

## White Birds

The Waterboys

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.