

## **Birdstone & Edgie**

### **"Prarie Songs"**

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The prarie songs  
The prarie songs  
The prarie so-o-ons

The prarie songs  
The prarie songs  
The prarie so-o-ons

With blackest moss the flower pots  
Were thickly crusted one and all  
The rusted nails fell from the knots  
That held the pear to the gable wall

The prarie songs  
The prarie songs  
The prarie so-o-ons

The prarie songs  
The prarie songs  
The prarie so-o-ons

The broken sheds look sad and strange  
Unlifted with the clinking latch  
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
Upon the lonely moated grange

The prarie songs  
The prarie songs  
The prarie so-o-ons

The prarie songs  
The prarie songs  
The prarie so-o-ons

She only said, my life is dreary  
He cometh not, she said  
She said I am aweary, aweary  
I would that I were dead

Da da da da da  
Da da da da da

He clasps the crag with crooked hands  
Close to the sun in lonely lands  
Ring'd with the azure gold, he stands  
The wrinkled sea beneath him falls  
He watches from his mountain walls  
And like a thunderbolt, he falls.....

Falls....

Da da da da da

The prarie songs  
The prarie songs  
The prarie so-o-ons

The prarie songs  
The prarie songs  
The prarie so-o-ons

Oh the prarie songs  
The prarie songs  
The prarie so-o-ons

Oh the prarie songs  
The prarie songs  
The prarie so-o-ons

Prarie songs....  
Come to me  
Prarie songs....  
I can hardly breathe your  
Songs

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