

The Watcher

Tad Tuleja

She is old as marble mountains	Am C
Fresh as meadow grass	G
One man calls her mother	
Another calls her lass	
Hooded from the salt wind	
Cloaked against the cold	
She holds the line between what has been	Am C
And what is not yet told	G F Em Am

From Donegal to Dingle Town
Hatteras to Cape Ann
Wherever white birds tremble
On barren rock or sand
Wherever men put out to sea
In bright or gloomy dawn
Hers the eyes that follow them
Until the masts are gone

She does not wave and she does not shout	C G
And she does not raise the keen	F Am
But silent stands as the boats go out	C G
With the water wide between	F Em Am

It's many a lad will not return
To this seacoast town
And many a bell be clanging low
And many an eye cast down
But if she weeps no man may say
Her eyes cannot be seen
They are fixed up the grey expanse
Of the water wide between

Repeat chorus