

The Incredible String Band, Antoine

So still the green and golden plain in icy spring
They young French convent girls in white singing
He took the sacrament young Antoine not without a blush
He left the priest the good book the bread and cup
And took with him the voices hanging in the silver space
Not till he'd reached the vineyard rim did he look down
On the gentle valley breathing in the sun
Seeing the eastern slope where she lived he spoke her name
In love beyond his years he saw the mist come down
And knew there would be many mists he'd look through
For this mountain star
Ah if you'd seen me there hiding in the orchard
Rejoicing in my warm salt tears
Holding to my heart the beauty of a sad song
Needing, needing you.