

# Frost On the Larch

Anna Shannon

On the moorland where we would walk, I go on quiet days  
And I see you in my memory when the world is far away  
And when I see you you're always walking  
In the watery sun of March  
In the morning near the woodland  
When the frost was on the larch

When in long hot days we'd wend our way  
Through heather burnt and sparse  
With the lark's sweet song even then I longed  
For when the frost was on the larch  
And then the crying of the homing rooks became the music for our walks,  
White plumes of breath as the nights drew in,  
Coming home with lamps at dark

The swish of boots in snowy grass, a distant foxes bark.  
I still smell the earth, the moss and dirt  
See the bonfire's leaping sparks.  
All these memories are with me still such a sweetness to impart  
But none so sweet or so complete  
As when the frost was on the larch

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