



ST. OSYTH: LEGEND

by Helen Brown & AI



In a land of kings and queens, Lived a girl with
wondrous dreams. Osyth was her name, so bright,
Born in England, full of light.

Raised by aunts, both kind and wise, She grew up
under sunny skies. One day, a book she had to take,
To her aunt, a copy to make.



But oh dear, the river swelled, And little Osyth, in it
fell.

Her aunts prayed with all their might, And up she
stood, what a sight!



Osyth grew, as girls do, Her parents said, "A wife for you!" But Osyth had a different plan, To serve her God, not marry a man.

King Sighere was her groom-to-be, To unite the lands, you see. At the party, a stag of white, Caught the men's adventurous sight.



Osyth saw her chance to flee, To live her life, wild
and free. She found bishops, took her vow, To serve
her God, starting now.

Sighere, though sad, gave her land, By the sea, with
golden sand. A nunnery she built with care, with
other women, living there.



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