

The Pentangle, When I Was In My Prime

When I was in my prime I flourished like a vine
There came along a false young man which stole the heart of mine
Which stole the heart of mine.

The gardener standing by, three choices he offered to me
The paint, the violet and red rose, which I refused all three
Which I refused all three.

The paint's no flower at all, for it fades away to soon
The violet is too pale a hue, I think I'll wait 'til June
I think I'll wait 'til June.

In June the red rose blooms, that's not the flower for me
I think I'll pull the red rose up and plant a willow tree
And plant a willow tree.

And the willow tree shall weep, and the willow tree shall whine
I wish I was in the young man's arms that stole the heart of mine
That stole the heart of mine.

If I should last for one year more, and God should grant me grace
I'll weep a bowl of crystal tears to wash his deceitful face
To wash his deceitful face.