

THE WIND AND THE RAIN (C 10)

(Songbooks 2008)

'Twas early one morning in the month of May
Oh the wind and the rain
Two lovers went walking on a hot summer's day
Crying in the dreadful wind and rain

Well he said Oh my lady will you marry me
And my sweet wife you will always be

Well she said Oh no that can never be
For you're much too poor for the support of me

So he spun her around and he stabbed her to the ground
Threw her in deep water where he knew she would drown

Well she floated on down to the Miller's mill pond
Floated on down to the Miller's mill pond

Well the Miller fished her out with a long fishing line
The Miller fished her out with a long fishing line

Well he made fiddle pegs out of her long finger bones
He made fiddle pegs out of her long finger bones

And he made a fiddle bow out of her long yellow hair
He made a fiddle bow out of her long yellow hair

But the only tune that fiddle could play – was
The only tune that fiddle could play - was