"A Rendezvous Gheet"

When the people of a city are assembled,
On the day the fair comes to call,
When the cattle and the sheep stand,
And the sun is in the sky's hall.

Men and women, young and old,
All are gathered in the field,
To listen to the poet's song,
And to drink the wine he's held.

Oh, the music of the lute is sweet,
And the voices of the choir are clear,
As the people sing their songs,
And the world is in their care.

But the day is short, the sun is low,
And the people must go home,
To their work and to their toys,
And to the love of those they own.

Oh, the memory of this day will stay,
And the people will recall,
How they gathered in the field,
And the music of the lute they call.