

Nettle Wine

Ralph McTell

In my country garden, underneath the mountain
With the dead nettles growing all around the door
Early every morning the sun goes up the mountain
Setting in the sea in the evening once more
Taking water from the brook, wondering who it was that took
The stones from the mountain and built his cottage here
Two up and two down, miles from the nearest town
I wonder who he was, though the reason why is clear

Take a bunch of nettles and add a little water
Drawn from the stream running outside the door
Leave it for a month or two, then bottle it and drink the brew
And watch the suns go down in the sea once more
Take in wood to build a fire, could you really get much higher
Than standing in the doorway with a glass of nettle wine?
My lady beside me, the mountain behind me
Before me the sea and the red skyline