

Pink Floyd, Grantchester Meadows

Icy wind of night, be gone.

This is not your domain.

In the sky a bird was heard to cry.

Misty morning whisperings and gentle stirring sounds

Belied a deathly silence that lay all around.

Hear the lark and harken to the barking of the dog fox gone to ground.

See the splashing of the kingfisher flashing to the water.

And a river of green is sliding unseen beneath the trees,

Laughing as it passes through the endless summer making for the sea.

In the lazy water meadow

I lay me down.

All around me,

Golden sunflakes settle on the ground,

Basking in the sunshine of a by gone afternoon,

Bringing sounds of yesterday into this city room.

Hear the lark and harken to the barking of the dog fox gone to ground.

See the splashing of the kingfisher flashing to the water.

And a river of green is sliding unseen beneath the trees,

Laughing as it passes through the endless summer making for the sea.

In the lazy water meadow

I lay me down.

All around me,

Golden sunflakes covering the ground,

Basking in the sunshine of a by gone afternoon,

Bringing sounds of yesterday into my city room.

Hear the lark and harken to the barking of the dog fox gone to ground.

See the splashing of the kingfisher flashing to the water.

And a river of green is sliding unseen beneath the trees,

Laughing as it passes through the endless summer making for the sea.