

Annan Water

John Wesley Harding

Oh annan water's wondrous deep
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny
I'm loathed that she should wet her feet
Because I love her best of any
Go saddle to me my bonny grey mare
Go saddle her soon and make her ready
For I must cross that river tonight
And all to see my bonny lady

And woe betide you annan water
At night you are a gloomy river
And over you I'll build a bridge
That never more true love may sever

He has ridden over field and fell
On moor and moss and many a mile
His spurs of steel were sore to bite
And from the mare's feet flew the fire
The mare flew over moss and moor
And when she'd won the annan water
She couldn't have ridden a furlong more
Had a thousand whips been laid upon her

And woe betide you annan water
At night you are a gloomy river
And over you I'll build a bridge
That never more true love may sever

Oh boatman come put up your boat
Put up your boat for gold and money
For I must cross that stream tonight
Or never more I'll see my Annie
The sides are steep, the waters deep
From bank to brae the waters pouring
And your bonny grey mare she sweats for fear
She stands to hear the waters roaring

And woe betide you annan water
At night you are a gloomy river
And over you I'll build a bridge
That never more true love may sever

And he has tried to swim that stream
And he swam on both strong and steady
But the river was broad and strength did fail
And he never saw his bonny lady
Oh woe betide the willow wand
And woe betide the bush of briar
For it broke beneath the true lover's hand
When strength did fail and limbs did tire

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At night you are a gloomy river
And over you I'll build a bridge
That never more true love may sever