

Playing Of Ball

Kate Rusby

It happened one evening at the playing of ball
When first I met Willie, he was proper, he was tall
He was neat, fair and handsome, straight in each limb There's a
heart in my bosom and it's aching for him.

Will you go along with me all down the road
To see father's dwelling and the place of our abode
He knew by her look and her languishing eye
He was the young man she valued most high.

There's a place in my garden, young Willie, said she Where Lord
s, Dukes and Earls, they wait upon me
And when they are sleeping in their long, silent rest
I'll go with you, Willie; you're the boy I love best.

Her father was listening, in ambush he lay
He heard the words these lovers did say
And with his sharp rapier he's pierced her love through
And the innocent blood of her darling he drew.

I will go off to some far country
Where I'll know no one and no one knows me
It's there I will wonder in my long silent rest
For it's you, lovely Willie, you're the boy I love best.

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He was neat fair and handsome and straight in each limb There's
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