

Willow Tree

Seth Lakeman

One long year ago today,
I stopped to hear a story told,
Of how an old man was taken down to the roots below.

She took my arm, we walked alone,
We climbed across this open field,
She didn't pause for breathe until this cross drew near.

She sat down by this little mound,
Softly she did weep and sigh,
Come to me my father for I am lost inside.

But since that time how things have changed,
For this sweet girl who was my bride,
She is laid down under close by her fathers side.

I planted there upon her grave,
The sacred seed of a willow tree,
I pray it's long hard roots forever shelter me.

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