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Apart from *Tubular Bells* which is presented in its entirety, this collection is a snap-shot of Mike's work on the Virgin label. That work spans almost two decades in which studio and musical technology have undergone dramatic developments and the world in general has experienced great political and social change. He has described himself as an "ambassador for instrumental music" though his music bears little relationship to the often tuneless New Age style that has done so much damage to the credibility of the long instrumental format.

Through all of this Mike has continued to create and develop his art, constantly exploring every advance in musical technology and incorporating influences and sounds from around the world. Welcome to the first eighteen years' work of one of Britain's greatest composers and instrumentalists.

Richard Newman and Dave Laing
family man

Words and Music by
Mike Oldfield, Mike Frye, Tim Cross,
Richard Fenn, Maggie Reilly and Morris Pert

Capo 1

1. She had sulky smile she took a standard pose as she presented her sex.
   She had sultry eyes she made it perfectly plain that she was his for a price.
   But he said, "Leave me alone. I'm a family man and my bark is much worse than my bite."

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2. She wore hurt surprise as she re-checked her make-up to pro-
3. She gave him her look it would have worked on any other-
4. She turned tossed her head and then she started to make her final

-ect herself. She showed less than pride she made it
man in night. He could not mistake she wanted
-exit line. She showed real disdain and started

FM9 FM7 EbF FM to Coda

totally clear that she was his for a price. But he said, "Leave me alone. I'm a

FM7 EbF FM

to go back with him and spend this night. screaming again she could be his for a price.

FM

family man and my bark is much worse then my bite. Please just leave.
_me a-lone._ I'm a fa-mil-y man. if you push me too far I just might._

CODA

"Leave me a-lone. I'm a fa-mil-y man and my bark is much worse than my bite._

He said, "Leave me a-lone. I'm a fa-mil-y man if you

1, 2, 3.

push me too far I just might." But he said, push me too far I just might._
moonlight shadow

Words & Music by
Mike Oldfield

1. The last that ever she saw him, carried away by a moonlight shadow. He

(2.) trees that whisper in the evening, carried away by a moonlight shadow. Sing a

(3.) Four a.m. in the morning, carried away by a moonlight shadow. I

passed on worried and warning, carried away by a moonlight shadow.

song of sorrow and grieving, carried away by a moonlight shadow. The

watched your vision forming, carried away by a moonlight shadow.
Lost in a riddle that Saturday night, far away on the other side...
All she saw was a silhouette of a gun, far away on the other side...
stars move slowly in a silvery light, far away on the other side...
Will you

caught in the middle of a desperate fight, and she couldn't find how to push through...
shot six times by a man on the run, and she couldn't find how to push

come to talk to me this night but she couldn't find how to push

through.

I stay, I pray, see you in heaven far away.

I stay, I pray, see you in heaven one day.
Caught in the middle of a hundred and five.

The night was heavy and the air was so live, but she couldn’t find how to push through.
This is that morning, it's waiting for you,
the face of destiny standing before you.

This is zero hour, now is for you.

Can you feel that power, inside of you?
This priceless moment, in your possession,
answers to mysteries stand in succession.

This is zero hour and there's no way back.

Can you feel that power? In its arms you're wrapped.
All through the night-time,

till the sun comes in now.

heaven's open,

just fly right in.

Electric guitar
Now you stand in that garden, this is that vision.

Out on the world's edge, it's your baptism.

This is zero hour and your hands are free.

Can you feel that power? It's ecstasy.
All through the night-time,
till the sun comes in.

Heaven's opened,
fly right in.

Electric guitar
Waiting the whole night time, till the sun comes in.

All through the nighttime, let the blue sky in.

Heaven's open, the sun comes in.

Heaven's open, let that blue sky in.
You know the sun comes in now

heaven's open.

fly right in.
five miles out

Words & Music by Mike Oldfield

(4 = 87)

Drums intro

Electric guitar

Vocoder

What do you do when you’re falling, you’ve got

thirty degrees and you’re stalling out, and it’s twenty four miles to the beacon, there’s a

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crack in the sky and the warning's out. Don't take that dive again, push

through that band of rain. Five miles out, just hold your heading true. Got to get your

finest out, you're number one anticipating you. Climbing out, just

hold your heading true. Got to get your finest out, you're number one anticipating you...
Bagpipes

Electric guitar

Traffic controller is calling, Victor. Juliet your identity, I have
lost in the violent storm communicate or squall emergency. Don't

Voices

take that dive again, push through that band of rain. Lost in

static eighteen. And the storm is closing in now. Automatic eighteen.

(Go to push through.) Trapped in living hell. You're a
prisoner of the dark sky. The propeller blades are still, the

Female voice
evil eye of the hurricane is coming in now for the kill. Our

hope's with you, rider in the blue.

