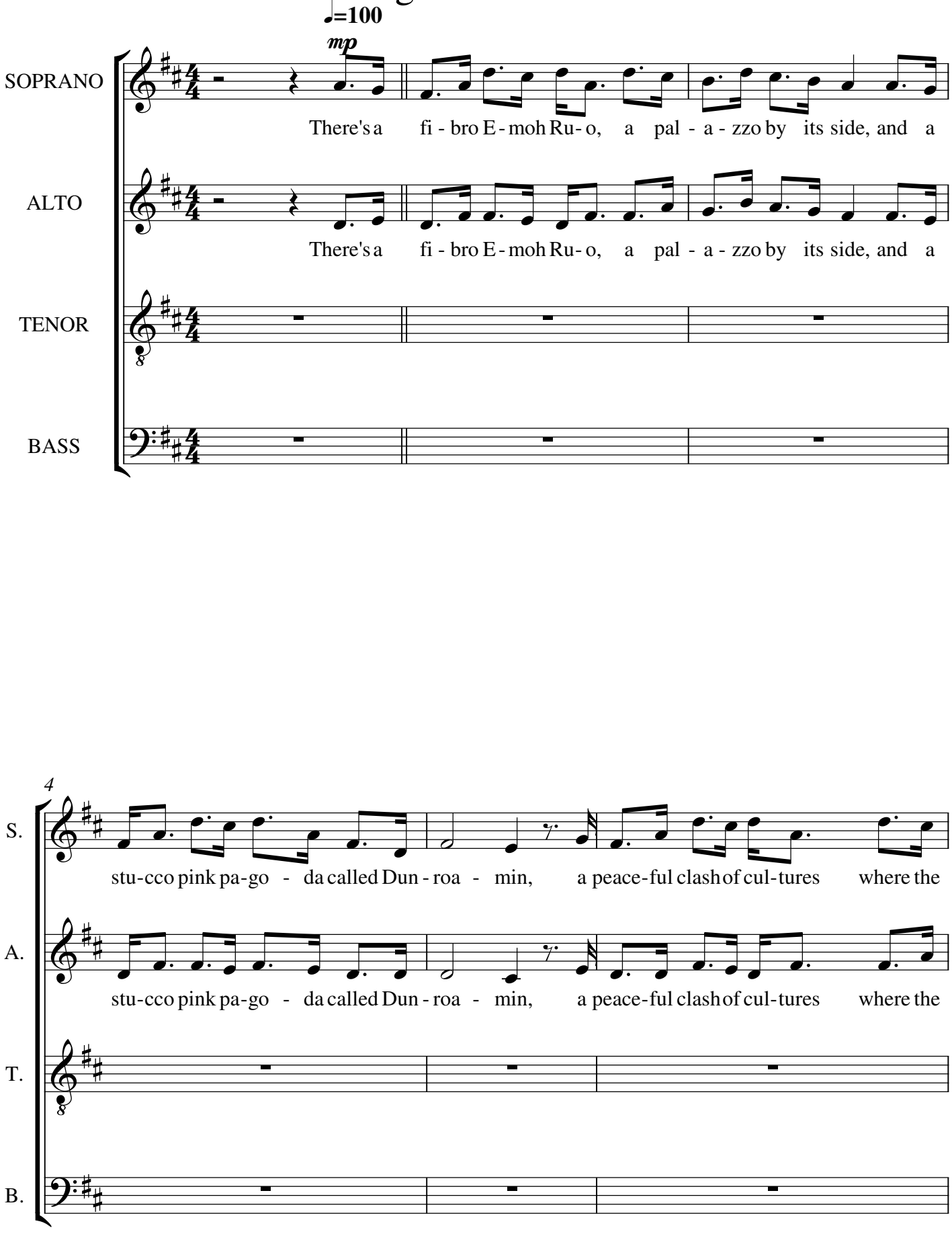
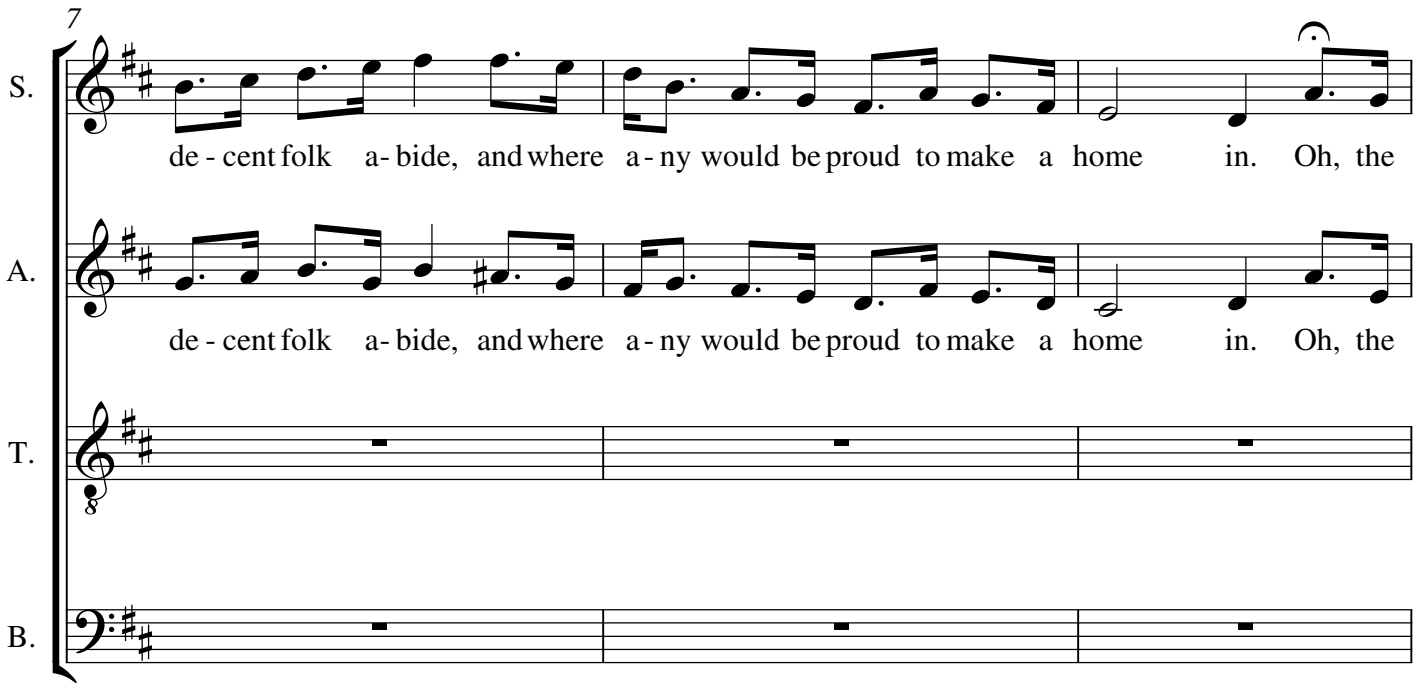
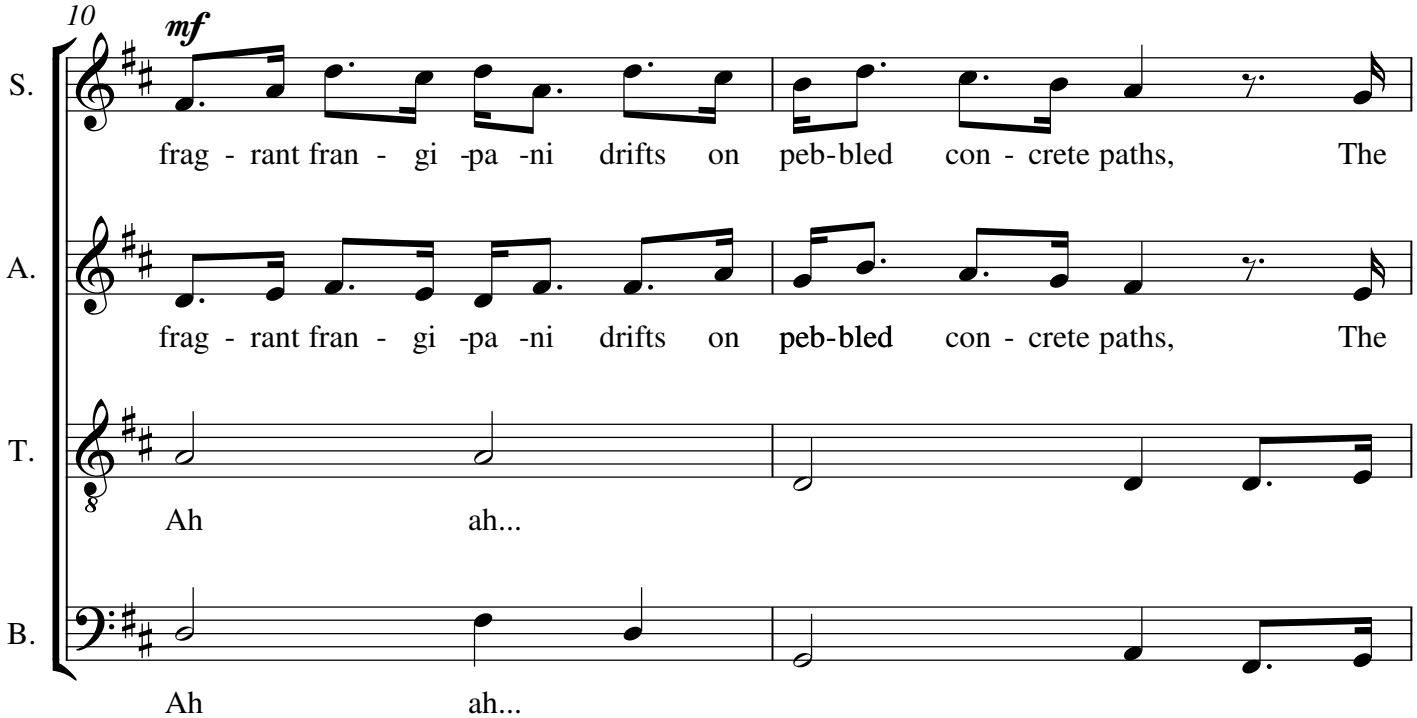
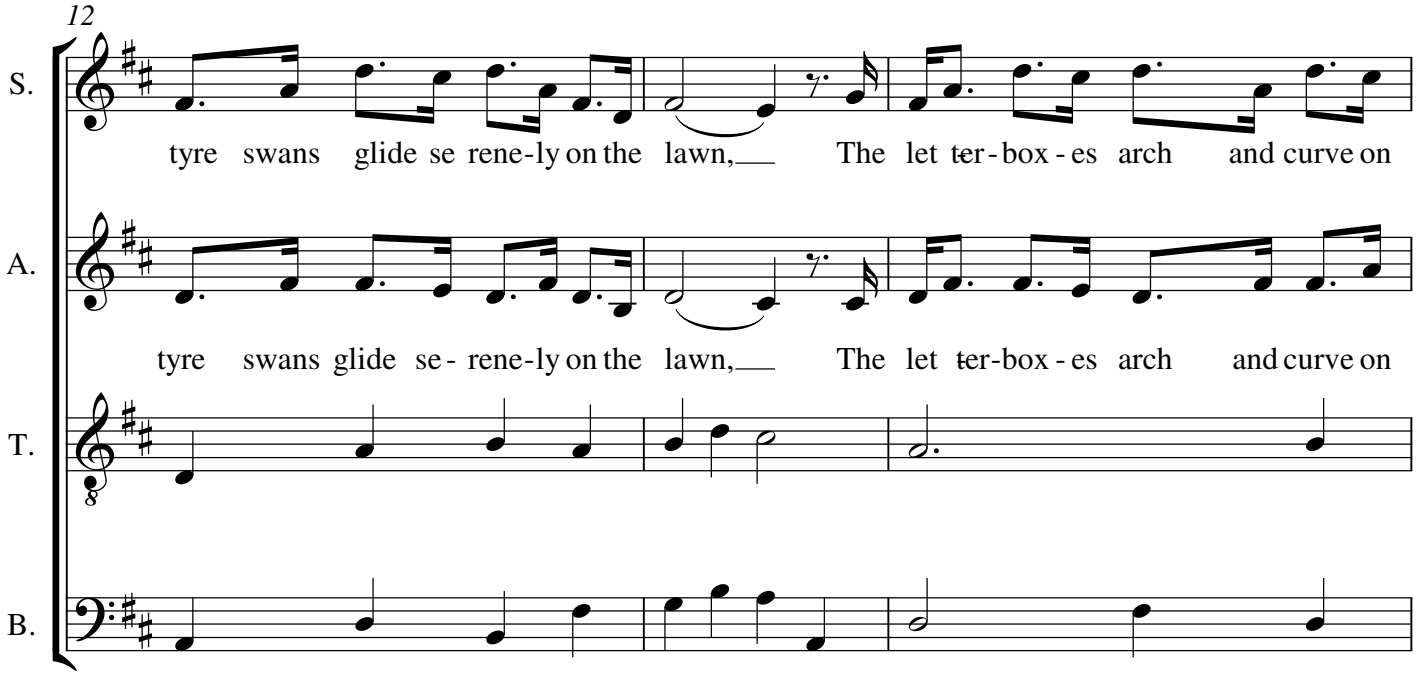
Revenge of the Gnome

