

The Streamers

Seth Lakeman

The streams of lovely Nancy are divided in three parts,
Where young men and maidens meet their long sweethearts,
It is drinking of good liquor that has caused my heart to
sing,
And the noise in yonder village made the rocks ring.
At the bottom of this mountain runs a river clear,
A ship from the Indes did once anchor here,
With her red flags a`flying and the beating of her drum,
With sweet instruments of music and the firing of her
gun.
At the bottom of this mountain where the birds do fly,
There is one amongst them that flies so very high,
If I had her in my arms near the diamond`s cold black
land,
How soon I`d secure her by the kindness of my hands.
So come all you little streamers that walk the meadows
gay,
Go write unto your love wherever she may lay,
With her rosy lips entice me and her tongue she tells me
no
But the angels might direct us wherever we should go.