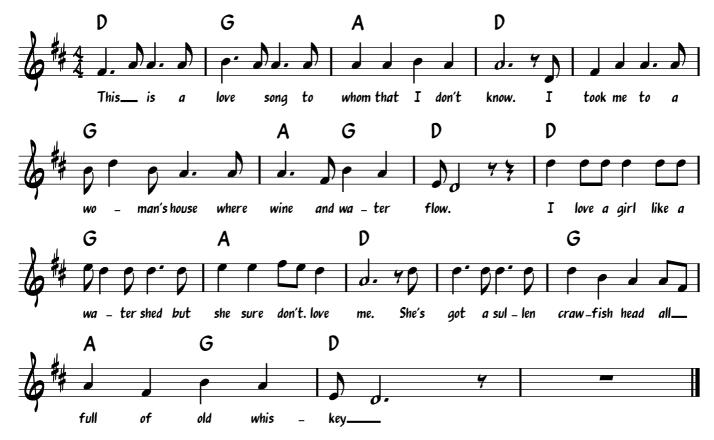
## Love in a Watercan

The Stillwater Hobos



But who is she with rosy cheeks, And hair like trickling fire, Soft and clear as mountain creeks, And music in your ear. And has she got a silver bell, Beneath that noon-time dress That's got me in her sunny well, And near her sighing breast.

This is a love long, To whom that I don't know. When you're laughing at my door, You melt that lasting snow. This is a love song, To whom that I don't know. But I'll take your hand in a watercan, And a-drinking we will go.

This is a love song, To whom that I don't know. I took me to a woman's house, Where wine and water flow.