

## **Annan Waters**

*(trad.)*

Oh Annan Waters wondrous deep  
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny  
I loathe that she should wet her feet  
Because I love her best of any  
Go saddle for me the bonny grey mare  
Go saddle her soon and make her ready  
For I must cross that stream tonight  
Or never more I'll see my lady

*And woe betide you Annan Water, by night you are a gloomy river  
And over you I'll build a bridge – that never more true love may sever*

And he has ridden o'er field and fen  
O'er moor and moss and many's the mire  
His spurs of steel were sore to bite  
Sparks from the mare's hooves flew like fire  
The mare flew on o'er moor and moss  
And when she reached the Annan Water  
She couldn't have ridden a furlong more  
Had a thousand whips been laid upon her

Oh boatman come put off your boat  
Put off your boat for gold and money  
For I must cross that stream tonight  
Or never more I'll see my lady  
The sides are steep the water's deep  
From bank to brae the waters pouring  
And the bonny grey mare she sweats for fear  
She stands to hear the waters roaring

And he has tried to swim that stream  
And he swam on both strong and steady  
But the river was wide and strength did fail  
And never more he'll see his lady  
And woe betide the willow wan  
And woe betide the bush and briar  
For they broke beneath her true love's hand  
When strength did fail and limbs did tire -