# Moonshine

**Bert Jansch**

Hearken to the sweet leaves
That dance so merrily
I wish the wind would do the same for me.
But rooted here like a withered tree am I,
And I watch both day and night pass by.

It was a cruel and wicked master,
Stole my freedom and charged me
To fight for him, win him victory.
And now here am I in a damp and dreary cell,
And all I know of time is the church bell.

Moonshine soft and clear,
In a death-black endless sky,
Cartwheelin' bright stars twinklin' down.
From the shadows calls the night owl,
He's echoing my loneliness.

Come the stag down from the mountain,
Come the owl from where he sleeps,
Come the eagle from his high, high nest,
To where the salmon, they swim and they sleep,
Come fast and hope to set me free.

I dream of waters flowing,
Sweet air to softly breathe,
Of meadowland where the wagtail bobs and weaves,
Of sunny days where children dance and play,
And sweet music to drive my grief away.

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