

Rose Hip November

Vashti Bunyan

Rose hip November
Autumn I'll remember
Gold landing at our door;
Catch one leaf and fortune will surround you evermore

Pine tree very tall
Waiting for snow to fall
Mist hangs very still
Caught by dawn in castle moats around the sleeping hill

Now a pipe is heard
Happy is the shepherd
Shepherdess and dog
Father of the pastureland and mother of the flock

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Gold landing at our door;
Catch one leaf and fortune will surround you evermore
Evermore, evermore