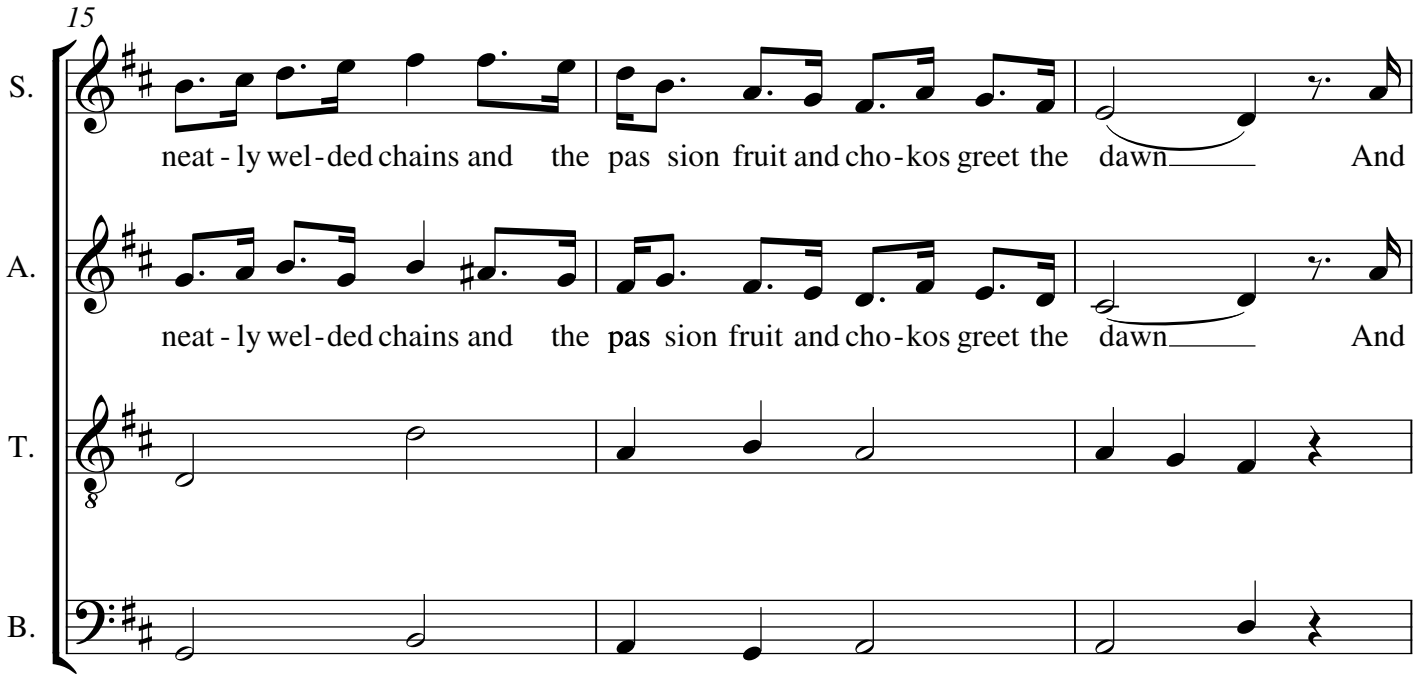
Neale Morison Jan 2007

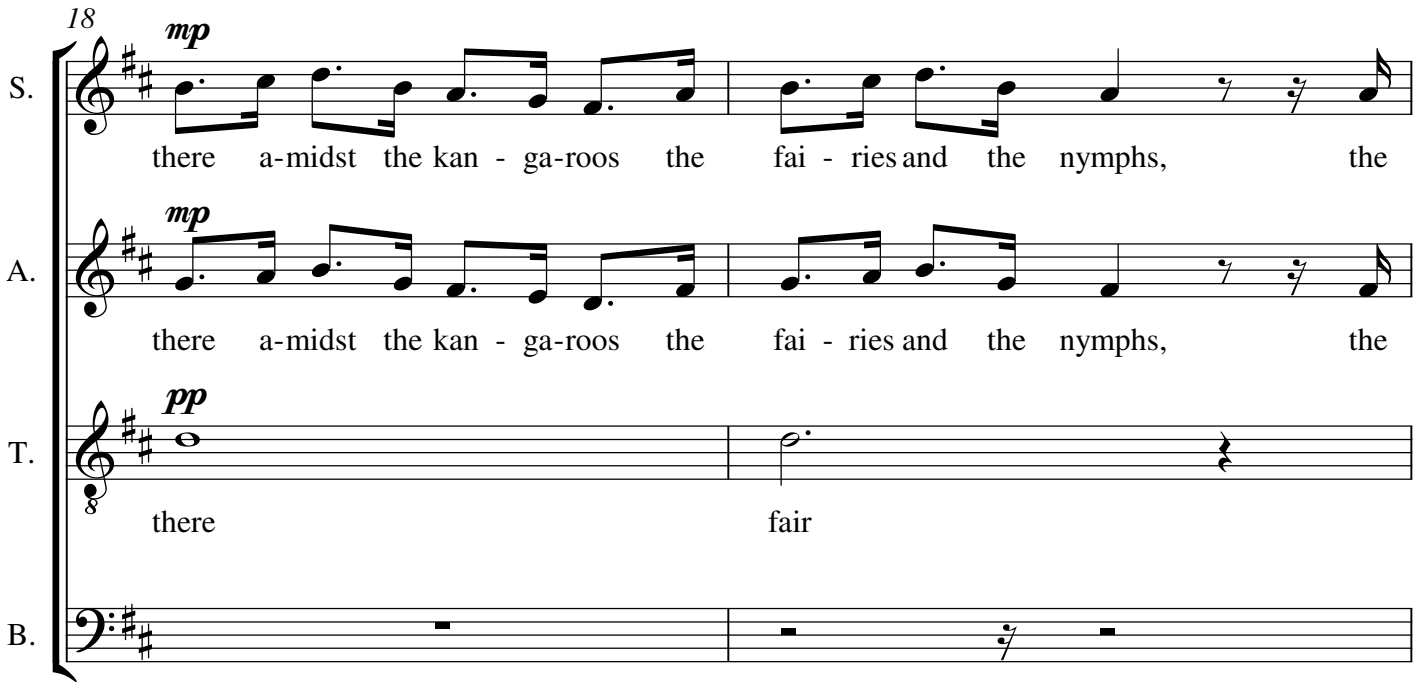


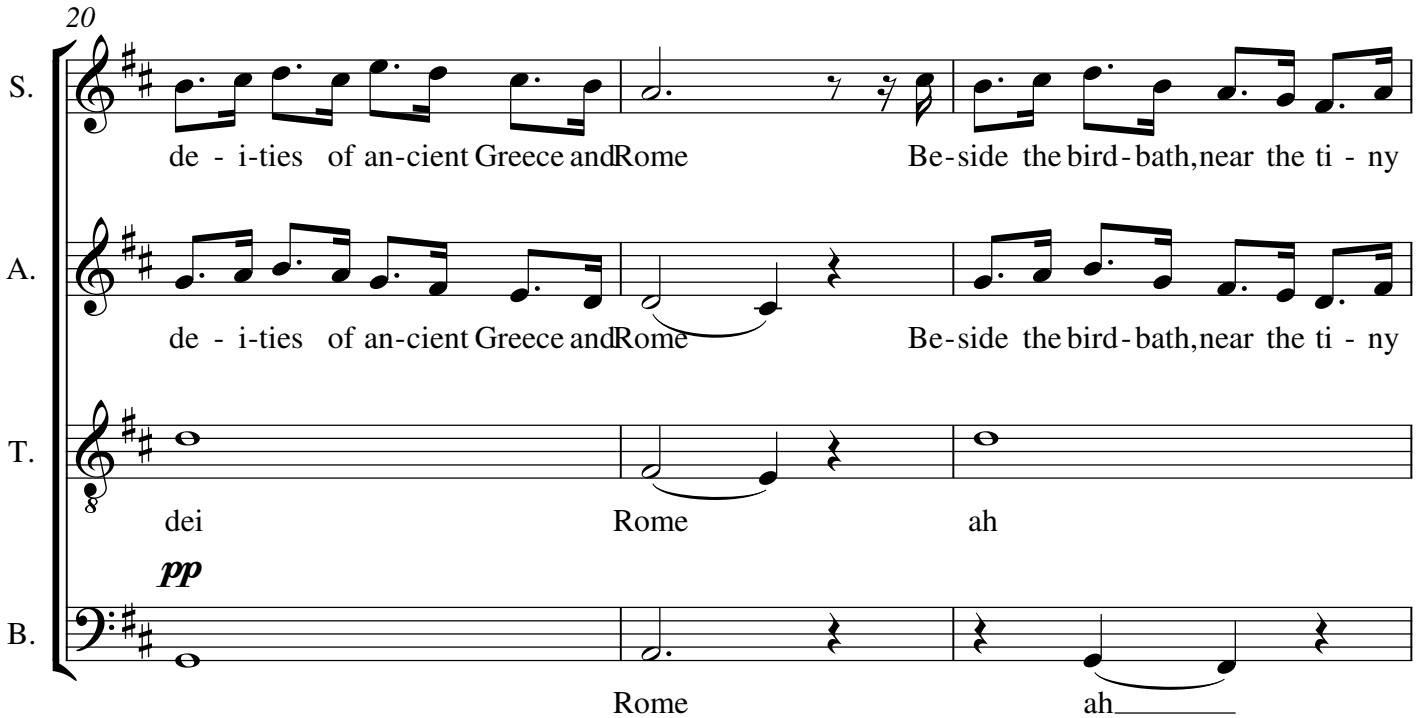

7
S.
de - cent folk a - bide, and where a - ny would be proud to make a home in. Oh, the
A.
de - cent folk a - bide, and where a - ny would be proud to make a home in. Oh, the
T.
B.

