

SAINT RAYMOND'S

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(1)

There is a place that I know well
A city in a city
Where sleep so many people
With names that few recall

And in this place so vast and sad
Three stones you would not notice
No different from the others
Not grand or proud or tall

But they mark the final resting place
And the final bars of music
From fiddles that were magic
And hands that held the keys

And as you stand and listen there
You think you hear them playing
As you shiver in the restless wind
That stirs the brittle trees

(CHORUS)

*So softly falls the midnight snow
To chill the silent angels
To kiss the grass before it melts
(after v.1) on Johnny Cronin's grave
(after v.2) on Jamesy Morrison's grave
(after v.3) on Michael Coleman's grave*

(2)

Where are the halls whose noisy crowds
Fell silent as they listened
To Morrison's gifted fingers
Lift diamonds out of steel?

Who laughed at Cronin's comedy
Up in the old Bunratty? -
Five-thirty in the morning
Still time for one more reel

SAINT RAYMOND'S

=====

You could not find those places now
Or friends so long departed
But few here would remember
Or fewer still be sad

Where names are only chisel marks
And hearts are only ashes
And passion a forgotten thing
That's neither good nor bad

(chorus)

(3)

So iron gates will turn to rust
And marble angels crumble:
And granite melt to flowers
When memories are no more

But music fills eternity
And fiddles sound in Heaven
And Coleman plays a hornpipe
Cronin's never heard before -

Then stand awhile and and hear, and hear,
The wind that shakes the branches
And listen now more closely
For the tune that has no name

And say a prayer for all their souls
The great and the forgotten
Who brightened all around them
With music's gentle flame

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