

The Banks of Allan Water

Retreat March



Lyrics

by Matthew "Monk" Lewis

1. By the banks of Allan Water
When the sweet springtime did fall
There I saw the miller's lovely daughter
 Fairest of them all
For his wife, a soldier sought her
And a winning tongue had he
On the banks of Allan Water,
 None so gay as she.

2. On the banks of Allan Water
When brown autumn spread its store
There I saw the miller's daughter
 But she smiled no more
For the summer, grief had brought her
And a soldier false was he
On the banks of Allan Water,
 None so sad as she.

3. On the banks of Allan Water
When the winter snow fell fast
Still was seen the miller's daughter
 Chilling blew the blast
But the miller's lovely daughter
Both from cold and care were free
On the banks of Allan Water
 A corpse lay she

