

A Second Cross

By Conn MacNeill

Thou speaks to me of sew-ing and reap-ing The fish pond, the vine-yard, the ox and the lamb
My soul through the groves of Da - mas-cus is wan-der-ing Now bids me in dut-y thy care-ful words heed
But the sha-dows come o'er me from a time not for - got-ten And bear me a - way to the land I once knew
My thanks to thee ste-ward for the care of my ma-nor One more cup of good wine I'll hear none but thee
Yet I have seen Je - ru - sa - lem And I have shared bat-tle and bread with the bra-vest men
Dwelt midst the pe-rils and plea-sures of Ou-tre-mer And I carved my cross on the wall of his tomb

Thou speaks to me of sewing and reaping
The fish pond, the vineyard, the ox and the lamb
My soul through the groves of Damascus is wandering
Thou bids me in duty thy careful words heed

But the shadows come o'er me from a time not forgotten
And bear me away to the land I once knew
My thanks to thee steward for the care of my manor
One more cup of good wine I'll hear none but thee

*Yet I have seen Jerusalem
And I have shared battle and bread with the bravest men
Dwelt midst the perils and pleasures of Outremer
And I carved my cross on the wall of his tomb*

Thou speaks to me on the feats of young nobles
Their loyalty, prowess, and honor untried
My soul rides a hot-blooded steed midst mine enemies
True proof of their virtue shall need more than words.

For the shadows come o'er me from a time not forgotten
And bear me away to the land I knew
The worth of a knight I would test gainst firmer mark
One more cup of good wine and thou shalt be heard

*Yet I have seen Jerusalem
And I have shared battle and bread with the bravest men
Dwelt midst the perils and pleasures of Outremer
And I carved my cross on the wall of his tomb*

I weary discoursing on cattle and courtiers
This life here is lukewarm, no joy and no fear
And no deeds to truly test honor or chivalry
And good wine a poor bond for so deep a wound

For the shadows come over me from a time not forgotten
And bear me away to the land I once knew
Words and deeds come on like a scourge flay my aching heart
And languor and longing my burden and boon

*Yet I shall lay eyes on Jerusalem
And I shall share battle and bread with the bravest men
Dwell midst the perils and pleasures of Outremer
And I'll carve one more cross on the wall of his tomb*

And my heart is sore charged 'til 'tis carved on his tomb