

OLD DOG LONG ROAD - vol.2 LYRICS

[Disc 1]

1. Erin Go Bragh (Traditional)

My name's Duncan Campbell from the shire of Argyll
I've travelled this country for many's a mile
I've travelled through Ireland and Scotland and all
And the name I go under's bold Erin go bragh

Chorus: Fol de rol diddle i dairal I day

One night in Aul' Reekie as I walked down the street
A saucy big polis I chanced for to meet
He glowered in me face and he give me some jaw
Sayin' When cam' ye over from Erin go bragh?

Well I am not a Pat though in Ireland I've been
Nor am I a Paddy though Ireland I've seen
But were I a Pat now what's that at all ?
For there's many's a bold hero from Erin go bragh

I can tell you're a Pat by the cut of your hair
But you all turn to Scotsmen as soon as you're here
You've left your own country for breaking the law
And we're seizing all stragglers from Erin go bragh

Well were I a Pat and you knew it were true
Or were I the devil then what's that to you?
Were it not for the stick that you hold in your claw
I'd show you a game played in Erin go bragh

Then the lump of blackthorn that I held in my fist
Around his big body I made it to twist
And the blood from his napper I quickly did draw
And paid him stock and interest for Erin go bragh

But the people came around like a flock of wild geese
Saying stop that mad bastard he's killed the police

For every friend I had I'm sure he had twa
They were terrible hard times for Erin go bragh

But I came to a wee boat that sailed on the Forth
Packed up me gear and I steered for the North
Farewell to Aul' Reekie your polis and all
And the devil go with you cries Erin go bragh

Come all you young people wherever you're from
I don't give a damn to what place you belong
I come from Argyll in the Highlands so braw
But I ne'er took it ill being called Erin go bragh

2. Carrowclare (Traditional)

On a fine and pleasant evening as my walks I did pursue
The flowers were blooming fresh and fair they had that verdant hue
And as Luna spread her golden rays disclosing many's the scene
I overheard a youthful pair conversing on the green

By the corncrake loudly calling they my footsteps did not here
And the hawthorn proved my trusty friend and to them I drew near
Till at last he broke the silence and these words to her did say
O it's I am bound to sail away to far Columbia's shore
On board of that great ship Brittany and strange countries I'll explore

When she heard of his departure she her arms around him threw
And the falling tears rolled down her cheeks and wet her locks like dew
For it's when you reach Columbia's shore some pretty maids you'll find
Dressed in their country's fashion you'll soon bear me from your mind

O no, my dear where'er I roam a stranger's life to share
I'll never forget the nights I spent with you round Carrowclare
O no, my dear where'er I roam in foreign lands to toil
I'll never forget the days we spent sailing round Lough Foyle

Then he threw his arms around her saying if fortune should favour me
In wedlock bands we'll join our hands when I return to thee
And from Derry quay he sailed away on breezes fresh and fair
And now he is in Amerikay far far from Carrowclare

3. Facing the Chair (Andy Irvine)

I came to this land in 1908
And I thought it the land of the free
But I very soon saw the rich had one law
And another for people like me
Well times were depressed and the money was hard
And I peddled my fish by the sea
Where the pilgrims of old fleeing from persecution
Landed and thought themselves free

Chorus:

Goodbye to you my brave comrades
Goodbye to you Suasso's Lane
Goodbye to North Plymouth
Goodbye Boston Harbour
I'll never see you again

The department of justice was rounding up reds
And one day on the sidewalk below
Salsedo was found lying crushed on the ground
And they said he fell out of a high storey window
And two payroll guards were shot down and killed
At the height of this anti red scare
And the powers that be arrested Sacco and me
And now we are facing the chair

Well our jury God help us what chance did they have
When the cruel judge called us low breed
He was heard to declare they should get the chair
They're reds and what more do you need
And for seven long years we have languished in jail
While appeals for a retrial were made
And the Madeiros confession it made no impression
On Judge Webster Thayer's crusade

