A Prisoner for Life (2)

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Fare you well, green fields,
Soft meadows, adieu!
Rocks and mountains,
I depart from you;
Nevermore shall my eyes
By your beauties be blest,
Nevermore shall you soothe
My sad bosom to rest.

Forewell, little birdies
That fly in the sky,
You fly all day long
And sing your troubles by;
I am doomed to this cell,
I heave a deep sigh;
My heart sinks within me,
In anguish I die.

Fare you well, little fishes
That glide through the sea.
Your life's all sunshine,
All light, and all glee;
Nevermore shall I watch
Your skill in the wave.
I'll depart from all friends
This side of the grave.

What would I give
Such freedom to share,
To roam at my ease
And breathe the fresh air;
I would roam through the cities,
Through village and dell,
But I never would return
To my cold prison cell.

What's life without liberty,
I ofttimes have said,
Of a poor troubled mind
That's always in dread?-
No sun, moon, and stars

Can on me now shine,
No change in my chamber
From twilight till dawn.

Fare you well, kind friends.
I am willing to own,
Such a wild outcast
Never was known;
I'm the downfall of my family,
My children, my wife;
God pity and pardon
The poor prisoner for life.

From Cowboy Songs, Lomax

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