

Empty Trash

"Many Moons Ago"

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A night of december so dark and cold,
I walked a path ages old
The moon amongst the clouds revealed
Lightning valleys, forest and field

Embraced by silence I wandered the moor
An endless landscape by my side
When in the mist I saw a light
Dancing through the hazy night

I stood and watched the play in awe
Was deeply touched by what I saw
I told my friends what I did see
And what they told did tremble me!

It's said the ghost of a young, fair maid
Is cursed to dwell beneath the shade
Of the olden oak she died below
O that was many moons ago!

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