

NoNe, Something Told The Wild Geese

Something told the wild geese it was time to go
Though the fields lay golden something whisperd snow (whisperd snow)
Leaves were green and stiring
Berrys luster glossed
But beneath warm feathers something cautioned something cautioned frost

(All) All the sagging orchards
(Stea) Steamed with amber spice
But each wild breast stiffened at rememberd Ice

Something told the wild geese it was time to fly
Summer sun was on their wings
Winter, winter, winter in their cry