## **Silver Ships of Andilar**

## **Townes Van Zandt**

Of those that sailed the silver ships From Andilar I am the last And the deeds that rang our youthful dreams It seems shall go undone On north for the shores of Valinor Our bows and crimson sails were made Our captains were strong and our lances long And our liege the holy king

Well the hills did turn from green to blue And vanish as on the decks, we watched But every thought in that noble company Was forward bound To the lifeless plains of Valinor Where reigns the dark and frozen one And with tongues a-fire and glorious eyes We pledged our mission be

For the clime from mild to bitter ran And the winds from fair to fierce did blow Oath and prayer did turn to thoughts Of homes left far behind And longed every man for some glimpse of land And the host that did await us there Ah, but each new day brought only a sea And sky of ice and gray

Thanks give, no words can drag you through Those endless weeks our ships did roll Thanks give, you cannot see those sails And faces bleach and draw Ice we drank and leather did chew For the oceans are unwholesome there And the dead that slid into the seas Did freeze before our eyes

Then a wind did fling the ships apart Each one to go her separate way And the sky did howl and the hull did groan For how long, I do not know And what men were left when the winds had ceased Grew dull and low of countenance For a soldier denied his battle plain On a comrade soon must turn

Ah, so one-by-one we died alone Some by hunger, some by steel And the bodies froze where they did fall Their souls unsanctified Until only another and I were left Then just before his flame did fail We were shone ourselves brothers-in-arms To serve the holy king

Perhaps this shall reach Andilar Although I know not how it can Oh once again, he's hurled his wind Upon the silver prow Oh if it should, my words are these: "Arise, young men, fine ships to build "Set them north for Valinor "Beneath standards proud as fire