Tapestry

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Women: My life has been a tapestry of rich and royal hue.
An everlasting vision of the ever changing view
A wondrous woven magic in bits of blue and gold
A tapestry to feel and see, impossible to hold.

Men: Once amid the soft silver sadness in the sky
There came a man of fortune, a drifter passing by.
He wore a torn and tattered cloth around his leathered hide
And a coat of many colours—yellow, green on either side.

All: He moved with some uncertainty, as if he didn't know
Just what he was there for, or where he ought to go.
Once he reached for something golden hanging from a tree,
And his hand came down — empty.

Women: Soon within my tapestry along the rutted road
He sat down on a river rock and turned into a toad.
It seemed that he had fallen into someone's wicked spell
And I wept to see him suffer, though I didn't know him well.

All: As I watched in sorrow, there suddenly appeared
A figure gray and ghostly beneath a flowing beard.
In times of deepest darkness, I've seen him dressed in black—
Now my tapestry's unravelling; he's come to take me back.

All: My life has been a tapestry...