

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...