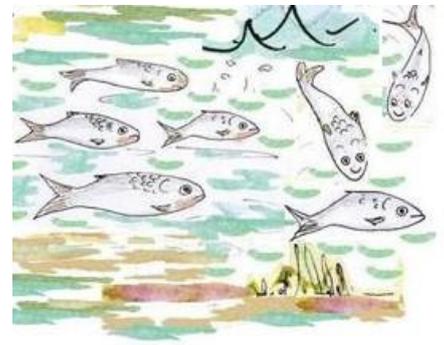


Bread and fishes

<https://riverofsong.uk/>



Or 'Wind in the willows'.

Traveling with a message of hope and good will.

Written by the Lancashire folk singer Alan Alger Bell

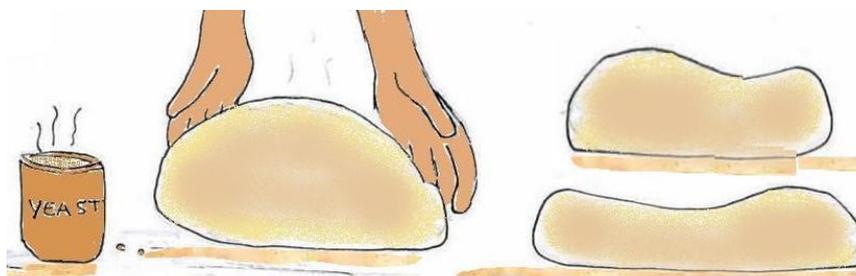
[Alan Bell obituary / Folk music / The Guardian](#)

The tune possibly has its origins in an 18th century Irish folk tune.

A song is based on the legend that Joseph of Aramathea travelled through England with Mary and the Christ child after Joseph, the carpenter and spouse of Mary, died. [Sacred Chalice, Blooming Staff: The Legend of the Glastonbury Thorn – Fellowship & Fairydust \(fellowshipandfairydust.com\)](#)

It touches a chord as it is also a universal song of travel and other themes such as sharing; it reminds me of my youth when I traveled across Turkey with a Dutch friend and the kindness and friendliness I found in a Kurdish village near Mount Ararat where I was given a bed and food.

As I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in Spring, I met with some trav' - lers in an
old coun - try lane. One was an old man, the se - cond a maid, The third was a
young boy who smiled as he said: "With the wind in the wil - lows and the birds in the
sky, There's a bright sun to warm us wher - e - ver we lie. We have bread and fish - es and a
jug of red wine To share on our jour - ney with all of man - kind."



As I was a-walking one morning in Spring,
I met with some travelers in an old country lane;
One was an old man, the second a maid,
The third was a young boy who smiled as he said:

Chorus

*With the wind in the willows and the birds in the sky,
There's a bright sun to warm us wherever we lie,
We have bread and fishes and a jug of red wine
To share on our journey with all of mankind.*

I asked them to tell me their name and their race,
That I might remember their kindness and grace.
My name it is Joseph, this is Mary my wife,
And this is our young son our pride and delight.
But our names they mean nothing, they change throughout
time,

Come sit down beside us and share in our wine. *Chorus*

So I sat down beside them, the flow'rs all around,
We ate on a mantle spread out on the ground.
They told me of peoples and prophets and kings,
And they spoke of the one god who knew everything. *Chorus*

"We are traveling to Glaston, through England's green lanes,
To hear of men's troubles, to hear of their pains;
We travel the wide world over land and the sea,
To tell all the people how they might be free." *Chorus*

So sadly I left them, in that old country lane,
For I knew that I never would see them again;
One was an old man, the second a maid,
The third was a young boy who smiled as he said: *Chorus*