

Dark Eyed Molly

Fairport Convention

Deep and dark are my true love's eyes
Blacker still is the winter turning
As the sadness of parting proves
Brighter now is the lantern burning
That lightens my path to him

No fiddle tune will take the air
But I'll see his swift feet a-dancing
And the swirl of his dark brown hair
His smiling face and his dark eyes glancing
As we stepped up from Banbury Fair

Oh oh oh oh if my waiting prove in vain
Then I'll pack and track ever take me
And the long road will ease my pain
No jewelled man kind would ever make me
Whisper love's words again

For in drink I'll seek good company
My ears will ring with the tavern's laughter
And I'll hear not his last sweet sigh
And who's to know in the morning after
How I long for his dear dark eyes
How I long for his dear dark eyes
How I long for his dear dark eyes