



Norma Waterson: English Folk Singing
"The flowers of Knaresborough forest"

Norma

Daytime is weary, and dark or dusk dreary
For lasses in missels all raking the hay
When kye come for stripping, and ewes come for clipping
We'll think on our soldiers, now gone right away

The courting gate's idle, no lad flings his bridle
Over the yoke stoop and come seeking may.
Woes hard but we misses our lads' softest kisses
The flowers of the forest have gone right away

At Martinmas hiring, no ribbon, no tiring
Where God's pennies earned, and the time's come for play
No cheapjack, no prancing, no teamster clogs dancing
The flowers of the forest have gone right away

Plough lads from Pannal have crossed over the Channel
Shepherds from Fewston have taken King's pay
Thackrays from Dacre have sold every acre
You'll not find a delver from Haverah to Bray

Many a lass now is weeping for her man that lies sleeping
No wrap for his corpse but the cold Flanders clay
He'll ne'er lift his limmers, he'll ne'er wean his gimmers
The flowers of the forest have gone right away

[clapping]

You don't have to clap you know.