

## Among The Gorse, Among The Grey

Richard Thompson

Once there was a son  
Among the gorse, among the grey  
And wondrous dreams he spun  
Among the gorse, among the grey  
And he chased the clouds and  
He kissed the wind  
Barefoot and bloody at the knee  
It is, he said,  
As if the world were made for me

And the elders gathered round  
Among the gorse, among the grey  
And they staked him to the ground  
Among the gorse, among the grey  
And they sucked the joy  
From his beating heart  
Washed his eyes with rue  
Now come, they said,  
Come to the world we made for you