

Primrose

Pixies

Good morning, Brigid, I can hear the bell
Is it even real? Who knows?
Is there a sheep gone down in the well?
Now the bleating grows

Feel the fire thrown from her hand
Better burnt than froze
If there a darkness over the land
Winter wind follows

Up to the stream, asleep on the moss
My finger in the flows
If I dream, then what is the loss
Here in sweet repose?

If I fell in the water, I'd see where it goes
If you should see me pass
Give love to my lass and my good fellows
Leave next to the spring a primrose