

## Miri It Is

Forefather

Miri it is while summer last  
With fugheles song  
Oc nu neheth windes Blast  
And weder strong  
Ei, Ei! What this night is long!  
And ich with wel michel wrong  
Soregh and murn and fast  
Miri it is 'tween dark and dark  
This fleeting stage  
'Till we return back to the night  
From whence we came  
And henceforth our spears take aim  
Hope to win eternal fame  
Hear our names e'er more