

Sorrel

**In a garden of the south-land
He found her wandering astray
She came to show him of her beauty
That many passer-by don't see**

**Would you be taking in
Such frail-looking lady
The sadness of her lone display**

**Dressed in yellow fire burning
The corner dweller on the lane
Sorrow was her only feeling
For she could have no living shame**

**Take good care of time
To sow your own true seed
The summers end will bring your leaving**

**Then he journeyed for a long ways
She was never in his mind
Came he home to just a memory
For the lady she had died**

Take good care of time

To sow your own true seed

The summers end will bring your leaving