

## The Lament of Two Ladies

As I was a-walking to Glastonbury Faire  
Oh the rose & the lily & the violet-O  
I spied a noblewoman upon the castle square  
And green grows the broad meadow

I hailed her, "Milady, why do ye look so pale"  
Oh the rose & the lily & the violet-O  
"And gaze ye so sadly across the forest vale?"  
And green grows the broad meadow

She said "Good my lord hath gone off to the war  
Oh the rose & the lily & the violet-O  
Fighting for King Richard upon a foreign shore."  
And green grows the broad meadow

Though I be but a maid and ye a high-born dame  
Oh the rose & the lily & the violet-O  
Yet in this sad plight, alack we are the same.  
And green grows the broad meadow

I, too have a sweet fighting in that distant land  
Oh the rose & the lily & the violet-O  
For our noble King, as a yeoman in his band.  
And green grows the broad meadow

Well I will pray to gracious God on high  
Oh the rose & the lily & the violet-O  
That the months and the years will swiftly pass on by.  
And green grows the broad meadow

Till thy lord is restored to his castles and his farms  
Oh the rose & the lily & the violet-O  
And my bonnie lad is held once more in my arms.  
And green grows the broad meadow,  
And green grows the broad meadow

*Notes: this is the first song I ever wrote, inspired the night the first Persian Gulf War started, and I was alternating between watching CNN and Kenneth Branagh's Henry the V. Remarkably similar plots and outcome. No instantaneous coverage in the Middle Ages. So I got to thinking, and wanted to say something about the nature of war, and how it affects those back home*