music comes first from my heart, then goes upstairs to  
my head where I check it out.

ROBERTA FLACK

You are the music while the music lasts.

T S ELLIOT



*songs for gateways*

## *RIDING THE THERMAL*

We are made of memories  
we are made of sound and fury  
we are a song at midnight  
an aria in bright sunlight  
we are an echo of another  
we are made of earth  
we are made of sky  
we are made of water  
we are made to cry a song at midnight  
a hymn at noon  
we are made of seasons  
we are made of myth  
we are made of dreams  
and history's dust  
we are cathedral arches  
and caves painted bright  
we are carnival carousels  
and funeral dirges  
we are made by fortune  
and circumstance  
we are a song at midnight  
an aria in bright sunlight



## *RAVENSGATE*

Here at the Ravensgate  
time slips in like a flowering thief  
growing wild like the child she is  
the woman grows within and without  
A murmured word between raven and bird  
between heart and sky  
enter then and give your own sweet delight

## *ELEMENTAL* (Instrumental)



## CIRCLING

What are we up to  
flying by the seat of our ears  
circling for a gentle landing



What are we up to  
observed for a moment  
then cracking open the gate  
as if this fate were preordained

no the winds that day were mercurial turbulent  
and bent on some other business

What are we up to  
circling for a gentle landing

What are we up to  
listening for the telling note  
in the heavy home of crimson foliage

What are we up to  
the bright blooms of a gnarly garden  
then cracking open the door

for a glimpse of the future  
or an echo of the past  
whichever lasts the longest  
an improvised gesture gets the better of me

What are we up to  
circling for a gentle landing



## *NIGHT RIDE* (Instrumental)



### *BOY ON A BIKE*

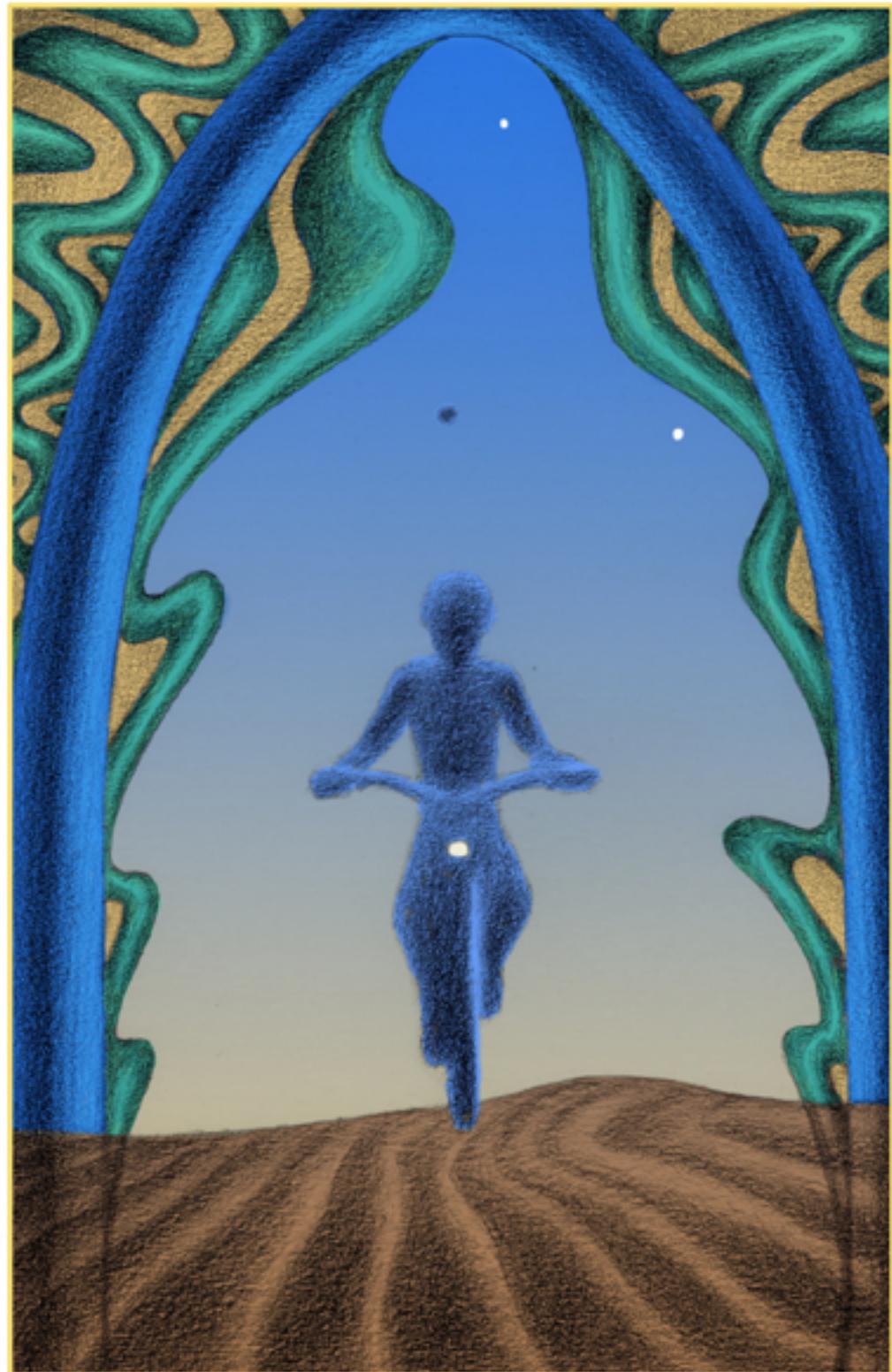
A boy on a bike  
is travelling on his way  
for later in the day  
he knows that he might  
find his way back home  
but this time not alone  
for a boy on a bike  
is pedalling for his life  
hearing voices in the night  
and the road stretches out  
meandering like a song  
that he's been singing far too long  
can he bring it to an end  
as he navigates this bend  
in the river  
starting a new song  
singing to the sky



