

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 Em
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

Spreading its glory out like a golden rain

G **C** **Bm**
Aye, and with the light of the world in their eyes a-waking

Am **Em** **C** **D**
Mary and Manus are working the turf again