

# Unknown Artist, Ann O Hethersgill

ANN O' HETHERSGILL

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 needs

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

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tune JOCKHZLD

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