

Dr. Gwendolini's Amazing Medicine Show

Side 1

1. Dr. Gwendolini (parts 1&2) 7:51
2. Numerology 9:56
3. Mordrith's Song 6:30

Side 2

4. Dictator 4:00
5. Saludora 7:34
6. King Ordros 12:17

All songs written and performed by J. P. Morris, Copyright (C)2017
Recorded using the Old Ways at The Lab, Cwmbran 2017
Mixed 6-7 Dec. 2017. Mastering by Alex Balzama at Swift Solutions, Apr 2018
All songs recorded on 2" 24-track except 'Dictator', which is on 1/2" 8 track.

Greetings go out to Keaton, Ren, Wuff, Keetah, Sofox, Merlin and co.
Thanks go out to the Rosegarden team, to Brian Roth and all at Pyral, ATR, MRL
and co for keeping the analogue dream alive, also Pea Hicks at optigan.com
Cover by Keetah Spacecat, logo by Luke Turner. Organ recorded at St. Grod's.
Recorded on SM900 tape, mixed to ATR Mastering tape.



<http://www.dougtheeagle.com>

<http://dougtheeagle.bandcamp.com>



Dr. Gwendolini's Amazing Medicine Show

We interrupt this program for a very special thing...
Dr. Gwendolini's here and he is gonna sing!

Dr. Gwendolini:

Welcome one and welcome all and just forget your woe!
It's Dr. Gwendolini's Amazing Medicine Show!
Selling patent miracles and snake oil in a jar...
It's not true I'm a wanted man, that would be bizarre!
Here we have a little pill to save you from your fate
Side effects include REST IN PEACE and a sudden loss of weight
That's all we have time for, but don't forget to go
To Doctor Gwendolini's Amazing Medicine Show!

The Don:

Upon her sickbed my grandmother lay, I got the news that she had died today
He said he'd cure her sickness, but that was just a lie...
Now Doctor Gwendolini... must die.

Minions:

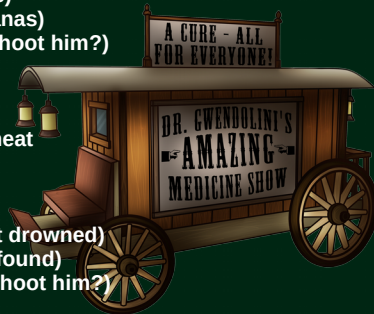
How should we do the deed? (We got katanas)
How should we do the deed? (Poisoned bananas)
How should we do the deed? (Can't we just shoot him?)
How should we 'do' Doctor Gwendolini?

The Don:

With Doctor Gwendolini, I want the job done neat
Into the river, with weights around his feet!

Minions:

That's how we'll do the deed! (He's gonna get drowned)
That's how we'll do the deed! (He'll never be found)
That's how we'll do the deed! (Can't we just shoot him?)
That's how we'll 'do' Doctor Gwendolini!



EQUIPMENT LIST

Otari MX80 2" 24-track tape machine
with Brian Roth output drivers
TASCAM TSR-8 tape machine
Studer A807 master recorder
TASCAM DA3000 digital master recorder
TASCAM ATS-500 sync unit
Allen & Heath GL2400 main mixer
Behringer line mixers and noise gates
American Audio 152B equalizer

Small Clone chorus
WEM Copicat tape echo
TL Audio 5050 valve compressor
TL Audio 5051 valve channel
Strymon Deco flanger
Modified Strymon BlueSky reverb
Zoom RFX2000 vocoder/delay
Ross Talking Clock (low battery)
American Standard Razorblades

Roland MVS-1, Roland JV1010, Waldorf Pulse, Waldorf MicroWave mk1,
Waldorf Streichfett, Hammond XM-1 with Rotosphere mk2, Hammond SK-1,
Nord Modular, Moog Voyager, Manikin Memotron, Alesis DM10, Gem RPx piano,
Raspberry Pi with Optigan samples (Bluegrass Banjo, Mandolin demo disk),
Raspberry Pi running Aeolus organ, Modded Apex 460 valve microphone
Epiphone Thunderbird Gothic bass, Steinberger XT2 bass



So this is the story of Ordros the King, a story of dragons and dreams
A story of hubris and righting of wrongs, where nothing is quite how it seems

When they were caught, they struck a bargain
The Princess had been stolen away
Unless they could return her, they would lose their heads right away
There was a land, owned by a dragon
The place the princess had been seen last
The headsman tagged along to make sure both men stuck to their task

Deep in the forest where none would hear, the headsman made his position clear
"I know you won't trust me, but I hate the king, and he must be stopped!"

They knocked the door, which was tall and stout
The dragon answered and threw them out
"We'll have to try trickery instead, then"

Once past the walls they scoured the halls
For some hair or a scrap of dress
They found that day, to their dismay
That the dragon was the princess.

So she explained, why she'd absconded
The Queen had been beheaded for treason
The Princess fled in case she faced
The same end for the same reason
They had a coup, led by the Princess
The headsman did away with the King
It turned out he could shapeshift and
So no-one noticed a thing

So this was the story of Ordros the King,
A story of dragons and dreams
A story of treason and righting of wrongs
Where nothing is quite how it seems



The Don:

...and on the Third Day, she had arisen!
She rose from the very grave itself... fifty years younger and in perfect health
What dark miracle has Doctor Gwendolini wrought?!