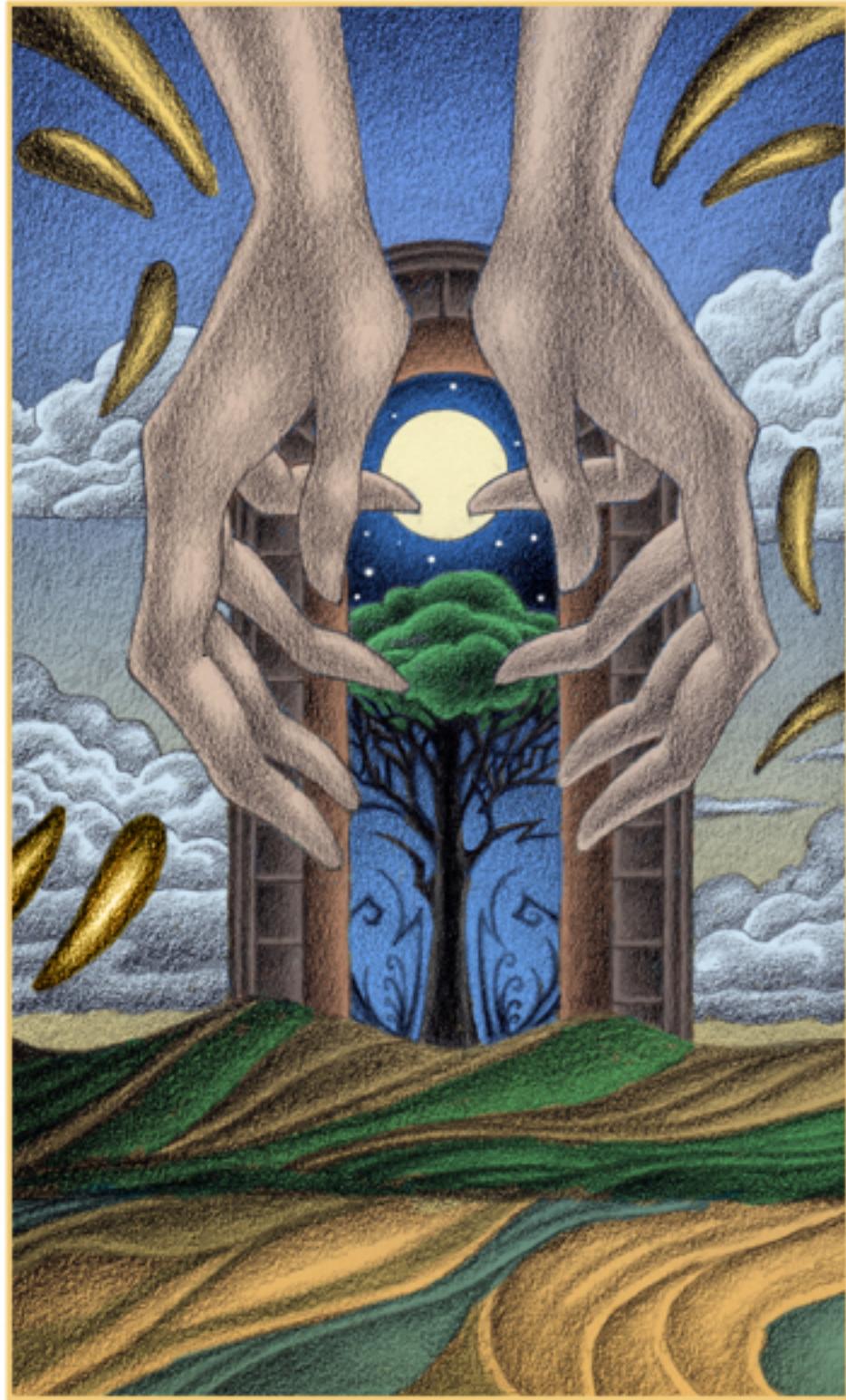
Here we are  
with the light of the stars  
Here we are  
with the light of the stars

Alone in the zone  
of his imagined future

A place out of time  
between home and away  
between the stifled sigh  
and the innocent dreaming



