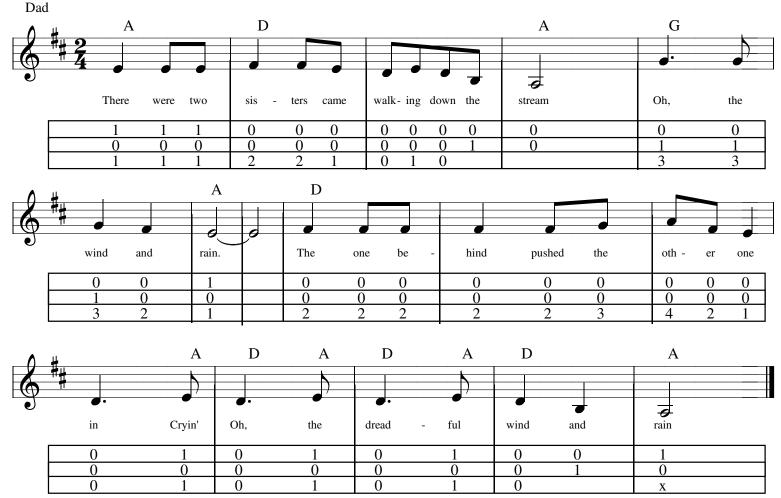
The Wind and Rain

from The Twa Sisters

Child Ballad



She pushed her into the river to drown Oh the wind and rain And watched her as she floated down Cryin' oh the dreadful wind and rain

Floated 'till she came to a miller's pond Oh the wind and rain Dead on the water like a golden swan Cryin' oh the dreadful wind and rain

The miller pulled her out with a fishing hook Oh the wind and rain Drew that fair maid from the brook Cryin' oh the dreadful wind and rain

Out of the woods came a fiddler fair Oh the wind and rain Took thirty strands of her long yellow hair Cryin' oh the dreadful wind and rain And he made a fiddle bow of her long yellow hair Oh the wind and rain He made a fiddle bow of her long yellow hair Cryin' oh the dreadful wind and rain

He made fiddle pegs of her long finger bones Oh the wind and rain He made fiddle pegs of her long finger bones Cryin' oh the dreadful wind and rain

And he made a little fiddle of her breast bone Oh the wind and rain The sound could melt a heart of stone Cryin' oh the dreadful wind and rain

And the only tune that the fiddle would play Was oh the wind and rain The only tune that the fiddle would play Was oh the dreadful wind and rain