

The Journeyman's Grace

Fairport Convention

Someone told me there's a grace that leads you straight from place to place

And you always leave the road behind you
You don't need your horses shod, just a dowser and his rod
Leave your mistress, she won't need to find you

Oh please, journeyman, help me on my way
Oh please, help me please, I won't be afraid
Oh please, journeyman, help me on my way
Oh please, help me please, I won't be afraid

Leave my weary flesh and bone to a circle made of stone
Take me to the mountains for my pleasure
And if the dead man won't depart, drive a stake into his heart
And let me ere deliver him his leisure

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When you see the race is run and the dark has just begun
Come on with the few and leave the many
There you'll find the journeyman with a lantern in his hand
He'll show you a good time for a penny

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