

# 07- Buried at Spindley's Hill

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It's been a goal of mine to write a song for dulcimer. It's a strange tuning—A A F# C#, I believe, forming a nice song in F# minor. These lyrics are pulled straight out of my patootie and need some refining. I'm thinking maybe a little repetition would be nice somewhere?? No apologies for the punning...you should be thanking me for the other two puns I pulled out of the song before the final version.

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Maggie took her basket to the top of Spindley's Hill  
For to gather berries for her one true lover Will  
There amidst the scrub brush and the ancient oak trees  
She found a patch of berries so she got down on her knees

Singing Ohh, how lovely, ohhh how sweet  
I shall pick these berries for my dearest Will to eat  
Ohh, how lovely, ohhh how sweet  
When I lay these berries at my dear heart's feet

She picked and plucked the berries til her hands began to bleed  
From the thorns and briars hidden down amidst the weeds  
So she bound her aching hands with tiny scraps of wool  
And then continued picking til the basket was quite full.

Thinking Ohh, how tragic, oh how strange  
How is it that such sweetness comes thus wrapped in so much pain  
Ohh, how tragic, oh how strange  
But none of this shall matter when I see my Will again

So she climbed down Spindley's Hill with her berry basket filled  
She finally caught a glimpse then of her dearest lover Will  
Held within his husky arms another girl was there  
And by their side there stood a basket full of juicy pears.

She said Oh how much better to have found you dead  
To think that you betrayed me thus the day before we wed  
But oh, I will see you buried though you be not dead  
So she took her lovely berries and she dumped them on Will's head.