

# Sorrel

## Eholow

In a garden of the southland  
He found her wandering astray  
She came to show him of her beauty

That many passersby 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 and time to sow your own true seed

The summers end will bring your leaving  
Then he journeyed for a long ways  
And she was never in his mind

Came he home to just a memory

For the lady she had died  
Take good care and time to sow your own true seed  
The summers end will bring your leaving

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