

Maidenwine

Anwyn & George Leverett

Red rose is for love of the heart.
Lilies, so we never part.
Add to this the fruit of the vine.
It's time to make maiden wine

It's the first warm day of spring.
Bee pollen drifts on the wind.
To call you to me, I have found in the dell,
A cluster of pink coral bells

Chorus

The world is kept by man
All things wrought by his hand.
But from mother to daughter through time,
Is the secret of maiden wine

Stir while you sing this song.
Mix with hazel wand.
Sometime this season, My true love I'll find,
& bring him my maiden wine

For constancy, I will add thyme.
For cheer, bright columbine.
To quicken his passion, hawthorne & fern
So my touch will make his blood burn

Chorus

The world is kept by man
All things wrought by his hand.
But from mother to daughter through time,
Is the secret of maiden wine

Repeat chorus

The world is kept by man
All things wrought by his hand.
But from mother to daughter through time,
Is the secret of maiden wine

Sunflower to make him bold.
Honey for kisses, I'm told.

Lastly, red bleeding heart for you know,
Someday all love grows cold

Red rose is for love of the heart.
Lilies, so we never part.
Add to this the fruit of the vine.
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Lyrics submitted by Robert Granger.

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