

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Dearest Nancy

Dearest Nancy

It was down in yon green valley in the pleasant month of June
The birds were sweetly singing, all nature was in tune
It was there I first saw Nancy, she's the girl I did adore
For she was my only fancy and I could love no more

I said, "My dearest Nancy, would you be kind and marry me?
I have not stores of riches, but I have stores of love for thee,
There's richer men than I am, but none could love you more,
And if I had gold like mountains it would be yours also. "

"For to have you in my prime, then it would be a pretty thing,
For I have the conceit, love, that I can dance and sing,
I am for some rich gentleman, I have you to be gone,
For your riches will not last me and your love will soon cool down.!"

"Oh, must I go in sorrow, and must I take my leave,
Must I lament for Nancy who for me do not grieve,
For I am broken hearted it's plainly to be seen,
Oh, must I go in sorrow and wear the willow green?"

It was but a few months after this fair one changed her mind,
She wrote to me a letter thinking I would prove kind,
That what she had said she was sorry for and she hoped I would forgive,
And would grant to her one favor, her heart and hand receive.

I wrote to her an answer and somewhat scornfully
I said, "My dearest Nancy it's for you I do not grieve,
For there is another more suiting that has taken up your place,
I like you to know I can dance and sing as I never had seen your face."

Come all you wild young females a warning by me to see,
Never slight your own true love while he is kind and free,
For riches will not last you, and beauty will decay,
And when you slight your own true love, his love will fade away.

DT #733

Laws P11

From Creighton and Senior, collected from John Roast of Chessetcook

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