

# Crown Of Autumn, Thou Mayst In Mee Behold

Scriptured in the features of your face, and in the hues of delicate  
Which painteth thee with the colour of antique gold  
Throughout dim and narrow lanes, aery surges of cold  
Bring to mee my Ancestor's voice, whispering mysterious words

Tears of white wax many candles shed in solemn quiet  
As I admire the Romanic stone glowing like ardent embers  
Beautiful stained-glass windows represent legends of yore  
Thruh the rosette I behold the crescente moon in the enchanting violet of dusk

Shall I question the ancestral stars  
And the earthly spirit of the mounts  
Thruh the forest and its tangled boughs  
Hear the distant echoes of the past...