

Willie Moore

Doc Watson

Willie Moore was a king, his age twenty-one
And he courted a damsel fair
Oh, her eyes were as bright as the diamonds after night
And wavy black was her hair

He courted her both night and day
Till on marry they did agree
But when he came to get her parents' consent
They said that could never be

She threw herself in Willie Moore's hands
As often she done before
And the little did he think when he left her that night
Sweet Annie he would see no more

Oh, it was about the tenth of May
The time I remember it well
That very same night her body disappeared
In a way no tongue could tell

Sweet Annie was loved both far and near
Had friends most all around
And in a little brook before the cottage door
The body of sweet Annie was found

She was taken by her weeping friends
And carried to her parents' room
And there she was dressed in a shroud of snowy white
And laid in a lonely tomb

Her parents now are left alone
One mourns while the other weeps
Beneath a grassy mound near the cottage door
The body of sweet Annie sleeps

Willie Moore scarcely spoke to his friends they say
And at last from them all he did part
And his last day was spent near his true lover's grave
Where he died of a broken heart