

Annan Waters

(trad.)

Oh Annan Waters wondrous deep
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny
I loathe that she should wet her feet
Because I love her best of any
Go saddle for me the bonny grey mare
Go saddle her soon and make her ready
For I must cross that stream tonight
Or never more I'll see my lady

*And woe betide you Annan Water, by night you are a gloomy river
And over you I'll build a bridge – that never more true love may sever*

And he has ridden o'er field and fen
O'er moor and moss and many's the mire
His spurs of steel were sore to bite
Sparks from the mare's hooves flew like fire
The mare flew on o'er moor and moss
And when she reached the Annan Water
She couldn't have ridden a furlong more
Had a thousand whips been laid upon her

Oh boatman come put off your boat
Put off your boat for gold and money
For I must cross that stream tonight
Or never more I'll see my lady
The sides are steep the water's deep
From bank to brae the waters pouring
And the bonny grey mare she sweats for fear
She stands to hear the waters roaring

And he has tried to swim that stream
And he swam on both strong and steady
But the river was wide and strength did fail
And never more he'll see his lady
And woe betide the willow wan
And woe betide the bush and briar
For they broke beneath her true love's hand
When strength did fail and limbs did tire -