

William Butler Yeats Visits Lincoln Park and Escapes Unscathed

Phil Ochs

As I went out one evening to take the evening air
I was blessed by a blood-red moon
In Lincoln Park the dark was turning

I spied a fair young maiden and a flame was in her eyes
And on her face lay the steel blue skies
Of Lincoln Park, the dark was turning, turning

They spread their sheets upon the ground just like a wandering
tribe
And the wise men walked in their Robespierre robes
Through Lincoln Park the dark was turning

The towers trapped and trembling and the boats were tossed about
When the fog rolled in and the gas rolled out
From Lincoln Park the dark was turning

Like wild horses freed at last we took the streets of wine
But I searched in vain for she stayed behind
In Lincoln Park the dark was turning, turning

I'll go back to the city where I can be alone
And tell my friend she lies in stone
In Lincoln Park the dark was turning