

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Dry Cardrona

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(James Baxter; tune: D. Tomms)

Oh, I have seen the cherries bloom
By the dry Cardrona,
Where I plucked them long ago
On a day when I was sober,
On a day when I was sober.

My father he wore a parson's coat,
By the dry Cardrona,
He kept a tally of the sheep and the goat,
But I was never sober,
No, I was never sober.

My mother she sewed her Sunday skirts,
By the dry Cardrona,
They say she died of a broken heart,
For I was never sober,
No, I was never sober.

And I loved a maiden, but only one,
By the dry Cardrona.
She up and married a banker's son,
For I was never sober,
No, I was never sober.

So I married a widow of forty-nine,
By the dry Cardrona,
She had a stable and sheep like mine,
But I was never sober,
No, I was never sober.

Oh, bury my bones till the judgement crack,
By the dry Cardrona,
A blanket swag upon my back
To pillow me, drunk or sober,
To pillow me, drunk or sober.

Oh, the rivers run to a rimless grave,
Even the dry Cardrona,
But nary a one will turn my way
Till I am bone-cold sober,
Till I am bone-cold sober.

And I have seen the cherries bloom
By the dry Cardrona,
Where I plucked them long ago
On a day when I was sober,
On a day when I was sober.

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