

Gillian Welch, Wind And Rain

There were two sisters of county Clair,
Oh, the wind and rain
One was dark and the other was fair,
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain
And they both had a love of the miller's son,
Oh, the wind and rain
But he was fond of the fairer one,
Oh, the dreadful wind and rain
So she pushed her into the river to drown
oh, the wind and rain
and watched her as she floated down
oh, the dreadful wind and rain
and she floated till she came to the millers pond
oh, the wind and the rain
dead on the water like a golden swan
oh, the dreadful wind and rain
as she came to rest on the riverside
oh, the wind and the rain
and her bones were washed by the rolling tide
oh, the dreadful wind and rain
and along the road came a fiddler fair
oh, the wind and rain
and found her bones just a lying there, cried
oh, the dreadful wind and rain
so he made a fiddle peg of her long finger bone
oh, the wind and the rain
he a made a fiddle peg of her long finger bone, crying
oh, the dreadful wind and rain
and he strung his fiddle bow with her long yeller hair
oh, the wind and the rain
he strung his fiddle bow with her long yeller hair, cried
oh, the dreadful wind and rain
and he made a fiddle fiddle of her breast bone
oh, the wind and rain
he made a fiddle fiddle of her breast bone, cried
oh, the dreadful wind and rain
but the only tune that the fiddle could play was
oh, the wind and rain
the only tune that the fiddle would play was
oh, the dreadful wind and rain