

## Living By The Water

Anne Briggs

I was living by the water  
Late July moon's early quarter  
Summer mornings, early dawns  
Paid no heed to me, gave no warning  
Of their endless way

Seaside flowing in the river  
Is all the music I would ever  
Have, a long, long day since I went away

By the sea curlews calling  
Hear the summer stars falling  
Fire burning in the sun  
Lighting up their way  
On the lonely sands of the western strands  
It was there I made my way

On the mountain there my song I'll sing  
When the wind plays in the raven's wing  
And I saw moorland horses  
Dancing over the plains of the deadland marshes

Down to the sea voices from the empty moor  
They call me past the stranger's door  
Because I keep no company I make no enemies

The tide is turning, there is no waiting  
Day was long, the sun setting  
Sand shifting in the wind  
These times they have no end  
On the lonely sands of the western strands  
It was there I made my way