

Child of the Winter

The Pentangle

Child of the winter snow's,
Born of the rising sun,
A pale new moon was fading fast,
As her life began.
You were the fruits of the season,
Laurel, Ivy and Mistletoe,
Evergreen and never fading,
When the cold wind blows.
Then with the changing tides,
The innocence of Spring,
Gently wrapped it's cloak around her
Warm and safe within,
You were the fruits of the season,
Watch the seeds begin to grow,
A murmur of forgotten feelings,
From the earth below.
Warm winds from the southern shores,
A feeling so sublime,
In the still white haze of Summer days,
The feelings old as time,
Bright are the fruits of the season,
Growing round her so wild and free,
Forget about tomorrow's warning,
Take whate'er will be.
Cool breeze from the eastern climes,
they stir a voice inside,
The colours soon will fade away,
Watch the flowers die,
Mellow the fruits of the season,
In memory they'll always be,
To comfort in the darkening hours,
Like the evergreens.