

Harlan Howard, I'll Be Gone

When the quiet evening comes,
And the village softly lies
Twinkling in the shadow of the mountain;
When the twilight's muffled drums
Play tattoos to the skies
And the heavens close their eyes
I'll be gone.

When the fisher folds his net,
Makes his craft secure
And gazes to the west for signs of weather;
When he thinks of his table set
His children at the door,
As he plods along the shore
I'll be gone.

When the merchant draws his shade,
Counts the day's receipts
And smiles recalling bits of idle gossip;
When the entries all are made
In the ledger's tidy sheets,
As he shuffles down the streets
I'll be gone.

'Tis pretty, but 'tis chains,
And I must be free
So fare thee well ye full contented fellow.
No quiet life for me,
No home no family,
Now and endlessly,
I'll be gone.