Well a dog that kills chicken you wouldn't convict
On the evidence judge that you've heard
But you'll show no concern while these two witches burn
For preaching the dangerous word
And your governments judge differ only in name

To victimise trick and repress
And a change of error and a change of evil
Is taken by many as progress

Well if these things hadn't happened we might have lived out our lives
Talking to scornful men
We might have died alone unremarked unknown
Failures again and again
But our death and our pain will not be in vain
And your crimes they will never be blurred
O what makes you think as you stand on the brink
That you'll always be ruling this world

4. A Blacksmith Courted Me (Traditional)

A Blacksmith courted me nine months and better
He fairly won my heart wrote me a letter
With his hammer in his hand he looked so clever
And if I was with my love I'd live forever

But where is my love gone with his cheeks like roses
And his good black billycock on decked around with primroses
I'm afraid the scorching sun will shine and burn his beauty
And if I was with my love I'd do my duty

Strange news is come to town strange news is carried
Strange news flies up and down that my love is married
I wish them both much joy though they can't hear me
And may God reward him well for slighting of me

Don't you remember when you lay beside me
And you said you'd marry me and not deny me
If I said I'd marry you it was only for to try you
So bring your witness love and I'll not deny you

O witness have I none save God almighty
And may he reward you well for the slighting of me
Her lips grew pale and wan it made her poor heart to tremble
To think she loved a one and he proved deceitful

6. Douglas Mawson (Andy Irvine)

Once more the cruel Antarctic calls me back
To set my foot where no man yet did go
O memories of nineteen eight of taking chances tempting fate
And the happy days we spent in McMurdo

So we dropped our anchor off Adélie Land
And we built a hut to stand the winter gale
And when the sun returned again the air rang out with sounds of men
And Greenland huskies eager for the trail

From Aladdin's cave we started on our way
Our friends they bid goodbye and turned for home
Xavier Mertz was there with me and Cherub Ninnis just we three
Were left to carry on our fate unknown

The black crevasse claimed Ninnis and his dogs
It claimed our food our fuel it claimed our tent
I never heard one single sound just by chance I turned around
As Ninnis to his death in silence went

Defeat and death now stared us in the face
We had one lightweight tent and that was all
Just to stay alive we knew we'd have to kill the dogs for food
How were we to know that they'd be our downfall

A leaden glare now spread across the land
And neither shape nor feature reached our eyes
And nothing left to eat only deadly poison meat
For my brave friend death has no disguise

He wears the mask of illness on his face
He wears the cloak of silence at the trace
Around his mouth the cracks and ruts are deep and bleed like razor cuts
I fear he has already lost this race

His eyes were rolling ominous and grim
On the sledge I pulled him on my hands and knees
One night he bit his finger through and spat it out upon the snow
His cries of madness caused my blood to freeze

When I awoke next morning he was dead
The wreckage of his body stiff and cold
I have to try and reach firm ground at least my diary must be found
Someday this sad story may be told

The soles of my feet became detached
Teeth nails muscles all are gone
Down icy pits I fell through space till brought up by my harness trace
Give up give up there's no point in going on

Three weeks I staggered on across the ice
Then a cairn of snow by sheer chance I struck
A letter there told the tale of searching men that very day
Even now I can't believe my luck

My pulse was racing as I saw the men
My journey at an end no more to do
My skeleton was easily raised and gently on the sledge was laid
My God they cried which one of them are you?

