

The Red Rose and the White

Come all ye young maidens, and list to my plight
For my house is the red rose, and his is the white
And it matters not if Tudor or York wins the day
For I fear it will fare ill with my lover today.

The royal houses clash and contend yet again
But their quarrels do be paid with the lives of our men
And I cannot e'en acknowledge my lover so true
For our families' enmity has sundered us two

The armies do battle across Redmore Plain
And my brother and dear Thomas are both of them **slain**
And the tears for my brother are the ones ye shall see
But the tears for my Thomas I shed silently

Red is his blood where it spilled on the grass
White is his countenance as he breathèd his last
And green is the hill where his body they bore
Black is the raiment I'll wear evermore.

So come all ye maidens and list to my plight
For my house **was** the red rose and his **was** the white
And it matters **not** that Tudor won his kingdom today
Since my love and I have parted forever away
Since my love and I have parted forever today.

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Notes: This is one of my personal favorites