

Streams Of Nancy

Kate Rusby

Oh, the streams of lovely Nancy divide in three parts,
Where the young men and maidens they meet their sweethearts.
It s the drinking of good liquor that makes my heart sing,
and the noise in the valley made the rocks for to ring.

At the top of this mountain, my loves castle stands
and it s overbuilt with ivory on yonder black sand.
Fine arches, fine porches like diamonds so bright,
It s a beacon for a sailor on a dark winters night.

On yonder high mountain the wild fowl do fly,
and it s running amongst them that flies very high.
If I had her in my arms, near diamonds black lamp,
How 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 once anchored there.
With red flags a-flying and the beating of her drum,
sweet instruments of music and the firing of her gun.

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