

**by Natalie Merchant**  
**"The Gulf Of Araby"**

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The Gulf of Araby If you could fill a veil with shells from  
Killiney's shore And sweet talk in a tongue that is no  
more If wishful thought could bridge The Gulf of Araby  
Between what is What is What is And what can never be  
If you could hold the frozen flow of New Hope Creek  
And hide out from the one they said you might meet If  
you could unlearn all the words That you never wanted  
heard If you could stall the southern wind That's  
whistling in your ear You could take what is What is  
What is To what can never be One man of seventy  
whispers free at last Two neighbours who are proud of  
their massacres Three tyrants torn away in a winter's  
month Four prisoners framed by a dirty judge Five  
burned with tyres Six men still inside And seven more  
days to shake at the great divide We would plough and  
part the earth to bring you home We would harvest  
every miracle ever known If they laid out all the things  
That these ten years want to bring We would gladly  
give them up To bring you back to us O, there is  
nothing we would not give To kiss you and believe we  
can take what is What is What is To what can never be  
One man at seventy whispers not free yet Two  
neighbors who wake up knee-deep in their death Three  
tyrants grab the reins in the summer's heat Four  
prisoners lost in the fallacy Five, on my life Six, I'm  
dead inside And seven more days to shake at the great  
divide

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