

Woodshedders "Watermaid"

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Down the winding lane
Where the dogs are laying
And the breeze is blowing
Through the corn growing
In the shady tree
It occurred to me
As the afternoon
Brought out the moon

To walk the valley slow
Through the thunder go
By the mountainside
Where the rain hides
Where the river tops
The willow mops
On a summer's day
I lost my way
Ooh

Up a beryl stream
Into a dream
By the draping edge
I made a bed
And awoke to see
Caring over me
The curly braids
Of a watermaid

Into the mere
She drew me near
I mistook the sound
Of sinking down
For the whisper she made
A kiss she gave
Her caressing hand
For the sinking sand

I was nearly deceived
In enchantment weaved
Nearly laid
In the water grave
But love words my arms

Broke the charm
And carried home
In the deeping gloam

My darling found
With love I bound
Removed the curse
I sang the verse
For I caught
The river daughter
By me she'll dwell
In the water well
Ooh

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