

Cliffs of Donegal

Tad Tuleja

April 16, 2018, 4 AM

I climbed a hill in Donegal
To look out on the sea
There a lean and hungry wind
Shook its locks at me

D G^D
D G
Em D
G Bm

The sea swept friendless to the West
Salt spray lashed below
Yet I saw not rocks nor isles blessed
As that wind did blow

But this day's weather's all you have
Fair wind or biting rain
Once it's filled the parting glass
Will not be filled again

G D
G D
D G
Em Bm / G D

Between a world yet to be born
And one that's long since died
We shake like seabirds wreathed in foam
Above an angry tide

Taste what you can, share what you will
With the hungry and afraid
And listen for the piper's trill
In the space the wind has made