

Up on a hill top, far from the city
Overlooking a stream
I heard a sound, it made me look round
I looked back where I had just been
There just behind a ledge

There was a man he leapt to and fro
Clipping away at a hedge

Suddenly I heard a ringing singing
But he was nowhere to be seen

Pulling my trousers up to my knees
I waded across the stream
Back to the place where I could hear sounds
And where the old man once had been
There just behind a ledge

I looked about, I couldn't make out
Where he had been clipping the hedge
I could not hear what he was singing
But I found my ears ringing with the sound