

## The Band of Gold

Seth Lakeman

Summer evening, a maiden fair  
Was walking forth in the open air.  
She met her lover on the way,  
She called out her heart would stay.  
She said love not constant will quickly  
go.  
Cold as winter, white as snow.  
Summer treasure, hand to hold,  
Love be constant in a band of gold.  
The wind is fresh`ning upon her eyes,  
Down the years that stretch so wide.  
Angels sing so far away,  
His promises gently fade  
She said love not constant will quickly  
go.  
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