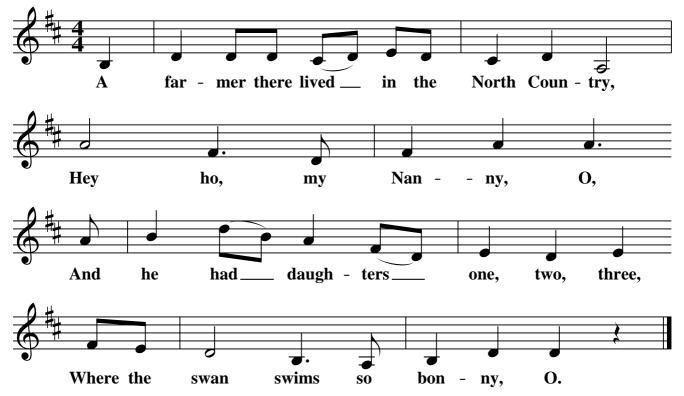
The Swan Swims So Bonny



A farmer there lived in the North Country (Hey, ho, Nanny, O)
And he had daughters, one, two three (Where the swan swims so bonny, O)

These daughters they walked be the river's brim, And the eldest pushed the youngest in.

"Oh sister, oh sister, pray lend me your hand, And I will give you house and land."

"I'll neither give you hand nor glove, Unless you give me your own true love."

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam, Until she came to the miller's dam.

The miller's daughter, being dressed in red, She went to the water to make her bread.

"O father, oh daddy, here swims a swan, And its very like to a gentlewoman." They laid her on the bank to dry; There came a harper passing by.

He made a harp of her breast-bone, And the harp began to play alone.

He made harp-pins of her fingers so fair, He made his harp-strings of her golden hair.

He brought it to her father's hall; There was the court assembled all.

He laid the harp upon a stone And straight it began to play alone.

"O yonder sits my father the king, And yonder sits my mother the queen.

"And yonder sits my brother, Hugh, And by him my William, sweet and true.

"And there does sit my false sister, Anne, Who drowned me for the dake of a man."