

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Fair Rosamund Clifford

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I have a sister, young Clifford, he said
A sister no man knows
She hath a color in her cheek
Like drops of blood in snow
Like drops of blood in snow

She hath a waist, a waist, a waist
Like my silver cane
And I would not for ten thousand worlds
Have King Henry know her name
Have King Henry know her name

King Henry was in his bower
Hidden close and still
And every word young Clifford spoke
He wrote down in a bill
He wrote down in a bill
Now the first fair line she looked on
She did begin to smile
And the next fair line she looked on
Down the tears did fall (2x)

Cursed be my brother Clifford
Oh cursed may he be
Why don't he dote on his hawks and hounds
But he must dote on me (2x)