

Richard Hawley

"The Wood Collier's Grave"

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Down in the greenwood there was a lass
Stole my heart along the path
Then came the woodman with his axe
Cut the trees down to the grass.

No more greenwood, no more lass
She broke my heart and took the past.
Broke my heart and took the past.

When it's my time to leave this place,
Plant many a tree deep around my grave,
The birds will fly through to the highest boughs
And spread the seeds of these mighty towers.

Will the greenwood bring her back?
She took my heart and broke my past.
Took my heart and broke the past.
Took my heart and broke my past.

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