*ELEGY*  
*(For Phyllis)*

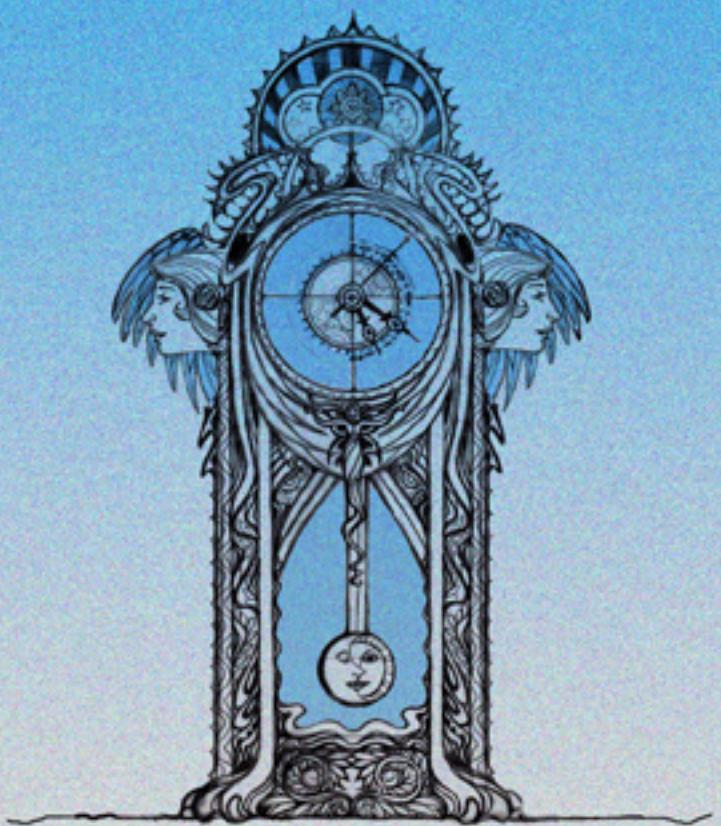


## FOR A MOMENT

Were I for a moment with wings  
I would fly to the moon  
and chisel in any solitary place  
the features of one dear to me  
then I would leave  
to return among men  
not telling a soul  
not telling  
a soul



*THE CLOCK*



*WOLFGATE*



## THE BRUSH MARKS OF HEAVEN

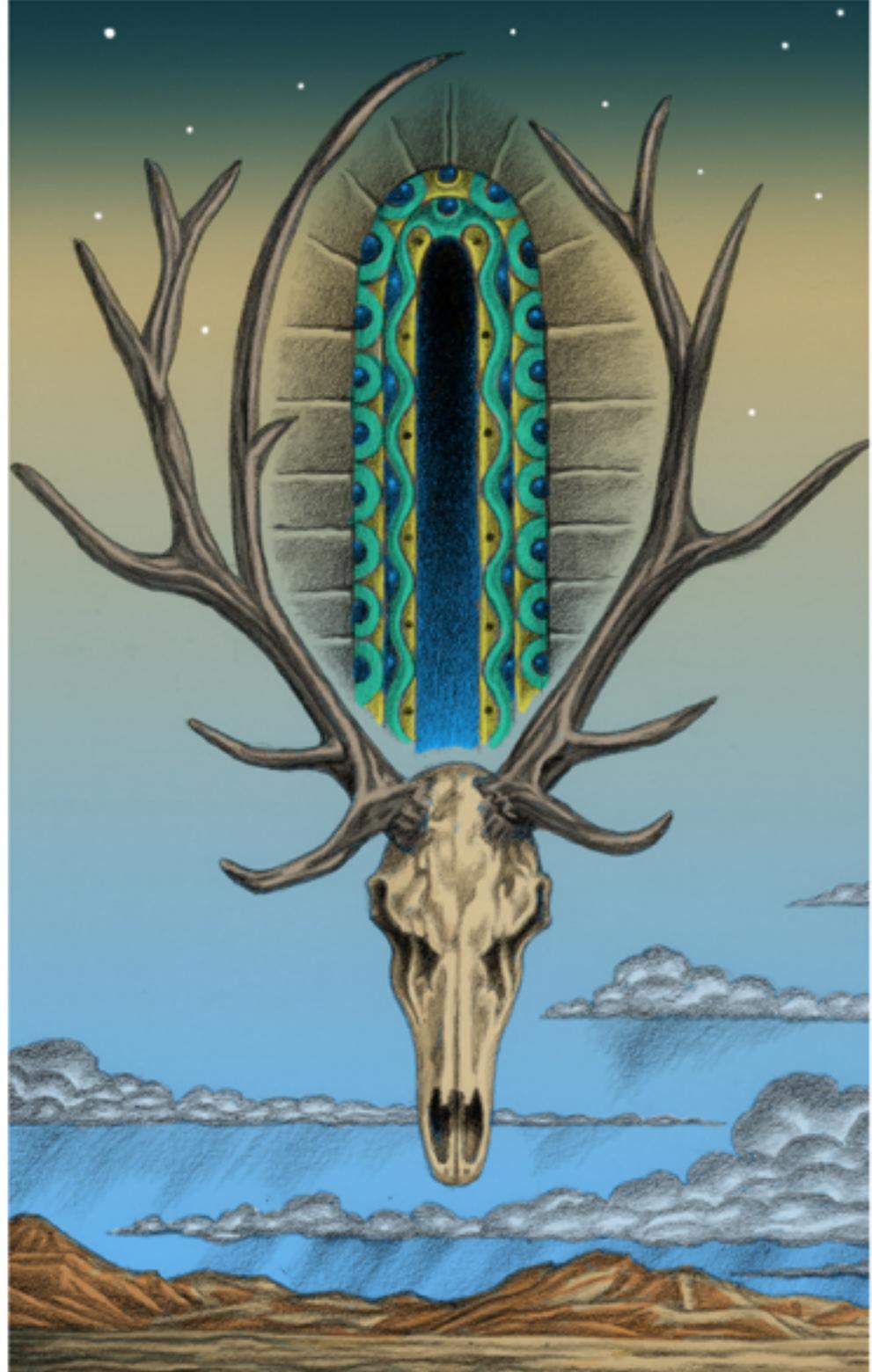
The brush marks of heaven  
hang over the moon  
as the wolf walks her solitary path  
down the empty highway

