

There stands a midnight clover
Still fresh from midday's dew
Her bowed unburnished bowers gleam
Reflecting star and moon

Where horses yet have trampled
And earthly hands have hewed
A powder mill forgotten here
Save a stone or two

Oh there's sorrow in your shadow
There's a freedom in your bloom
There's comfort in your waving
Though careless, they accuse

No, you ain't like the okra
Or the bonnets turning blue
Oh the wheat fields writhe in anger
Of your your verdant, toiled truth

Now the hillside standing quiet
Where the seasons misconstrued
Oh the creatures laying, sleeping
Their stillness gives no clue

Mother's rhymes brings wintertime
When sunlight be refused
Frost is nigh and just like wine
You'll turn a wholesome hue

Through spider web and sparrow nest
A pale light passes through
Wayward vine and swaying pines
Conceal celestial view

I know in time we both will die
So say a prayer or two
Like fallen stars and candy bars
I'll make a wish on you

AAEA AAEA DADA DAEA