

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Loving Nancy

Loving Nancy

Come all young men, both youth and beauty
Come listen to my sorry song.
For I've done more than it was my duty,
I've suffered more than the common run.

The widow's daughter whose name was Nancy
Dressed in her silk and satin fine,
For her I had the greatest fancy
That ever I had for any kind.

Begone, begone, you proud and flattering fellow,
What brings you here to torment me?
Go put on a suit of the green willow
For it's my true love you never shall be.

She said that I had wronged her daughter
In close confinement there to be;
There for to live on bread and water
The space of nine long months and three.

If ever I live to get my freedom
It's my true love I'll go and see;
She's got my heart in keeping
When I'm bound until I'm free.

Now Nancy's married to a dancing-master
The rambling fellow all through the town,
She said he don't in the least regard her
For he's rambling both night and day.

One day as she sat by her window,
One of her neighbors heard her say,
For he don't in the least respect her
For he's rabling both night and day.

Come all young maids, by me take warning
Turn not your first true love away
For many a fair and a pleasant morning
Turns out a dark and rainy day.

From English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, Sharp

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