The black ribbon runs  
sightless to the horizon  
no one sees her go  
none see her pass beyond  
the encircling clouds

No witness

No witness  
but the swirling snow

The brush marks of heaven  
hang over the moon  
as the searcher walks his solitary path  
down the grey shale mountain  
the deep river runs  
flowing to the horizon  
as he searches for the future  
that lies beneath the earth  
never to be found



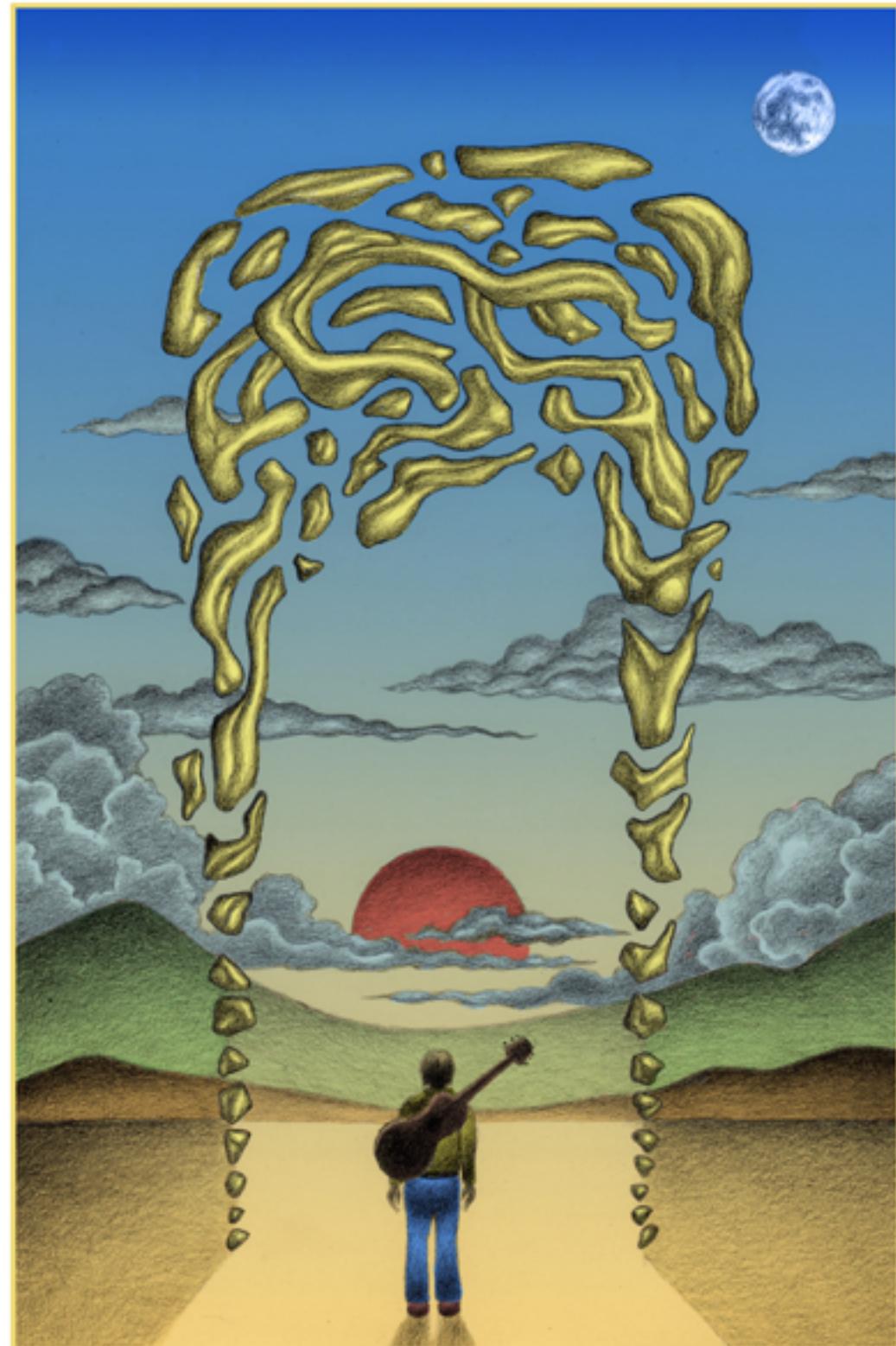
*CLOUDGATE*  
(Instrumental)



*CYCLING TOUR*

A world awaits  
Beyond the shifting gates  
The ride is done  
Under the unforgiving sun  
And the tender moon

A song at midnight



## STITCHING

I will not forgo one hour  
nor a single thread to fall  
but stitch and stitch  
unravelling all  
in impatience or despair  
I begin again  
and stitch and stitch  
till before me finally  
when I'm exhausted  
lie but a pile of knots  
or possibly a poem.

