

Hem, The Golden Day Is Dying

The Golden Day is dying beyond the purple hill
The Golden Day is dying beyond the purple hill

And when the wood is dark yes the nightingale will sing
And when the wood is dark yes the nightingale will sing

And soon beyond the meadow the silver moon will swing
And soon beyond the meadow the silver moon will swing

The Lark that sang at noon day end dusk the wood is still
The Lark that sang at noon day end dusk the wood is still