

Miri It Is

Forefather

Miri it is while summer last
With fugheles song
Oc nu neheth windes Blast
And weder strong
Ei, Ei! What this night is long!
And ich with wel michel wrong
Soregh and murn and fast
Miri it is 'tween dark and dark
This fleeting stage
'Till we return back to the night
From whence we came
And henceforth our spears take aim
Hope to win eternal fame
Hear our names e'er more