

Chris De Burgh, The Girl With April In Her Eyes

There once was a king, who called for the spring,
For his world was still covered in snow,
But the spring had not been, for he was wicked and mean,
In his winter-fields nothing would grow;
And when a traveller called seeking help at the door,
Only food and a bed for the night,
He ordered his slave to turn her away,
The girl with April in her eyes...

Oh, oh, oh, on and on she goes,
Through the winter's night, the wild wind and the snow,
Hi, hi, hi, on and on she rides,
Someone help the girl with April in her eyes...

She rode through the night till she came to the light,
Of a humble man's home in the woods,
He brought her inside, by the firelight she died,
And he buried her gently and good;
Oh the morning was bright, all the world was snow-white,
But when he came to the place where she lay,
His field was ablaze with flowers on the grave,
Of the girl with April in her eyes...

Oh, oh, oh, on and on she goes,
Through the winter's night, the wild wind and the snow,
Hi, hi, hi, on and on she flies,
She is gone, the girl with April in her eyes...