

Blues Moody

"The Dream"

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Graeme Edge)

When the white eagle of the North is flying overhead

The browns, reds and golds of autumn lie in the gutter,
dead.

Remember then, that summer birds with wings of fire
flaying

Came to witness spring's new hope, born of leaves
decaying.

Just as new life will come from death, love will come at
leisure.

Love of love, love of life and giving without measure

Gives in return a wondrous yearn of a promise almost
seen.

Live hand-in-hand and together we'll stand on the
threshold of a dream.

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