

# Red Hugh

## Black 47

Another sleepless night  
On a foreign shore  
Candle flickers by my bed  
Locks bolt my doorI drink too much wine  
But it gives my brain relief  
Stops the meanderings  
That root me from my sleepI stare out at the night  
From a sweat-soaked bed  
The Queen lays plots in London  
But she won't have my headThe candle gutters  
The smell sweeps me back  
To the icy fields of Kinsale  
The bodies burning blackFire and lightning protect Tirconaill  
Fire and brimstone rain down on London  
They'll long remember Red Hugh O'Donnell  
I could not join that battleI gave orders from my horse  
Wick low snows had withered  
The toes inside my boots  
Still a fever of anxietyRacks my bones  
All my friends dead  
On Kinsale's icy roads  
Oh, were I back in UlsterI'd dive in Swilly's foam  
Her crystal waters  
Would soothe my soul  
Dispatches from O'NeillHe grows old and cautious  
Our allies are deserting  
My blade would rip their stomachs  
If Philip won't helpI'll return alone  
O'Neill longs for an armistice  
What profit in a peace  
With a queen who'll break her wordI swear to God  
That bitch will taste my sword  
I'll drag her red wig from her head  
Pull out her poisoned tongueI must get back to Ulster  
The candle is dead  
There's footsteps at my door  
They haltI'm tormented by that whore  
Who waits at court in London  
For word of my demise

Her agents hunt me everywhere  
But I will not be taken  
By any of her men  
My head will not grace London's spike  
I'll fight her to the end  
Tonight I sup with James Blake  
An honest man is he  
He's promised me three ships of war  
We'll sweep Lizzie from her throne  
I will take my place  
High King of the Irish  
Defender of my faith  
With O'Neill as my adviser  
O'Byrne at my side  
I'll rule with justice  
But now the dawn is breaking  
On this foreign shore  
I will arise and say my prayers  
Tomorrow I'll go home

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