

The Shepherd's Song

Strawbs

The heavy air was scented by
The disappointed flowers
The weatherman had promised them
Warm soft summer showers
They bowed their weary heads
Resigned to wait a few more hours
And we walked together in the half light
Down secret paths
Climbed wooden fences
Till a dancing meadow
Enveloped us within its grassy web.

There was no need for discussion
It was surely no disgrace
Her soft skin had the texture
Of the finest silken lace
Waiting moist and trembling
It was just the time and place
And our woven bodies sang together
In harmony
With understanding
Till we fell back smiling
Rejoicing in the music we had made.

The blood red summer sunset
Was a slowly spreading stain
That rose behind the bandstand
As the shepherd played again
We heard his silver trumpet
It had blown away the rain
And we lay together in the long grass
Holding hands
And making sweet talk
Till the smell of woodsmoke
Reminded us that it was to go.