

## Cachel Wood

Isobel Campbell

There is a birch in Cachel Wood  
The silverest I've seen  
With mystery as a maiden's bed  
With mystery as a dream  
I dream to find my own true love  
An everlasting fire  
Imperishing when leaves decay  
T'would be my heart's desire

Follow the burn to the sea  
How my poor heart weeps for thee  
Weeps for thee

Then nature sent my own true love  
When apple blossom fell  
He sang beneath the mighty oak  
And courted me so well  
He spoke the pleasures of the flesh  
Of married life to come  
I loved him then in Cachel Wood  
T'was then I was undone

Follow the burn to the sea  
How my poor heart weeps for thee  
Weeps for thee  
Follow the burn to the sea  
How my poor heart weeps for thee

The berries on the rowan tree  
With child and in full bloom  
He proved to be a false young man  
A most unworthy groom  
A fish swims in the ocean deep  
A bird lives in the sky  
And fleetingly they intertwine  
And fleetingly they sigh

Follow the bird to the sea  
How my poor heart weeps for thee  
Weeps for thee  
Follow the bird to the sea  
How my poor heart weeps for thee