

Heather Dale, Lily Maid

Good sir, I now present myself before you.
With velvet robes and lilies in my hair,
My ladies do their best with what they're given,
And I only pray that you will find me fair.

I ask you leave a penny for the bargeman
And one in penance for the hearts you break.
And keep these words forever as reminder
Of what sends a dying lily to the lake.

Dear Lancelot, my sorrow clad in silver,
You see my thoughts return to you again.
You came to me as others come a-courting
But nothing is with you as other men.

I ask you leave a penny for the sermon
And another for the errors that you make.
And keep these words forever as reminder
of what sends a dying lily to the lake.

With trembling hands I held your life inside you
But failed to earn your favour for my own.
Your coppers were an empty consolation,
For my needs are met by you, and you alone.

I ask you leave a penny for the water
And another for the liberties you take.
And keep these words forever as reminder
of what sends a dying lily to the lake.

Please keep these words, my love, as a reminder.