And later tears were wet upon their cheeks
And my own eyes filled with the telling of the tale
And on that bleak and distant shore the blizzard blows for evermore
For those in icy tombs out on the trail

7. The Snows - Οι χιονιές - (Eirini Chalkou)

[Transliteration]

I skóupa péfti apala
Ké mou'rhonte sto nou polá

Ah póso thoró ta hiónia
Ah póso thoró ta hiónia

Ótan epézame hioniés
Sta próvata ke stis goniés

Ah ta perasména hrónia
Ah póso thoró ta hiónia

To krío ki o varís hioniás
Tha prépl na ítane yíá mas

Ah kléna magálo glénti
Ah kléna magálo glénti

Poù prospathóuse kathé niá
Ah apó tó pósi miá hioniá

Ah stó pió kaló levénti
Ah ki éna megálo glénti

Na xanazóusa miá hroniá
Ópos ekíni ti hioniá

Ah m'ekínon p'agapoúsa
Ah ná tí xanaglentóusa

[Translation to English by Chrysoula Kechagioglou]

The snow is gently falling
And many thoughts come to my mind

As I watch the snow fall
As I watch the snow fall

When we used to play in the snow
Amongst the sheep in the meadows

Ah those years that have gone by
Ah as I am watching the snow fall

The cold and heavy winter
Was our best time

Ah when the big fest of snow took place
Ah when the big fest of snow took place

When every young maid tried to throw snow
At the young man she admired the most

Ah when the big snow fest took place
Ah when the big snow fest took place

Ah I wish I could go back once more
To that snowy winter

Ah with the one I loved
Ah if only I could join again that fest once more

8. Banks of Newfoundland (Traditional)

O you may bless your happy luck that lies serene on shore
Far from the billows and the waves that round poor sailors roar
O little we knew the hardships that we were obliged to stand
For fourteen days and fourteen nights on the Banks of Newfoundland

Our good ship never crossed before these stormy western waves
And the raging sea came down on us and soon beat in her stays
She being of green unseasoned wood and little could she stand
When the hurricane came down on us on the Banks of Newfoundland

We were starved and frozen with the cold when we sailed from old Québec
And every now and then we were obliged to walk the deck
We being all hardy Irishmen and our vessel did well man
And the captain doubled each man's grog on the Banks of Newfoundland

We fasted for three days and nights till provisions did run out
And on the morning of the fourth we cast a lot about
The lot it fell on the captain's son and as you may understand
We spared his life for another night on the Banks of Newfoundland

Then on the morning of the fifth he got orders to prepare
We only gave him one short hour to offer up a prayer
But providence proved kind to us and saved blood from every hand
When a full-rigged ship hauled into view on the Banks of Newfoundland

When they took us from our wrecked ship we were more like ghosts than men
They fed us and they clothed us and they brought us back again
But many of our brave Irish boys never saw their native land
And the captain lost both legs from frost on the Banks of Newfoundland

The number of our passengers was four hundred thirty two
There was none of them poor passengers could tell the tale but two
Their parents may shed bitter tears that's on their native strand
While mountains of waves roll over their graves on the Banks of Newfoundland

10. Jack Mulroe (Traditional)

Now as Jack he went a-roving with trouble on his mind
For the leaving of his country and his darling girl behind

Chorus: With me dithery-idle-dyddle-di, Me ditheree idle dando

Rich lords they came to court her and squires of great fame
There was none but Jack the sailor lad this lady's heart could gain

Says the old man to his daughter now if this be true of thee
O Jack he will be banished and confined you will be
You may confine my body but you can't confine my mind
For it is Jack the sailor lad that's won this heart of mine

And she went into a tailor's shop and dressed in man's array
To ship on board of a man of war and convey herself away

Before you get on board with us your name we'd like to know
With a smile upon her countenance they call me Jack Mulroe

O your waist it does look slender and your fingers do look small
And your cheeks are red as rosy for to face the cannonball
My cheeks they may look rosy and my fingers may look small
But I would not start or tremble though ten thousand round me fall

And the drums did loudly rattle and loud music it did play
And upon the field of battle then they all did march away
They fought all day with valour and likewise with might and main
And a sergeant and two officers by this fair maid were slain

And when the war was over in a circle she marched round
And among the dead and wounded her sailor boy she found

Coming up the streets of Mohill she raised him in her arms
And she sent for the best of doctors for to heal his bleeding wounds

