Barclay James Harvest, The, Galadriel

Barclay James Harvest, The Once Again Galadriel
She comes up with the morning sun And tells me life has just begun Oh what it is to be young And in the early evening light She brings me flowers from the sun Oh what it is to be young

And if you see her you will know She's like a shadow Falling softly on the snow

And in the early evening light She brings me flowers for the night Oh what it is to be young