

Rebecca Pidgeon

"The Raven"

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My love is like a raven
Black against a sky of grey
With cold in your bones
And the winter coming on
And the smell of snow on the way

The sun's going down
But you're walking home
The warmth will ease your pain
Like a jet black raven overhead (sings: Like a jet
Black raven in the sky)
My love is a bird of change

My love is an autumn raven
Above a field cut low
And what she sees as she flies through the trees
No man is going to know
My love is a secret never told

An omen to swear by
Like a terrible raven overhead
In the rolling autumn sky

When the black night falls
The raven calls
And bathes me with her sweet breath
And the rough grey blanket
Weighs us down
Into a sleep like death

My love is an autumn raven
Above a field cut low
With the order of heaven pressing down
And frost on the stubble below
And the wisdom of the men and gods
The folly of the day
Is flying in the swift black raven
In a sky of grey

