

## The Gardener

Steeleye Span

Proud Margret stood at her father's doorway  
As straight as willow wand  
And by there came a gardener bold  
With red rose in his hand

O you shall have my rose, fair maiden  
If you give your flower to me  
Among the flowers in your father's garden  
I'll make a gown for thee

Your gown shall be sweet smelling thyme  
Your apron celandine  
Your petticoat of the chamomile  
Come kiss sweetheart and join

Your glove shall be of the clover flower  
Your shoes of the rue so fine  
I'll line them with the cornflower blue

So join your love with mine  
So join your love with mine

Since you have made a gown for me  
Among the summer flowers  
So I will make a suit for thee  
Among the winter showers  
The milk-white snow will be your shirt  
That lies your body next  
And the night-black rain will be your coat  
With the wind gale at your breast

The horse that you shall ride upon  
Will be of the wintry grey  
And every time that you pass by  
I'll wish you were away  
I'll wish you were away