Welcome's waiting. We're anticipating you'll be
Celebrate when you're down and brakes.

Electric guitars

Climbing out.

Climbing, climbing.

Female voice

Vocoder

Five miles out.

Climbing, climbing.
Five miles out.
Just hold your heading true. Got to get your finest out.

Climbing, climbing.
Five miles out. Just hold your heading true. Got to get your finest out.

Climbing, climbing.
Five miles out. Just hold your heading true. Got to get your finest out.

Climbing, climbing.
Five miles out. Just hold your heading true. Got to get your finest out.

Climbing, climbing.
to france

Words & Music by
Mike Oldfield

1. Taking on water, sailing a restless sea, from a memory,
2. Walking on foreign grounds like a shadow, roaming far off territory.

... a fantasy. The wind carries stories into white water, over your shoulder stories unfold, you're searching...
far from the islands, Don't you know you're never going to

You know you're never going to

get to France. Mary Queen of chance will they find you? Never going to

get to France. Could a new romance ever bind you?
I see a picture, by the lamps flicker.

Isn't it strange how dreams fade and shimmer?

Never going to get to France. Mary Queen of chance will they find you?

Never going to get to France. Could a new romance ever bind you?
Never going to

play 4 times ad lib.

get to France.

Never going to...
foreign affair

Words and Music by
Maggie Reilly and Mike Oldfield

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wishful emotion, a drop in the ocean, a hush in the air you can feel anywhere in the cool twilight on a tropical night.

Floating on air, foreign affair. A magical potion.

Cool locomotion, magical potion, a dream, a cool locomotion.
prayer, it's a foreign affair...

Foreign affair. Take a trip in the air to a tropical beach, an

island to reach, a new territory for an intimate story, a la-

go on par la mer. It's a foreign affair, foreign affair, foreign.
Recorder and penny whistle

Electric guitar
shadow on the wall

Words & Music by
Mike Oldfield

(= 87)

Am7 Gmaj7/F

I. A5

D G Am

2. A5

D C Am Em

Am C Dadd11 Am

D G

C Dadd11 Am

Dadd11

Sha-dow on the wall,

sha-dow on the wall,
1. Treat me like a prisoner, treat me like a fool, treat me like a loser,
2. Treat me like I'm evil, freeze me till I'm cold, beat me till I'm feeble,

use me as a tool. Waste me till I'm hungry, loose me in the cold,
grind me till I'm old. Wire me till I'm tired, push me till I fall,

1. Treat me like a criminal, just a shadow on the wall.
Shadow on the wall,

shadow on the wall,

shadow on the wall,

black shadow on the wall.

black shadow on the wall.
Shadow on the wall, shadow on the wall,

black shadow on the wall. black shadow on the wall.
black shadow on the wall.

Night, blue shadow,

1. Am    D5    C5    A5
2. Am    D5    C5    A5

treat me like a shadow.

Synth

add Electric guitar
Shadow on the wall. Night, blue shadow...

treat me like a

1.2.

shadec.

shadec.

Electric guitar
add 2nd Electric guitar Electric guitar Sha-dow on the wall. Night. blue


sha-dow. Black sha-dow. treat me like a sha-dow.

Night, blue sha-dow. treat me like a sha-dow. Black sha-dow on the wall.
islands

Words & Music by Mike Oldfield

Oboe

Electric guitar

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1. Islands, from the first time we saw, we could wait for this moment like
islands never been to before, and we climb so high, to where the
rocks on the shore. We can never be closer somehow, for the
wild birds soar. There's a new path that we found just today,
I was
moment that lasts is this moment now. When the
lost in the forest and you showed me the way.
night's on fire oh will you keep the candlelight burning, hold
on to your hearts desire. When you see one bird into the wind

another one's turning, and the two can fly much higher. We are

islands but never too far, we are islands, and I need your light tonight and I

need your light tonight. We are islands but never too far, we are
Islands, and I need your light to-night and I need your light to-night.

Need your light to-night. We are islands but never too far, we are

Islands, and I need your light to-night and I need your light to-night. We are
sentinel

Music by Mike Oldfield

doubled 8va with chime sound

Electric guitar

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incantations – part four

Music by
Robert Howes, Barbara Courtney-King,
Steve Davies and William McGillivray

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sun is laid to sleep, seated in a silver chair, made, heav'n to
self to interpose, Cythia's shining orb was
excellent shining quiver, give unto the flying hart, space to
excelently bright, bless us then with wished sight, thou who

went ed manner keep. 2. Earth let night.
cheer when day did close. 3. Lay the
breathe how short so ever. 4. Hee per -

poco rit.
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