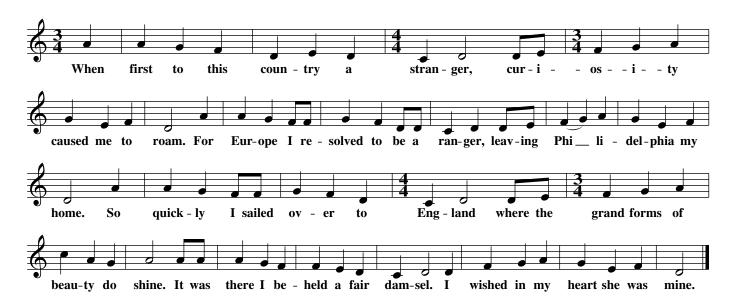
The American Stranger (The Green Mossy Banks of the Lea)



- One morning I carelessly rambled Where the pure winds soft breezes did blow, 'Twas down by a clear crystal river, Not knowing where else for to go. It was there I espied a fair damsel, Some goddess appearing to me, And she rose from the brink by the river, On the green mossy banks of the Lea.
- 3. I stepped up and wished her good-morning, Her fair cheeks did blush like a rose; Says I: "The green meadows are charming, Your guardian I'll be if you choose." She said: "Sir I ne'er want a guardian, Young man, you're a stranger to me. And yonder my father is coming, On the green mossy banks of the Lea."
- 4. So I waited till up came her father, And I plucked up my spirits once more. Says I: "If this be your fair daughter This beautiful girl I adore.. Ten thousand a year is my fortune, A lady your daughter may be, Who shall ride with her chariot and horses, On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

- 5. So they welcomed me home to their cottage, Soon after in wedlock to join.
 And there I erected a castle, In grandeur and splendour to shine..
 So now the American stranger
 Both pleassure and pastime can see,
 With the adorable gentle Matilda,
 On the green mossy banks of the Lea.
- 6. So it's all you pretty fair maids take warning, No matter how poor you may be, For there's many a poor girl as handsome As those with a large propertee.
 By flattery let no one deceive you, Who knows what your future may be, Just like that young gentle Matilda, On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

Source: Sung by Thomas Bunting, Sherborne. Collected by James Madison Carpenter between 1927 and 1935. Notes: Only one verse on the recording. The remaining words are from a Shropshire version.

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