Harlequin

Frankee

Came the night A mist dissolved the trees And in the broken light colors fly Fading by Pale and cold As figures fill the glade Grey is the web they spin On and on, and on and on Through the flame still summer lingers on Though her pictures soon shatter All, always the same But there appears in the shades of dawning Though your eyes are dim All of the pieces in the sky There was once A harvest in this land Reap from the turquoise sky Harlequin, harlequin Dancing 'round Three children fill the glade Theirs was the laughter in the winding stream And in between Close your door, the picture fades again From the flames in the firelight All, always the same But there appears in the shades of dawning Though your eyes are dim All of the pieces in the sky All, all is not lost And light appears in the shades of dawning When your eyes can see Order the pieces, put them back, put them back

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