

# Lay Of The Sunflower

Gov't Mule

I must leave you for a season  
Go out logging that hardwood timber  
Hardwood timber that grows so low  
In the forest of Fennario

Tell me what you need to live, love  
Do you ask that you might own  
Keep my blue-eyed hound to guard you  
I will make my way alone

I will not return in winter  
If I be not back by fall  
Seek me when this small sunflower  
Stands above the garden wall

Fare you well and I would not weep  
Bid you tend your prayers to keep  
Hill by dale now I must go  
To the forest of Fennario

Nine-month blew with sleeted rain  
And still he came not back again  
Summoned she the hound to go  
To seek him in Fennario

He came back the fated day  
To find his lady gone away  
Made haste to follow in her track  
Where she could go but not turn back

The blue-eyed hound at her side did bay  
While fast her breath did fade away  
She cried out: "Turn, my love, and go  
I would not you see me so"

Fare you well and I would not weep  
Bid you tend your prayers to keep  
Hill by dale now I must go  
To the forest of Fennario

I shall not turn, I shall not yield  
Oh, selfsame serpent sting my heel  
That bleeds my lady's blood away  
Beside the blue-eyed hound to lay  
Angels sing their souls to sleep  
Four winds grace their breath to keep  
Up above yon garden wall  
Stands the sunflower, straight and tall

Fare you well and I would not weep  
Bid you tend your prayers to keep  
Hill by dale now I must go  
To the forest of Fennario