

Idea And Deed

Will Oldham

What's the winter's cold negative press
What's the spring with its air of rebirth
To those felled under wildest duress
Trading freedom for a false sense of worth

Let the love of our own sacred rites
To the love of our people succeed
Let friendship and future unite
And flourish in idea and deed

Let the costume distinguish the strong
Place riches in lowest esteem
It's for excess that people do wrong
And to liberty honesty's lean

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Letting one minute go on
Without seeing yourself with an eye
That is watchful and kindly and strong
Is as letting the soul drop and die

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