

Richard Thompson, Banks Of The Sweet Primroses

As I walked out on a midsummer's morning
For to view the fields and to take the air
Down by the banks of the sweet primroses
There I beheld a most ?love lie? fair

Three short steps, I stepped up to her
Not knowing her as she passed me by
I stepped up to her, thinking for to view her
She appeared to be like some virtuous bride

I says "Fair maid, where are you going?
And what's the occasion of all your brief?
I will make you as happy as any lady
If you will grant to me one small relief"

"Stand off, stand off, you're a false deceiver
You are a false deceitful man, I know
'Tis you that has caused my poor heart to wander
And in your comfort lies no refrain"

So I'll go down to some lonesome valley
Where no man on earth shall there me find
Where the pretty little small birds do change their voices
And every moment blows blusterous wind

So come all young men who go a-sailing
Pray pay attention to what I say
For there's many a dark and a cloudy morning
Turns out to be a sunshiny day