

GILES HOWLETT (C.291) (UNDER THE LEAVES 2006)

Giles Howlett he stood in the schoolroom
No thought of harm in his head
And Margaret regarded him deeply
And she wished him in her bed, Her bed
And she wished him in her bed

She found him alone in the schoolroom
Put her lily-white hand on his knee
Then up and started Giles Howlett
Crying this must never be, never be
Crying this must never be,

So Margaret has whispered the lie to her friend
In anger, these words she said,
'Giles Howlett has used and abused me
And he's stole my maidenhead' maidenhead
And he's stole my maidenhead'

Now a lie it can run like a greyhound
And it ran throughout the town
Giles Howlett's abuséd a maiden
And they swore to bring him down. And down
And they swore to bring him down.

They have harried him and they've hounded him
Heaped curses upon his head
They have bruised his body and sundered his soul
Til he wished that he was dead, was dead
Til he wished that he was dead

Giles Howlett's house had windows
And the windows once had glass
Now the wind howls through the openings
And the folk hurl stones as they pass, they pass
And the folk hurl stones as they pass

They found Giles Howlett hanging
By a rope on the cellar door
Tho' he'd taken his life but a day ago
He'd been dead for a week or more, or more
He'd been dead for a week or more

For it wasn't with guns, nor knives or swords
Nor with chains and broad iron bands
They have bound and killed him with their tongues
And his blood is on their hands , their hands
And his blood is on their hands