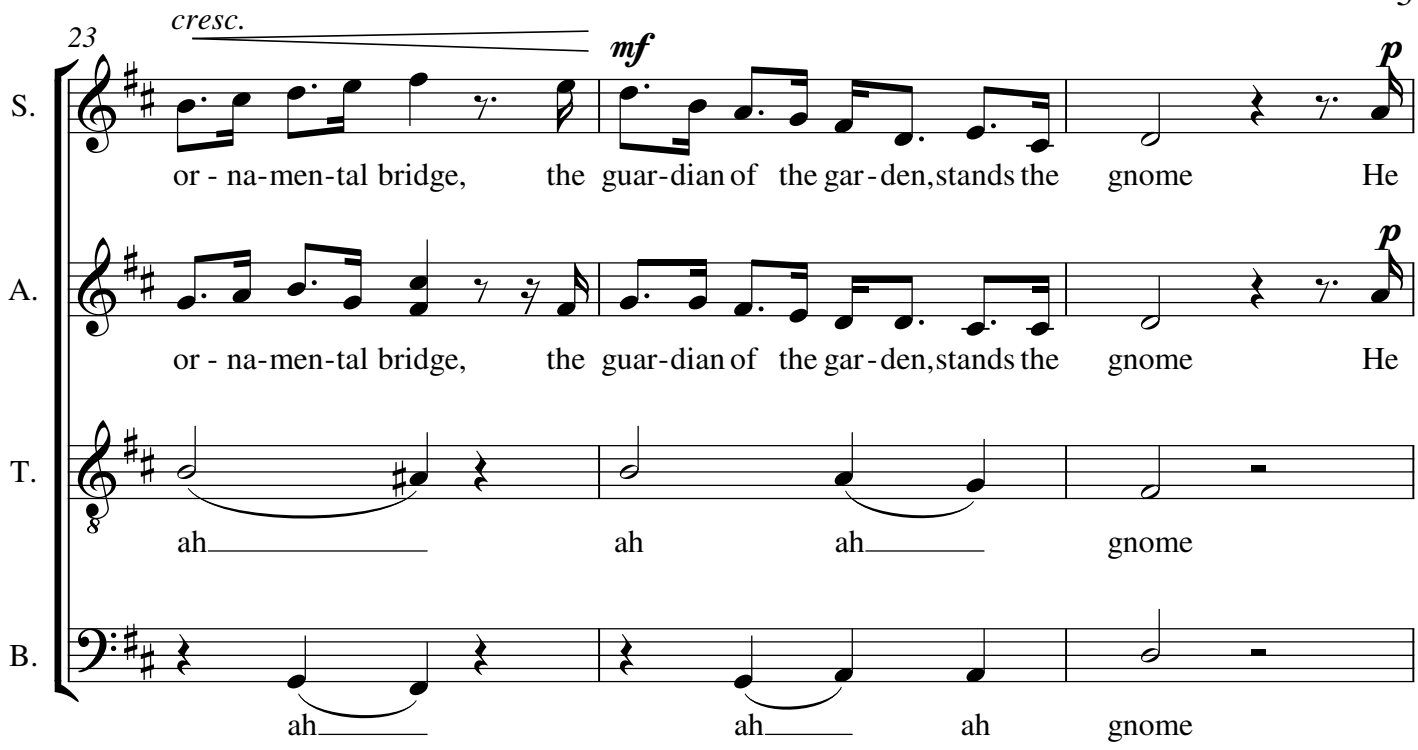

10
mf
S.
frag - rant fran - gi -pa -ni drifts on peb-bled con - crete paths, The
A.
frag - rant fran - gi -pa -ni drifts on peb-bled con - crete paths, The
T.
Ah ah...
B.
Ah ah...

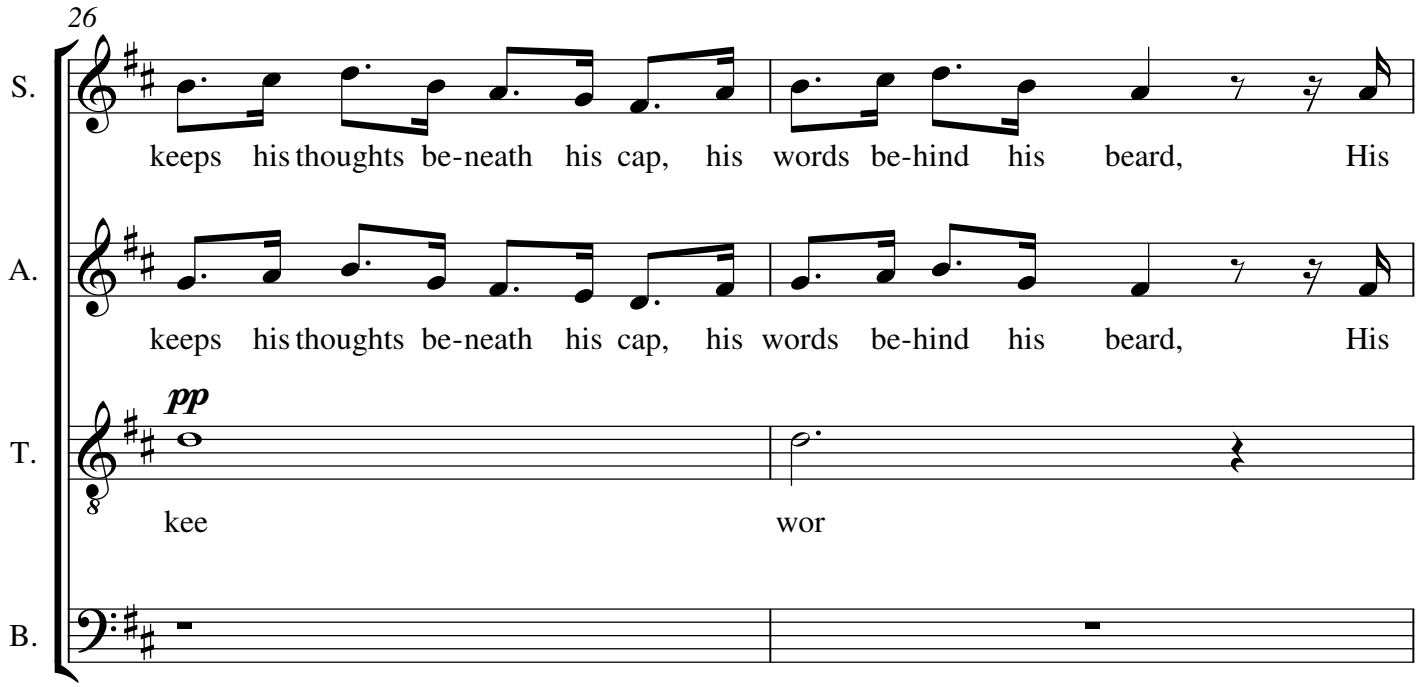

12
S.
tyre swans glide se rene-ly on the lawn, The let ter-box-es arch and curve on
A.
tyre swans glide se- rene-ly on the lawn, The let ter-box-es arch and curve on
T.
B.

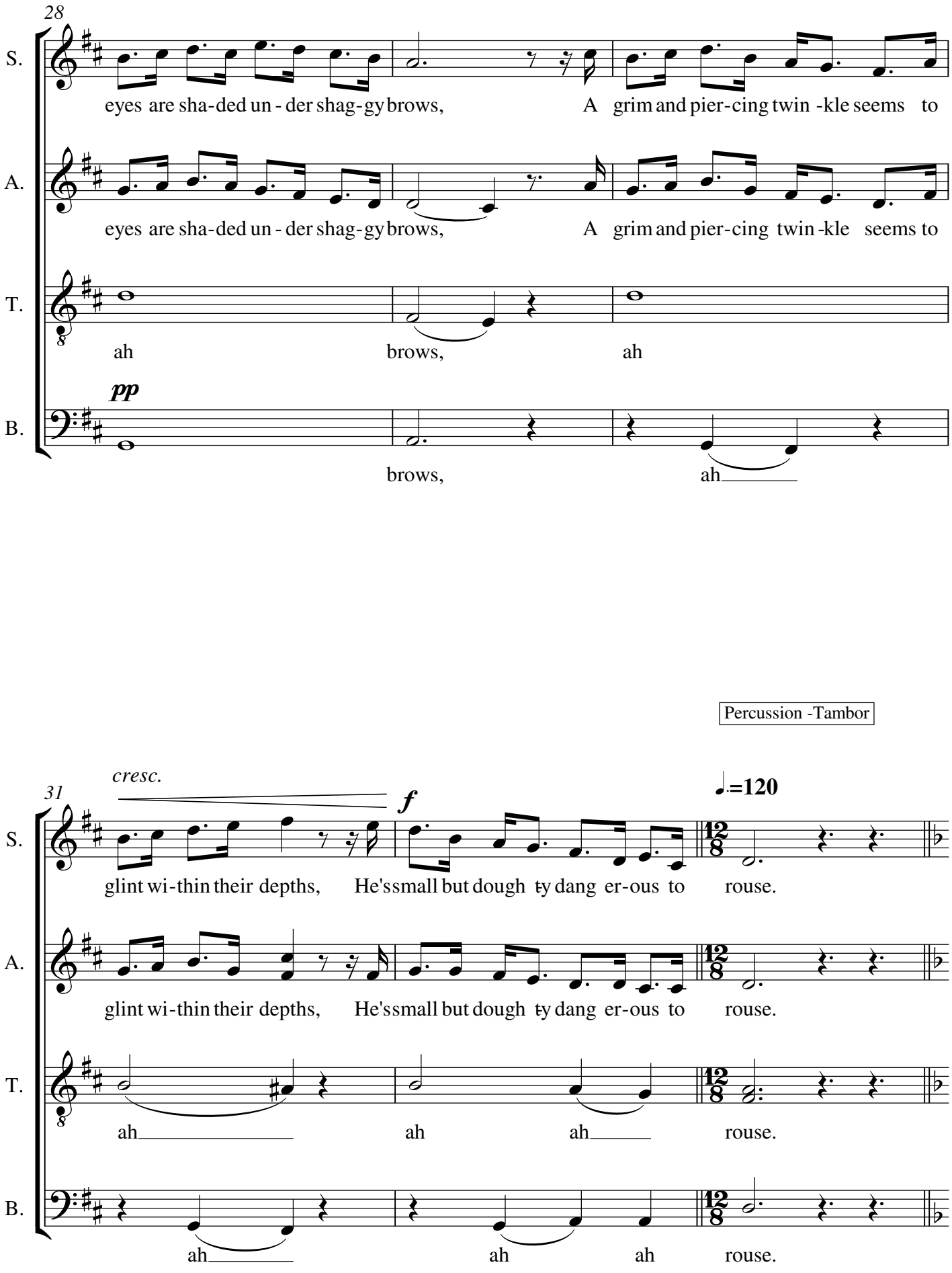

15
S.
neat-ly wel-ded chains and the pas sion fruit and cho-kos greet the dawn And
A.
neat-ly wel-ded chains and the pas sion fruit and cho-kos greet the dawn And
T.
B.

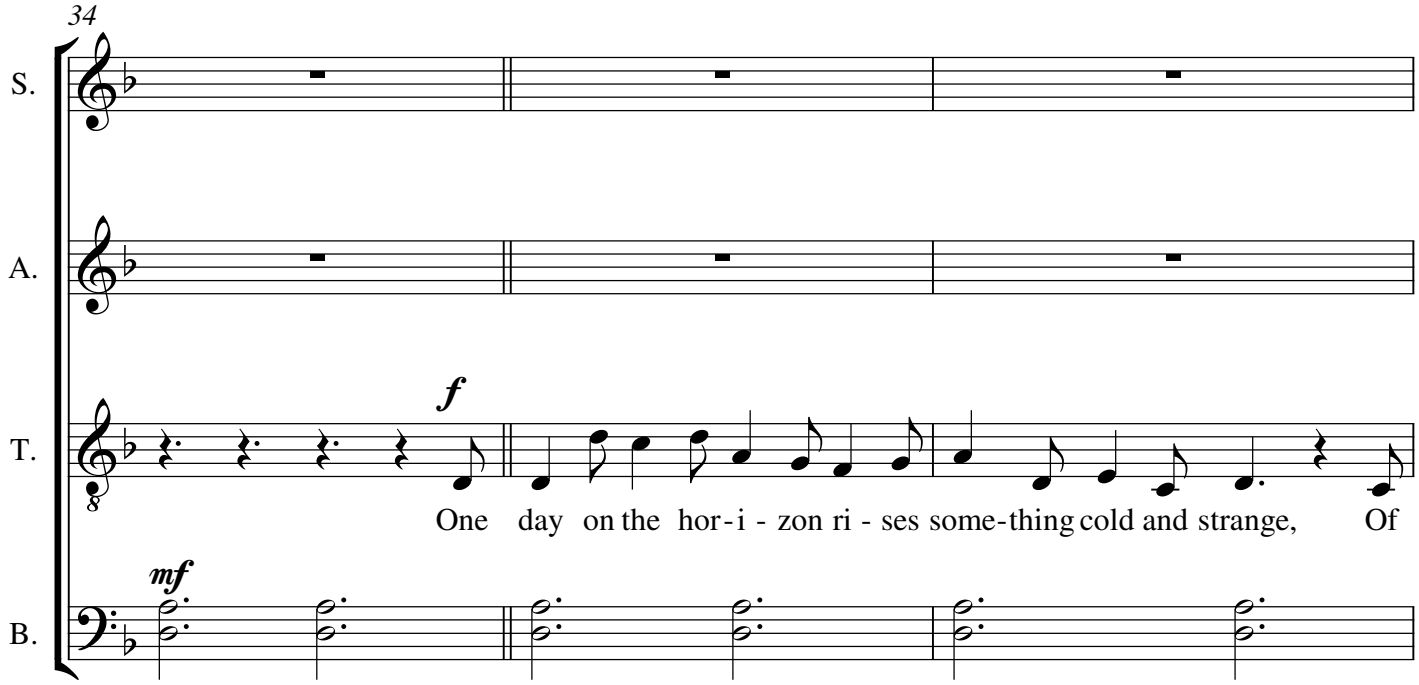

18
mp
S.
there a-midst the kan - ga-roos the fai - ries and the nymphs, the
mp
A.
there a-midst the kan - ga-roos the fai - ries and the nymphs, the
pp
T.
there fair
B.

