

## Dark Eyed Molly

Fairport Convention

Deep and dark are my true love's eyes  
Blacker still is the winter turning  
As the sadness of parting proves  
Brighter now is the lantern burning  
That lightens my path to him

No fiddle tune will take the air  
But I'll see his swift feet a-dancing  
And the swirl of his dark brown hair  
His smiling face and his dark eyes glancing  
As we stepped up from Banbury Fair

Oh oh oh oh if my waiting prove in vain  
Then I'll pack and track ever take me  
And the long road will ease my pain  
No jewelled man kind would ever make me  
Whisper love's words again

For in drink I'll seek good company  
My ears will ring with the tavern's laughter  
And I'll hear not his last sweet sigh  
And who's to know in the morning after  
How I long for his dear dark eyes  
How I long for his dear dark eyes  
How I long for his dear dark eyes