

AVALON

My LOVE HAS GONE TO A-JA-LON, THE WIN-TER
 AS VAN-QUISHED KINGS FROM FIELDS OF FOG DID IN THEIR
 HERE'S TOO COLD'S DAYS OF OLD'S AS SHE MOVES THROUGH, SHIM-MING
 CLIMBS AND VIEWS THE AN-CIENT STONES,
 I STAND HERE ON My Hill A - LONE
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2. I did as much as I could do to bind my love to stay. From Lowthian to Tennt o'Jells, a long and weary way. No wanted celt am I to bind her fancy to my own, | I stand here on my hill alone. :|
3. My city stands full in the gaze, a proud an emty shell. A ruined chapel mocks the view above a baron well. And I see breeze from Greenland's coast to nice the futile son, | I stand here on my hill alone. :|
4. Perhaps I'll go to Westmoreland's, where Hills are not so high, or make me way to Anglia, where Lowland bustles ly. No darkened towns, no place of rest for one who's sore wi'd shine. | I stand here on my hill alone. :|