CONQUISTADOR
and other songs from "Procol Harum Live In Concert With The Edmonton Symphony Orchestra"

Off-the-record transcriptions plus special section of piano arrangements with guitar chord diagrams — bonus "A Whiter Shade Of Pale".

$3.50
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and other songs from "Procol Harum Live In Concert
With The Edmonton Symphony Orchestra"

Off-the-record transcriptions plus special section of piano arrangements
with guitar chord diagrams — bonus "A Whiter Shade Of Pale".

Transcription arrangements by
ED DI BIASE

Piano arrangements by
GEORGE TERRY
# CONQUISTADOR

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Off-the-record transcriptions plus special section of piano arrangements with guitar chord diagrams — bonus "A Whiter Shade Of Pale".

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TRO SONGWAYS SERVICE, INC.
17 W. 60th St., New York, N.Y. 10023
CONQUISTADOR

Words by KEITH REID

Music by GARY BROKER

Moderately, in 4


(Lead Gtr.)

(Pno. plays 8th notes on chords indicated)

Gm

C7

F

(Bass Gtr.)

And like some an-gel's ha-loed brow

F7

Gm

C7

You reek of pu-rity.

I see your arm-our plat-ed breast.

F

F7

(Organ)

G

Has long since lost its sheen.

And

Cm

F

Gm


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2. Conquistador, your vulture sits
Upon your silver shield
And in your rusty scabbard now
The sand has taken seed
And though your jewel-encrusted blade
Has not been plundered still
The sea has washed across your face
And taken of its fill
And though I hoped for something to find
I can see no maze to unwind.

3. Conquistador, there is no time
I must pay my respect
And though I came to jeer at you
I leave now with regret
And as the gloom begins to fall
I see there is no ---only all
And though you came with sword held high
You did not conquer, only die.
And though I hoped for something to find
I can see no maze to unwind.
A SALTY DOG

Words by KEITH REID

Music by GARY BROKER

Slowly, in 4

1. "All hands on deck, we've run a-float."
2. We sailed for parts un-known to man,

I heard the Captain Where ships come home to
cry, die.

"Ex-plore the ship, No loft-y peak,
re-place the cook, or fort-ress bold_

Let could

no-one leave a-live."

match our Captain's eye.

A-cross the straits_
Up-on the seventh_

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a-round the Horn
sea-sick day

How far can sail-ors fly?
We made our port of call;

A twist-ed path,
A sand so white
our tor-tured course,
and sea so blue.

And no-one left a-live.
No mor-tal place at all.

(Instrumental bridge)

We fired the gun
and burned the mast,
And rowed from ship to

(Solo Viola)
shore. The Captain cried, we sailorswept. Our tears were tears of joy!

(Upper Stgs.)

(Vlns.)

Now, many moons and many Junes

Have passed since we made land.

A salty dog.

This seaman's log, Your witness, my own hand.

(Instrumental tag)

(Pno. Solo)

(Stgs. pizz.)

tremolo, sul ponticello
ALL THIS AND MORE

Words by
KEITH REID

Music by
GARY BROOKER

In a moderate 2

Eb

It's not that I'm so

Pno.

Gtr.

Bass Gtr.

Bb
Fm
Cm

cheerful
Though I'll always raise a smile.

And

E보
Bb
Fm
Cm

if at times my nonsense rhymes
Then I'll stand trial.

My
friends are all around me. But they only breathe through fear.
Were I to cry, I'm sure that still they'd never see a tear.

Bridge

In darkness thru my being
Fm/Ab   A7o   Bbm
— ing here — A way from you,

Bbm   Eb7
The bright light of your star con-fronts— me shining—

(etc. on chords shown)

Last time only repeat to fade
Abm  Abm/G  Abm/Gb  Abm/F  Gb  Gb/F  Gb/Fb  Eb sus Eb

through.

B.D.
Tempo

2. Dull and sullen, much subdued, My skull a stonyglaze,

Whirlpools rage on constantly, I'm not so well these days. There

must be something somewhere near. Who sees what's been done,


The harbour lights are burning bright, My wax-

is almost run. In darkness thru my be-


The bright light of your star confronts me shining through.

