

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Faraway Tom

Faraway Tom

When the calendar brings in the cuckoo
And the summer comes following on
And the thin mists of day see him running away
And they know him as Faraway Tom

The earth is his bed and his pillow
And his sheets are the clothes he has on
He spends all afternoon hunting the moon
Till it rises for Faraway Tom

He sees the fox leaving his hollow
And he know where the badger is gone
He watches the fawn in the sheltering thorn
But they don't see old Faraway Tom

He knows nothing of letters or learning
And of manners and such he has none
He numbers the seasons on finger and toes
As they pass over Faraway Tom

But what of the winters to follow
Will age and cold wind bring him down
And where will he lie when snow fills the sky
And the years tell on Faraway Tom

sung by Jean Redpath
SOF