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**Composition**

**Title:** Marriage to My Lady Poverty

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**Version:** Accepted version (lyric to accompany score)

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### 3      **Marriage to My Lady Poverty**

Here is the ring I have made for My Lady Poverty;  
a ring I've woven from grass and wayside flowers.  
It will sing on her hand like a skylark.

I am the bird who has come to take crumbs from your hand,  
I can only stay for a moment. In my soft grey plumage  
I fly to our wedding barefoot. I am far too shy to look at you.

We need no more than birds: they sing at dawn  
and wander wherever they please. We ask for nothing  
more than the birds of the sky: we ask for song.

We need no more than flowers: they flourish  
in summer and sleep all winter long. We ask for nothing  
more than the flowers of the field: we ask to blossom.

As I fly from our wedding I look back over my shoulder:  
my husband is the flower in my heart;  
his ring is singing on my finger.

When I hear the song of a lark I shall think of you.  
When I lie in the open field on a bed of meadowsweet,  
I shall hear your music singing me to sleep.