

## ROLLING OF THE STONES

(UNDER THE LEAVES 2006)

Monday morning go to school  
Friday evening home  
O brother will you walk with me all in the greenwood  
Where we were wont to roam?

And will you go to the rolling of the stones  
Or the tossing of the ball?  
Or will you go and see pretty Susie  
Dance among them all

I will not go to the rolling of the stones  
Or the tossing of the ball  
But I will go and see pretty Susie  
Dance among them all

Then the eldest threw his brother down  
He threw him to the ground  
And the sword which hung at his young brother's side  
It gave him a fatal wound

Will you drink of the blood  
The white wine and the red?  
Or will you go to see pretty Susie  
When that I am dead?

He picked him up and carried him away  
For he was sore distressed  
He carried him and buried him all in the greenwoods  
Where he was wont to rest

Pretty Susie she came a-wandering by  
With a tablet under her arm  
Until she came to her true love's grave  
And she began to charm

She charmed the fish out of the sea  
And the birds out of their nests  
She charmed her true love out of his grave  
So he could no longer rest

She charmed the birds out of the sky  
The fish out of the bay  
And there she lay in her true lover's arms  
And there was content to stay

Will you go to the rolling of the stones  
Or the tossing of the ball?  
Or will you go and see pretty Susie  
Dance among them all

I will not go to the rolling of the stones  
Nor the tossing of the ball  
And never will I see your own pretty Suzy  
Dance among them all