

Wild Rippling Water

Judy Collins

As I was a walking and a rambling one day,
I met a fair couple a making their way.
And one was a cowboy, and a brave one was he.
And the other was a lady and a fair one was she.
The other was a lady and a fair one was she.

"Oh where are you going my pretty, fair maid?"
"Just down by the River, just down by the shade,
Just down by the River, just down by the spring
To see the Water gliding and the nightingale sing.
To see the Water gliding hear the nightingale sing."

They had not been there but an hour or so
When out of his satchel came fiddle and bow
He played a tune that made the woods ring
She said I can't hear the nightingale sing
She said I can't hear the nightingale sing

He said pretty lady it's time to give o'er
O' no pretty cowboy just play one tune more
I'd rather hear the fiddle or the touch of one string
Than to see the water gliding or the nightingale sing
Than to see the water gliding hear the nightingale sing

She said pretty cowboy will you marry me
O no pretty lady that never can be
I've a wife in Arizona and a lady is she
One wife and a cow ranch is aplenty for me
One wife and a cow ranch is aplenty for me

Well I'm going out to Mexico I'll stay about a year
I'll drink red wine, I'll drink lots of beer
If I ever return it will be in the spring
To see the water gliding and the nightingales sing
To see the water gliding hear the nightingale sing.