



# The Green Mist

A young lass makes a ritual bargain with the Realm of Spring to end an overly long, cold Winter. She pays a harsh price.

Note: This song is in the ritual mode of Spring, which has a flattened fifth. Avoid chords - use open chords without fifths or a drone.

Upbeat, jazzy

Refrain (all sing between each verse) by Kit Barbourne and Gerald Merrowvale

Rise the Green Mist from the fields - and touch the corn a - wake - 1)The

(B drone) (A drone)

wa - king of the Spring was co - ming, Win - ter's debts were paid and yet - she was

(B drone)

gro - wing white, that ram - ping li - ttle maid. She used to be the

(A drone)

pre - tti - est lass now a - shen as a cin - der She spent her hou - rs

(B drone)

sta - ring out the frost - flow - ered bed - room win - dow.

1. The waking of the Spring was coming  
 Winter's debts were paid  
 And yet she was growing white,  
 That rampin' little maid.  
 She used to be the prettiest lass  
 Now ashen as a cinder  
 She spent her hours staring out  
 The frostflowered bedroom window.

Refrain:

Rise the Green Mist from the fields  
 And touch the corn awake

2. "I long ter wake th' Spring wit' yer,"  
 She moaned to her mother,  
 But hoar-frost withered every branch  
 And dismal was the weather.  
 "The earth is callin'; seeds are burstin'  
 As'll bloom over my head.  
 I wish I'd flourish with the cowslips,  
 And die when they are dead."

Refrain

3. She crumbled salt, she crumbled bread,  
 And leaning out the winder,  
 She sprinkled them upon the earth,  
 The ground as crisp as tinder.  
 The bogles listened in on her;  
 They took down every word;  
 They brought the Green Mist, kindling  
 Songs in every bird.

Refrain

4. But though they made the wheat to grow  
 And coloured every flower,  
 The bogles had their hands on her,  
 And claimed her by the hour.  
 By every brook, the cowslips grew;  
 She rallied, and grew strong -  
 Invisible, the bogles came,  
 Snickering in a throng.

Refrain

5. On every verge, the cowslips bloomed;  
 They yellowed all the village,  
 And when they opened with the sun,  
 She began to flourish,  
 But by the church, the cowslips drooped,  
 Although they burgeoned yet -  
 And on her brow, the bogles cast  
 A little bead of sweat.

Refrain

6. (only a half-verse - sing slowly):  
 A fellow came a-courting  
 And he plucked a cowslip flower,  
 But when he pinned it to her breast  
 She died within the hour.

Refrain