

The Irish Girl

June Tabor

I walked on a northern shore
Where the sandywort sped on before the ocean's blast
The grass ran like lemmings for the dune's high edge
And I thought it meant like the grass
We bend in the driving gale
and scarcely paused to think what makes the wind so
strong
or if there's a refuge from the driver's flag
But then I heard the saddest song
of the Irish Girl
The Irish Girl

Her eyes through a sparkling red
like raindrops on a laurel when the moon appears
She sang of her sorrow through the stinging spread
and through the sweeter brine, the salt of tears,
I weep for the lost of a love
Who's gone brooding now and silent as a standing stone
Two sides of a coin we rolled a battered roll
but in time he chose to leave alone
His Irish Girl
His Irish Girl

I touched her and spoke my name
for it seems she didn't know me for the song she sang
she said, oh I know your face but here's the shame
for though I knew the boy, who knows the man
and I wept who might turn for the fool
who never saw the joys that make a blind man smile
seeking his fortune while the brightest jewel
was within his reach all the while
The Irish Girl
His Irish Girl