Elegy

Amorphis

Long evenings full of longing
Low-spirited my mornings
Full of longing too my nights
And all the time the bitterest.
'Tis my lovely I long for
It is my darling I miss
My black-browed one I grieve for.
There's no hearing my treasure
No seeing my marten-breast
No hearing her in the lane
Driving below the window
Chopping the wood by the stack
Clinking outside the cook-house:
In the earth my berry lies
In the soil she's mouldering
Under the sand my sweet one
Beneath the grass my trasure
The one I grieve for.

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