Eight Frames a Second

Ralph McTell

EIGHT FRAMES A SECOND

Ralph McTell

She comes riding early in the morning,
About four to seven.
No one's ever out at that hour.
With eyes that see her
Touch the morning flowers secretly.
And the leaves slow their comotion,
And the great trees gently sway,
Like an ocean on a still day,
And raise, in praise, their arms to the sun.
Who announces the day has begun,
At eight frames a second.

Velvety shadows in misty meadows
Are changing colours so softly.
With care, the sun puts colour in his drawing,
And rises to inspect his masterpiece this morning,
So perfect.
And as she rides the gold and silver miles,
Only the sun is sure,
What it is that she smiles for.
She leaves with no sign of what she has done.
Though her morning rise, known by everyone;
I'll tell you her name, and it's Dawn.

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