

Who Has Seen Her Wave Her Hand

Autumn

Down by the river where the old willows bow
Marked by time, their branches hanging low
There where the aspens stand and hide
Witness stories, day and night

Along these trees, a river runs
Its water cobalt blue
It accompanies the road through the fields of rye
Leading to a castle all folks knew
Camelot

On an island in the river, covered with flowers
Dwells a lady, wrapped in secrecy
Between tower walls that embower
Her being, being a mystery

Sniffing, in tears; a flower
While standing in the casement
Fairy lady in the tower
Who has seen her wave her hand?
Who has seen her wave her hand?

At the fields the reapers listen
And whisper: "that's the lady in the tower"
A voice like an angels harmonic echoing
They go numb, as her voice grows louder

And when the shallop drifts at night
Down to many towered Camelot
Floating along, where roses grow wild
Where the lady royally apparelled
With a pearl garland around her head
Serene she sleeps in the tower on her velvet bed