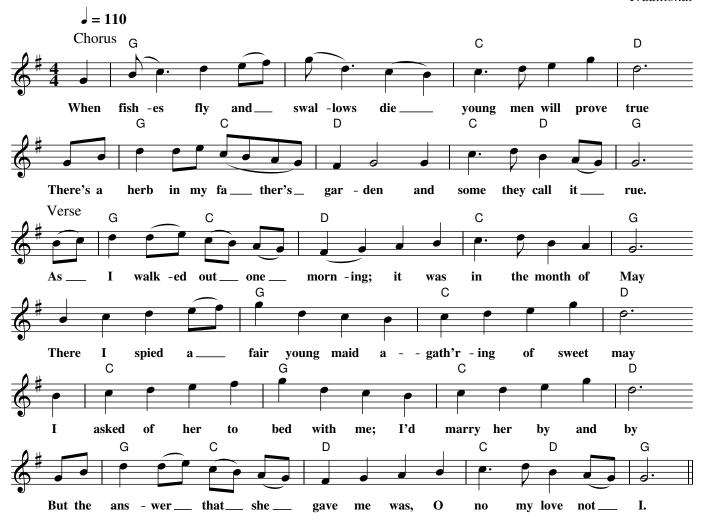
When Fishes Fly No, my love, not I

Traditional



So we walked and we talked together till at length we did agree To sit down on a mossy bank beneath the shady trees The blackbirds and the sweet song thrush flew in and out the bush And the song they sang in chorus was, O no my love, not I.

Now twenty weeks being over, she grew thick around the waist This poor girl she grew pale and wan, her stays they would not lace Her gown it would not pin my boys her apron strings won't tie And she rued the day she said to him, No my love, not I.

So she wrote a letter to her true love to come immediately. The answer he that sent to her was No my love, not I Supposing I should come to you, on me they'd put the blame My parents would be angry and friends would me disdain.

And all the very best thing I can advise you for to do Go take your baby on your back, begging you should go And when that you grow weary you can sit you down and cry And think on the day you said to me, No my love, not I.