Then up and stepped her father saying my daughter's gone from me
And divil the feature in her face but does resemble thee
She says I am your daughter and likewise your daughter dear
I fought through the wars in Germany and I have my Johnny here

And the bonfires blazed on every hill as you may plainly see
For to welcome this young couple home from the wars of Germany

And her father then he gave consent to join in wedlock bands
Besides he gave her a thousand pounds a thousand and free land

11. Sweet Bann Water (Traditional)

Away away I can stay no longer the Sweet Bann Water I mean to cross
Over high high hills and lofty mountains to spend the night with my own wee lass
Though the night be dark as dark as a dungeon and not a star there did appear
I would be guided without a stumble into the arms of my dear

And when I came to my true love's window I knelt down gently upon a stone
And through a pane I whispered softly Mary dear are you within?
Then slowly slowly the door she opened and slowly slowly O I stepped in
And there we lay in each other's arms until that long night was nearly in

O go away and ask your mother if she is willing my bride you will be
If she says no come back and tell me 'tis the last night I'll trouble thee
Well I need not go nor ask my mother such foolish love tales she can't endure
She would bid me go and court another then I whispered in her ear

O go away and ask your father if he is willing my bride you will be
If he says no come back and tell me 'tis the last night I'll trouble thee
Well I need not go nor ask my father he's in his chamber all at his ease
And in his pocket there lies a letter which says much to your dispraise

What makes them speak so ill of me love a loyal lover to you I've been
A loyal lover and a constant sweetheart true to you I have ever been
For I can climb a higher tree and I can rob a higher nest
And I can pluck a sweeter flower but not the flower that I love best

And after dawning there comes a morning and after morning there comes a day
And after one love there comes another we need not hold them that would away
And was I sit down all at my leisure my foolish follies I do think on
In placing of my fond affection all on a maid so hard to win

[Disc 2]

1. As I Roved Out (Traditional)

As I roved out on a bright May morning
To view the meadows and flowers gay
Whom should I spy but my own true lover
As she sat under yon willow tree

I took off my hat and I did salute her
I did salute her most courageously
When she turned around sure the tears fell from her
Saying false young man you have deluded me

A diamond ring I own I gave you
A diamond ring to wear on your right hand
But the vows you made love you went and broke them
And married the lassie that had the land

If I married the lassie that had the land my love
It's that I'll rue till the day I die
When misfortune falls no man can shun it
I was blindfolded I'll ne'er deny

Now at nights when I go to my bed of slumber
The thoughts of my true love run in my mind
When I turn around to embrace my darling
Instead of gold sure 'tis brass I find

And I wish the queen would call home her army
From the West Indies, Amerikay and Spain
And every man to his wedded woman
In hopes that you and I will meet again

2. John Barlow (Traditional)

There was a lady lived in the west
And she was dressed in green
And she's leaned over her father's castle wall
To watch the ships sail in

What is wrong with you her father he did say
You look so pale and wan
O have you had any sore sickness
Or yet been sleeping with a man?

I have not had any sore sickness
But I'm in love with a young man
And the only thing that breaks my heart
Is what keeps my darling so long

Is he a Lord or a squire or a duke
Or a man of noted fame
Or is one of my serving men
That's lately come out of Spain

He is not a lord nor a squire nor a duke
Nor a man of noted fame
But he is young John from the Isle of Man
And I think he's a fine young man

O send him down the saucy clown
O send him down unto me
For if he thinking to gain my daughters hand
He must leave this country

O father dear now don't be severe
And don't be cruel unto me
For if you banish young John Barlow
You will get no good of me

But the king has sent for his merry merry men
And his merry men thirty and three
And instead of young John being the very last one
The very first one came he

He entered the room young John Barlow
And the clothes that he wore were of silk
And his two blue eyes like the morning sky
And his skin was as white as milk

It is no wonder the king he did say
My daughter's love you did win
For had I been a woman as I am a man
My bedfellow you would have been

