

Weather Song

1973

You have worked in white fields the most of your life
And you've hoped to see greenery burgeon
But the weather's been bitter and sap has run low
And the sky's been like Delft in the morning

Am – C alt

Now it's time for a change, sunshine and shade
Time for the water to clear
Time to touch bottom and go with the sharks
And know we have nothing to fear

We've been cowed by the weather and wolfed down the time
And the king's men have turned us slow
Now it's time for white water to carry us on
And for Jack in his pulpit to blow

Hang dog for the troubles you've nothing to gain
By whipping a whelp for his hunger
See the sun break Lord and give us the light
To castle the lord to his corner

Come all you young squires and lay your cups down
We'll fill them with sunshine and ice
It's not to be had for the silver your hoard
Ask the peasant to tell you the price

I got something to believe in	G Dm
It's the only thing I know	C Dm
Ask the ones with dirty hands	G Dm
What they know, where to go	Am E

Instrumental link: Am into Em/G Dm/F

Shades here of my brief medieval period, an era from which I still draw for telling images of social inequality. The tangled relationship of peasant and Lord is a common motif in my writing.