Piano

(no chords)

Bass
3. Come Lollard, raise your lute and sing
And to my ears her beauty bring.
Like mad ox in the days of old.
We'll feast and drink un-
Cm  
E♭  

Til we fold. And folding still we'll

Bb  
Cm  

Spare a thought. For what's been lost and what's been caught.

E♭  B♭sus  E♭  Ab/B♭  Bb  
Repeat Bridge

And maybe then begin again For love is life, not poison.
GLIMPSES OF NIRVANA
In the darkness of the night, only occasionally relieved by glimpses of Nirvana seen through other people's windows, wallowing in a morass of self-despair, made only more painful by the knowledge that all I am is of my own making. When everything around me, even the kitchen ceiling, has collapsed and crumbled without warning. And I am left standing alive and well, looking up and wondering why and wherefore. At a time like this, which exists maybe only for me but is nonetheless real, if I can communicate, and, in the telling and the baring of my soul anything is gained, even though the words which I use are pretentious and make you cringe with embarrassment, let me remind you of the pilgrim who asked for an audience with the Dali Lama.

He was told that he must first spend five years contemplation. After five years he was ushered into the Dali Lama's presence, who said, "Well, my son, what do you wish to know?" So, the pilgrim said, "I wish to know the meaning of life, father." So, the Dali Lama smiled and said, "Well, my son, life is like a beanstalk, isn't it?"

'TWAS TEATIME AT THE CIRCUS
'Twas teatime at the circus, Chicky, he was there.
Through hoops he skipped, how wise he tripped
And all the while the glare of the making, aching spotlights
Beat down upon his cloak. Aahhh!
And though the crowd clapped furiously,
They could not see the joke!
'Twas teatime at the circus though some might not agree
As jugglers danced and horses pranced and clowns clowned endlessly.
But trunk to tail the elephants quite silent, never spoke. Aahhh!
And though the crowd clapped desperately,
They did not see the joke. Hooray!!

IN THE AUTUMN OF MY MADNESS
In the autumn of my madness when my hair is turning grey,
For the milk has finally curdled and I've nothing left to say;
When all my thoughts are spoken save my last departing verse,
Bring all my friends unto me, and I'll strangle them with words.

In the autumn of my madness which in comin' won't be long
For the nights are now much darker and the daylight's not so strong.
And the things which I believed in are no longer quite enough,
For the knowing is much harder and the going's gettin' rough.

LOOK TO YOUR SOUL
I know if I'd been wiser this would never have occurred,
But I wallowed in my blindness so it's plain that I deserve,
For the sin of self-indulgence when the truth was read so clear,
I must spend my life among the dead who spend their lives in fear
Of a death that they're not sure of, of a life they can't control,
It's all so simple, really, if you'll just look to your soul, yeah!
All so simple, really, if you'll just look to your soul, yeah!
Some say that I'm a wise man, some think that I'm a fool,
It doesn't matter either way, I'll be a wise man's fool.
The lesson lies in learning and by teaching I'll be taught.
For there's nothing hidden anywhere, it's all there to be sought.
And so, if you know anything, look closely at the time,
But others who remain untrue and don't commit the crime.

GRAND FINALE
Ah.

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GLIMPSES OF NIRVANA
from "In Held 'Twas In I"

Words and Music by
GARY BROOKER
MATTHEW FISHER
KEITH REID

Men's Voices

(Electronic sounds)

(freely now, no meter, no pulse)

Spoken: "In the darkness of the night, only occasionally relieved by glimpses of Nirvana seen through other people's windows, wallowing in a morass of self-despair, made only more painful by the knowledge that all I am is of my own making. When everything around me, even the kitchen ceiling, has collapsed and crumbled without warning --"

And I am left standing alive and well -- looking up and wondering why and wherefore. At a time like this -- which exists maybe only for me but is nonetheless real -- if I can communicate, and, in the telling and the baring of my soul anything is gained -- even though the words which I use are pretentious and make you cringe with embarrassment -- let me remind you of the pilgrim who asked for an audience with the Dali Lama.

(sitar)

(Pedal G's continue)

He was told that he must first spend five years contemplation.