I am weary of this dirty work of verse  
it seems like so much idle talk  
yet I will not forgo one hour  
let fall one thread of time to rest  
but stitch and stitch  
and hope a further moment  
will ensure design  
I will not forgo one hour  
nor a single thread to fall





GARDENGATE

THE GARDENING CLUB  
BOY ON A BIKE

ALL SONGS BY MARTIN SPRINGETT

EXCEPT

WOLFGATE BY JAMES MACPHERSON

LYRICS TO 'FOR A MOMENT' AND 'STITCHING'

BY CYRIL MCCOLGAN\*

MUSIC ARRANGED BY NORM MACPHERSON  
AND MARTIN SPRINGETT

PRODUCED AND ENGINEERED BY

NORM MACPHERSON

AT GARRY OAK STUDIO

METCHOSIN BC CANADA

CO PRODUCED BY MARTIN SPRINGETT

MUSICAL AND EDITORIAL ASSISTANCE

BY TERRY FINDLAY

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DESIGN BY

MARTIN SPRINGETT

\*(C) THE ESTATE OF CYRIL MCCOLGAN.

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## THE GARDENING CLUB

SEAN DRABITT - FRETLESS BASS

WAYNE KOZAK - SOPRANO SAXOPHONE

JAMES MACPHERSON - DRUMS

AND KEYBOARDS

NORM MACPHERSON - ELECTRIC AND

