

ROLLING OF THE STONES

(UNDER THE LEAVES 2006)

Monday morning go to school
Friday evening home
O brother will you walk with me all in the greenwood
Where we were wont to roam?

And will you go to the rolling of the stones
Or the tossing of the ball?
Or will you go and see pretty Susie
Dance among them all

I will not go to the rolling of the stones
Or the tossing of the ball
But I will go and see pretty Susie
Dance among them all

Then the eldest threw his brother down
He threw him to the ground
And the sword which hung at his young brother's side
It gave him a fatal wound

Will you drink of the blood
The white wine and the red?
Or will you go to see pretty Susie
When that I am dead?

He picked him up and carried him away
For he was sore distressed
He carried him and buried him all in the greenwoods
Where he was wont to rest

Pretty Susie she came a-wandering by
With a tablet under her arm
Until she came to her true love's grave
And she began to charm

She charmed the fish out of the sea
And the birds out of their nests
She charmed her true love out of his grave
So he could no longer rest

She charmed the birds out of the sky
The fish out of the bay
And there she lay in her true lover's arms
And there was content to stay

Will you go to the rolling of the stones
Or the tossing of the ball?
Or will you go and see pretty Susie
Dance among them all

I will not go to the rolling of the stones
Nor the tossing of the ball
And never will I see your own pretty Suzy
Dance among them all