(Pedal G's continue)

After five years he was ushered into the Dali Lama's presence, who said, "Well, my son, what do you wish to know?" So, the pilgrim said, "I wish to know the meaning of life, father." So, the Dali Lama smiled and said, "Well, my son, life is like a beanstalk --- isn't it?"
Tempo! (Broadly -- in 3)
Organ, Pno., Gtrs. Tutti

Bass + Organ Pedals

Broadly -- in 4
Pno. & Sitar (2nd time, add voices)
(voice begins speaking)

Voice (spoken freely)

Held close by that which some despise, which some call fake, and others lies;
And somewhat small for one so tall. A doubting Thomas—who would be?
It's written plain for all to see. For want of iron with no mop
It's hard at times, it's awful wrong.
They say that Jesus healed the sick and helped the poor
And those, I'm sure believed his eyes—a strange disguise.
Still—write it down, it might be read.
Nothing's better left unsaid, only sometimes.
Still, no doubt, it's hard to see
It all works out.

(Strokes of chime on middle C to fade)
'TWAS TEATIME AT THE CIRCUS
from "In Held 'Twas In I"

Words and Music by
GARY BROOKER
MATTHEW FISHER
KEITH REID

Moderately

'Twas tea-time at the circus,

(whispered)
Chick-y, he was there. Through hoops he skipped, how wise he tripped - And

all the while the glare Of the making, aching spot-lights, Beat
down up on his cloak. Aahhh!

And though the crowd clapped furiously, They

could not see the joke!

2. 'Twas teatime at the circus
    Though some might not agree
    As jugglers danced and horses pranced
    And clowns clowned endlessly
    But trunk to tail the elephants
    Quite silent, never spoke
    Aahhh!
    And though the crowd clapped desperately
    They did not see the joke.
    Hooray!!
IN THE AUTUMN OF MY MADNESS
from "In Held 'Twas In I"

In a moderately moving 4, with a beat

G

1. In the au-tumn of my mad-

Piano

Am7

C

C7

ness When my hair is turn-ing grey,

add Organ Lead Gtr.

F

C

Em

B7

Em

B7

Am6/E

For the milk has fi-nal-ly cur-dled And I've noth-ing left to-

Bass Gtr.
When all my thoughts are spoken
Save my last departing verse,
Bring all my friends unto me,
And I'll strangle them with words.
2. In the autumn of my madness Which in coming won't be long

(Instrumental group continues as before)

For the nights are now much darker And the daylight's not so strong.
And the things which I believed in Are no longer quite enough,
For the knowing is much harder And the going's getting rough.

etc. etc., with added sound effects
LOOK TO YOUR SOUL
from "In Held 'Twas In I"

Words and Music by
GARY BROOKER
MATTHEW FISHER
KEITH REID

Moderately, in 4
Ebm Ebm7 Ebm Ebm7 Ebm
Db

I know if I'd been wis-er

Organ & Piano
Bass

Fm C Ebm

This would nev-er have oc-curred
But I wal-lowed in my

Gtrs.

Db Fm C

blind-ness So it's plain that I de-serve,
For the

Drums
Gtr.
sin of self-indulgence when the truth was read so clear, I must

spend my life among the dead who spend their lives in fear

Of a death that they're not sure of, Of a life they can't control,

It's all so simple, really, If you'll just look to your soul,

*colla voce*
2. Some say that I'm a wise man,
Some think that I'm a fool
It doesn't matter either way
I'll be a wise man's fool

3. The lesson lies in learning
And by teaching I'll be taught
For there's nothing hidden anywhere
It's all there to be sought

4. And so, if you know anything
Look closely at the time
But others who remain untrue,
And don't commit the crime,
GRAND FINALE
from "In Held 'Twas In I"

Words and Music by
GARY BROOKER
MATTHEW FISHER
KEITH REID

Slowly, in 3
Bass Gtr.

Brush, stick on small Cym.

Pno.

