

Sandy Denny, Box Full Of Treasure

A box full of treasure and a golden comb
I was surely give to you when the moon is [young?]
And christmas is in june.

I will paint an evening of which there will be few,
When the sky is water and the sun is blue,
And all this is just for you.

A handkerchief of silver to brush away your tear,
A sword of finest leather to match your paper spear,
For when the day draws near.

When I will write these words in languages unknown
I'll be the one to tell you your heart is made of stone
And christmas will never be in june.