

## **Maiden Garland**

I walked by the Wye and strolled in the meadow.  
The river did beckon and I was beguiled.  
The waters swirled round me and pulled me beneath them.  
My life it was ended - scarce more than a child.  
I was early in years and still but a maiden,  
but death stole my future, my days were not long,  
so make me a garland and bind it with kindness  
let your love and your weaving be constant and strong.

***Hang it up high, oh hang high my garland  
Let the maiden crown rise as my soul seeks the sky  
Hang it up high, oh hang high my garland  
May the flowers of paper bloom longer than I.***

Oh friends, weave the willow and cut out the petals,  
make me a garland as a token of grace,  
then walk with me slowly and carry it before me  
and hang it aloft at the place I once prayed.  
Oh place in the centre a glove of white paper  
A word and a token within do enfold  
And remember my touch as it hangs out towards you  
as if reaching for hands that I never will hold.

***Chorus***

In old Ashford church, my garland's still hanging  
The dust and the years have taken their toll.  
The colours have faded along with my memory,  
the paper grows frail like the lives of us all.  
So as you pass by beneath my old garland  
as winds of time whisper and the petals they sway,  
remember young Lizzie, the maiden of Ashford  
whose crown has hung high there since her dying day.

***Chorus x 2***