

Fresh As a Sweet Sunday Morning

Bert Jansch

Like a high stepping pony strutting and prancing
Ah she's so full of life
Sparkling with tiny red roses
Let there be music to please her
Let it be sunbright to light up her day
Let the moon light her night
And fill her with deep silent sleepiness
If I were a small bird so tiny
I'd hide in her hair just to be near her
To hear her sweet voice
And feel her sweet body beside me
And if I were a high lord with riches
I'd clothe her in satin from India's far highlands
I would shoe her in gold
Then invite her to sit at my table
Step out young lady a-dancing
To the sound of sweet music so gaily come singing
For your beauty so rare
Is as fresh as a sweet Sunday morning

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