

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 loose all eternity.But once when Passions warn, never more will
it return

Love looses 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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