

Judy Collins "Dens Of Yarrow"

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There were seven suns and two of them twins
There were seven suns in Yarrow
And they all did fight for their own true love
In the dewy, dewy dens of Yarrow

Oh mother dear, I dreamed a dream
A dream of grief and sorrow
I dreamed I saw my own true love
In the dewy, dewy dens of Yarrow

Oh daughter dear, I saw your dream
Your dream of grief and sorrow
Your love today is laying slay
In the dewy, dewy dens of Yarrow

She sought him up, she sought him down
She sought him all through Yarrow
And there she found him laying slay
In the dewy, dewy dens of Yarrow

Her hair, it was three quarters long
And the color of it was yellow
She rocked it around his middle so small
And carried him home from Yarrow

Oh mother dear, come make my bed
Come make it soft and narrow
For my true love has died tonight
In the dewy, dewy dens of Yarrow

She dressed herself in clean white clothes
And away to the waters of Yarrow
And there she lay her sweet self down
And died on the banks of Yarrow

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