Bitter Green

Upon the Bitter Green she was,
the hills above the town.
Echoed to the footsteps,
as soft as heather down.
Waiting for her master,
to kiss away her tears.
Waiting through the years,

Bitter Green they called her,
walking in the sun,
Loving everyone that she met.
Bitter Green they called her,
waiting in the sun,
waiting for someone to take her home.

Some say he was a sailor,
who died away at sea,
Some say he was a prisoner,
who never was set free,
lost upon the ocean,
he died there in the mist,
dreaming of the kiss,

Bitter Green they called her,
walking in the sun,
Loving everyone that she met.
Bitter Green they called her,
waiting in the sun,
waiting for someone to take her home.

[Musical Interlude]

But now, that Bitter Green is gone,
the hills have turned to rust,
there comes a weary stranger,
his tears fall in the dust,
kneeling by the churchyard,
in the autumn mist,
dreaming of the kiss,

Bitter Green they called her,
walking in the sun,
Loving everyone that she met.
Bitter Green they called her,
waiting in the sun,
waiting for someone to take her home.

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Loving everyone that she met.
Bitter Green they called her,
waiting in the sun,
waiting for someone...
to take her home.