

When they poured across the border
I was cautioned to surrender,
This I could not do;
I took my gun and vanished.
I have changed my name so often,
I've lost my wife and children
But I have many friends,
And some of them are with me.

Oh, the wind, the wind is blowing,
Through the graves the wind is blowing,
Freedom soon will come;
Then we'll come from the shadows.

An old woman gave us shelter,
Kept us hidden in the garret,
Then the soldiers came;
She died without a whisper.

There were three of us this morning
I'm the only one this evening
But I wonder on;
The frontiers are my prison.

Oh, the wind, the wind is blowing,
Through the graves the wind is blowing,
Freedom soon will come;
Then we'll come from the shadows