

# Phil Ochs, William Butler Yeats Visits Lincoln Park

As I went out one evening to take the evening air  
I was blessed by a blood-red moon  
In Lincoln Park the dark was turning  
I spied a fair young maiden and a flame was in her eyes  
And on her face lay the steel blue skies  
Of Lincoln Park, the dark was turning  
Turning

They spread their sheets upon the ground just like a wandering tribe  
And the wise men walked in their Robespierre robes  
Through Lincoln Park the dark was turning  
The towers trapped and trembling, and the boats were tossed about  
When the fog rolled in and the gas rolled out  
From Lincoln Park the dark was turning  
Turning

Like wild horses freed at last we took the streets of wine  
But I searched in vain for she stayed behind  
In Lincoln Park the dark was turning  
I'll go back to the city where I can be alone  
And tell my friend she lies in stone  
In Lincoln Park the dark was turning