

The Mossy Green Banks of the Lea

Sure I am an old 'mer-ic-an stran-ger From Kill-ross-it it's caused me to roam
For it's Eur-ope I'm bound for to ram-ble For I left Phil-a-del-phie my home
So quick I sailed o-ver to old Eng-er-land Where the great forms of beau-ty did shine
And it's there I be-hold a fair dam-sel Sure I wished in my heart she was mine

2. Sure I stepped up and wished her 'Good morning'
Her pale cheeks they did blush like a rose
Sure your fields and your meadows they look charming
My regard you may have if you choose
'Young man, I don't want none of your [flattery]
I am sure you're a stranger to me
Now it's yonder's my father now coming
On the mossy green banks of the Lea.'
3. I waited till up came her father
And I plucked up my spirit once more.
'Old man is this your only daughter?
It's a lovely girl I adore.'
As she rose by the lake of the water
Sure I wished in my heart she was mine.
4. Ten thousand a year is my fortune
And a lady your daughter may be
She may ride in her carriage and horses
On the mossy green banks of the Lea
5. For they welcomed me home to their cottage
And soon after the wedlock did join
And it's there I behold a fine castle
Not a splendor one could you find
For to see the sun rise every morning
In the place where the castle did stand
It would test more the eyes of a stranger
On the mossy green banks of the Lea

6. Come all you young girls that is handsome
Never mind it's how poor you may be
Let your [flatter] let no man to [receive] you
To never know what your fortune may be
To see how gently he dazzled Merry tiddled her
On the mossy green banks of the Lea.

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Source: Danny Brazil at Staverton, 30th September 1977, collected by Gwilym Davies