

# Giles, Giles And Fripp, North Meadow

The breeze makes the trees wave and chant  
[Goes better for willow trees strong?]

When the red-eyed sun comes yawning  
Wakes the meadow, makes the morning  
There starts another day  
Nature lends her subtle bounty  
Seasoning this rustic county  
Cares are all rolled away

The breeze makes the trees wave and chant  
[Goes better for willow trees strong?]

One small meadow, four tall willows  
Murmur as the autumn wind blows  
Summer was everything  
Hanging by the minnowed river  
Winter makes the willow shiver  
Suddenly there is spring