

Sycamore Queen

Joshua Burnside

I must away now, and make my way home
Though the path is winding, and the stars are hidden oh
Over the drumlins, from Belfast to Comber
With the lights of the city, behind me I wonder

Over stream and hedgerow, thick gorse and ploughed land
Well the rain gently falling, is no trouble to me man
As I'm of the river, and I'm of the sea
And the water falling, it is flowing through me

They cut up the old land, to keep 'em under the cold hand
And keep the oil flowing, right up to our waistbands
So there's only one queen, that I would kneel for
The gray barked maple, the noble sycamore

Da da da da
Da da da da