

Knocknashee

The Irish Tenors

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

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