

The Incredible String Band, Fair As You

My fairest love I live and
learn the songs that ring true
Whose message is plain
whose words are few
whose melodies smell of the pines
love dwells between the lines
cast upon the air to fly
when words won't do
Words won't do
The sun he sings a song

In forest moist at break of day
When wonder fills the air
I thought to pluck at break of dawn
a melody so fair
Whose gracious form
can match your own
Your soul blessed in every turn
colored by the rainbow's pen
in tints so rare
Tints so rare

The sun he sings a song.