Townes Van Zandt, The Silver Ships Of Andilar

by Townes Van Zandt
Of those that sailed the silver ships
from Andilar I am the last
The deeds that rang our youthful dreams
it seems shall go undone
North for the shores of Valinor
our bows and crimson sails were made
Our captains were strong, our lances long
and our liege the holy king

The hills did turn from green to blue and vanish as on the decks we watched But every thought in that noble company was forward bound To the lifeless plains of Valinor where reigns the dark and frozen one And with tongues afire and glorious eyes we pledged our mission be

The clime from mild to bitter ran the wind from fair to fierce did blow Oath and prayer did turn to thoughts of homes left far behind Longed every man for some glimpse of land and the host that did await us there But each new day brought only a sea and sky of ice and gray

Thanks give no word can drag you through those endless weeks our ships did roll Thanks give you cannot see those sails and faces bleach and draw Ice we drank and leather did chew for the oceans are unwholesome there The dead that slid into the seas did freeze before our eyes

Then a wind did fling the ships apart each one to go her separate way
The sky did howl, the hull did groan for how long I do not know
And what men were left when the winds had ceased grew dull and low of countenance
For soldiers denied their battle plain on comrades soon must turn

So one by one we died alone some by hunger, some by steel Bodies froze where they did fall their souls unsanctified Until only another and I were left then just before his flame did fail We shone ourselves brothers-in-arms to serve the holy king

Perhaps this shall reach Andilar although I know not how it can For once again he's hurled his wind upon the silver prow
But if it should my words are these arise young men fine ships to build And set them north for Valinor 'neath standards proud as fire