

## The Ebony Meadow Act Iii

### Autumn Tears

Crosses of silk, soil of stone and streams of blood  
Winds sing sorrowful melodies of a youthful earth  
The trees hang their heads in baneful prayer  
We listen in wonder to the tales of the moon

May I watch the stillness pass me by  
May I forever choose to embrace the light, imprison by laughter  
My waking wisdom serves me less to my conscience  
Remove my spirit from the wind, I shall remain forever  
O' chivalrous, O' heavenly garden  
Choose me for but one more task