

## Streams Of Nancy

Kate Rusby

O the Streams Of rovin' Nancy divide in three parts  
Where the young men and maidens they meet their  
sweethearts  
Its the drinking of good liquor that make my heart sing  
And the noise in the bardy make the rocks fall to you

At the top of this mountain my loves castle stands  
And its overbuilt with ivy and under black sand  
Five arches five porches like diamonds so bright  
Its a beacon for a sailor on a dark winters night

On yonder high mountain the wild fowl do fly  
And its swanning and grows them that files very high  
If I have them in my hands mere diamonds far grand  
And soon I would secure her by the slight of my hand

At the base of this mountain a river runs clear  
And a ship from the Indies it warrants a cover  
With a red flags a flying the beating of her drum  
Sweet instruments of music and the firin' of her bow

O the streams of rovin' Nancy divide in three parts  
Where the young men and maidens they meet their  
sweethearts  
Its the drinking of good liquor that makes my heart sing  
And the noise in her body make the rocks fall to you