

The Angelus
Gordon Bok

[Intro]

G Am D

[Verse]

G Am Em
Mary and Manus are working the turf together
Am D
Old they are, the two of them, old and grey
G C Bm Am
Over the bog the sea-wind sings in the heather
Em C D
Night clouds scatter the hilltops, far away

[Verse]

G Am Em
They will have comfort, now, when the nights are colder
Am D
They will have turf, aye, plenty of turf to spare
G C Bm
Light she steps with a heavy creel on her shoulder
Am Em C D
Load on load for the stack that is building there

[Verse]

G Am Em
There is a deeper note than the sea-wind s singing
Am D
Soft it comes, on the breath of the dying day
G C Bm
Down in the hollow, the bell from the chapel is ringing
Am Em C D
Mary and Manus stand for a minute and pray

[Verse]

G Am Em
Soft and low on the air each long note lingers
Am D
Quietly bending their old, grey heads they stand
G C Bm
Making the holy sign with work-worn fingers
Am Em C D
Wrapped in the sudden peace that has blessed the land

[Verse]

G Am Em
Is it the light of heaven on the wide sea breaking?
Am D

