

Mellow Candle, Heaven Heath

Bring snowy lady with the laughing,
spread your sailing angels over me
Tell a tale of old sinfals,
look for you to change their face.
Do not cry, for all your leaden tears
graced a lorded man whose gift was all too free
He came to fall upon a faithless smile,
leaning eyes towards the clay.

And on my stone there where the flowers will lie
sleep the growing years of my dusty day
Gone the time of a heathen child
to the godly grounds to play.
Weep the women on a watery leaf
caught in browning robe all on my silent breath,
I come to rise upon the Heaven Heath
with a timeless child to pray.

Forget the garden of my graceless youth
Glimpse the wilting rose in my faded eye
Slip the shade from my shoulders
for a cobwebbed lake to catch.
Bleed your soul for my silvered fate,
Take the ageing cross to bury days gone by,
Receive my own into your Heaven Heath
toward my waiting bed to lie.