

Sweet William Part Two

Johnny Flynn

Will you put down your fiddle young Willie
Will you put down your fiddle and pray
That the world has begun with the birth of the sun
And its death the very same day

'Now kiss me young lover,' cried Maggie the glover
'We're a village of babes and I'm over the moon"
'Where's all your fellas, those young buck propellers,'
Cried Willie who swam in the room full of -

Will you put down your fiddle young Willie
Will you put down your fiddle and pray
That the world has begun with the birth of the sun
And its death the very same day

Still the fiddle brightly sung, its hornpipe playing
It's a Londonderry tune, long gone's the afternoon
We'll sing 'ever and more and ever will be'

The old men he'd seen, all cracked teeth with glee
Brought gold for the boy who could carry all time
For they in dear guardianship sailing and broken
Ship wizened and aged in pursuit of the wine

'It's not what I came for,' cried Will with disdain for
The din and the clamour of faucets undone
'Til a glimpse of perfection in Sally's reflection
In a mirror that carried her light like the sun

Will you put down your fiddle young Willie
Will you put down your fiddle and pray (right now)
That the world has begun with the birth of the sun
And its death the very same day

With Will in the midst and no heat to desist
The gentrified stock who had seen off the -
And laughed at the lad seeing all that he had
And whispered their praise to the soul of his sword

If Will had known better, he'd not have known better
And history's song would have ended with time
So it's lucky for learning that history's yearning
Is not in repeating but for something that rhymes

Will you pick up your fiddle young Willie (pick it up)
Will you pick up your fiddle and play
For the world has begun with the birth of the sun
And its death the very same day

Still the fiddle brightly sung, its hornpipe playing
It's a Londonderry tune, long gone's the afternoon
We'll sing 'ever and more and ever will be'