

My Flower, My Companion (Lost Love)

One of the very few non-Scottish songs we sing, Maggie learned this from Helen Schneyer, who we were introduced to by our friend Norman Kennedy when visiting him in Vermont in 2002. She sang it while accompanying herself on piano, and just about had us in tears. She was kind enough to give us a copy of her CD, 'Somber, Sacred & Silly', which is one of our favourites.

All the flowers I loved in the wildwood
Have sent up their beautiful bloom
And the many dear friends of my childhood
Have slumbered for years in the tomb

*And it's no wonder I'm broken hearted
And stricken with sorrow must be
We have met, we have loved, we have parted
My flower, my companion and me*

And the rose that I love I remember
And the smiles I nevermore shall see
Since that cold, bitter winds of December
Stole my flower, my companion from me

When I think on that bright, shining morning
And our spirits from earth shall be free
And we meet those we love in that dawning
Oh, my flower, my companion and me