

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Ettrick

Ettrick

(Archie Fisher)

When we first rode down Ettrick,  
Our bridles were ringing, our hearts were dancing,  
The water was singing, the sun was glancing,  
And blithely our voices rang out together,  
As we brushed the dew from the blooming heather,  
When first we rode down Ettrick.

When we next rode down Ettrick,  
The day was dying, the wild birds calling,  
The wind was sighing, the leaves were falling,  
And tired and weary, but closer together,  
We urged our steeds through the faded heather,  
When next we rode down Ettrick.

When I last rode down Ettrick,  
The wind was shifting, the storm was waking,  
The snows were drifting, my heart was breaking,  
For never again would we ride together  
Through sun or storm on the mountain heather,  
When last I rode down Ettrick.

Recorded by Anne Dodson on "From Where I Sit," 1993

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