

ACROSS THE WINTERLINE *Lyrics and music © Jack Williams*

Boys, you tell your stories well.
It seems you must have tasted hell.
Too well I know that bitter taste,
For where it burns love has no place.
I met a common coward's end.
I curse my will that would not bend.
I couldn't face a truth so pure
That shone within those eyes of yours.

Yesterday I secretly
Watched her laughing, free of me.
That heedless whim revived the tears;
And now, again, the dream appears.
And in that dream so real she stands,
Astounding eyes and subtle hands.
Once upon a summertime
That dream was real and she was mine.

Spring and summer sailing past.
Autumn, too, has gone at last.
Truth is only truth, I find,
On either side of the Winterline.

If you find your way by star or prayer,
Send one to me if you've one to spare.
One kindly star to shed some light;
One prayer to conquer fear of night.
Boys I may be too far gone.
Flag a train to take me home.
Send me back through seas of time,
Back across that winterline.

Let's drink up, boys, the hour is late;
Too late for love, no need for hate.
Don't crave eternal summertime,
You can't outrun that winterline.
Boys I may be too far gone.
Flag a train to take me home.
Send me back through seas of time,
Send me back across that winterline.

Spring and summer sailing past.
Autumn, too, has gone at last.
Truth is only truth, I find,
On either side of the Winterline.