Willie drowned in Ero.



My Willie is brave, my Willie is tall, My Willie is one that is bonny. He promised that he'd marry me If ever he'd marry any, If ever he'd marry any, He'd promised that he'd marry me If ever he marry any.

My Willie is to them huntings gone, I fear he's gone to tarry. He sent a letter back to me Saying he was too young to marry, Saying he was too young to marry. He sent a letter back to me 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 so green Down by the banks of Ero---

'Well, I will read your dream to you, I'll read it with grief and sorrow, That before tomorrow night you hear Of your Willie being drowned 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 was full three-quarters long, The colour it was yellow, And around the waist of her Willie she 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 Upon the banks of Ero---