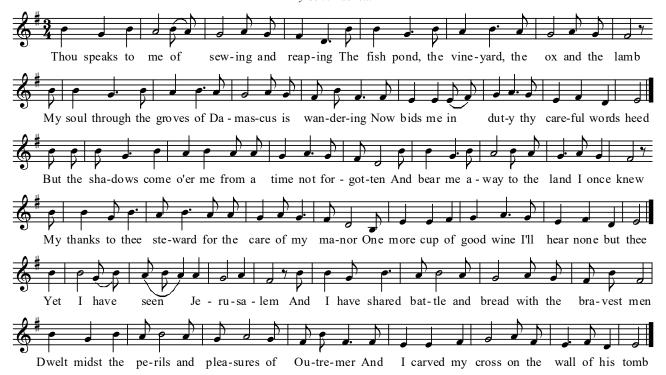
A Second Cross

By Conn MacNeill



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