

Christy Moore, Wave Up To The Shore

A daffodil is born and rises in the spring
It opens out its beauty to hear the cricket sing
But as quick as it does grow it decays away so soon
Before the summer sunshine has reached its golden noon

A stream it does rise in the mountains so tall
It swells into a river as gently it does fall
It meanders to country through city and through town
And in the boundless ocean the river it is drowned

On the seas the winds do rage and the waves grow so high
As they turn into white horses leaping towards the sky
But soon the waves grow gentle no longer do they roar
As they make their lonesome passageway up to the pebble shore

If I were like a daffodil so fair upon the ground
Or like a gentle river with its sweet and mellow sound
Like a wave up to the shore like a river into the sea
I'd lay down in my resting place contented I would be