

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