

## **Isobel Campbell**

### **"Cachel Wood"**

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There is a bird in Cachel Wood  
As silver as I've seen  
With mystery as a maiden's bed  
With mystery as a dream

I dream to find my own true love  
An everlasting fire  
I'm perishing when leaves decay  
'T would be heart's desire

Follow the burn to the sea  
How my poor heart weeps for thee  
Weeps for thee

Then nature sent my own true love  
When apple blossom fell  
He sang beneath the mighty oak  
And courted me so well

He spoke the pleasures of the flesh  
Of married life to come  
I loved a man in Cachel Wood  
'T was then I was so done

Follow the burn to the sea  
How my poor heart weeps for thee  
Weeps for thee

Follow the burn to the sea  
How my poor weeps for thee

The berries on the Rowan tree  
With child and in full bloom  
He'd proved to be a false young man  
A most unworthy groom

A fish swims in the ocean deep  
A bird lives in the sky  
And fleetingly they intertwine  
And fleetingly they sigh

Follow the burn to the sea

How my poor heart weeps for thee  
Weeps for thee

Follow the burn to the sea  
How my poor weeps for thee

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