Young Collins

Bob Roberts

[These lyrics are from the version of the song "Young Collins" recorded
by Peggy Seeger on the 1962 Prestige International record album
"A Song For You And Me" (INT 13058)]

Young Collins walked out from his field one day
Trees and flowers was in bloom - O
It was there he spied his own fair Ellen
A'washing a white marble stone - O
He called, he cried, he changed his mind
She called and waved her hand - O
Here, come here, Young Collins my dear
Your life is near at hand - O
He clasped a-round her slender waist
Kissed both cheek and chin - O
Till stars from heaven came a'twinkling down
To the place where Young Collins jumped in - O

He ran, he ran, to his father's house
Ran to his father's door - O
Dear father, father, come let me in
Come let me in once more - O
If I should die this very night
As I fear in my heart I will - O
Just bury me under that white marble stone
At the foot of fair Ellen's hill - O
Fair Ellen, she sat in her cottage door
Sewing on silks so fine - O
When there she spied his coffin a'coming
Just as far as her eyes could shine - O

She ordered his coffin be opened right there
She gazed on his cold, clay form - O
She took the last kiss from his cold, clay lips
So often they'd kissed her before - O
She ordered the curtains be brought right there
She trimmed them in silk so fine - O
Today, they'll weep on Young Collins' grave
Tomorrow, they'll grieve on mine - O
And the news went round through Davlyn Town

Printed on Davlyn's gate - O
Six pretty, fair maids did die last night
'Twas for Young Collins' fate - O

Lyrics Submitted by Gary Larson

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