Beneath The Trees We Sing
Anna Tabbush & Dom Stichbury

Beneath the trees we sing
Surrounded by the rustling of
The leaves; their whispering
Weaving harmony and dappled light
Their dancing branches hold us tight

And in the dead of night
The trees recall the stories we tell
Bathed in the cool moonlight
They are dancing to our echoed tone
And resonating bark and bone

Autumn's Gate
Sophie Sterckx

When the nights draw in and the leaves they turn
Into the distance colours burn
When the cool breeze sings a lament for the summer
We know that Autumn's gate has opened