

Isobel Campbell, Cachel Wood

There is a birch in Cachel Wood
The silverest I've seen
With mystery as a maiden's bed
With mystery as a dream
I dream to find my own true love
An everlasting fire
Imperishing when leaves decay
T'would be my heart's desire

Follow the burn to the sea
How my poor heart weeps for thee
Weeps for thee

Then nature sent my own true love
When apple blossom fell
He sang beneath the mighty oak
And courted me so well
He spoke the pleasures of the flesh
Of married life to come
I loved him then in Cachel Wood
T'was then I was undone

Follow the burn to the sea
How my poor heart weeps for thee
Weeps for thee
Follow the burn to the sea
How my poor heart weeps for thee

The berries on the rowan tree
With child and in full bloom
He proved to be a false young man
A most unworthy groom
A fish swims in the ocean deep
A bird lives in the sky
And fleetingly they intertwine
And fleetingly they sigh

Follow the bird to the sea
How my poor heart weeps for thee
Weeps for thee
Follow the bird to the sea
How my poor heart weeps for thee