

Captain Swing

Monday, as the dawn breaks, we're working just to try and pay the bills
He feeds us, like his horses, two beasts of burden toiling in his fields.

Reaping where you haven't sown,
A rich man and a fool
Captain Swing
Is going to bring
a harvest for us all.

Tuesday, at the sowing, bent double on the planter half the day
Resting for a quarter or they dock the wasted minutes from our pay

Wednesday, at the meeting, behind locked doors
the words heat up the room
Angry, fit to breaking, Captain Swing can't come a day too soon.

Thursday, comes the Squire, to see his profits piling on the cart
Takes a fancy to my daughter, at 14 years the pride of all our hearts

Friday, in the evening, the smell of burning fills the summer air
The soldiers search the village but they won't find our Captain hiding there

Saturday, at the crossroads, the soldiers come to build a gallows tree
Later, that same evening, we come to see our Captain Swinging free

Sunday, at the service, we pray for the souls of our lost friends
The Parson, paid by the Squire, tells us that it's God shapes all our ends

Monday, another meeting, behind locked doors the call comes loud and clear
They may have hanged one young man, but there's twenty other captain's
waiting here.

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