

Blow your winds, o

A song from the Bregas salt marshes and coastline, about a Marcher who stubbornly wouldn't let a herald get the better of her!

There once was a fine lass that worked
on the land

Blow, blow, blow your winds, o
Between the salty water and the salty
sea strand

**Dreary winds would blow your
braies fair away**

Well she met with a herald and he gave
her such a task

Blow, blow..
She didn't like his manners, 'cause he
didn't think to ask

Dreary winds...

He says,
You'll make for me a lovely linen shirt

Blow, blow..
Without any seams or that pretty
needlework

Dreary winds..

Wash it up for me in yonder dry well

Blow, blow..
Well there never was a trickle or a
dewdrop fell

Dreary winds..

She says,
If I do this task for thee
Surely you'll do something for me
Between the salty sea strand and the
salty sea
Never will you ever get nothing for
free

(instrumental)

Tha' will buy me an acre of land

Blow, blow..
Between the salty water and the salty
sea strand

Dreary winds..

Plough it up, so nicely, with a fine
ram's horn

Blow, blow..
And tha'll sow it over with one grain
of corn

Dreary winds..

Reap it up so nicely on the same day it
were sown

Blow, blow..
And roll it up with a sheep's shank
bone

Dreary winds..

Tha shall stook it in the sea

Blow, blow..
But bring the wheatsheaf dry to me
Dreary winds..

Yoke two sparrows to a matchbox,
hard

Blow, blow..
And cart it home, to me own farm yard
Dreary winds..

For surely when you put such task on
me
I'll surely put one as hard on thee
For how many ships sail in yonder lea
And how many sheep graze on yonder
sea

Dreary winds..