

# Autumn, Who Has Seen Her Wave Her Hand

Down by the river where the old willows bow  
Marked by time, their branches hanging low  
There where the aspens stand and hide  
Witness stories, day and night

Along these trees, a river runs  
Its water cobalt blue  
It accompanies the road through the fields of rye  
Leading to a castle all folks knew  
Camelot

On an island in the river, covered with flowers  
Dwells a lady, wrapped in secrecy  
Between tower walls that embower  
Her being, being a mystery

Sniffing, in tears; a flower  
While standing in the casement  
Fairy lady in the tower  
Who has seen her wave her hand?  
Who has seen her wave her hand?

At the fields the reapers listen  
And whisper: "that's the lady in the tower"  
A voice like an angels harmonic echoing  
They go numb, as her voice grows louder

And when the shallop drifts at night  
Down to many towered Camelot  
Floating along, where roses grow wild  
Where the lady royally apparelled  
With a pearl garland around her head  
Serene she sleeps in the tower on her velvet bed