

Woodland, My Home

Elydrie



Woodland my home, my refuge, my shelter. The blossoms my pillow, my blanket and



bed. The brook gently washes my fears away As the birds sing me softly to sleep. The



golden green of the laughing trees; The scent of the blossoms that bloom. The cool, clear



brook babbles on as the birds Echo the songs that they hear. As spring danced softly, a



troop of men patrolled the woods, defending their home. The sun shone bright, but the



sky soon turned black with the arrows that rained down. Woodland my home, my



refuge, my shelter. The blossoms my pillow, my blanket and bed. The brook gently



washes my fears away As the birds sing me softly to sleep. One soldier lay still, un



moving and cold. The blossoms stared cheerfully on. The troop of men, bearing the

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soldier re turned to the village in tears. A sin gle leaf from Syl van's tree the sold iers

86



placed in his cold, stiff hand. The night, lit by torches a lone whispered its song for the

95



lost. The soft earth of spring was o ver turned In a glade o ver looking the chapel.

rit. poco a poco -----

104



The soldiers looked on as sword became cross. "Here lies one of the Fallen, For the

113



Glo ry of the Rose." Woodland my home, my refuge, my shelter. The blossoms my

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pillow, my blanket and bed. The brook gently washes my fears a way As the birds sing me

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soft ly to sleep.