

Phil Ochs

"William Butler Yeats Visits Lincoln Park and Escapes Unscat"

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Am C G

As I went out one evening to take the evening air

F G C F

I was blessed by a blood-red moon

Dm G Am G

In Lincoln Park the dark was turning

I spied a fair young maiden and a flame was in her
eyes

And on her face lay the steel blue skies

Of Lincoln Park, the dark was turning

Turning

They spread their sheets upon the ground just like a
wandering tribe

And the wise men walked in their Robespierre robes

Through Lincoln Park the dark was turning

The towers trapped and trembling, and the boats were
tossed about

When the fog rolled in and the gas rolled out

From Lincoln Park the dark was turning

Turning

Like wild horses freed at last we took the streets of
wine

But I searched in vain for she stayed behind

In Lincoln Park the dark was turning

I'll go back to the city where I can be alone

And tell my friend she lies in stone

In Lincoln Park the dark was turning

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