

# Llangollen Market

Be - yond the dis-tant moun-tains on May-day of this year —  
My sol-dier boy went march-ing and left me lone-ly here.  
The flow-ers in the mead-ow are beau-ti-ful to see,  
But I'll not know the spring-time till he comes back to — me.

Beyond the distant mountains on Mayday of this year  
My soldier boy went marching and left me lonely here.  
The flowers in the meadow are beautiful to see,  
But I'll not know the springtime till he comes back to me.

He begged me to go with him and journey far away,  
But I was young and fearful and chose instead to stay.  
The birds sing in the blue sky and nest in every tree,  
But I'll not know the springtime till he comes back to me.

The market in Llangollen was merry as a fair,  
And every day he'd meet me and we'd be happy there.  
The stalls and bright with treasures from far across the sea,  
But I'll not go to market till he comes back to me.