

Lady in Black

Gregorian

LADY IN BLACK (Uriah Heep)

She came to me one morning, one lonely Sunday morning
Her long hair flowing in the mid-winter wind
I know not how she found me, for in darkness I was walking
And destruction lay around me from a fight I could not win

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She asked me name my foe then, I said the need within some men
To fight and kill their brothers without thought of men or god

And I begged her give me horses to trample down my enemies
So eager was my passion to devour this waste of life

But she would not think of battle that reduces men to animals
So easy to begin and yet impossible to end
For she the mother of all men had counceled me so wisely that
I feared to walk alone again and asked if she would stay

Oh lady lend your hand, I cried: Oh let me rest here at your side
Have faith and trust in me, she said and filled my heart with life
There is no strength in numbers. I've no such misconceptions
But when you need me be assured I won't be far away

Thus having spoke she turned away and though I found no words to
say
I stood and watched until I saw her black cloak disappear
My labor is no easier, but now I know I'm not alone
I find new heart each time I think upon that windy day
And if one day she comes to you drink deeply from her words so
wise
Take courage from her as your prize and say hello for me