

The Irish Tenors "Knocknashee"

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The winter now is here and the years steal so swift
away
Just like a thief in the night who comes but to flee
The berries are full bright and the small birds sing out
to me
Oh but the cold wind blows hard over Knocknashee.

By summer's radiant star and by
love's own sweetest decree
None but the harsh moon could steal your beauty from
me
Came autumn's falling leaves and
love's wild uncertainty
When like a vision you flitted from Knocknashee.

I turned from God, I scorned all religion
And somehow you came between heaven and me
Oh how glad I could trade my very soul
My dear savior never to see, for to gain you
I'd lose all eternity.
But once when Passions warn, never more will it return
Love loses fashion like some old tired melody
The heart that gives to free will sorely rejected me
Oh how I loved you and lost you in Knocknashee

And I'll go down, go down to the dark wood
And find that sweet hollow where once you lay with me
And I will face my final pain where the heart will not
weary be
And I will sleep the long sleep now in Knocknashee

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