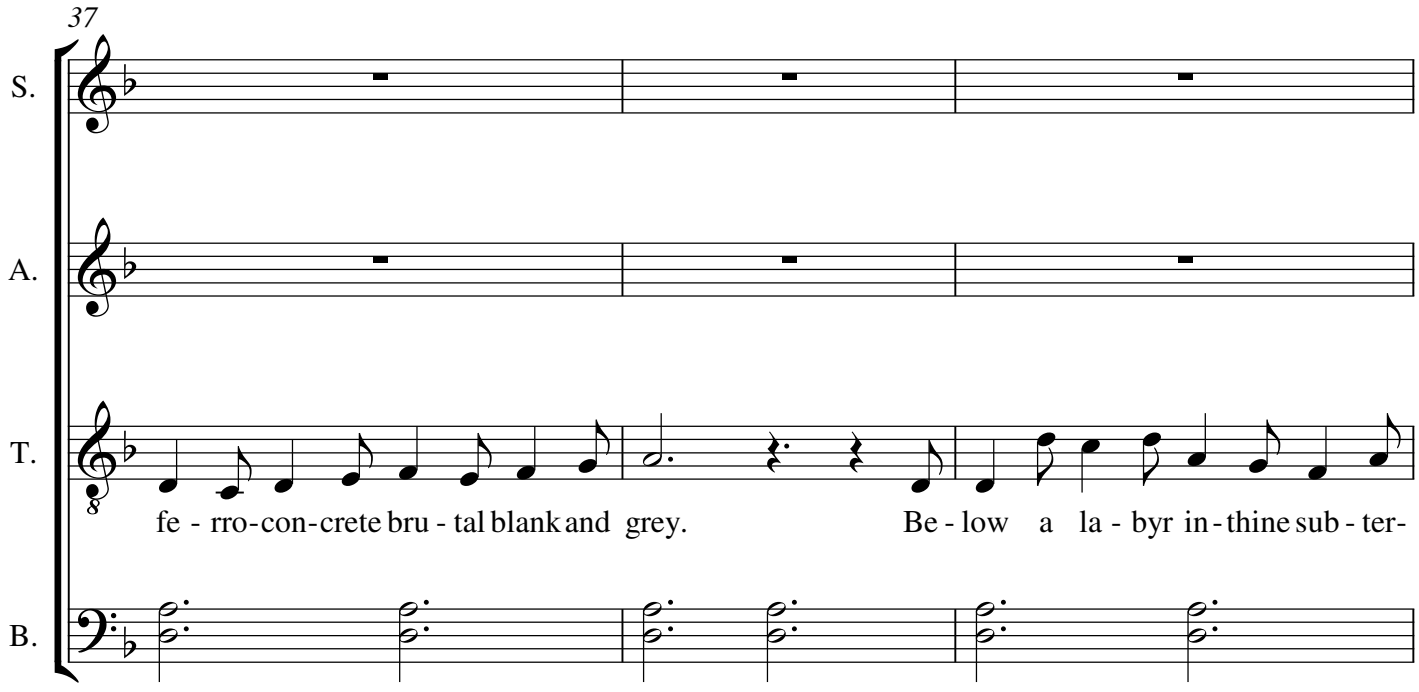

20
S.
de - i-ties of an-cient Greece and Rome Be-side the bird-bath, near the ti - ny
A.
de - i-ties of an-cient Greece and Rome Be-side the bird-bath, near the ti - ny
T.
dei Rome ah
pp
B.
Rome ah

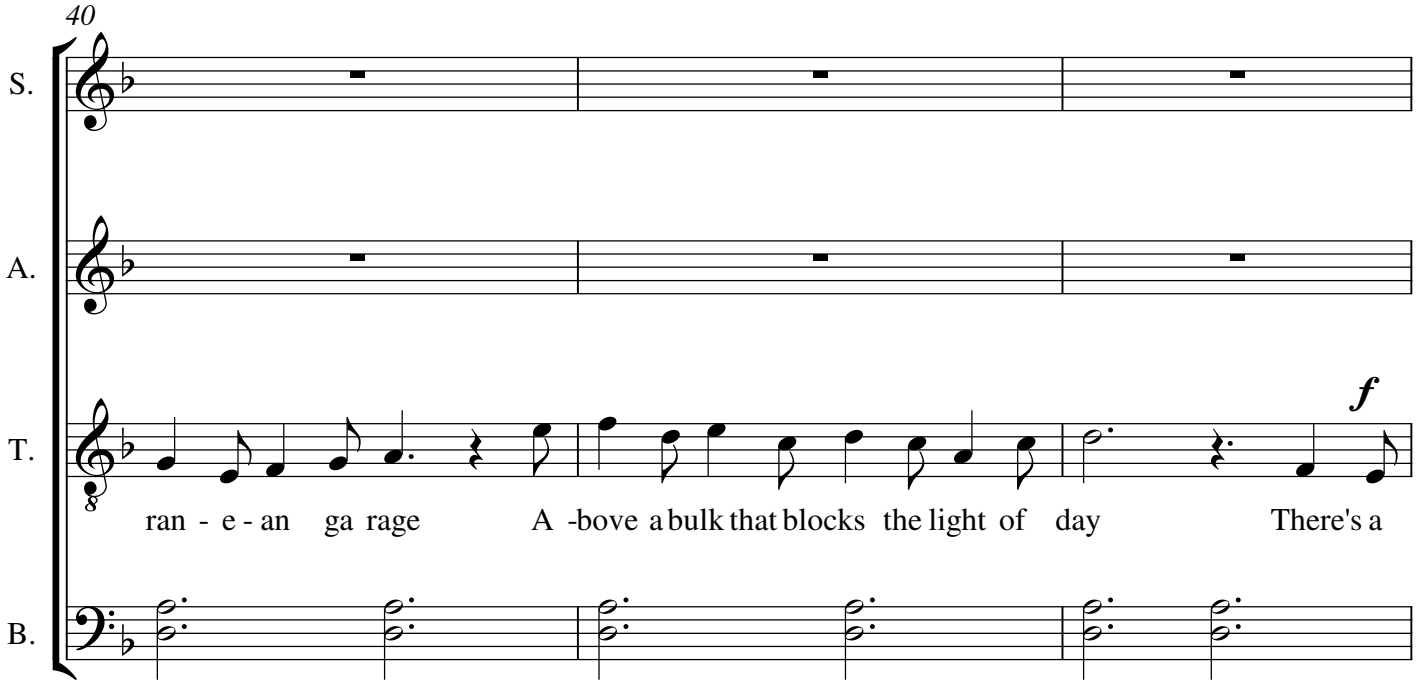

23
cresc.
mf
p
S.
or - na-men-tal bridge, the guar-dian of the gar - den, stands the gnome He
A.
or - na-men-tal bridge, the guar-dian of the gar - den, stands the gnome He
T.
ah ah ah gnome
B.
ah ah ah gnome

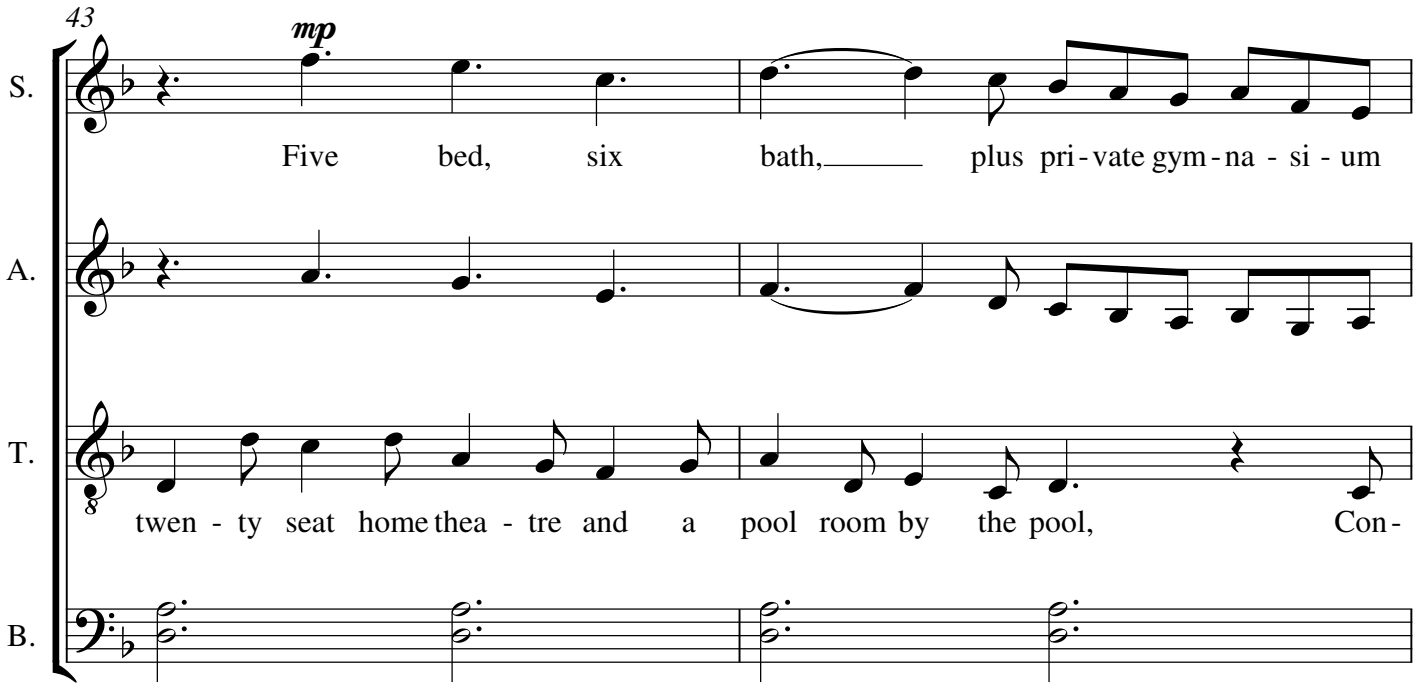

26
S.
keeps his thoughts be-neath his cap, his words be-hind his beard, His
A.
keeps his thoughts be-neath his cap, his words be-hind his beard, His
pp
T.
kee wor
B.

