

The Milkmaid Sings

Current 93

Your name is not at all the same
As when you dreamt in bed
Your name is quiet and still
Whilst you move at night
Your name is singing like the sweet birds
As The Light Is Leaving You All
Score the witch above
The breath that falls from that mouse
The sleep falls over the Stars
Softly knocks the PoliceMan at your door
Whilst the MilkMaid sings home
On the beck the barge sighs softly
Over the lake
The birds sing sweetly in the dusk
That name masks slowly over moss
Whilst the RED skies bolt towards the Hill

See the cattle gently lowing
The lambs so sweet on grass
A thousand dead horsies hover over their skulls
Stretch over RED HILL and cover
The staircase over the drain
A thousand witches softly spelling
The low cows slide and click kick and hooves
Live bright and their kill glistens in the drain
The birds slowly sing sweet songs
Far away the RED BARN glows
A thousand witches hover
Over bush and tree and hedge
And The Light Is Leaving Us All