

# Mellow Candle, Sheep Season

Winding up a hillside where the shepards roam  
Counting their flocks in the gloaming  
Shining the sea,  
winking its light to the froth and the foam.

Chilling the air with his shady tread,  
On came the wolf with surprise  
Filling his eyes  
with soft sapless creatures soon to be dead.

Hurry the shepard man wizened and olden  
Go and wave your staff at him  
He has come to bury you for claiming his fold.

Stillness came into the misty meadows  
Down from the banks to the woodland  
Clouds gather in skies,  
giving their rains into mountains to flow.

Hurry the shepard man wizened and olden  
Go and wave your staff at him  
He has come to bury you for claiming his fold.