Will you wed my daughter he said
Will you take her by the hand
And will you wed my daughter he said
And be lord over all my land

O I will wed your daughter he said
But she's not a match for me
For every pound that she can count down
I can count thirty and three

He's mounted her on a milk white steed
Himself on a dapple grey
And he's made her a lady of as much land
As she could ride in a long summers day

3. Love to be with you (Andy Irvine)

We pulled up our anchor and set sail in sweet November
The day was fine, the sun did shine such moments I remember
Your face so sad and lonely fading from my view
But some small part of me remains with you

Chorus:

Sometimes I feel I must just fly away
Sometimes I feel goodbye's a word I just can't say
But I'd love to be with you
I'd love to be with you
I'd love to be with you

Outside the blizzard raging cares not for our distress
The bitter taste of failure so nearly sweet success
Brave enough we were alas to no avail
Such stories we could tell you had we lived to tell the tale

The music I heard at the moment I was born
Was like crystal raindrops falling at dawn
All my life I've listened just to catch one sweet refrain
And gave up hope of hearing that sweet sound again

I hear it all around me now
I hear it all around me now
Hear it all around me now
I hear it all around me now

5. The Blind Harper (Traditional)

Have you heard of the blind harper
How he lived in Lochmaben town
He would go to fair England
To steal King Henry's wanton brown

But first he's gone unto his wife
With all the speed that he could show
This work he says it'll never go well
Without the help of our good grey mare

She says you take the good grey mare
She'll run o'er hills both low and high
Sit you on the grey mare's back
And leave her foal at home with me

So he is off to England gone
Even as fast as go could he
When he came to Carlisle gates
Who should be there but the King Henry

The king he looked over his left shoulder
And he says unto his serving groom
Take the poor blind harper's mare
And put her beside my wanton brown

And the harper harped and then he sang
And he charmed them all so fast asleep
Straightway he took off his shoes
Quietly down the stairs did creep

When he came to the stable door
With a tread as light as light could be
When he opened and went in
He found thirty steeds and three

And he's taken the halter from his hose
And from his purpose he did not fail
He tied it over the wanton's nose
And he's tied it to the grey mare's tail

And he's loosed them out of the castle gates
And the mare didn't fail to find her way
She was at Lochmaben town
Three long hours before the day

And the very next morning in broad daylight
When they had ended all their cheer
Behold the wanton brown was gone
Likewise the poor blind harper's mare

It's O and alas says the blind harper
It's ever and alas that I came here
In Scotland I've lost me a good grey foal
In England they've stolen me old grey mare

Hold your talking you blind harper
And again of your music let us hear
Well paid shall your colt foal be
You will have a far better mare

So the harper harped and then he sang
And sweet was the music he let then hear
He was paid for a foal that he never had lost
And three times over for the good grey mare

6. Hobo's Lullaby (Traditional)

Go to sleep you weary hobo
Let the towns drift slowly by
Listen to the steel rails hummin'
That's the hobo's lullaby

Do not think about tomorrow
Let tomorrow come and go
Tonight you've got a nice warm boxcar
Free from all this wind and snow

Go to sleep you weary hobo
Let the towns drift slowly by
Listen to the steel rails hummin'
That's the hobo's lullaby

I know the police cause you trouble
They cause trouble everywhere
But you when you die and go to heaven
You'll find no policemen there

Go to sleep you weary hobo
Let the towns drift slowly by
Listen to the steel rails hummin'
That's the hobo's lullaby

7. Three Huntsmen (Traditional)

It's of three huntsmen brave and bold as I have heard them say
They took five hundred guineas all on one market day
As they rode home together o'er the Wicklow mountains high
O it's hold your horse cries Johnson for I hear a woman cry

I will not stop says Wilson I will not stop says he
And nor will I stop says Gilmore for robbed I'm afraid we'll be
But Johnson getting off his horse and searching the woods all round
Till he found a naked woman with her hair pinned to the ground