Bass

Voices (all on "Ah")
Tutti (Chorus, Orch., Group) (Chorus on "Ah")

C   F   G   G/F C   G   C   G   F   G   C/F C/E C

F   C   Dm   C   G/F C   F   G   G/F

C   G   C   G   F   G   G/F C   Dm   C   Dm   C   Dm   C   F

G7sus C/G Gsus G C
A WHITER SHADE OF PALE

Words by KEITH REID

In a slow 4

(Organ)

C C/B C/A C/G F F/E Dm Dm/C

(Bass Gtr.)

G G/F Em G7/D C F G F/A G7/B

(Voice)

1. We skipped the light _ fan-dan-go._

Turned cart-wheels _cross the

floor._

I was feeling kind of sea-sick

The crowd _called out _ for more

The room was hum-ming hard._


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2. She said, "I'm home on shore leave,"
Though in truth we were at sea,
So I took her by the looking glass
And forced her to agree,
Saying, "You must be the mermaid
Who took Neptune for a ride."
But she smiled at me so sadly
That my anger straightway died,
And so it was that later
As the miller told his tale
That her face at first just ghostly
Turned a whiter shade of pale.

3. She said, "There is no reason,
And the truth is plain to see."
But I wander through my playing cards
And would not let her be.
One of sixteen vestal virgins
Who were leaving for the coast.
And although my eyes were open,
They might just as well been closed
And so it was that later
As the miller told his tale
That her face at first just ghostly
Turned a whiter shade of pale.
CONQUISTADOR

Words by KEITH REID

Music by GARY BROOKER

Moderato, with an eight beats in a measure pulse

1. Con-quis-ta-dor, your stall-lion stands
   in need of com-pa-ny,
   and like some an-gel's ha-loed brow
   and though I came to jeer at you

2. Con-quis-ta-dor, your vul-ture sits
   up-on your sil-ver shield,
   and in your rus-ty scab-bard now

3. Con-quis-ta-dor, there is no time
   I must pay my re-spect,
you reek of purity.
the sand has taken seed.
I leave now with regret.

And though your
And as the

armour plated breast,
jewel en crusted blade

gloom begins to fall

has

long since lost its sheen,
not been plun-dered still

and in your death-mask face
	
not only all

though you come with sword held high.

there are no signs

you did not conquer

which can be seen.

fill.

die.
And though I hoped for something to find — I can see no maze to unwind.

And though I hoped for something to find — I can see no maze to unwind.
A SALTY DOG

Words by KEITH REID

Music by GARY BROOKER

Very slowly

\[ F#m7-5(\text{no A}) \]

1. "All hands on deck, we've run afloat,"
2. We sailed for parts un-known to man,

Bm7

A sus

A

G6(\text{no D})

G

G/F#

I heard the Cap-tain Where ships come home to cry, die,
"Ex-plore the ship, No loft-y peak -

* Measures 1 through 4 and 22 through 25 are intentionally only 3 note chords,
re-place the cook,
or fort-ress bold,
could match our
Cap - tain's eye.

A-cross the straits
Up - on the seventh
a-round the Horn
sea - sick day

how far can sail - ors
we made our port of
call;
A twist - ed path,
A sand so white

our - tor - tured course,
and sea so blue,
and no one left
no mor - tal place at

dim. poco a poco
We fired the gun and burned the mast,

and rowed from ship to shore.

The captain cried,

we sailors wept, our tears were tears of joy!
Now, many moons and many Junes

have passed since we made land, a salty dog,

this sea-man's log, your witness, my own hand.
Words by
KEITH REID

Moderato

It's not that I'm so cheerful
though I'll always raise a smile,

if at times my nonsense rhymes then I'll stand

trial. My friends are all around me but they
on - ly breathe through fear. Were I to cry I'm

sure that still they'd never see a tear.

In darkness through my being here.

the bright light of your star confronts me shining...
through.

f  dim. poco a poco

-Dull and sul-len, much sub-dued, my skull a ston-y glaze,

a tempo

Whirl-pools rage on con-stant-ly

not so well these days.

There must be some-thing some-where near

I'm

who
to my ears _ her beauty bring. Like

of old _ we'll feast and drink until we fold. And

fold-ing still we'll spare a thought for what's been lost and what's been caught

and may-be then begin again for love is life, not
Bb  Bb\sus Bb  E\n
poi
son.

