

## Lily Maid

Heather Dale

Good sir, I now present myself before you.  
With velvet robes and lilies in my hair,  
My ladies do their best with what they're given,  
And I only pray that you will find me fair.

I ask you leave a penny for the bargeman  
And one in penance for the hearts you break.  
And keep these words forever as reminder  
Of what sends a dying lily to the lake.

Dear Lancelot, my sorrow clad in silver,  
You see my thoughts return to you again.  
You came to me as others come a-courting  
But nothing is with you as other men.

I ask you leave a penny for the sermon  
And another for the errors that you make.  
And keep these words forever as reminder  
of what sends a dying lily to the lake.

With trembling hands I held your life inside you  
But failed to earn your favour for my own.  
Your coppers were an empty consolation,  
For my needs are met by you, and you alone.

I ask you leave a penny for the water  
And another for the liberties you take.  
And keep these words forever as reminder  
of what sends a dying lily to the lake.

Please keep these words, my love, as a reminder.