

## 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