Sweet Rosemary

Sandy Denny

My young man, oh, he is so fine
Sweet Rosemary did say
She gathered flowers and she sang
All about her wedding dayOh, when I was a lass at school
I looked out at the sky
And now among the woodlands cool
Gathering sweet primrosesI, I wish I was a little bird
With wings that I could fly
Then I would find my own true love
And when he'd speak then I'd be byMy heart would flutter like the wings
Oh, to see my own dear one
And pretty words I'd like to sing
All beneath the morning sun

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