

Sandy Denny, Sweet Rosemary

My young man, oh he is so fine,
Sweet Rosemary did say.
She gathered flowers and she sang
All about her wedding day.
Oh when I was a lass at school
I looked out at the sky,
And now among the woodlands cool,
Gathering sweet primroses I.
I wish I was a little bird,
With wings that I could fly,
Then I would find my own true love,
And when he'd speak then I'd be by.
My heart would flutter like the wings,
Oh to see my own dear one.
And pretty words I'd like to sing
All beneath the morning sun.
Oh, my young man, oh he is so fine,
Sweet Rosemary did say.
She gathered flowers and she sang
All about her wedding day.