Blackbird

Martyn Bennett

What a voice, what a voice, what a voice I hear
It's like the voice of my Willy dear
But if I had wings like that swallow high
I would clasp in the arms o' my Billy boyWhat a voice, what a voice, what a voice I hear
It's like the voice of my Willy dear
But if I had wings like that swallow high
I would clasp in the arms o' my Billy boyWhen my apron it hung low
My true love followed through frost and snow
And noo my apron it is tae my chin
He passes me by and he ne'er spiers inThere is a blackbird sits on yon tree
Some says it is blind and it cannae see
Some says it is blind and it cannae see
And so is my true love tae me

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