O woman dear O woman dear how came you here for to span
Who that brought you here on this May morning with your hair pinned to the
ground
It was three bold and struggling men with swords keen in hand
Who that brought me here this May morning my hair pinned to the ground

But my father he's a wealthy man and your kindness he'll repay
And I place my life all in your hands protect me sir I pray
Well Johnson being a man of his own being valiant brave and bold
He took off the coat from off his back to keep her from the cold

And Johnson getting on his horse the woman got on behind
They rode down that lonesome valley their fortunes for to find
And as they were rode on along the way as fast as they could ride
She threw her fingers to her lips and gave three shivering cries

Out jumped three bold and struggling men with swords keen in hand
Who commanded him to tarry commanded him to stand
Well I will stand says Johnson I'll stand then says he
For I never was in all me life afraid of any three

And Johnson killing two of them not minding the woman behind
As he was at the other one she stabbed him from behind
And the day was free and a market day the people all standing by
Could have seen that awful murder could have seen poor Johnson die

8. Rude Awakening (Andy Irvine)

With bitter regret his voice haunts me yet
It's just three hours since we were together
If you cross the ice you'll pay the price
You just can't trust this Antarctic weather

But Haywood and me we didn't want to be
Sitting waiting around till the ice got stronger
We'd been out in the snow for nine weeks or so
We were sick we were tired we were waiting no longer

If you act in haste you'll repent at leisure
My mother would have said you should have known better
Outward bound on a final trip
And I have a sinking feeling that I'm on a sinking ship

Chorus: I was so blind I could not see
A rude awakening was waiting for me
I was blind blind and I could not see
A rude awakening was waiting for me

Well the game was lost half way across
A furious gale set the ice in motion
And for this old pro it's the end of the show
And this is no way to go out on the ocean

If you act in haste you'll repent at leisure
A seafaring man I should have known better
Outward bound on a final trip
And I have a sinking feeling that I'm on a sinking ship

Well I cursed and I swore a hundred time or more
If only I heeded his words of warning
O lend a hand bring me back on the land
I'll sell my soul to the devil in the morning

But lo and behold we're going to die of the cold
Hunger and thirst are sure to confound us
We should be tucked up tight in some barroom tonight
Instead of having to fight with the sharks around us

If you act in haste you'll repent at leisure
History will say he should have known better
Outward bound on a final trip
And I have a sinking feeling that I'm on a sinking ship

9. Sergeant Small (Traditional)

I went broke in western Queensland in nineteen thirty one
Nobody would employ me and my swag carrying begun
I started out through Charleville and all the western towns
I was on me way to Roma destination Darling Downs

And me pants was getting ragged and me boots was a-getting thin
And as I came into Mitchell the goods train shunted in
I could hear her whistle blowing it was mighty plain to see
She was on her way to Roma or so it seemed to me

Chorus:
I wish I was about twenty stone and only seven feet tall
I'd go back to western Queensland and beat up Sergeant Small

And as I sat and watched her inspiration's seeds were sown
I remembered the Government slogan: 'Here's a railway that you own'
And as the sun was gettin' low and the night was coming nigh
I shouldered my belongings and I took her on the fly

And as we came into Roma I kept me head down low
Heard a voice say "Any room mate?" I answered "Plenty 'bo"
"Come out of there me little man" 'twas the voice of Sergeant Small
"I have caught you very nicely – you've been riding for a fall"

The old judge was very nice to me he gave me thirty days
Saying "Maybe this will help to cure your rattler-jumping ways"
So if you're down and out in the outback boys I'll tell yez what I think
Steer clear of the Queensland goods trains they're a short cut to the clink

10. The Royal Forester (Traditional)

I am the king's high forester
As you can plainly see
It's the mantle o' your maidenhead
That I maun hae from thee

Chorus:

With me roo-rum-rority ri-rum-rority
Right-me-wority-an

He's tae'n her by the milk-white hand
And by the grass green sleeve
He's lain her down upon her back
And he's asked no man's leave