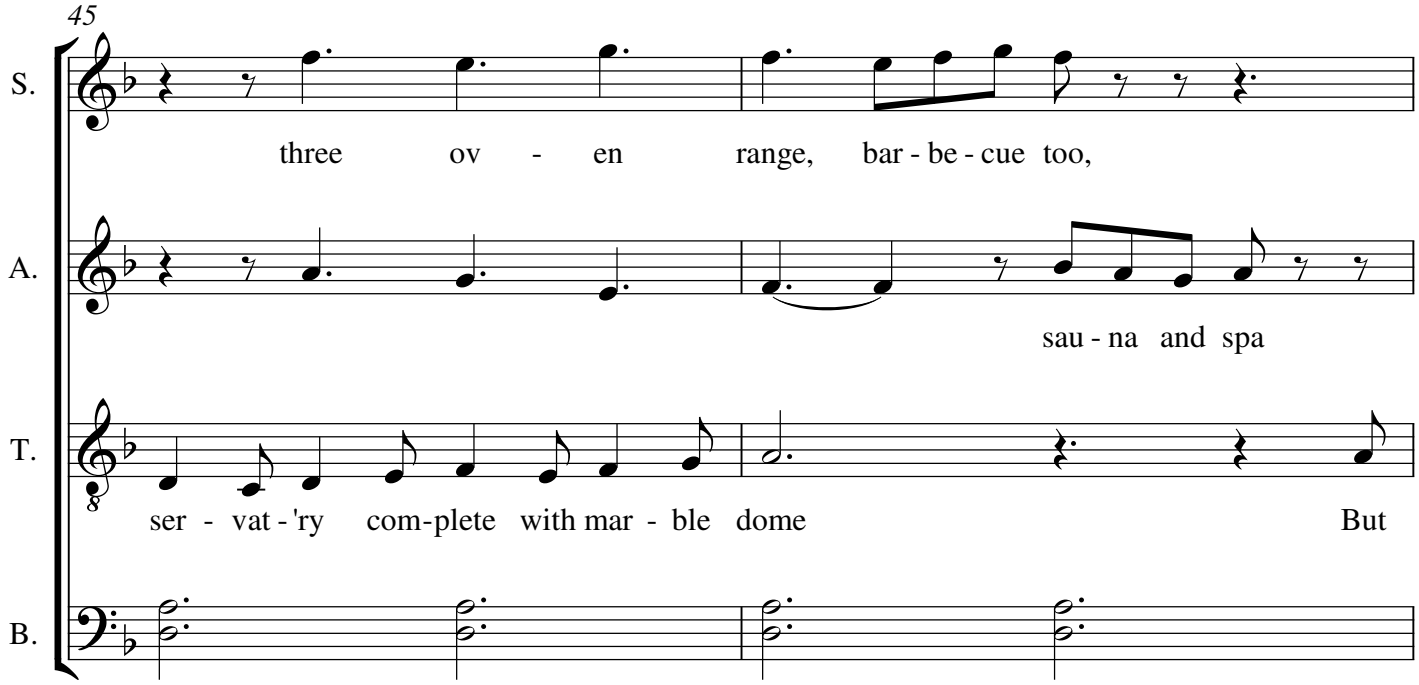

28
S.
eyes are sha-ded un - der shag-gy brows, A grim and pier-cing twin -kle seems to
A.
eyes are sha-ded un - der shag-gy brows, A grim and pier-cing twin -kle seems to
T.
ah brows, ah
pp
B.
brows, ah
Percussion -Tambor
31
cresc.
f
♩.=120
S.
glint wi-thin their depths, He's small but dough ty dang er-ous to rouse.
A.
glint wi-thin their depths, He's small but dough ty dang er-ous to rouse.
T.
ah ah ah rouse.
B.
ah ah ah rouse.

