

## Saint Stephen

Saint Stephen with a rose
In and out of the garden he goes
Country garland in the wind and the rain
Wherever he goes the people all complain

Stephen prospered in his time
Well he may and he may decline
Did it matter? Does it now?
Stephen would answer if he only knew
how

Wishing well with a golden bell Bucket hanging clear to hell Hell halfway twixt now and then Stephen fill it up and lower down And lower down again

Lady finger dipped in moonlight
Writing 'what for?' across the morning
sky
Sunlight splatters dawn with
answers
Darkness shrugs and bids the day
goodbye

Speeding arrow, sharp and narrow, What a lot of fleeting matters you have spurned
Several seasons with their treasons
Wrap the babe in scarlet covers call it your own

<u>Did he doubt</u> or did he try? Answers aplenty in the bye and bye Talk about your plenty, talk about your ills One man gathers what another man spills

#### Jam

Saint Stephen will remain, All he's lost he shall regain Seashore washed by the suds and the foam, Been here so long he's got to calling it home

Fortune comes a crawlin, Calliope woman,
Spinning that curious sense of your own
Can you answer? Yes I can,
but what would be the answer to the
answer man?

High green chilly winds and windy vines in loops around the twining shafts of lavender, 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....

Underfoot the ground is patched with climbing arms of ivy wrapped around the manzanita, stark and shiny in the breeze

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...



# Saint Stephen Intro

intro   B/D/ A E E/D/ A	AB B/A/ DE E	/D/ A/B	Dsus2 = xx023	
	1-910-12-12 <sup>-</sup> 	- -9-10-12-1: -	1-912-10 	   
  -9-10-12-10-9-10-9 	12-12- -10-9-: -12	-	   9-10-9	
     : E / Dsus2 /   A / E	i 		i	
Intro Solo 	55-7b9r7-5 -/66	5-7pb9r7- -6 	-5\5b7r5  ' 	5 7- -/66\4-2  2
        -2h4p22-4/6-  	-55b7r5    	12 11b: 	-12 13r11-9- -111 	1210-  b13-11b13-119-  
-9  12p9		9\75 9\76 9\77	ad lib-q	 uiet down-  



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| E / Dsus2 / | A / E / |
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1. Saint Stephen with a rose, in and out of the garden he goes,

Country garden in the wind and the rain, wherever he goes the people all complain.

2. Stephen prospered in his time, well he may and he may decline.

Did it matter, does it now? Stephen would answer if he only knew how.

|E/Dsus2 / |A / E / |

3. Wishing well with a golden bell, bucket hanging clear to hell,

|E / D / |

Hell halfway twixt now and then,



D G A E
Stephen fill it up and lower down and lower down again

	-4
     <u>4</u> -4 <u>6</u> -6- 77-4-7-4     - <u>5</u> -5 <u>7</u> -7	-5-7-5-7-55   7-4-7-4-7-4-7-4   7-6-7-6-6-
  -G -E Mix    (Organ sim)	  -Harm
-Guit 2	

## Bridge

| E / D / | A / E / | D / A / | E / D / |

 $|\mathbf{E}/\mathbf{D}/|\mathbf{A}/\mathbf{E}/|\mathbf{D}/\mathbf{A}/|\mathbf{E}/\mathbf{D}/|$ 

Lady finger, dipped in moonlight, Writing "What for?" across the morning sky. Sunlight splatters, dawn with answer, Darkness shrugs and bids the day goodbye.

1	I _ 1	í
-9-10-12-12-	12-10-9h10p9-	  -9-10-99-10-12-10-12-  
j		i
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	-10	
	<del>-</del>	-9-10-99-10-12-10-12-  
•		 
•	•	



-10	-9-10-99-10-12-10-12-  
	ii
-9-10-12-12- 12-10-9h10p9-	9-9-10-  -9-10-910-9-12-1012  11
ii	

| E / D / | A / D E | D / A / | E / D / | E / D / | A / E / | D / / / | E / D(F# bass) / |

Speeding arrow, sharp and narrow,

What a lot of fleeting matters you have spurned.

Several sea-sons with their treasons,

Wrap the babe in scarlet colors, call it your own. Ahhhh!

### Lead 3 ||: E / Dsus2 / |/ E / :||

#### 



No Chords | Drums : ||: E / / / x4: || |: E / A / x4: ||

E D G B A x4 "Hard to Handle Jam" (End with St. Stephen Theme)

Spinnin' that curious sense of your own.
Can you answer? Yes I can.
But what would be the answer to the answer man?

High green chilly winds and windy
vines in loops around the twining
shafts of lavender, they're crawling
A B
to the sun

B
Wonder who will water all the
children of the garden when they
sigh about the barren lack of rain and droop so
A B A B

hungry 'neath the sky... I....

B
Underfoot the ground is patched with
G#m
climbing arms of ivy wrapped aB
A
F#m
round the manzanita, stark and shiny in the breeze

E
B
G#m
William Tell has stretched his bow till it
A
B
won't stretch no furthermore and/or it may
G#m
F#m
D
require a change that hasn't come before...