Night Visiting Song

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The time has come, I can no longer tarry
This morning's tempest I must shortly brave
To cross the moors and high towering mountains
Until I'm in the arms of the one I love

And when he came to his true love's dwelling
He knelt down gently upon a stane
And whispered softly into the window
"Does my own true love lie there alane?"

She lifted her head from off her down-white pillow
She's lifted the blankets from off her breast
And raised herself up onto an elbow
"Who's that disturbing me from my night's rest?"

"It's I, it's I, it's I, your own true lover
Oh open the door, love and let me in
For I am wet love, and also wearied
For I am wet love, into the skin"

She raised herself up with the greatest of pleasure
She's raised her up and she's let him in
And all night long they rolled in each other's arms
Until the long night was past and gone

And when the long night was past and over
And when the small cocks began to crow
He shook her hand, aye, they've kissed and parted
He's saddles and mounted and away did go

recorded by Norman Kennedy
see also Are you sleeping Maggie
SOF