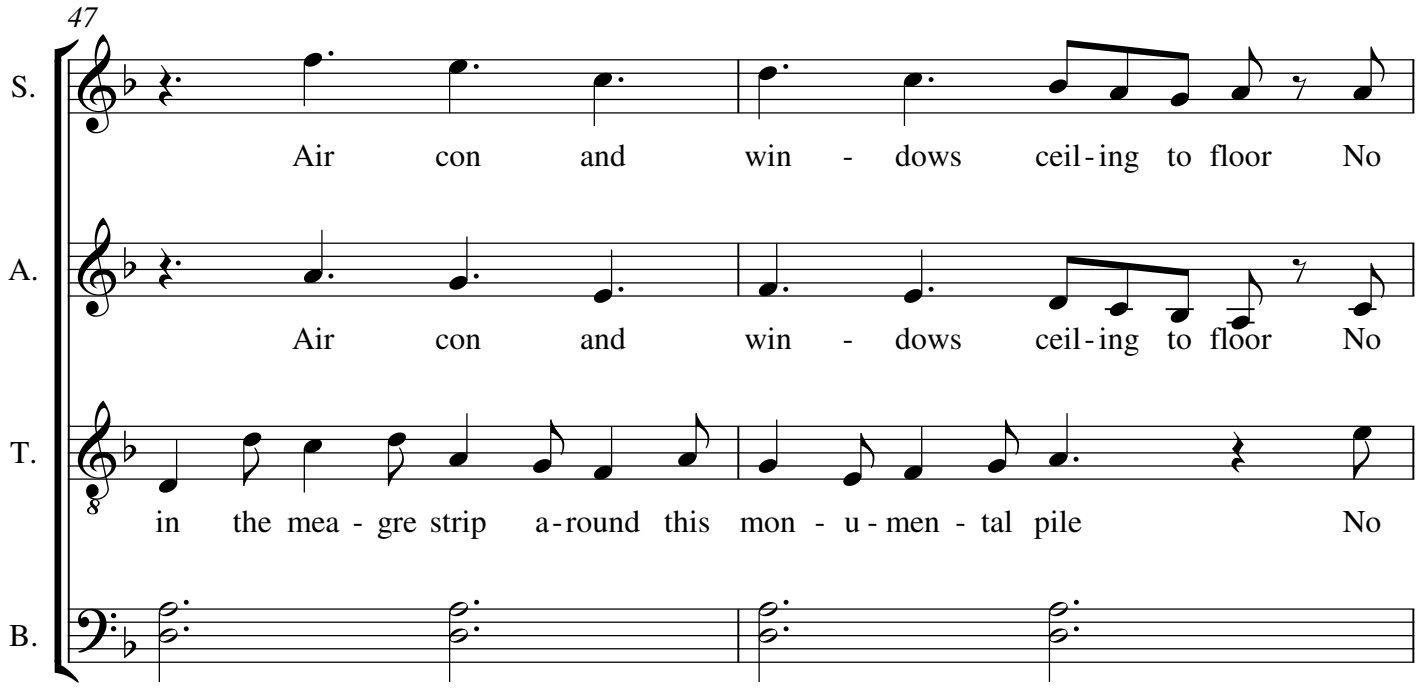

34
S.
A.
T.
B.
f
One day on the hor - i - zon ri - ses some - thing cold and strange, Of
mf
Hum, hum...

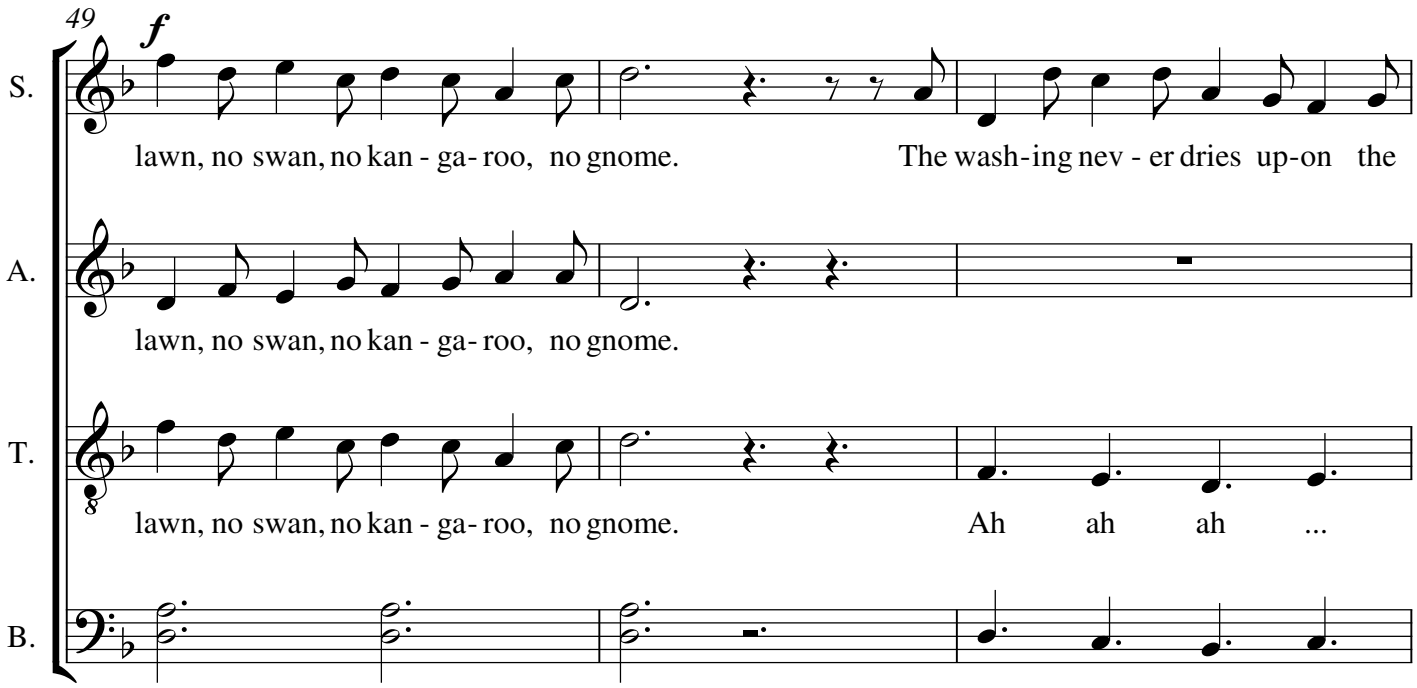

37
S.
A.
T.
B.
fe - rro - con - crete bru - tal blank and grey. Be - low a la - byr in - thine sub - ter -

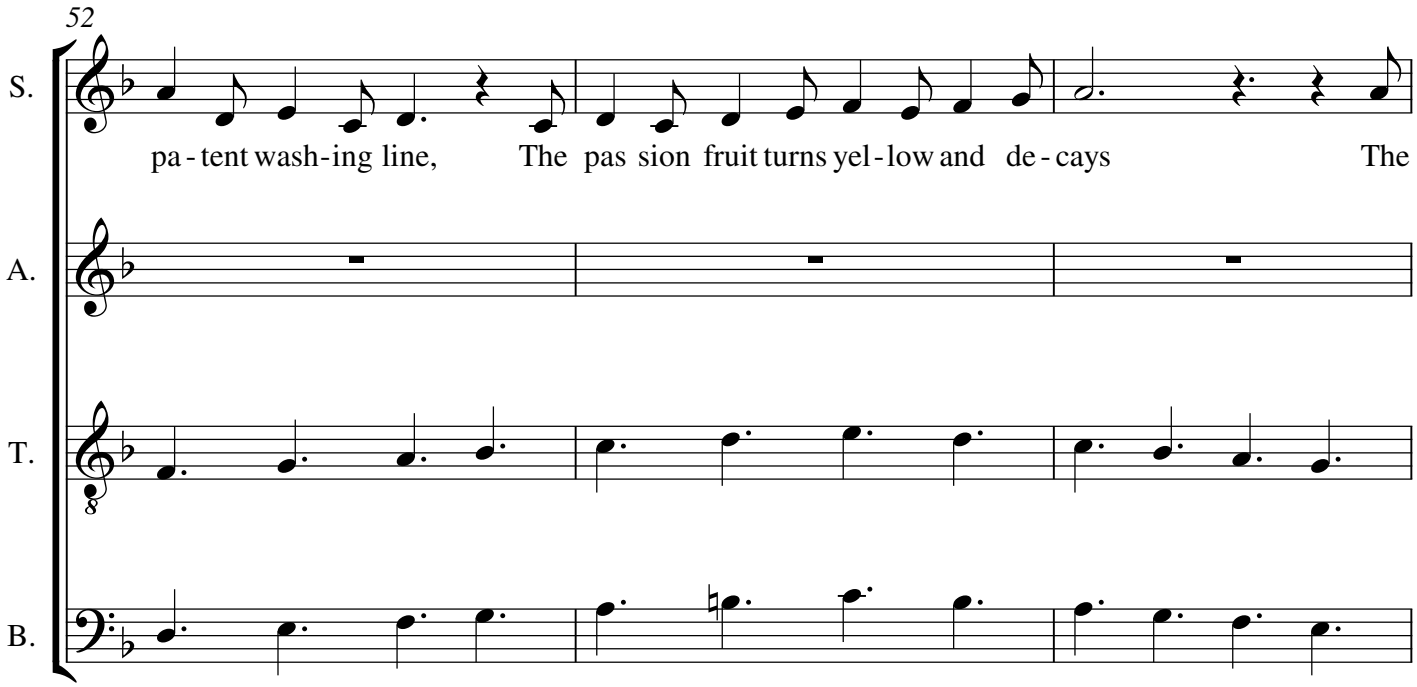

40
S.
A.
T.
B.
f
ran - e - an ga rage A -bove a bulk that blocks the light of day There's a

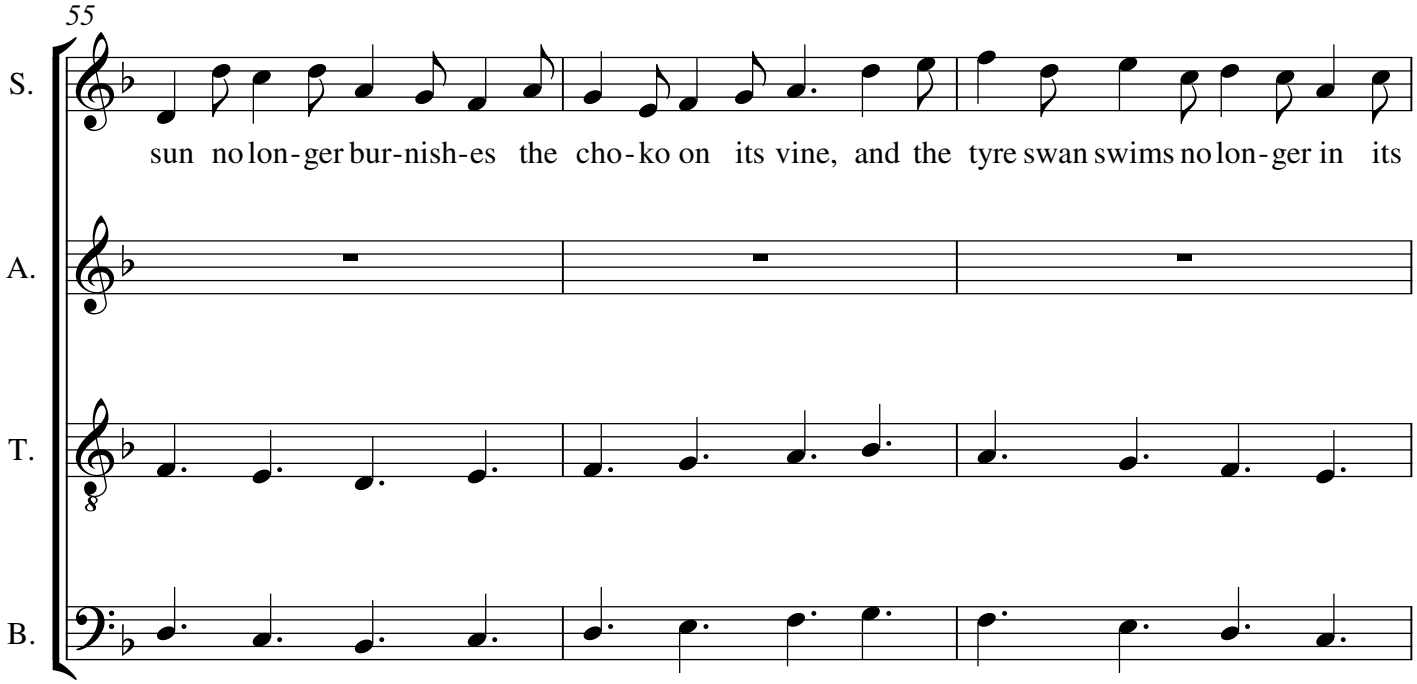

43
mp
S.
A.
T.
B.
Five bed, six bath, plus pri - vate gym - na - si - um
twen - ty seat home thea - tre and a pool room by the pool, Con -

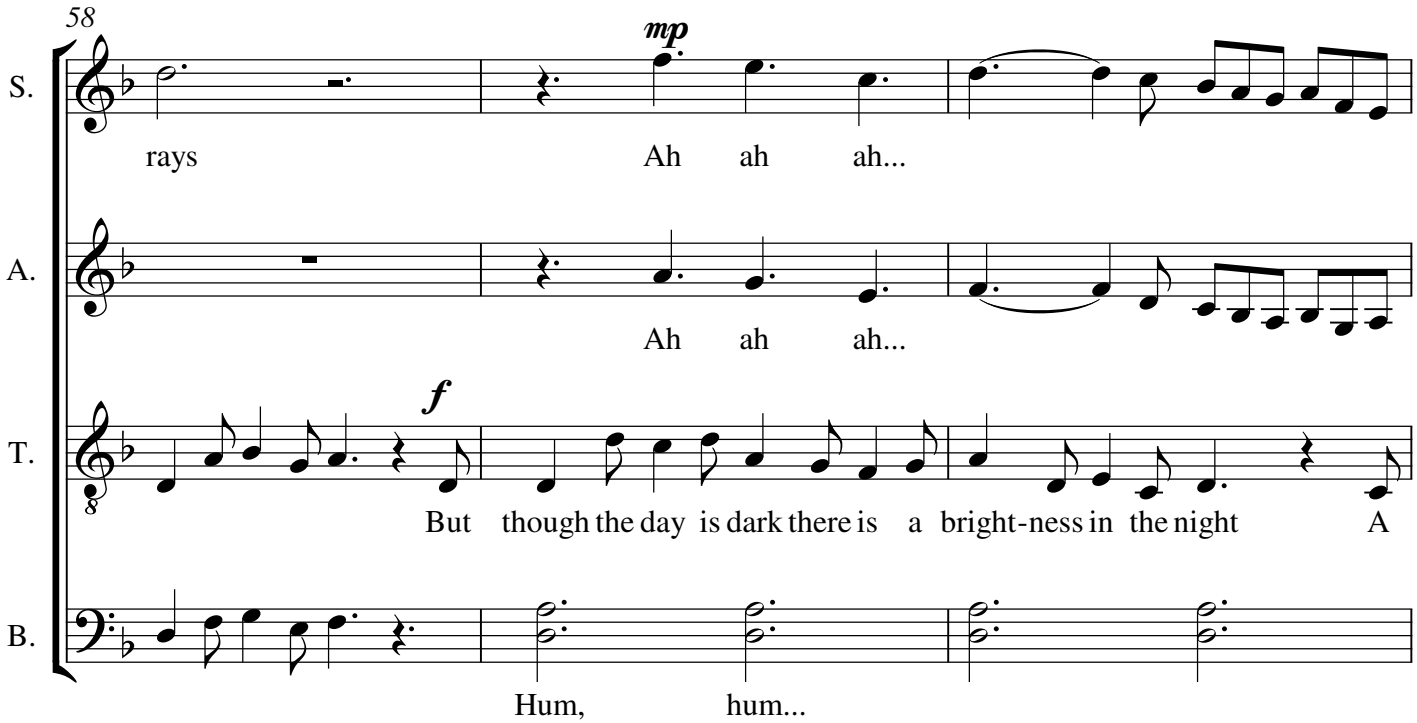

45
S.
three ov - en range, bar - be - cue too,
A.
sau - na and spa
T.
ser - vat - 'ry com-plete with mar - ble dome But
B.

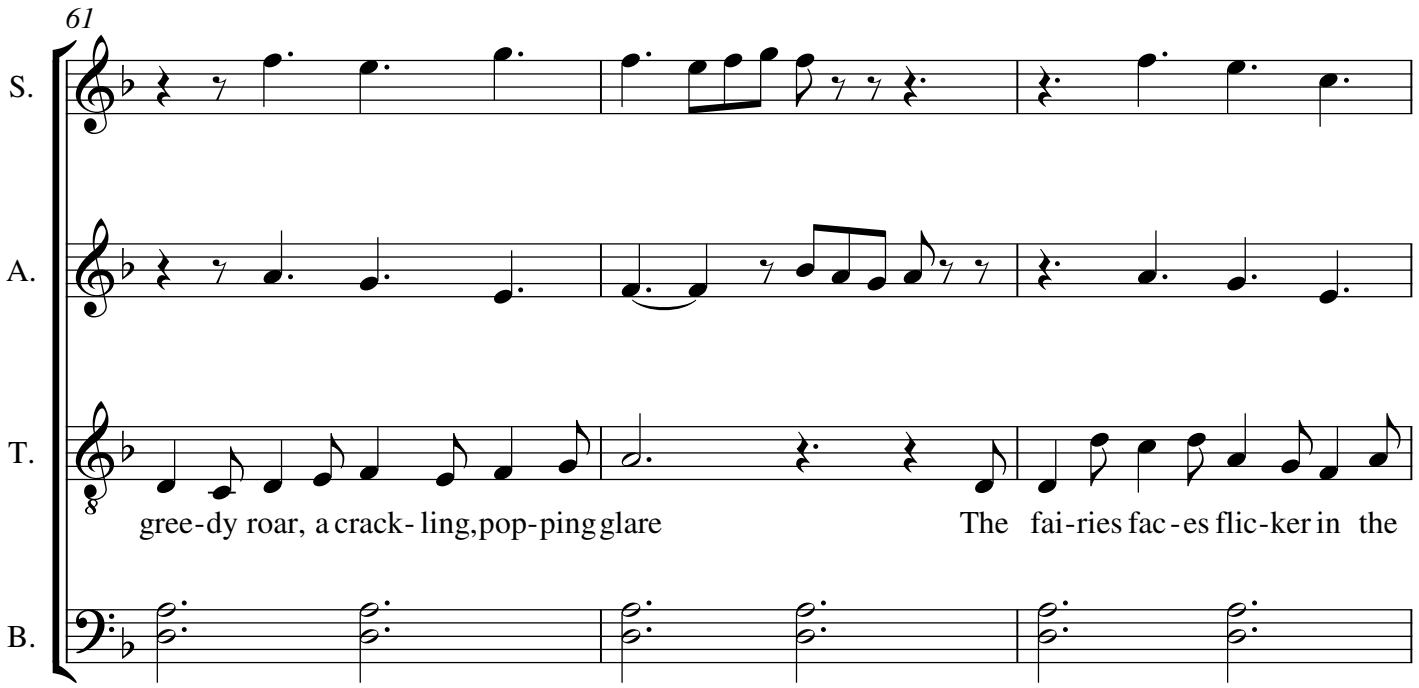

47
S.
Air con and win - dows ceil - ing to floor No
A.
Air con and win - dows ceil - ing to floor No
T.
in the mea - gre strip a - round this mon - u - men - tal pile No
B.

