

Sails Of Silver

Steeleye Span

What is it makes her to weep and to moan?
I am as a tall sailing ship out on the sea,
Where only long breezes reach out to me.

And I'll set my sails of silver,
And I'll steer towards the sun,
And you, false love, will weep for me
When I'm gone, when I'm gone, when I'm gone.
The maid in a garden, how can it be?
I'm staring seaward but what does she see?
A mast of the tall rowan tree, ropes of fine silk,
Decks holystoned shining whiter than milk.