

The tall gates of Dartmoor

Roseanne McGonigle

I walk through the tall gates of Dartmoor today
After twenty-one years and my hair has turned to grey
But Lord how I pity the ones who must dwell
For the rest of their lives in the cold chains of hell.

Now broken and weary I step from the train
My cap in my hand and my head bowed in shame
My eyes filled with tears as my old hometown I see
And the faces of friends who were once dear to me.

I knocked on the door with the lanterns above
So close now at last to the arms of my love
But thye told me she died many long years ago
And they laid her to rest at the first fall of snow.

I wander the earth like a weary old man
Never finding escape from the things that I am
For the earth is my prison and the world is my cell
After twenty-one years in the cold chains of hell.