Willie Drowned in Ero

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My Willie is brave, my Willie is tall
My Willie is wondrous bonnie
He promised me he'd marry me
If ever he'd marry any
  if ever he'd marry any
  he promised he'd marry me
  if ever he'd marry any

My Willie is to the hunting gone
I fear he's going to tarry
He sent a letter back again
Saying he was too young to marry...

Last night I dreamed a dreadful dream
I fear it will bring sorrow
I dreamed I was reaping the heather green
Down by the banks of Ero...

Well, I will read your dream to you
I'll read it with grief and sorrow
But before tomorrow night you'll hear
Of your Willie being drownded in Ero

I sought him east, I sought him west
I sought him through a valley
And underneath the edge of a rock
Was the corpse of my Willie lying

Her hair it was three quarters long
The color it was yellow
And around the waist of her Willie she's turned
To pull him out of Ero

They buried him the very next day
They buried him with grief and sorrow
They buried him the very next day
Down by the banks of Ero

Child #215
recorded by Margaret Christl
SOF

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