

And when the sun comes trumpets from his red house in the east He will find a standing stone where long I chanted my release He will send his morning messenger to strike the hammer blow And I will crum<sup>Dur</sup>ble down uncountable in showers of crimson rubies when I go 3 Sigh, mournful sister, whisper and turn I will <mark>rat</mark>tle like dry leaves when I go Stand in the mist where my fire used to burn I will camp on the night breeze when I go And should you glimpse my wandering form out on the borderline Between death and resurrection and the council of the pines Do not worry for my comfort, do not sorrow for me so All your dia<sup>Dur</sup>mond tears will rise up and adorn the sky beside me when I go