

John Spillane**"Soon child"**

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When will the day?
When will the dawn?
When will the blackbird
Sing from the thorn?
When will all
Our troubles be gone?
Soon, child, soon
Soon, child, soon

When will the night?
When will the one?
When will the songbird
Fly to it's young?
When will all
The damage be done?
Soon, child, soon
Soon, child, soon

Soon
Child
All of my love will surround you
We'll have music sweet and wild
Out on the road that I found you

When will the love?
When will the land?
When will the moon
Steal through the fields?
When will the winter
Take what she needs?
Soon, child, soon
Soon, child, soon

Soon
Child
All of my love will surround you
We'll have music sweet and wild
And all of the treasures I found you.

