

## Bow Down

Burl Ives

There lived an old lord by the northern sea  
Bow down, bow down  
There lived an old lord by the northern sea  
The boughs they bent to me  
There lived an old lord by the northern sea  
He had daughters one, two, three  
That will be true, true to my love  
Love and my love will be true to me

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Love and my love will be true to me  
That will be true, true to my love  
Love and my love will be true to me  
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Love and my love will be true to me

A young man came a-courting there  
Bow down, bow down  
A young man came a-courting there  
The boughs they bent to me  
A young man came a-courting there  
He's natural choice was the youngest there  
That will be true, true to my love  
Love and my love will be true to me

O sister, dear, please lend me your hand  
Bow down, bow down  
O sister, dear, please lend me your hand  
The boughs they bent to me  
O sister, dear, please lend me your hand  
And I will give you my farm and land  
That will be true, true to my love  
Love and my love will be true to me

I'll give thee neither hand nor glove  
Bow down, bow down  
I'll give thee neither hand nor glove  
The boughs they bent to me  
I'll give thee neither hand nor glove  
But I will have thy own true love  
That will be true, true to my love  
Love and my love will be true to me

That will be true, true to my love  
Love and my love will be true to me