

# The Old Rover

## Mithotyn

I'm an old rover tired of this world  
let me follow the whirlpool of life  
into the world of happiness  
that lies on the other side of death. Grant me my deepest wish  
that I patiently yearn for.  
To wander the vales of solitude  
and to ride the sky on invisible wings. I will keep the spying hawk company  
and bleed with the dove in its claws.  
I will hunt with the wolfpack  
and share pain with the deer in their jaws. A tired and travelled old man I am,  
my mind is rich but my health is poor.  
Let me begin my final trip,  
my soul will fly free forever more.

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