

Vashti Bunyan, Rose Hip November

Rose hip November - autumn I'll remember
Gold landing at our door
Catch one leaf and fortune will surround you evermore

Pine tree very tall, waiting for snow to fall
Mist hangs very still
Caught by dawn in castle moats around the sleeping hill

Now a pipe is heard happy is the shepherd
Shepherdess and dog
Father of the pastureland and mother of the flock

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