

# Alasdair Roberts, Farewell Sorrow

Raise me high, raise me high,  
That I may see my fallen kindred seated.  
Who met with death upon the battlefield,  
Who, in the end, fell and were defeated.

And the way they were tricked by death,  
Betrayed, betrayed, leveled and mistreated.  
I've stuck a knife in a man for less,  
But Death is not so easily defeated.

And you can pray, pray and pray for Life.  
But know my friend, my dearest friend, please know this,  
That Life is but Death's own right-hand man.  
In every piece of his own left-hand business.

So, arm in arm, we'll run toward that pair  
And, we as they, join them double-threaded  
And, arms flung wide, we'll run towards that pair  
And never fear that which once we dreaded.