

# The Banks of Sweet Primroses

Fairport Convention

As I walked out on a midsummer's morning  
For to view the fields and to take the air  
Down by the banks of the sweet primroses  
There I beheld a most ?love lie? fair

Three short steps, I stepped up to her  
Not knowing her as she passed me by  
I stepped up to her, thinking for to view her  
She appeared to be like some virtuous bride

I says "Fair maid, where are you going?  
And what's the occasion of all your brief?  
I will make you as happy as any lady  
If you will grant to me one small relief"

"Stand off, stand off, you're a false deceiver  
You are a false deceitful man, I know  
'Tis you that has caused my poor heart to wander  
And in your comfort lies no refrain"

So I'll go down to some lonesome valley  
Where no man on earth shall there me find  
Where the pretty little small birds do change their voices  
And every moment blows blusterous wind

So come all young men who go a-sailing  
Pray pay attention to what I say  
For there's many a dark and a cloudy morning  
Turns out to be a sunshiny day