

# Midwinter

## Magna Carta

child of the sun, will you go where the wind blows  
winter trees stand heavy in the snow  
frost holds your breath in her handshake of iron ooh ooh oohhchild of the sun, is your coat warm about you  
and cold is the world and not so kind  
ice for your diamonds  
silver for your necklace, you will find  
white on white, the snow slowly falling  
soft and low  
the east wind is speaking, in midwinter  
For I must go far away before the sunrise  
where leaves speak in whispers in the cold  
the wind stirs the embers,  
with long forgotten faces growing Old  
white on white, the snow slowly falling  
soft and low  
the east wind is speaking, in midwinter

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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