

Beeswing

Richard Thompson

From: Phillip Charles Saunders

transcribed by Phil Saunders (*)

tuning (DADGBE), capo 3rd fret

I ve been working on this lovely acoustic ballad for a while. The transcription is not perfect, especially on the chorus, but should be close enough to get you in the ballpark. I have not attempted to transcribe the solo. Corrections/Additions cheerfully welcomed, so long as critics take the difficulty of transcribing something like this into account. The chord names are written with the capo in mind; the song is actually in F, but is transcribed here in D. I usually play the B on the low A string by hammering on, which gives a little extra nuance. (This is why the D chords are notated as D (D6)). You can also throw in the low D string on the verse to add extra drive. On the chorus, I mm not quite sure if I really hear the low G on the G chord--the B is certainly there, but I can t tell about the G.

Chords

- D (000232)
- D6 (020232)
- A (X0222X)
- G (5X0003X)
- Bm (X24432)

Intro (and start of verses)

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-|-0--0h2p0-----0-----2---|
-|-----3p0--0-----0--2--3---0-----0-|
-|-----3-----3-----3-----|
-|-2-----3-----3-----3-----2---0---|
-|-----2-----0-----2-----2-----|
-|-----|
-|-0--0h2p0-----0-----2---|-----|
-|-----3p0--0-----0--2--3---0-----0-|-0-----0---|
-|-----3-----3-----3-----|-----|
-|-2-----3-----3-----3-----2---0---|-0-----0--2-|
-|-----2-----0-----2-----2-----|---0-----|
-|-----|

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Verse

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D
-|-----|-----|-----|
-|-3-----|-3-----|-3-----|
-|-2--2---2---2---2---2-|-2--2---2---2---2---2-|-2--2---2---2---2---2-|
-|-0-----|-0-----|-0-----|

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The Hawks against the Doves

D (D6)

I took a job in the steamie

Down on Caldram Street

I fell in love with a laundry girl

A G

Was working next to me

Chorus

Bm A/C# D

G A G/B A/C# D

So fine a breath of wind might blow her away

Bm A/C# D

She was a lost child, she was running wild

G A G/B A/C# D A/C#

She said, as long as there s no price on love I ll stay

G A G/B A/C# D

And you wouldn t want me any other way

Brownhair zig zag round her face

And a look of half surprise

Like a fox caught in the headlights

There was animal in her eyes

She said young man, O can t you see

I m not the factory kind

If you don t take me out of here

I ll surely lose my mind

So fine that I might crush her where she lay

She was a lost child, she was running wild

She said, as long as there s no price on love I ll stay

And you wouldn t want me any other way

We busked around the market towns

And picked fruit down in Kent

And we could tinker lamps and pots

And knives wherever we went

And I said that we might settle down

Get a few acres dug

Fire burning in the hearth

And babies on the rug

She said O man, you foolish man

That surely sounds like hell

You might be lord of half the world

You ll not own me as well

So fine a breathe of wind might blow her away

She was a lost child, she was running wild

She said, as long as there s no price on love I ll stay

And you wouldn t want me any other way

We was camping down the Gower one time

The work was pretty good

She thought we shouldn't wait for the frost
And I thought maybe we should

We were drinking more in those days
And tempers reached a pitch
Like a fool I let her run
With the rambling itch

D
last I hear she's sleeping out
Back on the Darby beat
White horse in her hip pocket
And a wolfhound at her feet

And they say she even married once
A man named Romany Brown
But even a gypsy caravan
Was too much settling down

And they say her flower is faded now
Hard weather and hard booze
But maybe that's just the price you pay
For the chains you refuse

So fine that I might crush her where she lay
And I miss her more than words could ever say
If I could just taste, All of her wildness now
If I could hold her in my arms today
Then I wouldn't want her any other way