The Swart Raven

Winterfylleth

Our parting I awaited
Thou did not bear in mind, here in life,
While I thee, in the world did inhabit,
That thou were, through flesh and sinful lusts,
Strongly excited,
Through me composed.Thou art no longer dear
To any living one.
Nor to Mother or Father,
Nor any of thy kin,
'cept the swart raven,
After I alone from thee passed out,
Through the same one's hand
From which I came.
Here shall abide bones bereft,
Torn from the sinews;
Thy joys are naught
Thou art deaf and dumb,
Yet must I thee at night,
By compulsion visit,
For thy sins afflicted,
And soon from thee depart.When holy men to their living God,
Chant their hymn,
Must then I seek the home,
Which I hath been assigned?
That un-honoured dwelling-place,
While thee shall mold
Worms many chew,
From sinews tear,
Wretched creatures,
Ravenous and greedy,
Wretched creatures,
I lie undone!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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