

Wake Up Jenny

W. Smyth, July 2012

I met a woman up on the high green
Golden curls blowin' on a winter day
She had the saddest eyes ever I'd seen
And I wondered who made them to look that way
Who made them look that way

Forty years the light of my life she was
My love was tender and deep and true
And a charming and dutiful wife she was
But the sadness still haunted those eyes of blue
Still haunted those eyes of blue

Wake up Jenny you're dreaming again
Can't say I blame if you do
But each time that I hear you call out his name
Breaks my old heart in two, it does
Breaks my old heart in two

I worked on the farm and I worked in the town
And ever I took the long mile for her
To bring her gay flowers and ribbons and gowns
But never could I bring a smile to her
Never could bring her a smile

After it all there ain't nothing to show
But this dry and dying old farm we own
And two hundred bottles lined up in a row
Out there behind that barn we own
Out there behind the barn