

Flowers Of The Town

The Unthanks

I've heard them lilting at loom and at belting
Lasses lilting before dawn of day
But now they are silent not gamesome nor gallant
The flowers of the town they are all turned away

There was laughter and loving in the lanes of an evening
Handsome were the boys and the girls they were gay
But lost in Flanders by medalled commanders
The flowers of the town they are all turned away

Cursed be the promise that took our men from us
All will be champion if you choose to obey
They fought against hunger, now no longer
The pride of the man lies as cold as the clay

All the women are weary, they've lilted so merry
Waiting to marry for a year and a day
From owning and earning, from wooing and winning
The flowers of the town they are all turned away
All turned away