

## **Van Morrison**

# **"Let The Slave"**

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Let the slave grinding at the mill run out into the field  
Let him look up into the heavens and laugh in the bright  
air  
Let the enchained soul shut up in darkness and in  
sighing  
Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary  
years

Rose and look out, his chains are loose, his dungeon  
doors are open  
And let his wife and children return from the  
oppressor's scourge  
They look behind at every step and believe it is a  
dream  
Singing, the sun has left his blackness and has found a  
fresher morning  
And the fair moon rejoices in the clear and cloudless  
night

For empire is no more  
And now the lion and wolf shall cease

For everything that lives is holy  
For everything that lives is holy  
For everything that lives is holy  
For everything that lives is holy

What is the price of experience? Do men buy it for a  
song?  
Or wisdom for a dance in the street? No, it is bought  
with the price  
Of all that a man hath, his house, his wife, his children  
Wisdom is sold in the desolate market where none  
come to buy

And in the withered field where the farmer plows for  
bread in vain  
It is an easy thing to triumph in the summer's sun  
And in the vintage and to sing on the wagon loaded  
with corn  
It is an easy thing to talk of patience to the afflicted

To speak the laws of prudence to the homeless  
wanderer  
To listen to the hungry raven's cry in wintry season  
When the red blood is filled with wine and with the  
marrow of lambs

It is an easy thing to laugh at wrathful elements  
To hear the dog howl at the wintry door  
The ox in the slaughter house moan  
To see a God on every wind and a blessing on every  
blast

To hear sounds of love in the thunder storm  
That destroys our enemies' house  
To rejoice in the blight that covers his field  
And the sickness that cuts off his children

While our olive and vine sing and laugh 'round our  
door  
And our children bring fruits and flowers  
Then the groan and the dolor are quite forgotten  
And the slave grinding at the mill  
And the captive in chains and the poor in the prison

And the soldier in the field  
When the shattered bone hath laid him groaning  
Among the happier dead  
It is an easy thing to rejoice in the tents of prosperity  
Thus, could I sing and thus, rejoice but it is not so with  
me

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