

ASG

"Landscape"

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Silence, stillness hangs brittle by the breeze.

Break it not, leave it free,
For that quiet is sound to me,
Lilting from each flower, a melody to see,

Mellow meadow, your mood steeped in cadence
View each note, see it pass

Sustained by the swaying grass,

Treasured tune of nature, sedate supernal mass.

Chorus:)

Landscape splendour, spirit mender,
No extent of beauty equals yours.

Season sender, harsh and tender
Answer to all yearnings and yet their cause.

Shafts of sunlight shine thinly through the trees.

Golden rays, parched with dust
Thirst for clarity and just
A little glimpse of life down beneath this foliar crust.

Womblike woodland, one chaste copse confined,

Stay untouched, undefiled,
All God's garden growing wild,

Blooming forth in freedom so sweetly reconciled.

(Chorus)

Unending, time suspending,

Terrestrial creation.

Rainstorm rapids rush swollen down the slopes,
Cleansing all in their path,

Not one stone left unbathed
Just waterpools and wormscasts remain as aftermath,

Holy hillside, the alter of the plains,

All is seen from your brow,
To that face the four winds bow,

As maji to the Saviour and oxen to their plough.

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