

# Streams of Lovely Nancy

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Oh streams of lovely Nancy are divided in three parts  
 Where the young men and maidens they do meet their sweethearts.  
 It is drinking of good liquor caused my heart for to sing  
 And the noise in yonder village made the rocks for to ring.

At the top of this mountainre my love's castle stands,  
 It's all overbuilt with iv'ry on yonder black sand.  
 Fine arches, fine porches, like diamonds so bright,  
 It's a pilot for a sailor on a dark winter's night.

On yonder high mountain where the wild fowl do fly  
 There is one amongst them that flies very high.  
 If I had her in my arms, love, near the diamond's black land  
 How soon I would secure her by the sleight of my hand.

At the bottom of this mountain there runs a river clear.  
 A ship from the Indies did once anchor there,  
 With her red flags a-flying and the beating of her drum,  
 Sweet instruments of music and the firing of her gun.

So come all you little streamers that walk the meadows gay.  
 I will write to my own tre love wherever she may be,  
 For her rosy lips entice me, with her tonge she tells me "No,"  
 And an angel might direct us, and where shall we go?

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