

Robin Williamson, When Evening Shadow Fall

by Robin Williamson

When evening shadow fall
All tongues at last will tire of bustling trade
The brightest eye at last grows dull
And the finest flowers fade

Chorus:

Life is short o life is sweet
Sweeter is the love you gave to me
Sure by cold death we two must parted be
But life is sweet

When evening shadows fall
Gaze long upon the lamps that light the sky
And sing again that oldest song of all
Poor mortals born to die