

Across Tundras "The Gallow's Pole"

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They would have our necks in a noose I know,
If it were the days of hangin' at the gallows pole.
It's only two devils that blow the smoke from a
murderers bone.
Blowing to and fro at the base of gallows pole.
The gallows pole.
The branches bowed down below the weight

Of a king's nest that was heavy of marrow.
Short of sorrow, to the gallows pole!
The gallows pole.
They would have our necks in a noose I know,
If it were the days of hanging at the gallows pole.

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