

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Lady of the Lake

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As I walked out one evening down by the river side,
Along the banks of sweet Dundee, a lovely lass I spied.
First she sighed, and then did say, "I fear I'll rue the day,

.....

"Once I had a kind sweetheart, his name was Willie Brown,
And in the Lady of the Lake he sailed from Greenwich town,
With full five hundred immigrants bound for America,
And on the banks of Newfoundland I am told they were cast away.

When she made mention of my name, I to myself did say,
"Can this be you stands by my side, my own dear Liza Gray? "
I turned myself right round about, my tears for to conceal,
And with a sigh I then begun my mournful tale to tell.

"I own this loss of Greenock Quay, for I in that vessel went;
Along with your true love Willie Brown some happy hours I spent.
Along with your true love Willie Brown some happy hours spent we;
He was my chief companion upon the raging sea.

"We tossed upon the raging main five hundred miles from shore,
The nor'west winds and fields of ice down on our vessel bore.
That night the Lady of the Lake to pieces she was sent,
And all the crew but thirty-two down to the bottom went."

She said, "Kind sir, if that be true, what you relate to me,
Unto all earthly pleasures I'll forever bid adieu.
And in some lonely valley I'll wander for his sake,
And I'll always think of the day he sailed in the Lady of the Lake."

"O Liza, lovely Liza, from weeping now refrain,
For don't you see the Lord spared me to see your face again?
For don't you see what you gave me when I left Greenock Quay?
In his hand he bore the likeness of his own dear Liza Gray.

The rare version in which he, too, is recognitionally
challenged RG

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Collected from Mrs. James Palmer

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