

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Annan Water

Annan Water

Annan water's wading deep,  
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny,  
And I am laith she suld weet her feet,  
Because I love her best of ony.

"Gar saddle me the bonny black,  
Gar saddle soon, and make him ready,  
For I will down the Gatehope-Slack,  
And all to see my bonny ladye."

He has loupén on the bonny black,  
He stirred him wi the spur right sairly;  
But, or he was the Gatehope-Slack,  
I think the steed was wae and weary.

He has loupén on the bonny grey,  
He rade the right gate and the ready;  
I trow he would neither stint nor stay,  
For he was seeking his bonny ladye.

O he has ridden oer field and fell,  
Through muir and moss, and mony a mire,  
His spurs o steel were sair to bide,  
And frae her fore-feet flew the fire.

"Now, bonny grey, now play your part!  
Gin ye be the steed that wins my deary,  
Wi corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,  
And never spur sall make ye wearie."

The grey was a mare, and a right good mare,  
But when she wan the Annan water  
She couldna hae ridden a furlong mair  
Had a thousand marks been wadded at her.

"O boatman, boatman, put off your boat!  
Put off your boat for gowden money!  
I cross the drumly stream the night,  
Or never mair I see my honeye."

"O I was sworn sae late yestreen,  
And not by ae aith, but by many;

And for a' the gowd in fair Scotland  
I dare na take ye through to Annie."

The ride was stey, and the bottom deep,  
Frae bank to brae the water pouring,  
And the bonny grey mare did sweat for fear,  
For she heard the water-kelpy roaring.

O he has poud aff his dapperpy coat,  
The silver buttons glanced bonny;  
The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,  
He was sae full of melancholy.

He has taen the ford at that stream tail;  
I wot he swam both strong and steady;  
But the stream was broad and his strength did fail,  
And he never saw his bonny ladye!

"O wae betide the frush saugh wand!  
And wae betide the bush of brier!  
It brake into my true-love's hand,  
When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire.

And wae betide ye, Annan Water,  
This night that ye are a drumlie river!  
For over thee I'll build a bridge,  
That ye never more true love may sever."

note: This is the text of "Annan Water" as given in Child IV appendix;  
Child's source was Minstrelry of the Scottish Border, 1833 and 1802. MS

Child #4  
MS  
apr00