

Spider Silk

capo 5 (1st spot)

1. In my down - land cott - age ing where the beech - wood meets the chalk
4. step was like the fall - ing of flint u - pon the turf

xx2x x2xx xx2x

where the lap - wing used to swoop and the
The breath she left be - hind had the

xx2x (x)4xx (x)2xx

To Coda

roe deer used to walk 2. I heard my true love en
smell of fresh turned earth

(x)xxx (x)2xx xx1x

ter and her bare - feet crossed the floor I
p

x2xx x3xx x2xx

17

turned to see her stan - ding on the thresh - old of my - door

(x)4xx (x)2xx (x)xxx 3(x)xx

21

3. She came in to my kit - chen

1(x)xx x(x)xx (x)x4x

26

tim - id like a doe I reached my hand to touch

(x)34x (x)24x (x)34x

30

her but a - las she turned to go

(x)x4x 3xxx (3)2xx 1xxx 3(x)x(x)xx2x

35

D.C. al Coda

4. Her

Coda

36

5. The air took her as wa - ter would dis - perse a drop of
milk I ran to find the door - way was
spanned with spi - der silk.

(x)2xx (x)x4x (x)34x (x)x4x
(x)34x (x)24x
(x)34x

In my downland cottage
Where the beechwood met the chalk,
Where the lapwing used to swoop
And the roe-deer used to walk,

I heard my true love enter
And her bare feet cross the floor –
I turned to see her standing
on the threshold of my door.

She came into my kitchen,
Timid, like a doe:
I reached my hand to touch her
But alas, she turned to go.

Her step was like the falling
Of flint upon the turf,
The breath she left behind
Had the smell of fresh-turned earth.

The air took her,
as water would Disperse a drop of milk;
I ran to find the doorway
Spanned with spider-silk.

Song-lyric by Giles Watson, 2013.
Inspired by a phrase from Edward Thomas's *The South Country*, Chapter 12:
"[the spider's] webs bar the door against all but ghostly travellers".