

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