

Scott Walker, Country Girl

Country Girl
Country girl
I beheld her in meadowland
Longing and reaping
And singing a refrain
Oh, what a melancholy strain
The valley echoed with the ring
No nightingale could ever sing
So plaintively as the country girl

I was spellbound and curious
Why such a sad song
Perhaps love passed her by
No hope for rainbows in the sky
Maybe she held a memory
Of happiness of yesteryear
In solitude cried the country girl

Came the hour to travel on
Sadness befell me
A sorrow filled my heart
A longing never to depart
Through music in my soul I bore
Long after it was heard no more

And memories of the country girl
Whose love I'll never know