

Wave Up To The Shore

Luka Bloom

A daffodil is born and rises in the spring
It opens out its beauty to hear the cricket sing
But as quick as it does grow, it decays away so soon
Before the summer sunshine has reached its golden noon
Before the summer sunshine has reached its golden noon

A stream it does rise from the mountain so tall
It swells into a river and gently it does fall
It meanders through valley, through city and through town
But in the boundless ocean, this river it is drowned
Aye in the boundless ocean, this river it is drowned

On the sea the winds do rage and the waves grow so high
Whitening the surface as they reach up to the sky
But soon the waves grow gentle, no longer do they roar
As they make their lonesome passageway up to the pebble shore
As they make their lonesome passageway up to the pebble shore

If I was like the daffodil, so fair upon the ground
Or like the winding river with its sweet and mellow sound
Like a wave up to the shore, like a river into the sea
I'd lay down in my resting place, contented there to be
I'd lay down in my resting place and contented I would be