

Kate Rusby

"The Maid Of Llanwellyn"

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No sheep on the mountain nor boat on the lake
No coin in my coffer to keep me awake
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree,
Yet the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

No sheep on the mountain nor goats,
No horses to offer nor boats,
Only hens I have by me,
they are one, two and three,
Yet the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of scorn,
Threadbare is my coat and my hosen are torn.
Scoff on, my rich Owen,
for faint is thy glee
When the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

CHORUS

The farmer rides proudly to market and fair
Whilst the clerk at the ale house still claims the great
chair,
But of all our proud fellows, oh the proudest I'll be,
When the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

CHORUS

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