

Richard Thompson, Devonside

(Richard Thompson)

By Devonside she was a-marching
It was a gang of no great size
And surrender was the banner that she carried
And hungry was the shiver in her eyes

She met a boy, his health was failing
She dropped the banner and took her prize
And the only food she had was bread and morphine
Ah, but he fed on the shiver in her eyes

By Devonside his love was drifting
He looked for comfort otherwise
And there never was a rope or chain about him
Ah, she held him with the shiver in her eyes

Ah, she said, my John, I'll be your pillow
I'll be your lover, mother, whore and wife
And he knew that he loved and never seen her
When the light fell from the shiver in her eyes