

Magic Hour

Aoife O'Donovan

In the magic hour, when the moon is low
And the sky's the kinda blue that you think you know
But you don't know
Trickle is dark he runs around in
All the fairy children they run around and
All the other children they make no sound

In that hour, if you're on the coast
And the waves nip at your heels like a dog
Pull me closer
It's past the time of the dinner bell
Before the shine of Orion's belt
The sky's still bluer than a bluebell

Oh when I go, won't you throw my bones to the fish
And weigh my body down with sticks and stones
Bury me now in the old graveyard where all my friends are
Beneath the heather on the high hillside
Death is a lonely bride

In the magic hour, when the moonlight gleams
And the sky's the kind of gray that you've never seen
Till you've seen it
Run down to the Virgin Mary's bank
Where our mothers cried and our drank
They all just tried to see just where this sank

In that hour, if you listen hard
You can hear my granddaddy singing far away
Like an evening star
Songs in an old island, songs bout being young again
I wish I was young again

Oh when I go, won't you throw my bones to the fish
And weigh my body down with sticks and stones
Bury me now in the old graveyard where all my friends are
Beneath the heather on the high hillside
Death is a lonely bride