

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