

# Hair of Green

#62

Carl Allison 10-07-2018

revised 10-16-2019

Near the village lived a lass,  
With hair the strangest color.  
You see her hair was green as grass,  
A hue shared with no other.

On the day that she was born  
The village was in shock  
'Twasn't natural you know.  
And they drove her family off.

So deep within a forest glade,  
The family started over.  
And there the lass did happily play,  
With hair as green as clover.

Now when you're just a little child,  
And the woods are where you play.  
It makes so little difference,  
What townspeople may say.

Seldom did she find the need,  
To venture into town.  
The people there had such cruel words,  
Their gazes nasty frowns.

Her Mother said "Dear daughter,  
Do not let them put you down.  
You will grow up a fine beauty,  
And you'll wear a wedding gown.

You will stand up tall and straight,  
And on the day that you are wed.  
And they shall all be jealous,  
Of the color on your head."

Now mothers, they mean well,  
When they tell their daughters so.  
But even they cannot control,  
The way evil whispers go.

And as the lass grew older.  
Saddened and forlorn.  
The laddie's would not look at her,  
For the color hair she bore.

Then at last in great despair  
To her mother she declared  
"This color is the curse of me  
I shall cut off all my hair!"

She ran into the village,  
In the middle of the square.  
She took her mothers sharpest knife,  
Placed the edge against her hair.

Yet 'fore she made a single cut,  
She heard a strangers cry.  
Hold! Put your knife away,  
And her arm fell to her side.

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Striding tall across the square,  
A stranger to the village.  
Said he, I've come from far away,  
Hearing of your visage.

Knelt he down upon his knee,  
And made his purpose known.  
To her he pledged undying love,  
If she would be his own.

Near and far the tale's been told,  
Of a lass beyond compare.  
Forest beauty unsurpassed  
Crowned by emerald hair.

She gave at first the slightest pause,  
Then raised him to her arms.  
And there he found he was besought,  
Spellbound by her charms.

Now he found his heart besieged,  
For never he had never seen.  
Such a charming forest lass,  
With hair of lustrous green.

Not even had a fortnight passed,  
Before the two were wed.  
And the villagers they stood in awe,  
Sunlight falling on her head.

Snow white was her wedding gown  
Her hair was emerald green  
Fiery colors from the sun  
Within her wedding ring

The handsome prince  
The forest lass  
The girl...  
With hair of green.