

## Banks of Sweet Italy

The Incredible String Band

and must you go my flower my gem  
my laughter and my hope of joy  
to follow fortune through all the world  
make luck pursue you my darling boy

the sun shines bright in France  
yellow it shines on high barbaree  
o be my light of day  
tarry not long on the banks of sweet Italy

a golden ring is a precious thing  
red stockings and shoes of green  
a dwelling place with painted door  
a wide white bed to love you in

summer's gone with calm days  
ungentle now is Biscay Bay  
a cold fear claims my heart  
god save all sailors from the cruel waves