

Loreena McKennitt, Kellswater

Here's a health to you bonny Kellswater
Where you get all the pleasures of life
Where you get all the fishing and fowling
And a bonny wee lass for your wife.

Oh it's down where yon waters run muddy
I'm afraid they will never run clear
And it's when I begin for to study
My mind is on him that's not here.

And it's this one and that one may court him
But if any one gets him but me
It's early and late I will curse them
The parting lovely Willie from me.

Oh a father he calls on his daughter
Two choices I'll give unto thee
Would you rather see Willie's ship a sailing
See him hung like a dog on yonder tree.

Oh father, dear father, I love him
I can no longer bide it from thee
Through an acre of fire I would travel
Along with the lovely Willie to be.

Oh hard was the heartbreak I'm finding
She took from her full heart's delight
May the chains of old Ireland come find them
And softly their pillows at night.

Oh yonder there's a ship on the ocean
And she does not know which way to steer
From the east and the west she's a-blowing
She reminds me of the charms of my dear.

Oh it's yonder my Willie will be coming
He said he'd be here in the spring
And it's down by yon green shades I'll meet him
And among wild roses we'll sing.

For a gold ring be placed on my finger
Saying love bear this in your mind
If ever I sail from old Ireland
You'll mind I'll not leave you behind.

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