

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