

# Silly Wizard, The Valley Of Strathmore

By the clear and the winding stream  
In the valley of Strathmore  
Where my love and I have been  
Where we'll wander never more

But if time was a thing man could buy  
All the money that I have in store  
I would give for one day by her side  
In the valley of Strathmore

From the glen of the golden and the green  
I left for a land far away  
Where sadness has never been seen  
Aye, and joy only costs a day's pay

In Strathmore there's a long working day  
For a man with his hands on the plow  
But it's work I'd be happy to do  
If at night I were lying with you

As I take a long draft from my glass  
Oh, I'm drinking alone here again  
And I try not to think of my lass  
For the old days will ne'er come again