

# 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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