

Memory Lane

Saline Grace

Downhill I entered an ancient house
In a lane I had been as a child before
Where a willow tree silently breathed
Early blossoms the spring wind stroked Those tender years
Rejoice my heart
Going down my memory lane
Those tender years shall remain The parlor showed an old woman asleep
Through open windows white curtains streamed
I saw her husband hold his grandchild's hand
Both were laughing under a shaded backyard sun Those tender years
Rejoice my heart
Going down my memory lane
Those tender years shall remain The doorway opened, did frame a serene sky
I smelt the meadow, heard a child voice sing
Dreamt of all embraces and words they'd said
Those tender years rejoice my mature heart Those tender years
Rejoice my heart
Going down my memory lane
Those tender years shall remain

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