

Isobel Campbell, Loving Hannah

I went to church on Sunday
My true love passed me by
I knew her mind was changing
By the roving of her eye
By the roving of her eye
By the roving of her eye
I knew her mind was changing
By the roving of her eye

My love's fair and proper
Her waist is neat and small
And she is quite good-looking
And that's the best of all
And that's the best of all
And that's the best of all
And she is quite good-looking
And that's the best of all

Oh, Hannah, loving Hannah
Come give to me your hand
You swore if ever you're married
That I will be the one
That I will be the one
That I will be the one
You swore if ever you're married
That I will be the one

I'll go down by the river
When everyone's asleep
I'll think of loving Hannah
And then sit down and weep
And then sit down and weep
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I'll think of loving Hannah
And then sit down and weep

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