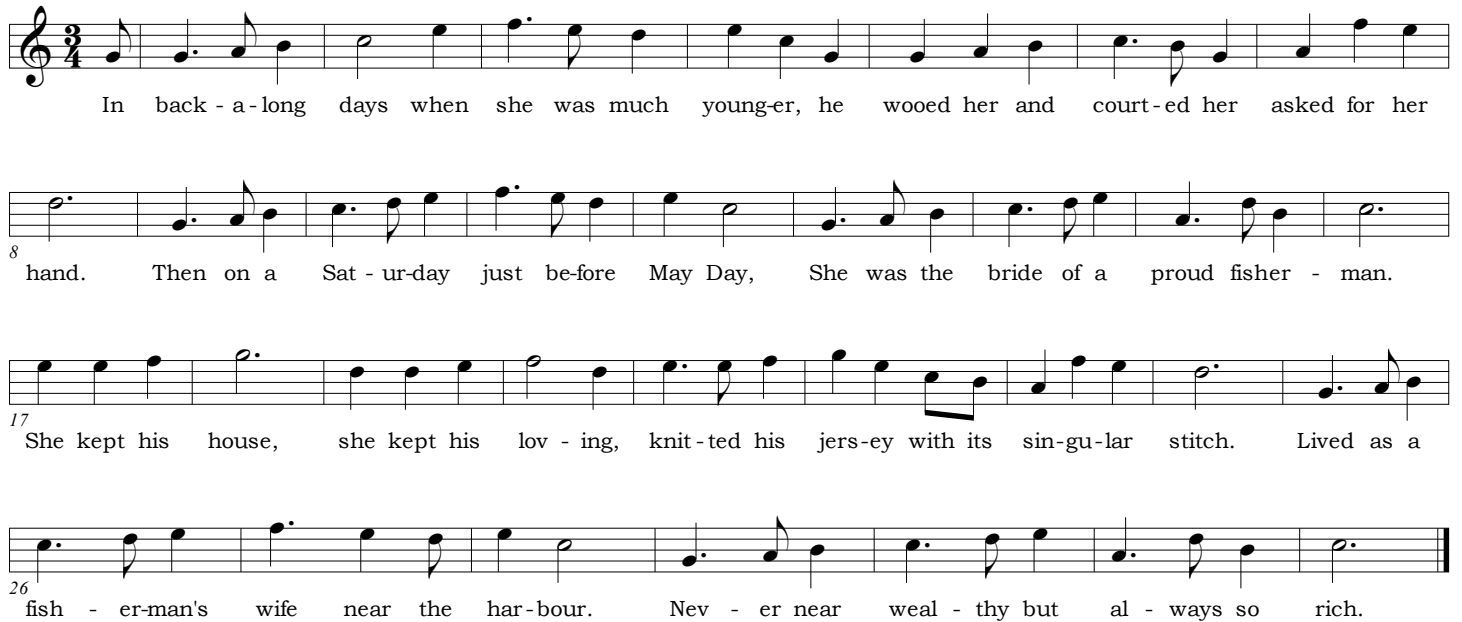


THE OLD LADY OF PADSTOW

Jon Heslop



In back - a - long days when she was much young - er, he wooed her and court - ed her asked for her
8 hand. Then on a Sat - ur - day just be - fore May Day, She was the bride of a proud fisher - man.
17 She kept his house, she kept his lov - ing, knit - ted his jers - ey with its sin - gu - lar stitch. Lived as a
26 fish - er - man's wife near the har - bour. Nev - er near weal - thy but al - ways so rich.

In backalong days when she was much younger,
he wooed her and courted her, asked for her hand.
Then on a Saturday just before May Day
she was the bride of a proud fisherman.

*She kept his house, she kept his loving,
knitted his jersey with its singular stitch.
Lived as a fisherman's wife near the harbour.
Never near wealthy but always so rich..*

She'd watch and she'd wait whilst chatting with neighbours,
the smile hid the fear in its false finery.
Watching the headland like all of the women,
watching for boats coming home from the sea.

She hid her fears and her prayers deep inside her,
silent tears shed all alone in the night.
Hark to the wind as it sings in the chimney
flickering the flame of the pale candlelight.

Long years have flown and the black hair's now silver,
memories outnumber the dreams in her head.
She counts herself lucky, her prayers were all answered.
They grew old together and he died in his bed.

*Now she keeps his house, she keeps his loving,
keeps the old jersey with its singular stitch.
Lives as a fisherman's widow in Padstow,
never near wealthy but always so rich.*