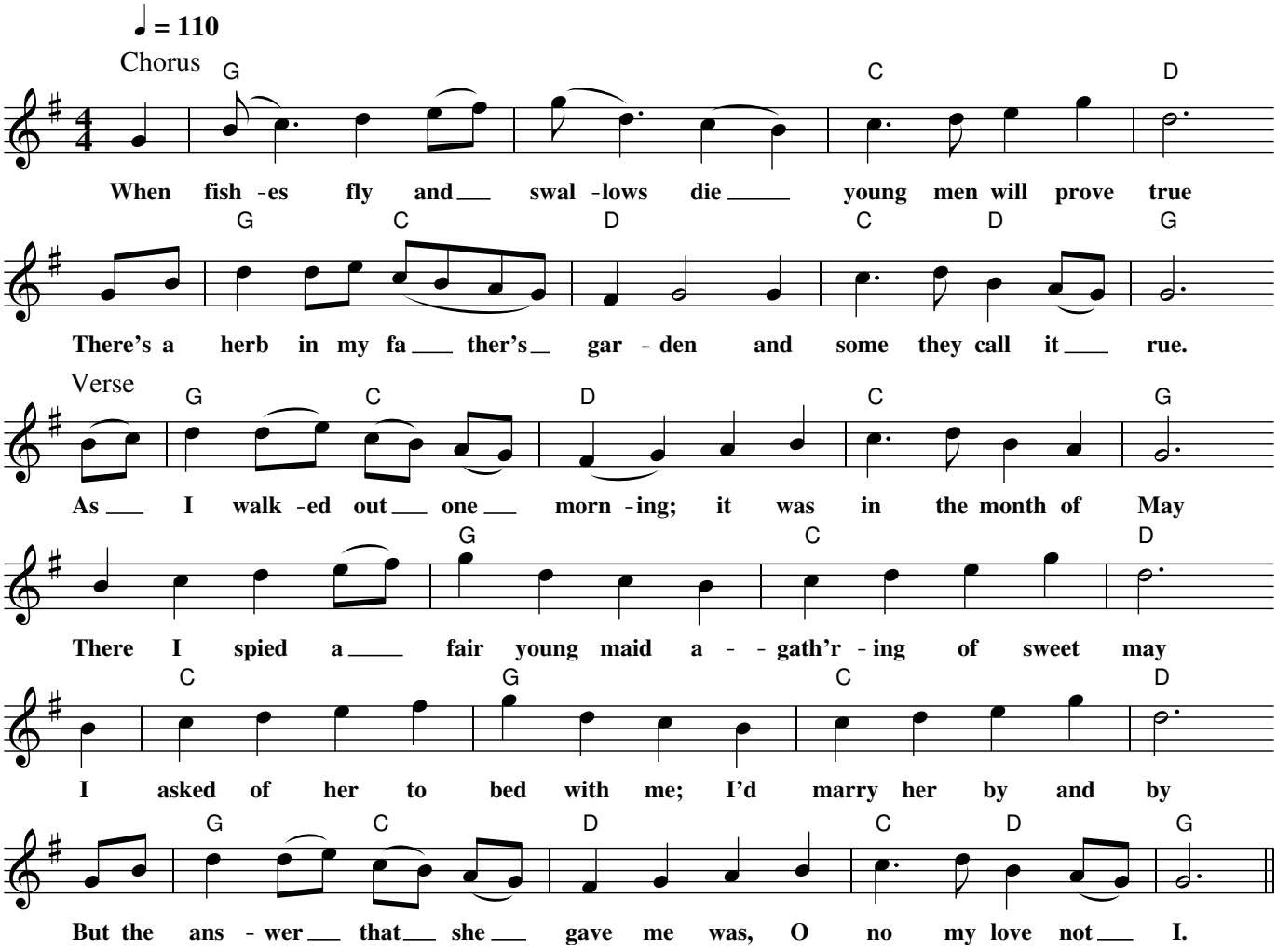
When Fishes Fly

No, my love, not I

Traditional

So we walked and we talked together till at length we did agree
To sit down on a mossy bank beneath the shady trees
The blackbirds and the sweet song thrush flew in and out the bush
And the song they sang in chorus was, O no my love, not I.

Now twenty weeks being over, she grew thick around the waist
This poor girl she grew pale and wan, her stays they would not lace
Her gown it would not pin my boys her apron strings won't tie
And she rued the day she said to him, No my love, not I.

So she wrote a letter to her true love to come immediately.
The answer he that sent to her was No my love, not I
Supposing I should come to you, on me they'd put the blame
My parents would be angry and friends would me disdain.

And all the very best thing I can advise you for to do
Go take your baby on your back, begging you should go
And when that you grow weary you can sit you down and cry
And think on the day you said to me, No my love, not I.