

Neil Gow's Apprentice

Fairport Convention

Oh, no more will I rove no more, it's over
Oh, no more will I rove no more, it's done
I'll sit beneath the fiddle tree
With the ghost of Neil Gow next to me
Listen, Neil, your apprentice has begun

An old man looks in his inglenook and he wonders
His brother in a foreign land he must remain
Deived about the life he'd choose
They each would wear the other one's shoes
This motherland is a source of constant pain

Oh, no more will I rove no more, it's over
Oh, no more will I rove no more, it's done
I'll sit beneath the fiddle tree
With the ghost of Neil Gow next to me
Listen, Neil, your apprentice has begun

All my life I have lived within these borders
While he has gone to retrieve the setting sun
In the pitch-black Highland night
He's toiling in the sunshine bright
Do the time while summer passes by

Oh, no more will I rove no more, it's over
Oh, no more will I rove no more, it's done
I'll sit beneath the fiddle tree
With the ghost of Neil Gow next to me
Listen, Neil, your apprentice has begun

Rumblin' Brig, I heard your voices calling
In the outback, still I hear your song
Feeding from this foreign field
With far more fish than the burn could yield
This trip will be my last and it won't be long

Oh, no more will I rove no more, it's over
Oh, no more will I rove no more, it's done
I'll sit beneath the fiddle tree
With the ghost of Neil Gow next to me
Listen, Neil, your apprentice has begun

Oh, no more will I rove no more, it's over
Oh, no more will I rove no more, it's done
I'll sit beneath the fiddle tree
With the ghost of Neil Gow next to me
Listen, Neil, your apprentice has begun