EIGHT FRAMES A SECOND
Ralph McTell

She comes riding early in the morning
Round about four to seven.
No one's ever out at that hour
With eyes that see her
Touch the morning flowers secretly
And the leaves slow their commotion,
And the great trees gently sway,
Like an ocean on a still day,
And raise, in praise, their arms to the sun
Who announces the day has begun,
At eight frames a second.

Velvety shadows in misty meadows
Are changing colours so softly
With care, the sun puts colour in his drawing,
And rises to inspect his masterpiece this morning so perfect,
And as she rides through gold and silver miles,
Only the sun is sure
What it is that she smiles for.
She leaves with no sign of what she has done
Though her morning ride's known by everyone,
I'll tell you her name, and it's Dawn.