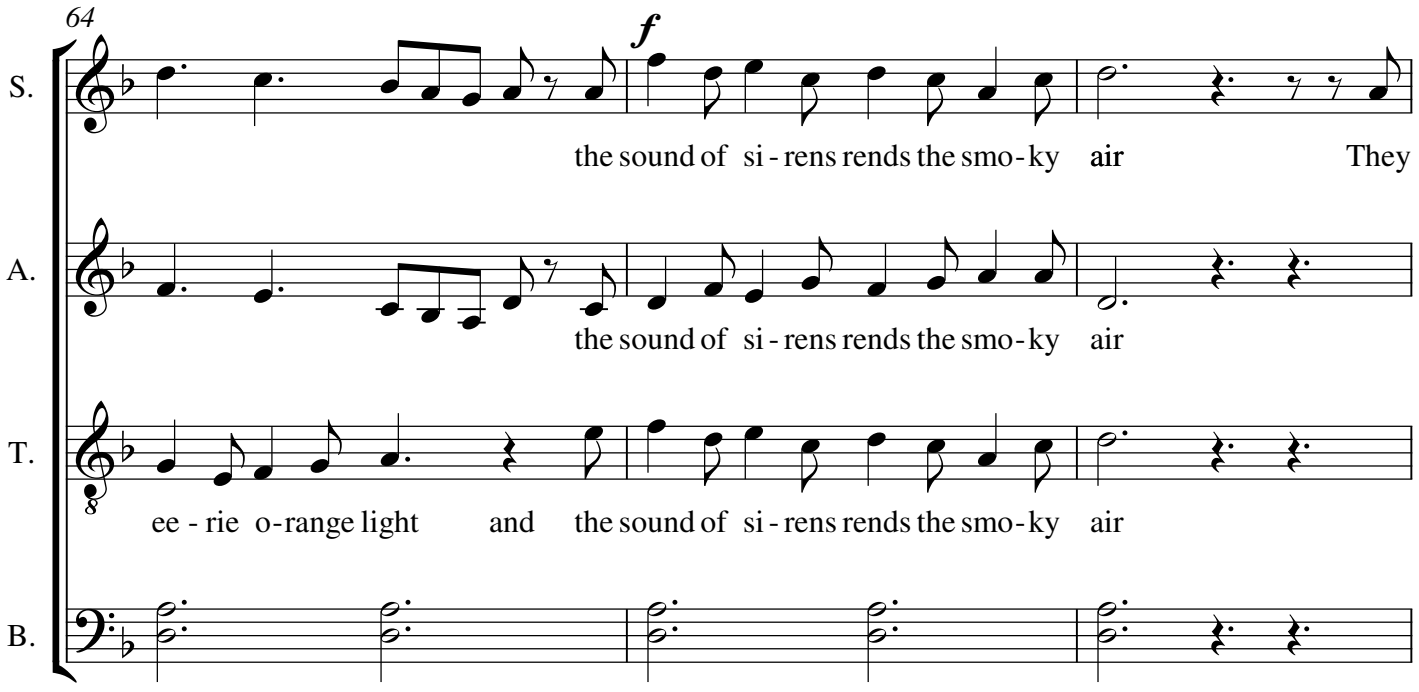

49
f
S.
lawn, no swan, no kan - ga- roo, no gnome. The wash-ing nev - er dries up-on the
A.
lawn, no swan, no kan - ga- roo, no gnome.
T.
lawn, no swan, no kan - ga- roo, no gnome. Ah ah ah ...
B.
Ah ah ah ...

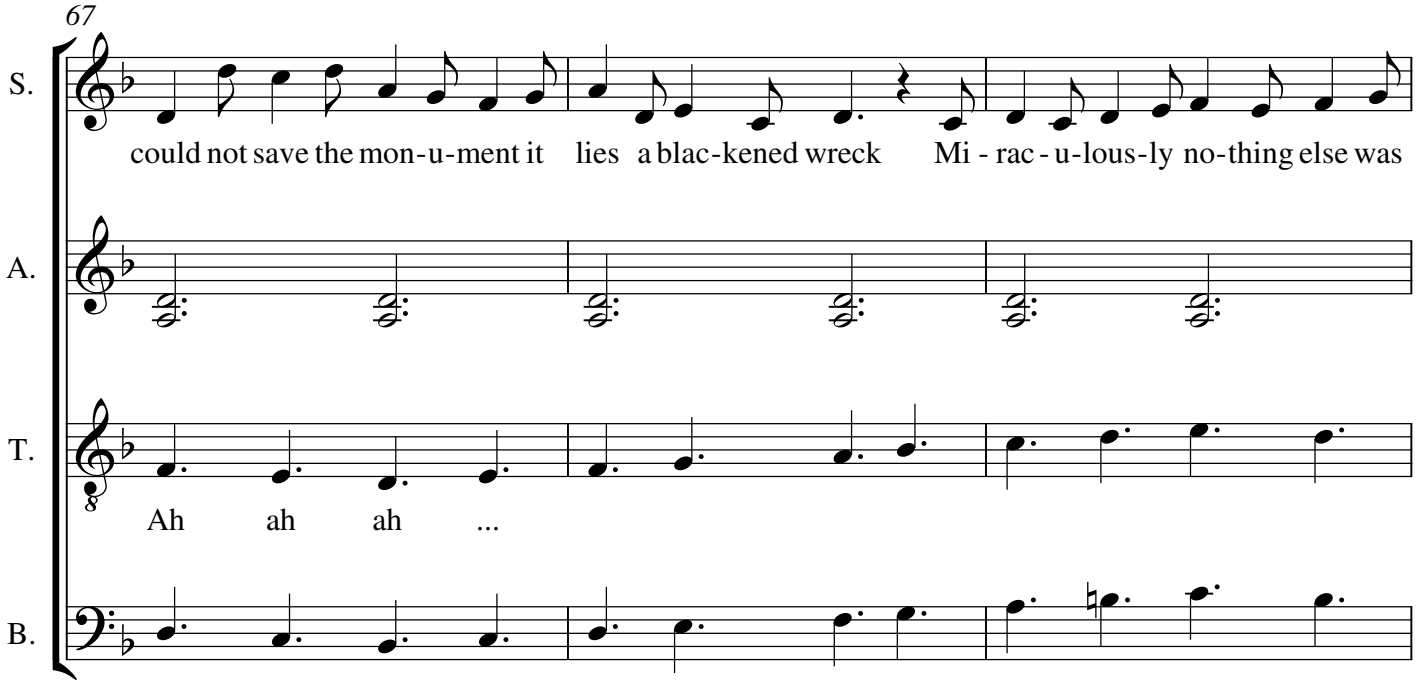

52
S.
pa - tent wash-ing line, The pas sion fruit turns yel - low and de - cays The
A.
T.
B.

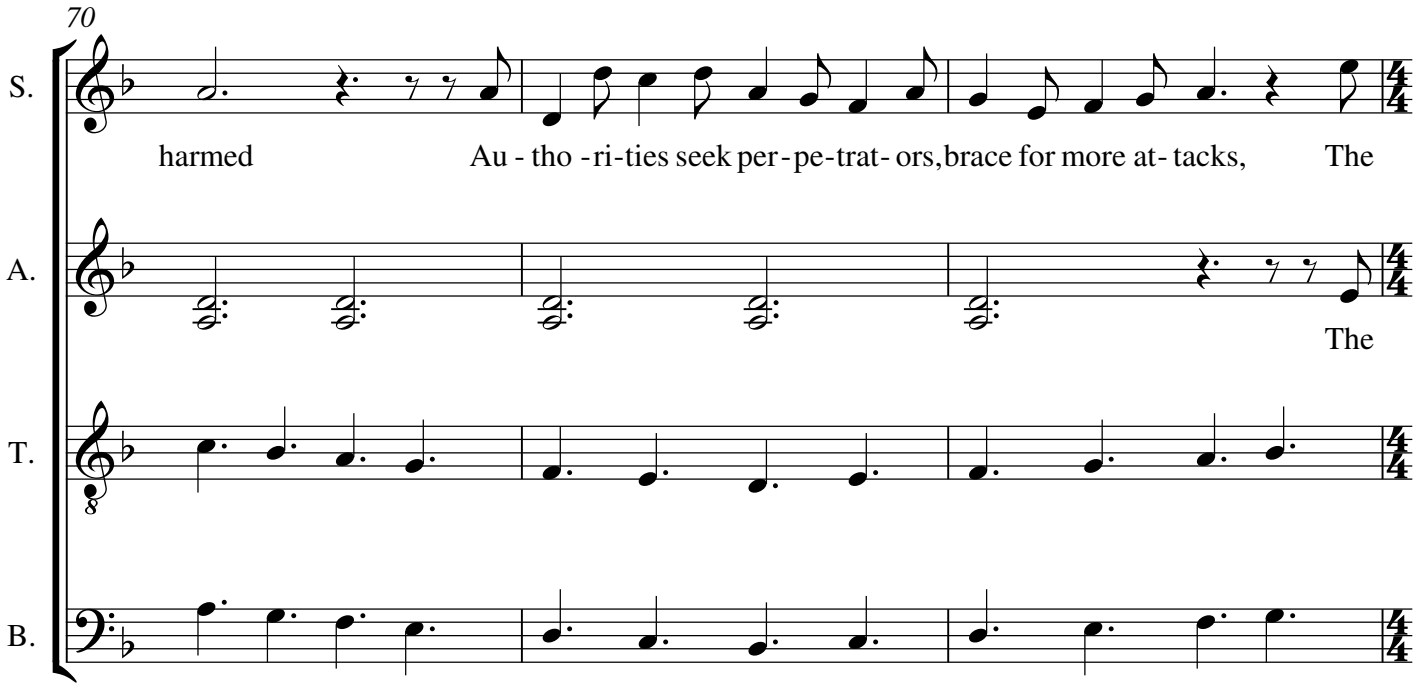

55
S.
sun no lon-ger bur-nish-es the cho-ko on its vine, and the tyre swan swims no lon-ger in its
A.
T.
B.

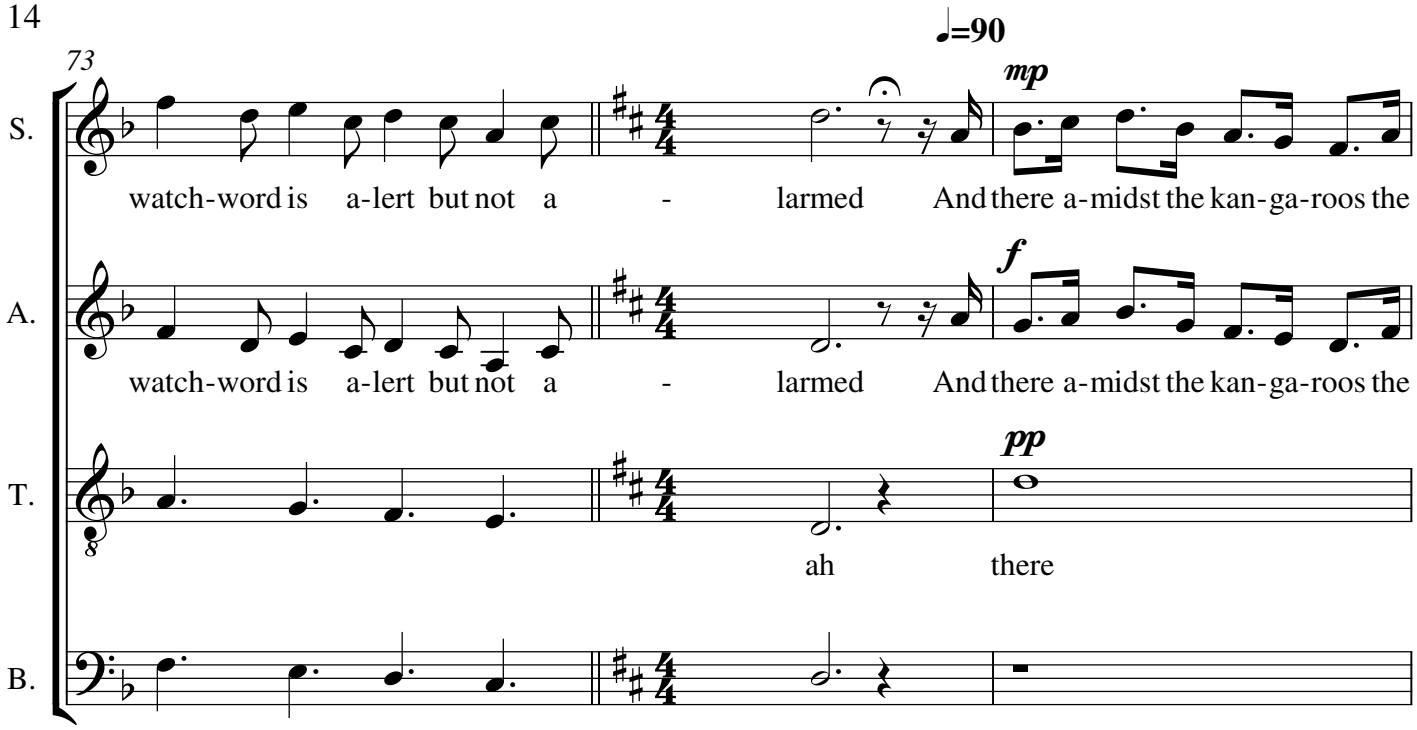

58
S.
mp
rays
Ah ah ah...
A.
Ah ah ah...
T.
f
But though the day is dark there is a bright-ness in the night A
B.
Hum, hum...

