

Tess of the d'Urbervilles

On the road to the village of Marlott, country folk make their way home as mist of superstition convinces them that the forces of fate are gathering across the Downs. Amongst them is a traveller, a priest - the weaver of songs, the forger of fate.

Sunset

Chorus

Dm

Sunset

Am

In a fading Autumn countryside,

Dm

Relentless

Am

Weaving of fate across the open skies

Dm

Effortless

Am

The rotation of chance

Em

And here we stand at cross roads

F

G

Where our destinies are dancing.

Dm

Belief in

Am

Fading images of Autumn light

Dm

Whispering

Am

Dismay conveys the coming of the night

Dm

Silently

Am

In the shadows of stone

Em

And here are we at focus

F

G

Listen - the winds of time moaning.

Priest

Dm

And I am the weaver of songs

Am

Whose role is cast in plays long past

Dm

And I am the forger of fate

Am

Whose script is hard of lonely parts

F

G

And here in old England the routeways lie open

Dm

The path to be chosen by chance.

Chorus

Dm

Evening

A|m

A track beneath the red sunset

Dm

Wandering

Am

A traveller idly on his course is set

Dm

Receiving

Am

The key to a gate

Em

And here we are at contact.....

F

G

The opening of fate.

Jack Durbeyfield, Jack Durbeyfield.

Along the lane comes wandering a somewhat drunken Jack Durbeyfield, a peasant farmer of these parts. The priest immediately greets his parishioner with the chance outcome of his genealogical research.

Priest

Dm

Jack Durbeyfield, Jack Durbeyfield

Am

News I have to make you smile

F

Of ancestry and legacy

G

Words which you should hear:

Dm

Your humble name distorted is

Am

Of D'Urberville the ancient line

F

All held in stone eternal home,

G

The sinking of the knights.

Dm

Jack Durbeyfield, Jack Durbeyfield

Am

Seek ye friendship in that line

F

Though fallen be the lineage

G

Still few will bear that name

Dm

And make the proof of your descent

Am

To those whose name is noble birth

F

Declare yourself a D'Urberville

G

And maybe share some wealth.

Jack

Dm

I see you're of the clergy

Am

And I sense the ties with destiny

F

But surely you do not tell me

G

As a vision from the Lord.

Dm

Pray kind sir please tell me

Am

Where you found the information first

F

That links me with high lineage

G

And makes you speak these words.

Dm

Jack Durbeyfield, Jack Durbeyfield

Am

I study generations past

F

And in the books that I have read

G

And registers I've seen

Dm

Your name, which all your children bear

Am

Is at the bottom of the line

F

All my words are truthful

G

Your name distorted but by time.

Dm

And I am the turner of keys

Am

Unlocking pasts to future paths

Dm

I am the forger of fate

Am

No turning back

G

Now Jack.....

The priest and Jack arrive at Rolliver's bar, where the villagers have settled in the evening sun to a drink or two. They invite Jack in and the priest moves on into the growing mist.

Drinkers

Dm

Jack Durbeyfield, Jack Durbeyfield

Am

You'll surely take refreshment here

F

An ale with us at roadside

G

To toast an Autumn night

Dm

A journey undertaken

Am

Now rest with us and tell your tales

F

Beneath the stars beside the bar

G

And drink with us an ale.

Jack

G#

Believe me

F#

If I say that I am a Knight

G#

Of noble line

F#

Of lineage high

Dm

Jack Durbeyfield, Jack Durbeyfield

Am

You jest with us to tell this tale

F

A farmer poor you've always been

G

And this will never change

Dm

Where have you heard this story

Am

What prompts your open fantasies

F

A walk along a dark road

G

Has sent you quite insane

Jack

G#

Believe me

F#

If I say a scholar told me so

G#

From old books

F#

He followed through.

Dm

Jack Durbeyfield, Jack Durbeyfield

Am

You fool with fate just like a child

F

But if this story does ring true

G

We'll tell you what to do

Dm

Send your lovely daughter Tess

Am

Along the twisting road of chance

F

There to meet upon an heir

G

A rich surviving heir

Jack

G#

Believe me

F#

If I say that I would do this

G#

Find this man

F#

I would send my Tess

Drinkers

Dm

Name the name

Jack

Dm

Of D'Urberville

Drinkers

Am

A rich and noble line we yield

F

Does anybody know of one

G

A rich and noble heir?

Drinker

Dm

Well a mother of that name I know

Am

And a gentleman resides with her

F

At Trantridge name of D'Urberville

G

Not all that far from here

G#

Believe me

F#

Now that I know of this line

G#

To claim kin

F#

I'll send my daughter Tess