

Pentangle

"The Toss Of Golden Hair"

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As I was going to Dublin on the very first day of the
year,
A young and pretty maiden on the road before me did
appear.

"Where d'you hail from, my pretty maiden?" I did ask
her so softly.

"It's at Tuafheen that I dwell, Sir, and a fairer place
you'll never see.

"Now it's my turn for a question," this pretty maiden
did decide.

Are you free to make so bold now, when at home your
poor wife does reside?"

"'Tis true, my wife is ever ailing, these past three
months and longer,

And my spirit it is breaking, for I know that she ne'er
be wed."

"What would you give", she continued, "If a different
fortune could be thine?

What would you give", she did press me, "for a maiden
young and in her prime?

Who could give you money in your pocket, and gold for
you to squander,

And each night just to enchant you, golden tresses
strewn across your bed?"

"Oh, fair maiden, do not tempt me, though there's
something in your face, I know,

And the toss of your golden hair makes the strangest
spark within me grow.

But no money have I in my pocket, nor gold, nor land to
hold on,

And fear to take another to be troubled for my pains
again."

But as they were a-walking and talking fondly all the
day,

He knew this lass would have him if only they could
find a way.

"would travel all the roads of Ireland if one sweet

kiss you'd give me,
And forsaking friends and family just to keep you only
unto me."

"Come with me, love, on the morrow. On the high path
you and I must meet,
And no more will we be parted when we find at last our
own retreat.
And if friends and family ask about me, and the
change
that comes about me,
I can tell them with a glad heart, it's my first true
love that I've found."

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