

# Annan Water

John Wesley Harding

Oh annan water's wondrous deep  
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny  
I'm loathed that she should wet her feet  
Because I love her best of any  
Go saddle to me my bonny grey mare  
Go saddle her soon and make her ready  
For I must cross that river tonight  
And all to see my bonny lady

And woe betide you annan water  
At night you are a gloomy river  
And over you I'll build a bridge  
That never more true love may sever

He has ridden over field and fell  
On moor and moss and many a mile  
His spurs of steel were sore to bite  
And from the mare's feet flew the fire  
The mare flew over moss and moor  
And when she'd won the annan water  
She couldn't have ridden a furlong more  
Had a thousand whips been laid upon her

And woe betide you annan water  
At night you are a gloomy river  
And over you I'll build a bridge  
That never more true love may sever

Oh boatman come put up your boat  
Put up your boat for gold and money  
For I must cross that stream tonight  
Or never more I'll see my Annie  
The sides are steep, the waters deep  
From bank to brae the waters pouring  
And your bonny grey mare she sweats for fear  
She stands to hear the waters roaring

And woe betide you annan water  
At night you are a gloomy river  
And over you I'll build a bridge  
That never more true love may sever

And he has tried to swim that stream  
And he swam on both strong and steady  
But the river was broad and strength did fail  
And he never saw his bonny lady  
Oh woe betide the willow wand  
And woe betide the bush of briar  
For it broke beneath the true lover's hand  
When strength did fail and limbs did tire

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And over you I'll build a bridge  
That never more true love may sever