

Kate Rusby, Streams Of Nancy

O the Streams Of rovin' Nancy divide in three parts
Where the young men and maidens they meet their sweetheats
Its the drinking of good liquor that make my heart sing
And the noise in the bardy make the rocks fall to you
At the top of this mountain my loves castle stands
And its overbuilt with ivy and under black sand
Five arches five porches like diamonds so bright
Its a beacon for a sailor on a dark winters night
On yonder high mountain the wild fowl do fly
And its swanning and grows them that files very high
If I have them in my hands mere diamonds far grand
And soon I would secure her by the slight of my hand
At the base of this mountain a river runs clear
And a ship from the Indies it warrants a cover
With a red flags a flying the beating of her drum
Sweet instrumtents of music and the firin' of her bow
O the streams of rovin' Nancy divide in three parts
Where the young men and maidens they meet their sweetheats
Its the drinking of good liquor that makes my heart sing
And the noise in her body make the rocks fall to you