

## The Setting of the Sun

Seth Lakeman

Come all young fellows that carry a gun,  
Beware of late shooting when the  
daylight is done.  
It is my reckoning that many hazards  
they may run.  
I shot my true love at the setting of the  
sun.  
In a shower of rain my darling did lie,  
All under the bushes to keep herself dry.  
Her head in her apron I thought her as a  
swan.  
I shot my true love at the setting of the  
sun.  
I'll fly from my country, I nowhere find my  
rest,  
Because I've shot my own true love, like  
a bird upon her nest.  
Like lead in my heart lies the deed that I  
have done.  
I shot my true love at the setting of the  
sun.  
In the night my fair maid as a white swan  
appears.  
She she says "Oh my true love quickly  
dry up those tears,  
"I freely forgive you for this paradise that  
I've won,  
"I was shot by my true love at the rising  
of the sun".  
The years they pass leave me lonely and  
sad.  
I can never love again `cause none  
make me glad.  
I'll wait and expect you until my work  
down here is done,  
Then I'll meet my true love at the setting  
of the sun