

# 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

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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

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Rumbling 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

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