

Cait Agus Sean "The Mist Of Years"

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I was coming home in the dead of night
In a cruel October storm
When an old grey man came into sight
His jacket sodden and torn

The mist was tangled in his hand
As I asked where is your home
He spoke as if I was not there
And his voice was cold as stone
Cold as stone

T'was in that far-off land of mine
Dear land I'll never see
The grey church, like a ghost, stood up
And the sundial spoke to me
The grey church, like a ghost, stood up
And the sundial spoke to me
It spoke into this soul of mine
This day, this day is thine

The bright-eyed baby Bunsen flowers
Showered sweetness on the spring
And in the dark green shade, I heard
Singers of the deep wood sing
And in the dark green shade, I heard
Singers of the deep wood sing
And that old sundial had it's say
This day, no other day
No other day

No other day

The players of the playtime pass
How swift the seasons turn
For what we strive and most may love
Still never yet may earn

The old sundial, it still speaks on
This day is nearly gone
Nearly gone

Nearly gone

The kisses and the fallen dreams
Hearts that could not hold their pain
Seem holier in the mist of years
That old sundial speaks again
The tears get lost in the mist of years
And the sundial speaks again
Stern teacher, of this heart of mine, this day so lost is
thine
This day is thine
My heart is lost in the mist of years
It cannot hold it's pain
That sundial speaks in this soul of mine
This day, what's lost, is gone
The day is gone

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