The Fisherman's Song

Silly Wizard

By the storm-torn shoreline a woman is standing
The spray strung like jewels in her hair
And the sea tore the rocks near the desolate landing
as though it had known she stood there.Chorus:
For she had come down to condemn that wild ocean
for the murderous loss of her man,
His boat sailed out on Wednesday morning
And it's feared she's gone down with all hands.Oh and white were the wave-caps
And wild was their parting
So fierce is the warring of love,
But she prayed to the gods
Both of men and of sailors
Not to cast their cruel nets o'er her love.There's a school on the hill
Where the sons of dead fathers
Are led toward tempests and gales,
Where their God-given wings
Are clipped close to their bodies,
And their eyes are bound-'round with ships' sails.

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