

# My Woodland Maiden

by Joan Collins

By chance I saw her standing there  
with bright blue eyes and golden hair  
I simply asked her if she would  
and shyly she replied she could  
walk with me a little way  
just to pass the time of day

We walked and talked for quite a while  
Her name was Fern she said, with a smile  
I felt the warmth of her touch as her hand slipped in mine  
and a gentle pressure when our fingers entwined

She turned to me and kissed my brow  
I really must be going now  
The trees are calling me back to the woods  
I would like to stay if only I could  
But I am only human when the day is light  
I go back to my roots with the darkness of night

Sadly I had to say farewell  
as I heard the toll of the evening bell  
Gone was my maiden oh so fair  
Back to the woodlands with never a care

If I should walk through the woods at night  
I shall seek out the ferns and wait 'till it's light  
and by chance I might just find her there  
my blue eyed maiden with golden hair