

## **Philip Riley**

### **"Breton Drum"**

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One word from far away  
and I could wait a hundred years.  
I've heard in drunken tales  
the fallen mourned, but not your name.  
And so I'll cut my hair  
and march away to join the guns  
a searching for my love  
with borrowed boots  
... and Breton drum

Shei, hae, sheaa, nay  
silon ghor de, cre'anon  
gaiv renaise, mourna

A thousand miles with the drum  
a searching every face and uniform  
Would you do what I've done?  
And follow  
... the Breton drum

I dreamed you lay  
In fields of green  
Reaching for an unforgiving sun  
From east to west and in between  
I'll follow  
... the Breton drum

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