

# OCTOBER DAY

Climbin' up the mountain a windy autumn day  
screening haze and livid sun this mornin'  
are early signs of snow and loneliness.

But waters still are flowin' down through the gorge  
nurturin' the moss on cleft rocks and tumbled beeches

Birds are whistling farewell songs and goin' away  
and gay leaves are fallin' to the ground  
they will nourish their own new springtime life.

But waters still are flowin' down through the gorge  
nurturin' the moss on cleft rocks and tumbled beeches

The flowers and ferns are goin' to fade away  
storing up forces for awaking  
till the sun will come to revive them one day.

But waters still are flowin' down through the gorge  
nurturin' the moss on cleft rocks and tumbled beeches

The mouldering maples on willow hill have braved  
stormy winds and weather for a long time  
what native tales they could us tell.

But waters still are flowin' down through the gorge  
nurturin' the moss on cleft rocks and tumbled beeches

Text & Musik: Walter Peschl