

Waterboys

"White Birds"

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Scott-Stevenson-Yeats

I would that we were, my beloved, white birds on the
foam of the sea
Far from the rose and the lily, and fret of the flames
would we be
And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung low on
the rim of the sky
Has awakened in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness
that may never die, a sadness that may never die.

A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew-
dabbled, the lily and rose
Ah, dream not of that, my beloved, the flame of the
meteor that goes
Or the flame of the blue star that lingers hung low in
the fall of the dew
For I would we were changed, my beloved, to white
birds on the foam, I and you, to white birds on the
foam, I and you.

Bend low, that I may crown you, flower of the branch
silver fish my hands have taken from the running
stream,
morning star, trembling in the heavens like a white
fawn on the border of a wood
Bend that I may crown you, that I may crown you.

And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung low on
the rim of the sky
Has awakened in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness
that may never die, a sadness that may never die.

I am haunted by numberless islands, and many a
Danaan shore
Where Time would surely forget us, and Sorrow come
near us no more
Soon far from the rose and the lily and fret of the
flames would we be
Were we only white birds, my beloved, white birds on
the foam of the sea, white birds on the foam of the sea.

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