

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

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