

When the first men on the ground were laid
I wouldn't fall under the mad skirts
Onward forth into a land of gold
Swords were drawn upon the road

Chorus:

Provider, carry on
Far from the golden age
Follow me down a fox hole in the ground
Don't delay

Come morning, miles along
Gathered round, those remained
With and a cry for the land
Joy to gain

Winter came and I was old and alone
Time set's gone under the mad skirts
Onward further to a land unknown
With only hope of the sea's ago

Chorus:

Provider, carry on
Far from the golden age
Follow me down a fox hole in the ground
Don't delay

Provider, carry on
Far from the golden age
Follow me down a fox hole in the ground
Don't delay

Come morning, miles along
Gathered round, those remained
With and a cry for the land
Joy to gain