



Woodchips in My Hair

A love song for the Winter - huddled around a fire.
Inspired by wood chopping near a fire outside the Applewood Levy
one cold Easter.

by Kit Barbourne and Gerald Merrowvale

Gm D

1. When ice creeps in - to heart and limb, I
2. The glow - ing cin - ders scorch my face, They

(plucked violin or other plucked strings - can also be accompanied with a G&D drone or use the chords suggested)

etc.

7 Cm Gm D

see the fire is nigh;
sett - le on my cloak,
I hu - dle to the smo - king hearth;
And though I'm loth to draw a - way,

12 1. Cm D 2. Cm D Gm

the glow ing cin - ders fly. 2. The eyes are bleared with smoke.
My

18 Gm D

3. My eyes are bleared with stin - ging tears: I

23 Cm Gm Gm D

love a woods - man strong, And though the wood - chips rain on me, I

28 Cm D Gm D

love him warm and long. 4. I love him warm and long and true And

33 Cm Gm Gm D

still he does not care. I have wood - chips in my cloak And

39 Cm D

cin - ders in my hair.