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As Sylvie Was Walking

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As Sylvie was walking down by the riverside,
As Sylvie was walking down by the riverside,
And looking so sadly, and looking so sadly
And looking so sadly upon its swift tide.

She thought on the lover that left her in pride,
She thought on the lover that left her in pride,
On the banks of the meadow, on the banks of the meadow
On the banks of the meadow she sat down and cried.

And as she sat weeping, a young man came by
And as she sat weeping, a young man came by,
"What ails you, my jewel, what ails you, my jewel,
What ails you, my jewel and makes you to cry ?"

"I once had a sweetheart and now I have none.
I once had a sweetheart and now I have none.
He's a-gone and he's leaved me, he's a-gone and he's leaved me
He's a-gone and he's leaved me in sorrow to mourn."

"One night in sweet slumber, I dream that I see,
One night in sweet slumber, I dream that I see,
My own dearest true love, my own dearest true love,
My own dearest true love come smiling to me."

"But when I awoke and I found it not so,
but when I awoke and I found it not so,
Mine eyes were like fountains, mine eyes were like fountains
Mine eyes were like fountains where the water doth flow."

"I'll spread sail of silver and I'll steer towards the sun.
I'll spread sail of silver and I'll steer towards the sun,
And my false love will weep, and my false love will weep
And my false love will weep for me after I'm gone."

From The Penguin Book of English Folk Songs, Williams and Lloyd
Collected from Mrs. Aston, Australia, 1911