

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