

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.