

The Maid in the Moon

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is accompanied by guitar chords indicated by letters above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words split across lines. The score consists of eight staves of music.

When Lin-coln-shire carrs were all tus-sock and reeds, With bog-garts and spec-tres up
to their foul deeds, The ter - ri-fied vil - lag - ers prayed for more light, When the
moon took a rest af - ter shi - ning so bright. The Maid in the Moon, on
hea - ring their plea, De - ci - ded to vi - sit, the carrs for to see.
thick cloak of sheep's wool was all she did wear, With a black hood tied firm - ly to
co - ver her hair. *The Maid in the Moon is stuck fast in the*
carrs. Now light in the night sky comes on - ly from stars

When Lincolnshire's carrs were all tussock and reeds,
With boggarts and spectres up to their foul deeds,
The terrified villagers prayed for more light
When the moon took a rest after shining so bright.
The Maid in the Moon, on hearing their plea,
Decided to visit, the carrs for to see.
A thick cloak of sheep's wool was all she did wear
With a black hood tied firmly to cover her hair.

*Ch: The Maid in the Moon is stuck fast in the carrs,
Now light in the night sky comes only from stars.*

When the Maid in the Moon arrived on the ground,
The ghosts and the bogels then her did surround.
She soon realised why the folk were afraid
As the massed evil spirits began their tirade.
So onward she struggled away from throng,
Till wholly enveloped by tree roots so strong.
She turned and she twisted her freedom to save,
But escape she could not from the watery grave.

Then the sound of a man in the distance she heard
As he splashed through the bog, with "Help!" his sole word.
The Maid struggled harder to break from the snare,
Dislodging the hood and releasing her hair.
The light that shone out enabled the man
To see a way out from this desolate land.
He gave thanks unto God for his timely fortune,
But never looked back at The Maid in the Moon.

And then the vile creatures were all in a swoon
Deciding the fate of the Maid in the Moon.
Should she be poisoned or battered to death,
Or grabbed by the throat and robbed of all breath?
But e'en as they fought o'er the maid so forlorn
The first rays of sunlight foretold a new dawn.
They dug up a rock weighing many a ton
And rolled it on top of the hapless maiden.

For weeks no bright light after dusk could be seen -
Each night was always just like Hallowe'en.
No seer could tell people what they should do
To bring back the moonlight that once they all knew.
At long last the man who'd escaped from the carr
Recalled the bright light he had seen from afar.
He led some brave villagers straight to the place
Where the Maid in the Moon was still hiding her face.

The huge, heavy boulder was easy to see
And everyone pushed hard, the Maid for to free.
With a cry of "Our Lord!" it finally gave
Releasing the Maid from her watery grave.
At once there was light far too bright for man's eyes
As the Maid in the Moon fled back to the skies.
And ever since that great day the carrs have been blessed
With a light that subdues all the dead and possessed.