Minions:

Where did his body go? (We thought we'd drowned him)
Where did his body go? (Still haven't found him)
Where did his body go? (He's done a runner)
Risen from the dead – Doctor Gwendolini!

Numerology

I was walking down a country lane, a gypsy called to me
She said "I'll tell you 'bout the future, son, for a silver coin or three"
I said "I don't believe you have the skill to peel the future's veil away"
She said "The truth is in the numbers, son, so hear what I have got to say"

7 deadly sins, 6 geese a-laying, 5 gold rings, 4 horsemen slaying
2 crows for joy, 1 crow for sorrow, nought is the hour today becomes tomorrow
All these things I see, but I don't believe in numerology

"You will meet a stranger tall and dark, as strange as strange can be
And he will teach you all you need to know about the mystic number three"
I said "Oh, go and pull the other one, that line's as ancient as can be"
She said "You will not have a future, son, unless you hearken now to me"

That night I met a stranger tall and dark, exactly as she said
I think the thing that gave me pause the most were the grey wings on his head
He said "I'm glad to see you're still alive, for there's a bounty on your head
For you're a member of the 'Cubi race and many people want us dead!"

I let the stranger take me far away, and he told me many things
I'd often wondered where my parents went and why I have these feathery wings
At first I wondered if it was a prank, but then it all made sense to me
The only thing I never understood was why I hate the number three

Mordrith's Song (From the Chronicles of Jakob Pettersohn)

Do you remember when we met...?
Your lips a gorgeous shade,
As crimson as the blood upon the blade

Under the gaze of the mighty Queen
With the swish and the thud
Of the guillotine

Do you remember how we met...?
Your smile was cruel and thin
Until the entertainment did begin
Do you remember where we met...?
The turned the rusting lock
And led the slaves down to the chopping block

Your executioner is dead
My dear, I've saved your life would you accept my hand and be my wife?
My dear, you're evil as can be
I'm pretty evil too, I'd like to have an evil child with you

Dictator

I sold the kingdom for a pair of magic beans
I gave our enemies the key to all their dreams
I watch the people and I laugh at all their screams

And there's nothing you can do about it - shut up and take it

I sold you poverty and dressed it with a lie
I watched you cheer as I hung you out to dry
I'll call you traitors if you dare to question why

I'll leave the nation lying gutted on a slab
I'll keep on taking 'till there's nothing left to grab
I'll leave you broke and make your children pay the tab



Saludora

In the land that they call Saludora, evil men do dwell
They're the rulers of a kingdom that has lately gone to Hell
In the land that they call Saludora, no-one dares to cough
Lest the guards descend upon you and then hack your head clean off
So we never dare complain, we just ignore the pain – and stay alive

In the land that they call Saludora, each man plays his part
And there's nothing so convincing as an arrow to the heart
In the land that they call Saludora, no-one questions why
Or you'll end up in the dungeons and they'll sentence you to die
When life's so very cheap, with men worth less than sheep
And you'll only find the justice of the grave

In the land that they call Saludora, evil things occurred
And the rulers were replaced with ones the common folk preferred
In the land that they call Saludora, no more tyrants reign
And we changed the constitution so it won't happen again
Well they just ignored our pleas, so they got strung up from trees
And they only found the justice of the grave

King Ordros (From the Chronicles of Jakob Pettersohn)

"Oh no," said he, "You must love me, and obey me without a frown
Unless you do, I shall execute you - for insulting the kingdom's crown"

There was a king, he was a tyrant
He acted like an overlord
He used to have opponents, but he put them all to the sword

A pair of men, two swords for hire
Were blackmailed into robbing the king
Regain the stolen treasures he had taken under his wing

SCRAP DO NOT USE

Numerology

It's 12:02 AM

I was walking down a country lane, a gypsy called to me
She said "I'll tell you 'bout the future, son, for a silver coin or three"
I said "I don't believe you have the skill to peel the future's veil away"
She said "The truth is in the numbers, son, so hear what I have to say"

Seven deadly sins, six geese a-laying
Five gold rings, four horsemen slaying
Two crows for joy, one crow for sorrow
Nought is the hour today becomes tomorrow
All these things I see, but I don't believe in numerology

"You will meet a stranger tall and dark, as strange as I
And he will teach you all you need to know about the world
I said "Oh, go and pull the other one, that line's as ancient as I"
She said "You will not have a future, son, unless you heed my words"

Four, four, four, teen, teen, O' O' O' O' teen, teen, O' teen, tee
1x2=2, 2x2=4, 3x2=6, 4x2=8, 5x2=10, 6x2=12, 7x2=14, 8x2=16,

That night I met a stranger tall and dark, exactly as she said
I think the thing that gave me pause the most were the grey wings
He said "I'm glad to see you're still alive, for there's a bounty on you"
For you're a member of the 'Cubi race and many people want to kill you

I let the stranger take me far away, and he told me many things
I'd often wondered where my parents went and why I have these wings
At first I wondered if it was a prank, but then it all made sense
The only thing I understood was why I hate the number 13

It's 8:08 PM



EQUIPMENT LIST

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Waldorf Streichfett, Hammond XM-1 with Rotosphere mk2, Hammond SK-1,
Nord Modular, Moog Voyager, Manikin Memotron, Alesis DM10, Raspberry Pi
running Aeolus, Epiphone Thunderbird Gothic bass, Modded Apex 460 valve
microphone

'Ian's Industrial Breakfast' recorded Dec 2000 on Hammerhead and Multiquance