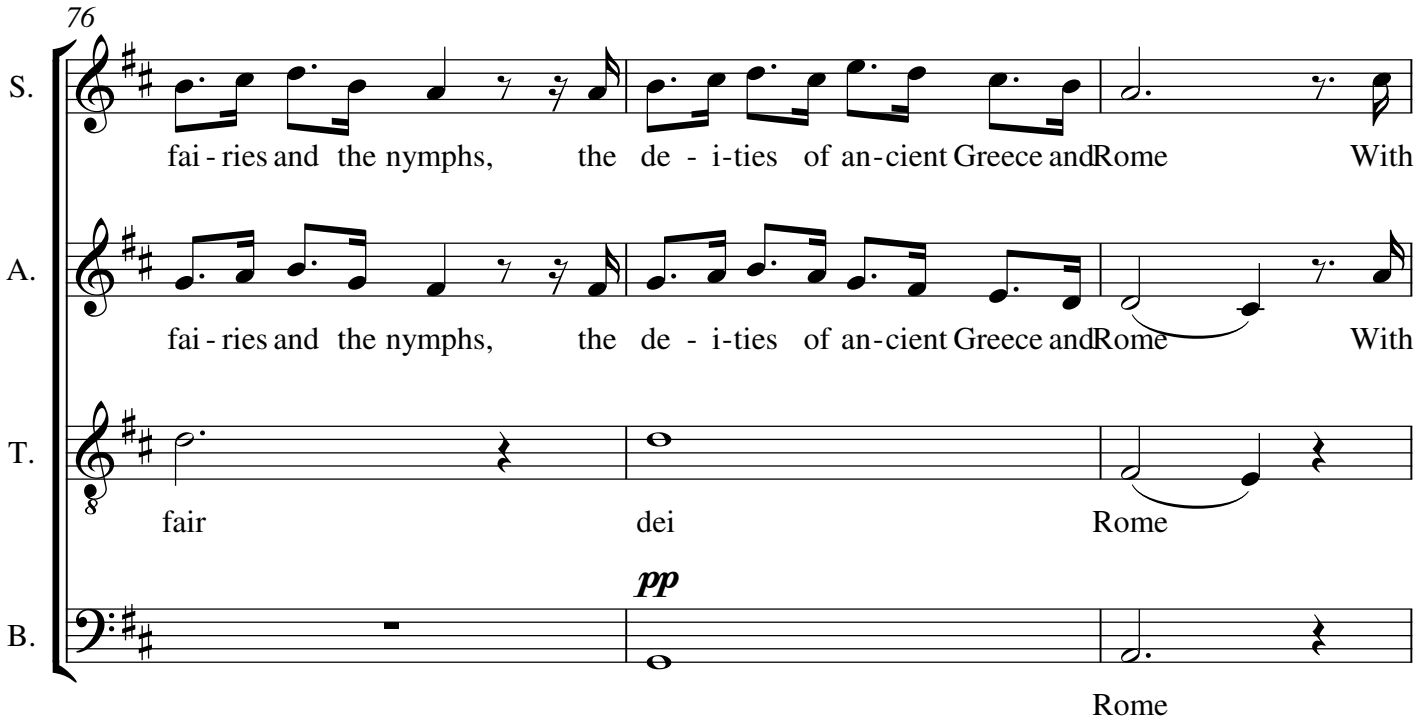

61
S.
A.
T.
B.
gree-dy roar, a crack- ling,pop-ping glare
The fai-ries fac-es flic-ker in the

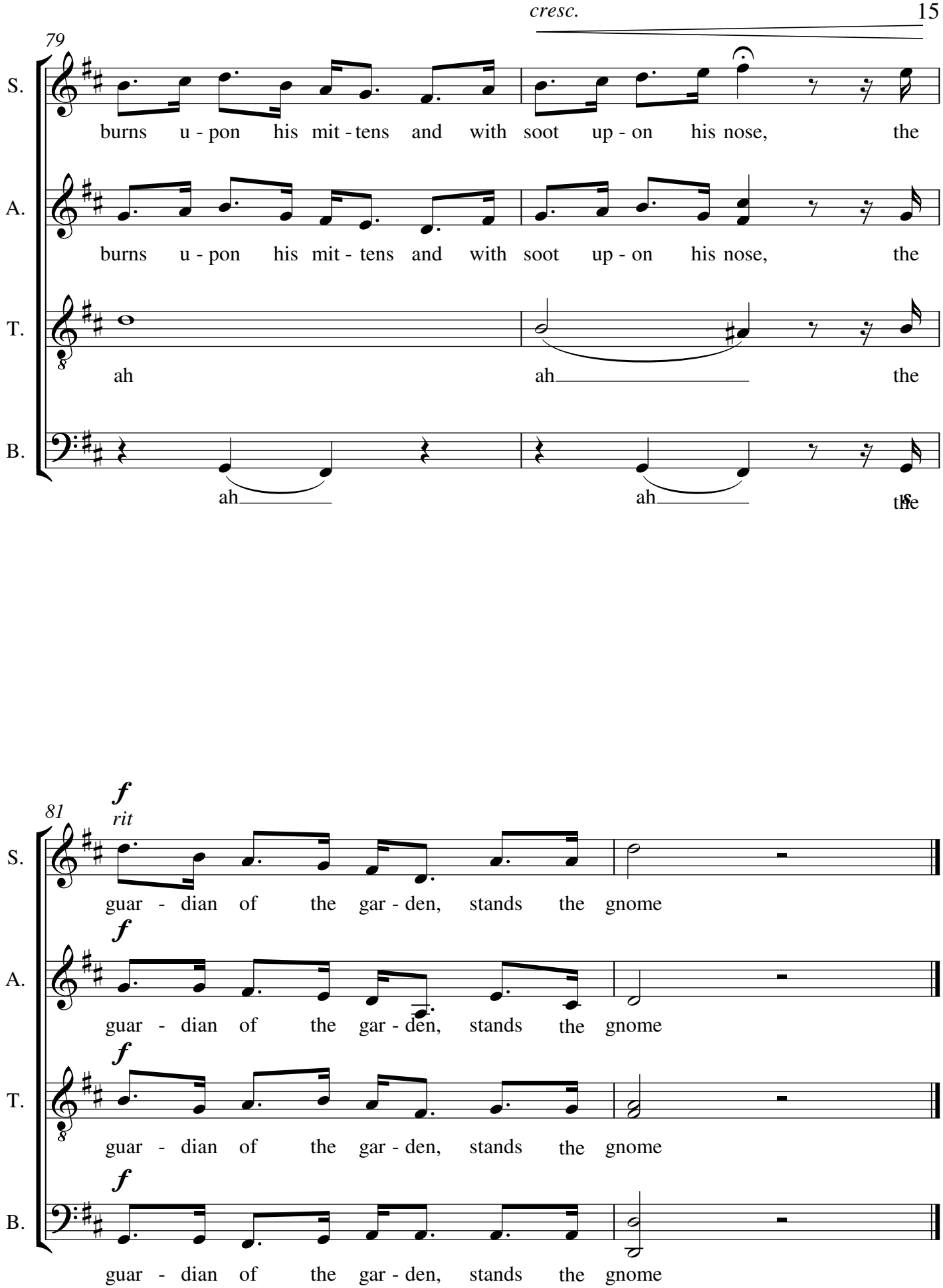

64
f
S.
A.
T.
B.
the sound of si - rens rends the smo-ky air
They
the sound of si - rens rends the smo-ky air
ee - rie o-range light and the sound of si - rens rends the smo-ky air

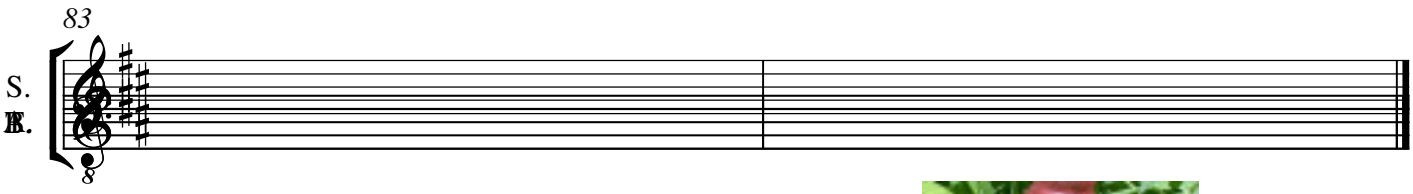

67
S.
could not save the mon-u-ment it lies a blac-kened wreck Mi - rac - u-lous-ly no-thing else was
A.
T.
Ah ah ah ...
B.
Ah ah ah ...


70
S.
harmed Au - tho -ri-ties seek per-pe-trat- ors,brace for more at- tacks, The
A.
The
T.
B.


73
♩=90
mp
f
pp
S.
watch-word is a-lert but not a - larmed And there a-midst the kan-ga-roos the
A.
watch-word is a-lert but not a - larmed And there a-midst the kan-ga-roos the
T.
ah there
B.
ah


76
S.
fai-ries and the nymphs, the de - i-ties of an-cient Greece and Rome With
A.
fai-ries and the nymphs, the de - i-ties of an-cient Greece and Rome With
T.
fair dei Rome
pp
B.
Rome


cresc.
79
S.
burns u - pon his mit - tens and with soot up - on his nose, the
A.
burns u - pon his mit - tens and with soot up - on his nose, the
T.
ah ah the
B.
ah ah the
81
f
rit
S.
guar - dian of the gar - den, stands the gnome
f
A.
guar - dian of the gar - den, stands the gnome
f
T.
guar - dian of the gar - den, stands the gnome
f
B.
guar - dian of the gar - den, stands the gnome



Revenge of the Gnome

There's a fibro Emoh Ruo, a palazzo by its side,
And a stucco pink pagoda called Dunroamin.
A peaceful clash of cultures where the decent folk abide,
And where any would be proud to make a home in.

Oh, the fragrant frangipanni drifts on pebbled concrete paths,
The tyre swans glide serenely on the lawn,
The letterboxes arch and curve on neatly welded chains,
And the passionfruit and chokos greet the dawn,

And there, amidst the kangaroos, the fairies and the nymphs,
The deities of ancient Greece and Rome,
Beside the birdbath, near the tiny ornamental bridge,
The guardian of the garden, stands the gnome.

He keeps his thoughts beneath his cap,
his words behind his beard,
His eyes are shaded under shaggy brows,
A grim and piercing twinkle seems to
glint within their depths,
He's small but doughty, dangerous to rouse.

One day on the horizon rises something
cold and strange,
Of ferroconcrete, brutal, blank and grey,
Below a labyrinthine subterranean garage,
Above a bulk that blocks the light of day,

There's a twenty seat home theatre, and a pool room by the pool,
(Five bed, six bath, plus private gymnasium,)
Conservat'ry complete with marble dome,
(Three oven range, barbecue too, sauna and spa,)
But in the meagre strip around this monumental pile,
(Air con and windows ceiling to floor)
No lawn, no swan, no kangaroo, no gnome.

The washing never dries upon the patent washing line,
The passionfruit turns yellow and decays,
The sun no longer burnishes the choko on its vine,
And the tyre swan swims no longer in its rays.

But though the day is dark, there is a brightness in the night,
A greedy roar, a crackling, popping glare,
The fairies' faces flicker in the eerie orange light,
And a howl of sirens rends the smoky air.

They could not save the monument, it lies a blackened wreck,
Miraculously, nothing else was harmed.
Authorities seek perpetrators, brace for more attacks,
The watchword is alert, but not alarmed.

And there, amidst the kangaroos, the fairies and the nymphs,
The deities of ancient Greece and Rome,
With burns upon his mittens and with soot upon his nose,
The guardian of the garden, stands the gnome.

Notes

The verse was written before the music and it's all about the verse.
The dotted rhythms in the first and third sections vary depending on length of syllable. The stress remains on the first syllable of the dotted rhythm.
The meaning of the words is visual. The verse is a screenplay for a three minute low budget political thriller.
The song is the soundtrack.