All Our Days

Sandy Denny

We search for everything
Keeping what we would win
Orchids or tiny flowers
Wooden huts or ivory towers
Centuries or hoursDark are the winter days
Holy in many ways
Vaults of time unshaken
Whilst as through them we are taken
Sleeping forests wake
Ice melts on the lake
Birds begin in making their way back homeThe frost and the fire goes
East winds and winter snows
Sun upon the daffodils
Dancing on the verdant hills
Lambs in the fieldsWarmer grows the morning sun
Days of youthfulness and fun
The prime of the year begun
The song of summer to be sung
Everything is one
Working day is done
Watch the river running through our livesHow slowly the colours change
We feel the drops of rain
Mists of evening rise again
We rarely stroll the shadowed lanes
As autumn night draws inWe sit upon the sand
Warmth draining from the land
Watching the ruby sun
Setting on the ocean
The echoes in the caves
The flame upon the waves
Memories for saving all our days

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