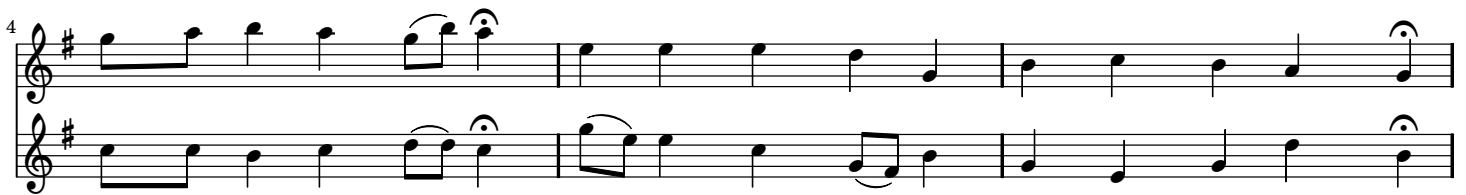


Sitting By The Shore

Raniran traditional



There is an old rock by the shore of the sea where I would go to
One day I met there clad in garments of white a wo-man with hair
I walked up to her and she lif-ted her head. Her eyes were swol-len
So ma-ny called me with the last of their breath, cursed me or blessed me
I have not seen her since that day a-ny-more, nor had a-nother one
There is an old rock by the shore of the sea where I would go to



which was on-ly for me. A place for me to re-mem-ber what's lost,
as if of brill-iant light. Sit-ting where I would with an un-worldly grace
and im-pos-sib-ly sad. I asked the god-dess: What have you to mourn?
in the mo-ment of death. All I can do still is bea-ring the shame,
seen her on this our shore. For good she had left this realm, for at last
which was on-ly for me. A place for me to re-mem-ber what's lost,



what we had left back on far-a-way coast. While I'd be sit-
ta-king a-way from me my favou-rite place. Where I'd be ...
Do tell me where from your sad-ness was born. Why you are ...
cry-ing and mourn-ing the lives lost in vain. Those can't be ...
she had un-der-stood: Her time had long passed. Time to be ...
what we had left back on far-a-way coast. While I'd be ...



ting by the shore, watch-ing the waves, hear-ing the roar. hear-ing the roar.