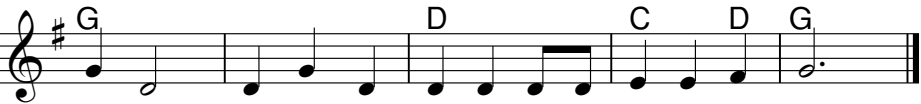




In days go-ne by, when the world was much youn-ger, men won-dered at



spring, born of win-ter's cold knife. Wondering of the games of the moon and the



sun-light, they saw there the la - dy and the lord of our life.