

Sandy Denny

"The Plainsman"

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I come from the moor and the mointain, from the
waterfall and stream.
I've turned my back on the mountain track; I'm walking
in a dream.
And ev'ry new horizon to mee it looks the same
But ev'rywhere looks old and bare while trav'ling on the
plain.

There's no-one rides this road with me, a plainsman
rides alone.
The welcome waits by a city gate, no voice to call me
home.
Alone I came into this place, and that is how I will go
And all I learn is the season's turn, that's all I need to
know.
Oh the world is hung with silver tongues wiht good
advice to give.
If you can't show me how to die, don't tell me how to
live.
The plainsman's song, though it's seldom long, it's
more than meets the ear
And all I believe is the falling leaves at the turning of
the year.

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