

2. I courted a woman in long blue stockings.She wore blue stockings where ever she roamed.And though the path to my heart called to her,The path through those dark hills carried her home.Blue Stockings, Blue StockingsWhere are you now walking?And who, may I ask, is walking with you?On that pathway unknown,Are you walking alone?Blue Stockings, come walking,Come walking with me.

3. The hills hide a flower they call Blue Stockings. It clings to rock where the sun does not shine. And scorns the garden where it might wither To always remain my wild, rambling vine. Blue Stockings, Blue Stockings Where are you now walking? And who, may I ask, is walking with you? On that pathway unknown, Are you walking alone? Blue Stockings, come walking, Come walking with me.

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