

Donovan, Celtic Rock

Ye sons of Britain
Who once were free
Ye now are slaves to factory
Those who walk the path of mole
Expect in time to kill thy soul

look

*Down in the wood in the murky gloom
Trolls go marching two by two
Down through the cave and the mouth of doom
Down, down, down in the gloom, gloom, gloom
Hey kala ho kala ho la jai

but look

*Who should come by the mountain way
Young Finn Hanley
A lute he play
Clothed in scarlet livery
All wide eyed in the bright noon day
Tiree tiraloo tiraloo i ay

Creative intelligence has been crushed
by industrial uniformity?