In darkness through my be

Fm  Fm/Ab  A\n
ing here____

away____ from you,

D\n  \n
The bright light of your

star confronts me

Ebm  Eb m/Gb  Eb 7/G

Keep repeating and fade out

A bm  A bm/G  A bm/Gb  F 7sus  F7  Gb  Gb/F  Gb/Fb  Eb

through.

\f dim. poco a poco

Oh, shining
'TWAS TEATIME AT THE CIRCUS
from 'IN HELD 'TWAS IN I' Suite

Words and Music by
GARY BROOKER
MATTHEW FISHER
KEITH REID

Moderato

C

Ab

1. 'Twas tea-time at the circus,
   tea-time at the circus, (Spoken) though

Db

G7

Cm

(Whispered)
Chicky, some might he was not a gree.

(Sung) Through hoops he skipped, how jugglers danced and

p

mp

(Sung) As

Ab

Fm6/Ab Db/C

Db

G

wise he tripped, and all the while the less glarely of the but

horses pranced and clowns clowned end less

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walking, aching
trunk to tail the
elephants quite
silent, never spoke.

Smoothly
F
Am7/E

Aahhh!
Aahhh!

And
And
though
though
the crowd clapped
the crowd clapped
cresc. poco a poco

Dm
F/G
C
Tacet

f
mf
sfg
sfg

furiously, they
desperately, they
could not see the
joke!

1.

2.

2. 'Twas
(Shout) Hooray!!
IN THE AUTUMN OF MY MADNESS
from "IN HELD 'TWAS IN I" Suite

Words and Music by
GARY BROOKER
MATTHEW FISHER
KEITH REID

Moderately slow

In the au~umn of my mad-

ness when my hair is turn-
ing grey,

for the milk has fi-

nal-ly cur-died and I've noth-ing left to_
say.

When all my thoughts are spok-

en save my last depart ing verse,
cresc. poco a poco

bring all my friends unto me, and I'll strangle them with words.
In the autumn of my madness which in com'in' won't be long
for the nights are now much
darker and the daylight's not so strong.
And the things which I believed in are no longer quite enough,
for the knowing is much harder
and the going's getting rough.
2nd time play right hand an octave higher and fade out within 8 measures.
LOOK TO YOUR SOUL
from "IN HELD 'TWAS IN I" Suite

Words and Music by
GARY BROOKER
MATTHEW FISHER
KEITH REID

Slowly

Ebm

Db

Fm/C

this would never have occurred
some think that I'm a fool

but I wallowed in my
it doesn't matter

Db

Fm/C

C

blindness
either way
so it's plain that I deserve.
I'll be a wise man's fool.

For the
The

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A little faster

sin of self-indulgence when the truth was read so clear, I must
lesson lies in learning, and by teaching I'll be taught

For there's

spend my life among the dead who spend their lives in fear, Of a
nothing hidden anywhere it's all there to be sought. And

death that they're not sure of, of a life they can't control, It's
so if you know anything, look closely at the time But

all so simple, really, If you'll just look to your soul,
others who remain untrue, and don't commit the Yeah,
A WHITER SHADE OF PALE

Slowly

(4th time fade out within 8 measures)

C          C/B       C/A       C/G        F        F/E

Dm         Dm/C      G          G/F       Em       G7/D

C          C/E       F          G         F/A      G7/E       C

C/B

1. We skipped the light__ fan__-
2. She said, "I'm home__ on
3. She said,"There is__ no

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dan-go, shore leave,"

reason, turned cart-wheels 'cross the

though in truth we were at

and the truth is plain to

I was feeling kind of

so I took her by the

but I wandered through my

sea-sick, looking glass

playing cards the crowd called out

and forced her to

and would not let
for more agree her be the room was humming hard-
saying "You must be the mer-
one of six-teen ves-tal vir-

- er - maid - gins

as the ceil-ing flew a-
who took Nep-tune for a
who were leav-ing for the

way,
ride,"
coast,

When we called out for an-
But she smiled at me so
And al-though my eyes were
other drink they might just as well been closed

And so it was that later

as the miller told his tale that her face at first just

ghostly turned a whiter shade of pale.