

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Too Close to the Wind

Too Close to the Wind

Farewell to you, my faithful Nancy  
And a thousand times adieu;  
For the constable comes up from Brackley Market  
And a hundred volunteers too.  
No more will we hide in the forest  
For fear they might run us to ground  
For the wild sea, we'd sailed upon it  
Too close to the wind.

For twenty years, we have roved the highways  
Of Northamptonshire.  
From Daventry\* down to the southern byways  
We robbed both the rich and the poor.  
For ofttimes our families were starving  
And the highway it kept them alive,  
So the wild sea, we sailed upon it  
Too close to the wind.

Tonight I lie in a darkened dungeon  
Condemned on the gallows to die,  
While the man who gave us away is only  
Bound for Australia.  
No man could be found to defend us  
Naught but abuse came our way,  
For the wild sea, we'd sailed upon it  
Too close to the wind.

The clouds they rise over Northampton market,  
And the crowds pour into the town,  
And the people will throng in the streets until sunset,  
'Til the hangman cuts us down.  
And fifty children of Culworth  
Their fathers are taken away,  
For the wild sea they sailed upon it  
Too close to the wind.

\*pronounced Dane-tree

Recorded by Clyde Davenport, Clydescope.  
RG