

Annan Waters

Kate Rusby

Oh Annan Water's wondrous deep
And my love Ann is wondrous bonnie
I'm loathe that she should wet her feet
Because I love her best of any.
Go saddle for me the bonny grey mare
Go saddle her and make her ready.
For I must cross the stream tonight,
Or never more I'll see my lady.

He's ridden over field and fen.
O'er moor and moss and many's the mire,
But the spurs of steel were sore to bite.
Sparks from the mare's hoofs flew like fire.
The mare flew over moor and moss,
And when she's reached the Annan Water
She couldn't have ridden a furlong more
Had a thousand whips been laid upon her.

And woe betide you Annan Waters
By night you are a gloomy river,
And over you I'll build a bridge
That never more true love can sever.

Oh Boatman put off your boat,
Put off your boat for gold and money.
For I must cross the stream tonight,
Or never more I'll see my lady
Oh the sides are steep, the waters deep.
From bank to brae the water's pouring
And the bonny grey mare she sweats for fear.
She stands to hear the water roaring

And he has tried to swim the stream,
And he swam on both strong and steady,
But the river was deep and strength did fail,
And never more he'll see his lady.
Oh woe betide the willow wand,
And woe betide the bush and briar,
For you broke beneath my true love's hand
When strength did fail and limbs did tire

And woe betide you Annan Waters
By night you are a gloomy river,
And over you I'll build a bridge
That never more true love can sever.

That never more true love may sever