

# Eastmountainsouth, The Ballad Of Young Alban A

the sun had gone down  
o'er the hills in the west  
its last beam had faded  
o'er the mountain crest  
amandy was there.. friendless and forlorn  
with her face bathed in blood and her garments all torn

oh, amandy  
oh, amandy

the campfires were kindled  
each warrior was there and amandy was bound  
her white bosom bare  
it was vengeance that she counted in the eyes of her foe  
and sighed for the time  
when her suffering might close

oh, amandy... oh, amandy  
oh, amandy yeah yeah...  
oh, amandy...

young alban their leader  
suddenly appeared  
with an eye like an eagle  
and a step like a deer  
he said, "brothers, if your victim be burned by a tree  
young alban the leader  
your victim shall be

oh, amandy  
oh, amandy

the next morning was a vision of red, white and blue  
gliding o'er the waters  
in a light, bark canoe  
like a wild dove sails over the tide  
young alban and amandy together did ride  
young alban and amandy together did ride

oh, ride on  
oh, amandy  
oh, amandy  
yeah...  
oh, amandy