

By the flickering light of a fading
fire

We sit and dream of an old desire,
Though we know not why, there is
something there

That fetches the old things back again,
And, gazing deep in the dying flames,
We think of faces, remember names.
No land is far in the firelight's glow,
And it's not so long to the long ago.

There are nights we know that have
slipped away

Like a starlit sky at the dawn of day
There are days we know that have
restored, passed

I'm not even the day itself could last -
We think our days & our nights are ~~gone~~
done

With the morning sun and the evening
sun
But when we sit in the firelight here
The past returns and the loved come
There are things ^{near} we know that we
thought forgot

And shall ~~of~~ hear a voice and shall feel
a kiss

We leave old lands, and we lose old
friends

And we have a joy and it seems it
ends

But they all come back when the new
things tire

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fire!