Ann o' Hethersgill

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The fairest maids o' Britain's Isle
'Mang Cumbria's mountains dwells
Sweet budding flowers unseen
They bloom by moorland, glen, or fell
And yen, the fairest of them all
My heart could ne'er be still
To see her at the kirk or fair
Sweet Ann O' Hethersgill

Her face was like the blushing rose
Her heart was light and free
E'er she had felt the whole world's cares
Or love blinked in her eye
This fair bewitching face of love
The hardest heart would fill
The flower of all the countryside
Sweet Ann O' Hethersgill
Her cheerful wrought her war-day work
Then sat down at her wheel
And song o' love the winter's neets
E'er she its power did feel
And at the kirk on Sunday morns
None sang so sweet and shrill
The charming voice abune them all
Was Ann O' Hethersgill

But she saw Jock the Carel fair
She nae mair was hersel'
She couldna sing while at her wheel
And sighed oft down the dell
Jock is the laird of Souter muir
He's now come o'er the hill
And ta'en away his bonnie bride
Sweet Ann O' Hethersgill

tune is Jock o' Hazeldine
printed in Cumbrian Songs and Ballads by Keith Gregson
tune JOCKHZLD
SOF