

# Silencium

Libera

Silence and sleep  
Like fields  
Of amaranth lie

Very old are the woods  
And the buds that break  
Out of the brier's boughs  
When March winds wake

So old with their beauty are  
Oh no man knows  
Through what wild centuries  
Roves back the rose

Very old are the brooks  
And the rills that rise  
Where snow sleeps cold  
Beneath the azure skies

Sing such a history of come and gone  
Sing such a history of come and gone  
Of come and gone

Silence and sleep  
Like fields  
Of amaranth lie

Very old are the woods  
And the buds that break  
Out of the brier's boughs  
When March winds wake

Very old are we men  
Our dreams are tales  
Told in dim Eden  
By Eve's nightingales

Very old are the brooks  
And the rills that rise  
Where snow sleeps cold  
Beneath the azure skies

Sing such a history of come and gone  
Sing such a history of come and gone  
Come and gone, come and gone  
Sing such a history of come and gone  
Sing such a history of come and gone  
Sing such a history of come and gone  
Of come and gone

We wake and whisper a while  
But the day gone by

Silence and sleep  
Like fields  
Of amaranth lie

Come and gone