

# 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