

## Incrave "Antoine"

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So still the green and golden plain in icy spring  
They young French convent girls in white singing  
He took the sacrament young Antoine not without a  
blush  
He left the priest the good book the bread and cup  
And took with him the voices hanging in the silver  
space  
Not till he'd reached the vineyard rim did he look down  
On the gentle valley breathing in the sun  
Seeing the eastern slope where she lived he spoke her  
name  
In love beyond his years he saw the mist come down  
And knew there would be many mists he'd look through  
For this mountain star  
Ah if you'd seen me there hiding in the orchard  
Rejoicing in my warm salt tears  
Holding to my heart the beauty of a sad song  
Needing, needing you.

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