Wandrin' I'll Go

E **D** **E**
I am a rich lad and good fortune I've had
A **D** **E**
Lain many a lass by my side
E **D** **E**
I'd ne'er met a maid that I couldna' persuade
A **D** **E**
But ne'er would I make one my bride

Out hunting one morn midst the brush and the thorn
My lusty eyes spied a maid rovin'
Her locks were nut brown 'neath a spring lily crown
She smiled, her green eyes a glowin'

It took all my guile but I soon won her smile
My pledges romantic and grand
I whispered so sweet how she made me complete
And I asked her to tak' up my hand

"My laddie," said she, "I will go willingly,
This gentle glen tak' as our bed.
We two can be one 'neath the warm Irish sun
If-ya promise come mornin' we'll wed."

So quickly I lied, and "Aye," I replied
And laid her down there in the glen
(But) before the sun rose I took up my clothes
(And) I thought ne'er see to her again

Then by her command, when I made to stand,
My limbs had by magic root taken
She rose from her sleep and her sad eyes did weep
"Sir, the heart of a fairy you're breakin'."

"For being untrue you must now pay your due
Requited your love will ne'er be."
I laughed heartily as she then set me free
Her curse meaning little to me

Now time has gone by and full smitten am I
(But) my love grants me no more than scorn
For money or charm she'll not tak' my arm
Denied, I am grieved and forlorn

(Though) I am a rich lad, such misfortune I've had
My falseness and folly my sorrow
Far wealthier her he, who loves his lady
And will waken to true love tomorrow

By Lady Azrune Rowan/Whitney Reid