

Crown

"Thou Mayst In Mee Behold"

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Scriptured in the features of your face, and in the hues
of delicate
Which painteth thee with the colour of antique gold
Throughout dim and narrow lanes, aery surges of cold
Bring to mee my Ancestor's voice, whispering
mysterious words

Tears of white wax many candles she'd in solemn quiet
As I admire the Romanic stone glowing like ardent
embers
Beautiful stained-glass windows represent legends of
yore
Thruh the rosette I behold the crescente moon in the
enchanting violet of dusk

Shall I question the ancestral stars
And the earthly spirit of the mounts
Thruh the forest and it's tangled boughs
Hear the distant echoes of the past...

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