Decemberists, The "Annan Water"

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Annan water
You loom so deep and wide
I would cross over
If you would stem the tide
Or build a boat
That I might ford the other side
To reach the farther shore
Where my true love lies in wait for me
In wait for me
In wait for me
In wait for me

O gray river
Your waters ramble while
The horses shiver
And bide against the bridle
But I will cross
If mine own horse is pulled from me
Though my mother cries that if I try
I sure will drownéd be
Will drownéd be
Will drownéd be
Will drownéd be

But if you calm
and let me pass
You may render me a wreck
When I come back
So calm your waves
And slow the churn
And you may have my precious bones on my return

Annan water
O hear my true love's call
Hear her holler
Above your water's pall
God, that I could
That my two arms could give me way
And I would cross your breadth
And rest my breast about her amber ring
Her amber ring

Her amber ring Her amber ring

But if you calm
And let me pass
You may render me a wreck
When I come back
So calm your waves
And slow the churn
And you may have my precious bones
On my
On my
Return

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