

Claire Lynch "Woods of Sipsey"

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In the woods of Sipsey
The trees are so tall, an unscalable wall
So high and green
Oh beware in Sipsey
There're snakes on the ground – they move with no
sound
If you happen to venture in

In the woods of Sipsey
No lights after dark, except for the stars
That hang in space
When the air is misty
It hovers the glade with shadow and shade
It's a backward, forsaken place!

And the mulberry river sings
Where the birds still have room for their wings
They fly... fly... over my home
Down in the woods of Sipsey

There's a path in Sipsey
That leads to the graves where my ancestors lay
It comforts me
Just to know in Sipsey
A light year from now, in this same hallowed ground
I'll be resting in peaceful sleep

And the mulberry river will sing
Where the birds still have room for their wings
They'll fly... fly... over my home
Down in the woods of Sipsey

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