SLIDE GUITARS PEDAL STEEL AND

GUT STRING GUITAR

KEYBOARDS BASSOON

MARTIN SPRINGETT - VOCALS

ACOUSTIC ELECTRIC AND BARITONE

GUITARS

### SPECIAL GUESTS

SARI ALESH - VIOLIN

PETER DOWSE - ELECTRIC BASS\*

MORRY STEARNS - ELECTRIC PIANO

LEON TORRES - PERCUSSION

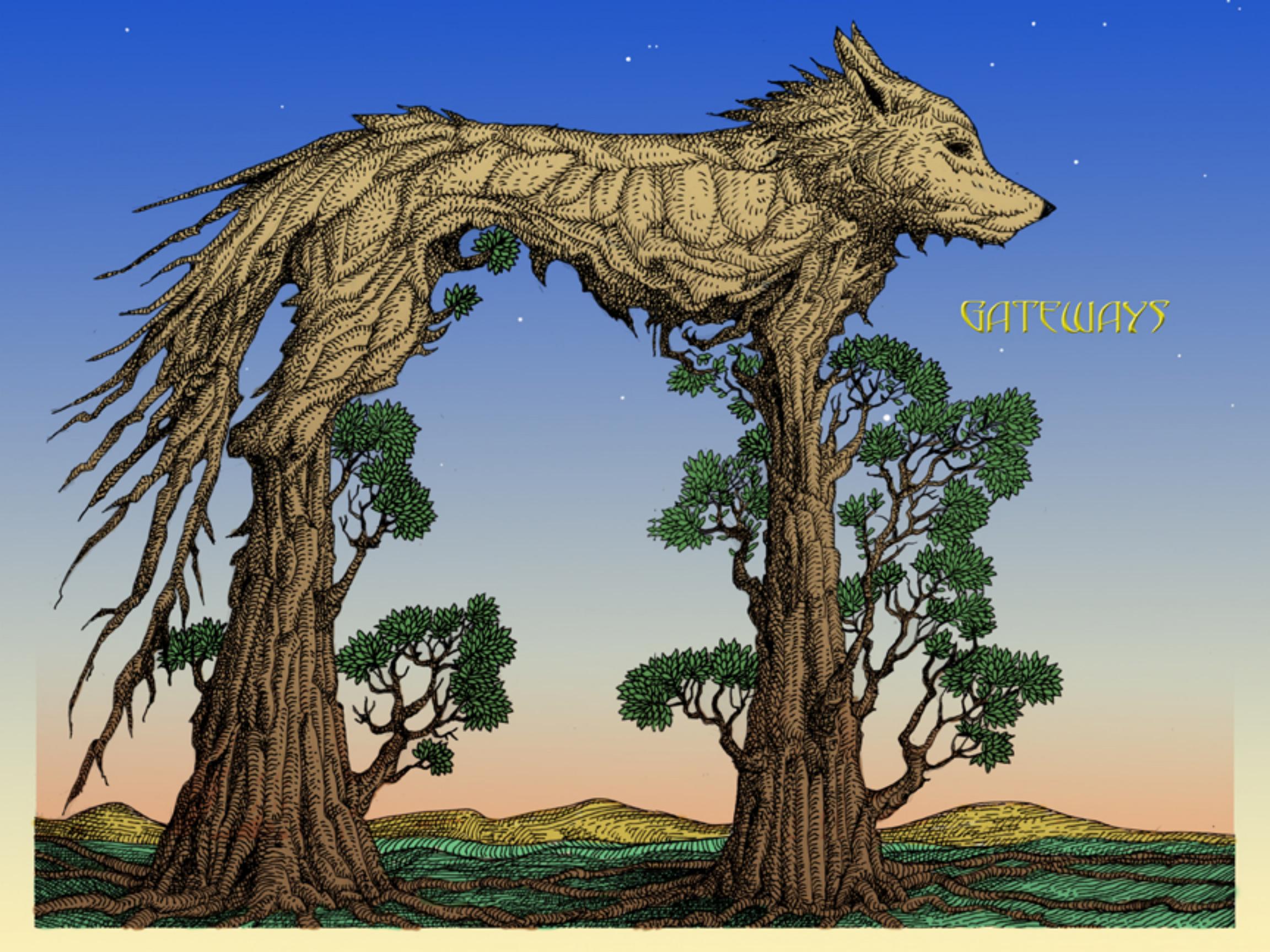
DAVE WILKIE - MANDOLIN - MANDOLA

MANDOCELLO

DENISE WITHNELL - VOCALS

\*Riding the Thermal / Circling / Cycling Tour / Stitching

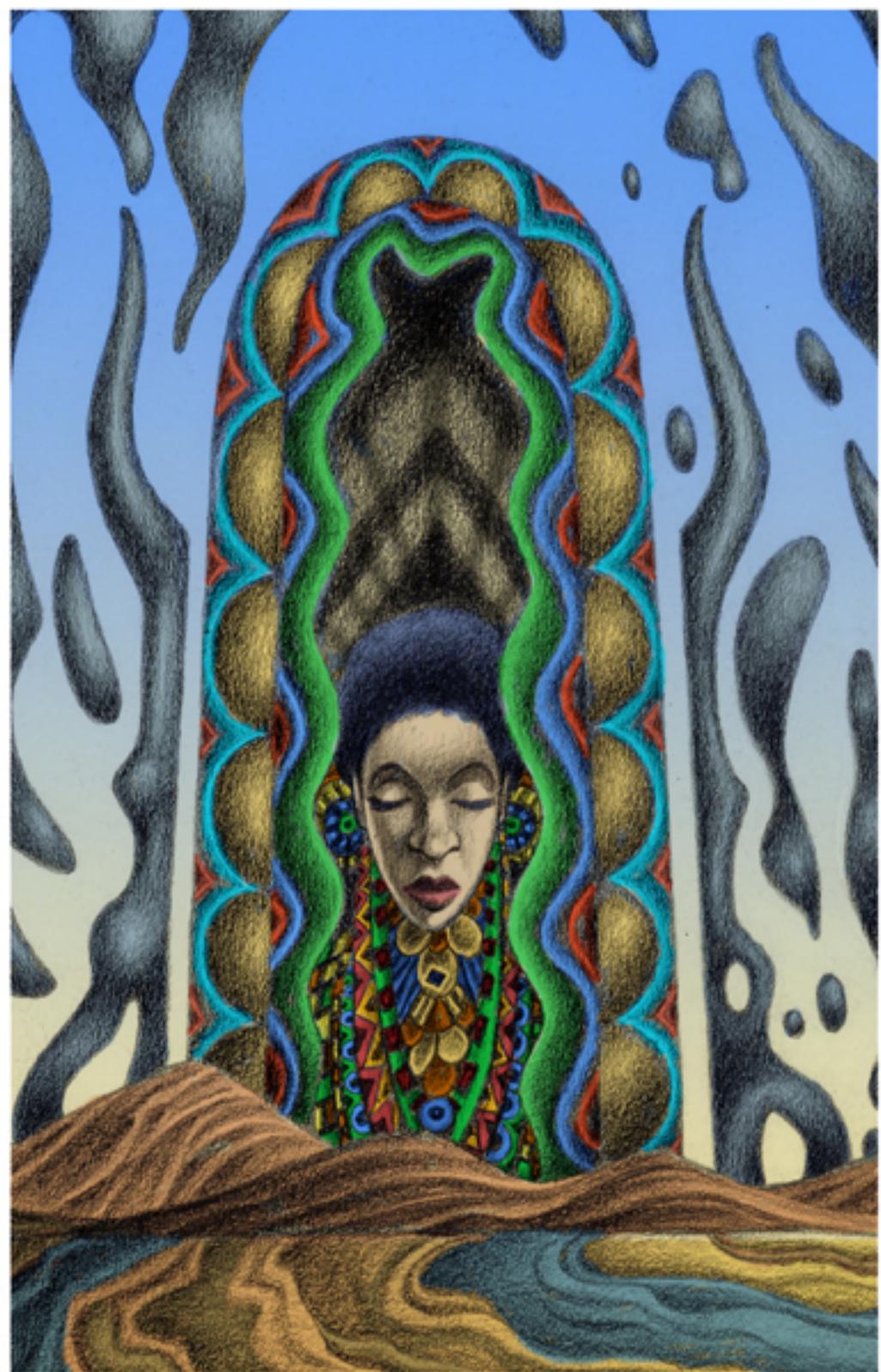
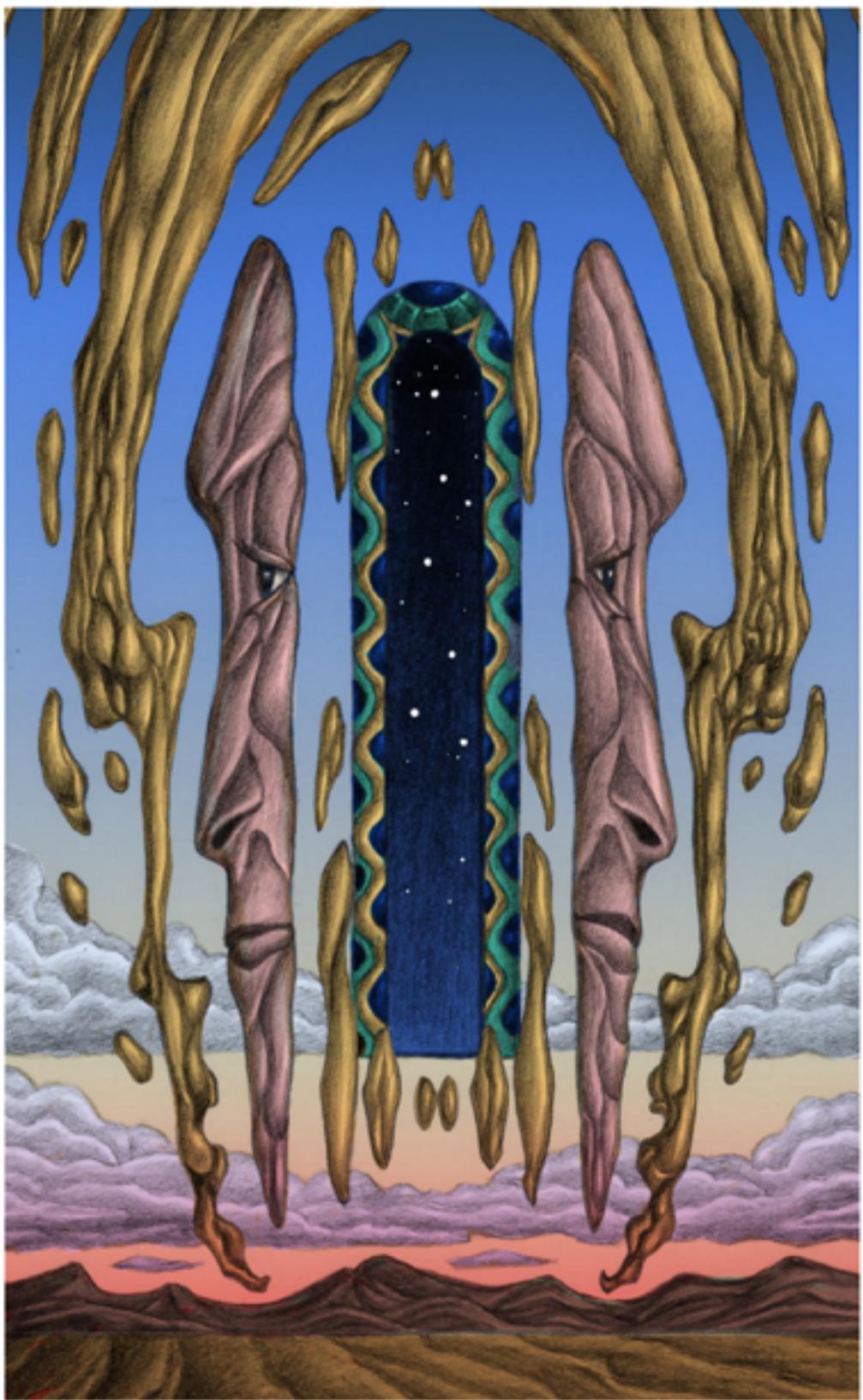




