

Paddy Goes To Holyhead "Wintertime"

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Build the dyke the waters rising close the door the wind
is howling

And the temperature is falling wintertime has come
Gather food the cupboards empty tho the rich folk all
have plenty

To their world there is no entry hungertime has come

Light your fire the cold is creeping soon you'll hear the
sound of weeping

Where the homeless men are sleeping dying time has
come

Long dark nights are often endless waiting for a word
of kindness

For the lonely and the friendless lonesome time has
come

Winter is here and the cold is all around and you can't
plant wishes in the frozen ground

Ancient bones are oh so fragile ancient limbs are not
so agile

Helping hand is what they're needing aging time has
come

don't built shelters from the nighttime give them pride
now is the right time

Home has not a homeless lifetime giving time has
come

Feed the hungry the people do not heed your church
and steeple

For your care there is no equal caring time has come

Shine a light the night has fallen in the dark there's
someone calling

For a friend until the morning friendship time has come

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