

lullaby for Marguerite

autumn

(1904-1993)windswept and moonhung
singing softly next to you
oh sweet delicate woman
where has all your strength gone to
gone to...gone to
where has it gone to
softest hands
i take their frailness in my own
hands
hands that mended children's dreams
now grasp for mary's grace
her grace...her grace
sweet mother
guide her home
sweet, sweet mother guide her home...
sleep now woman
let the angels come to you
and
in their wings
you will find peace
you will find peace
i know

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