GATEWAYS

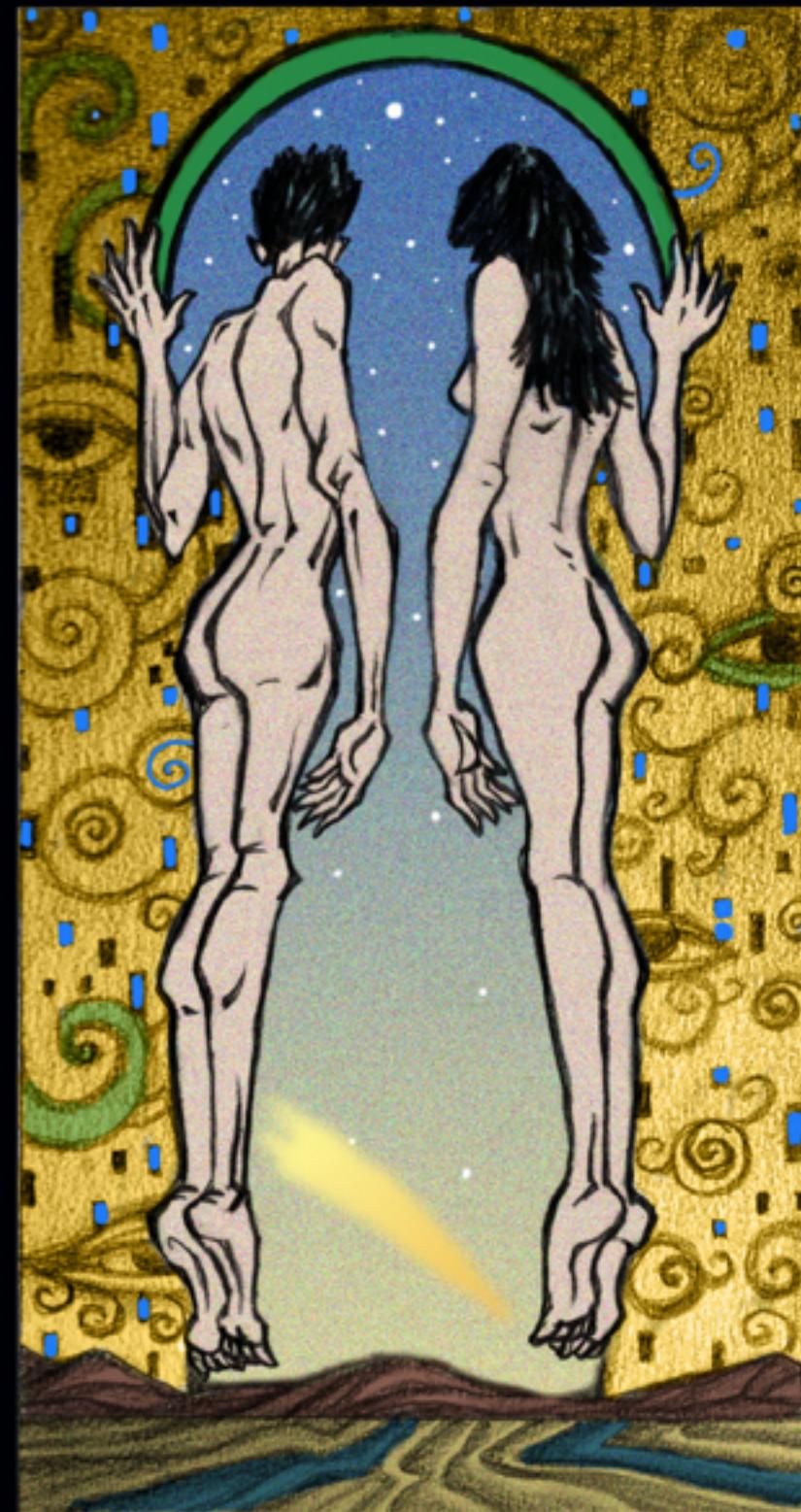












# WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?

The Gardening Club's first collaboration, *The Riddle*, was done and it was good, damn good! Sprinkled throughout the reviews were words like "brilliant," "masterpiece" and "original." Gardening Club members Martin Springett, singer and songwriter, and Norm MacPherson, arranger, recording engineer and musician, had produced an album of unusual quality and appeal. Would it be possible to conjure the same level of musical magic a second time? Martin and Norm were both keen to work on a follow-up album but there was considerable trepidation about whether or not they could pull off a worthy successor to *The Riddle*. After a well-deserved break of several months, our musical adventurers returned to the studio ready to find out. The result is *Boyz On A Bike*.

One of this new album's songs, *Circling*, has a line that aptly expresses the ongoing uncertainty of the creative process: "What are we up to, flying by the seat of our ears?" There are never any guarantees, and Martin and Norm would be making much of it up as they went along. Martin had some of the songs at least partially written, but the ways in which they would be transformed in the process of arranging and recording them was yet to be known. Having been witness to many of the duo's "what-are-we-up-to" moments, I can tell you I am constantly amazed at the unique style of working together that has evolved between them. It is, indeed, very much a "flying-by-the-seat-of-our-ears" affair. The ears in question are, however, exceptionally musical ones, and what they hear and imagine is priceless grist for the music-making mill.



More to the point, these two musicians are not just flying, they are soaring. There is tremendous trust and mutual respect in this relationship. Virtually every aspect of the creation of the *Boyz On A Bike*, from which songs to choose, to which instruments to add and where, to changes in lyrics, to tempo choices, to who to ask to contribute instrumentation, and on and on, was collaboratively shaped. With this atmosphere of openness to change in the moment, and love of innovation, the songs were free to take on a life of their own, each one becoming something much more than either Martin or Norm might have dreamt at the outset.

To my ears, *Boyz On A Bike* is a complete delight.

I invite you to experience this extraordinary music for yourself.

Terry Findlay

Victoria, BC, Canada

November 2019





Dedicated to the curious listener

Why is a raven like a writing desk?

A quill scratches across the page

An age goes by  
in the blink of any eye



