

I'm free! Unchained, my soul rises on the wind;
 I'm a breath upon the forest lake,
 I'm a whisper through the trees.
 Death no longer stalks me; we've met and now I'm free.

Yet while I'm free, unfettered, my friends remain enchained;
 To the one to come must I make haste,
 To my brother 'neath the skin.
 O, nothing is forgotten -- awake! to me listen.

The Hooded Man, he lives still, though his face be changed;
 Sure's the hand that aims the willow wand,
 Brave's the heart to face its fear.
 The forest is protected, no need to shed a tear.

So brush aside that teardrop
 And be my dear May Queen
 For though your heart is breaking
 And your spirit miss me sore
 Weep not for me, dear Marion --
 O! weep for me no more!

Darkness cannot hold me, nor chains in dungeons dark,
 Tormented shades no longer haunt me,
 Nor leer with promised pain;
 From freedom's cup I drink now, released by arrows train'd.

Alone, yet never lonely, I'm ne'er far from your side --
 In the shadow of your footsteps,
 On the path just o'er the rise.
 Can't you feel me near you, whene'er you close your eyes?

And yet your life continues, still of the world we knew;
 The cycle turns, renewing
 The pulse burns quick and free.
 The funeral pyre grows cold now, let mourning end for thee.

So silence now your keening
 And join the forest's song
 Cast off your widow's weeping
 To pass through sorrow's door
 Mourn not for me, dear Marion --
 O! mourn for me no more!

My name he carries proudly, although he sought it not;
 His own name lost, forsaken,
 He's Herne's son to the end.
 And you he'd have beside him, as lover, wife and friend.

Our friends, they follow eager, glad to let him lead;
 While the Sheriff's men remember,
 They'll have no taste of rest.
 For nothing's been forgotten, not love or hope or quest.

No, nothing is forgotten, never while we live;
 And in the hearts of others
 Our dreams will never cease.
 My life was spring in Sherwood, remember me in peace.

Set free all the mem'ries
 And live each day anew
 And shed your widow's mourning
 Put on the joy you wore
 But forget me not, dear Marion --
 O! forget me nevermore!

Remember me in springtime
 Blown on the summer's breeze
 And when autumn days are flowing
 To winter's frosted shore
 For I love you still, dear Marion --
 O! I'll love you evermore!

-- Deborah M. Walsh

Weep Not



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