Now since you've lain me down young man
You maun take me up again
And since you've had your way with me
Come tell to me your name

Some call me James some call me John
Bedad it's all the same
But when I'm in the king's high court
Erwillian is me name

She being a good scholar
She's spelled it o'er again
Erwillian that's a Latin word
So Willy it is your name

Now when he heard his name pronounced
He's mounted his high steed
She's girded up her petticoat
She's followed with all her speed

He rode and she ran
The lang summer's day
Until they came to the water
That's commonly called the Tay

The water is too wide my love
I'm afraid you canna' wade
Before he had his horse well in
She was on the other side

She's gone to the king's high court
She's knocked and she's gone in
Says one of your chancellor's robbed me
And he's robbed me neat and clean

Has he robbed you o' your mantle
Has he robbed you o' your ring
Has he robbed you o' your maidenhead
And another you canna' find

Gin he be a single man
Then he will marry thee
But gin he be a married man
Hanged he will be

This couple they got married
They live in Huntley toon
She's the Earl of Airlie's daughter
And he's the blacksmith's son

11. The Wind Blows Over the Danube (Andy Irvine)

When I was young and in my prime rambling it was on my mind
Dunára fúj a szél
And one fine day by the luck of the draw I found myself on the Danube shore
Dunára fúj a szél

I played and sang in a village hall and how it went I don't recall
But in Szentendre as anyone might I went to a party late that night

And the fairy princess did appear her name I can't tell you I fear
Her little red boots and yellow hair I lost my heart right then and there

As I coyly put my hand in hers little I knew what would occur
For love is selfish love is blind and off we went our fate to find

The wind it blows across the plain the wind blows over the Danube
And in the summer sun I knew the joys of young manhood

We travelled east and travelled west Pécs is the town I remember best
We had a party on the hill and Salaman Béja played the fiddle

We danced and sang there was beer and wine and we all piled in to that car of
mine
A policeman stopped me dear oh dear he produced a tube says blow in here

Three hundred forints was the fine and he let me drive off once again
O travelling over the fertile plain playing that lovely summer game

But storm clouds were in the sky and Father Time was passing by
As through the countryside we roamed I never saw the summer go

The wind it blows across the plain the wind blows over the Danube
And in the autumn rain I saw the sadness of time passing

In a hotel room in Káposvár we said goodbye for evermore
Outside the window gypsies played pitch and toss for a serenade

Wherever you are my blue-eyed girl I hope you're happy and I wish you well
And I see you still in the afterglow of a summer's day so long ago

The wind it blows across the plain the wind blows over the Danube
And in the autumn rain I see the sadness of time passing

The wind it blows across the plain the wind blows over the Danube
And in the autumn rain I feel the sadness of time passing

12. You Fascists Bound to Lose (Andy Irvine)

Chorus:

You fascists bound to lose
You fascists bound to lose
When chains are snapped and shackles break
You fascists bound to lose

You German Neo-Nazis you're playing the same old game
You think you hold the upper hand the result will be the same
I see your fascist storm troops all trying to light the fuse
How is that you never learn you fascists bound to lose

Salazar and Franco you think you hold the reins
But the people grow impatient to be free of fascist chains
I hope you get this message I'm trying to spread the news
There's no place in our world for you, you fascists bound to lose

Reverend Ian Paisley you have us very vexed
There's no place in our world for you you'd better try the next
Your gospel train of hatred for Catholics and Jews
Don't frighten us one tiny bit you fascists bound to lose

William Craig and Vorster, Ian Smith and Wallace too
And all your little satellites I bid you all adieu
When chains are snapped and shackles break I'd hate to be in your shoes
There'll be no place for you to hide you fascists bound to lose

* William Craig (Northern Ireland), B.J. Vorster (South Africa)
Ian Smith (Southern Rhodesia), George Wallace (Alabama) were all in my eye line
at the time I wrote this song in 1968.