Ashfields and Brine

Archie Fisher

Maybe ashfields and brine will grow flowers rare
Thyme and sweet columbine will brighten the air
And all of the sorrows and tears you have known
Will be cinders and sea where a blossom has grown
Far from ashfields and brine

Turn â€˜til the North windâ€™s cold in your face
Ask and youâ€™ll find a calm, peaceful place
A clear morning for dreams and an evening for wine
Far from ashfields and brine

Come when the autumn burns through my land
And let its flame feel warm to your hand
Stay by my side while the Winter comes on
You may leave in the spring when the memories are gone
Of the ashfield and brine

Love of a summer carefree and warm
Heed now the calm of the gathering storm
Barren and bitter my last tears will be
From the smoke of the fire and the spray of the sea
Leaving ashfields and brine

Ashfields and brine will grow flowers rare
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And all of the sorrows and tears I have known
Will be cinders and sea where a blossom has grown
Far from ashfields and brine

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