

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Come All You Loyal Lovers

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Come all you loyal lovers, I'd have you to draw near
And listen unto these few lines that I have written here
And while these lines I do write the salt tears I have felt
Lamenting for my own true love, who was slain in Atenveldt

My hands they are so feeble now, my pen I scarce can hold
My heart is full of sorrow now, my troubles are untold
I mourn just like a true turtledove, my heart beats a heavy knell
For now, alas, he lies dead, on the field in Atenveldt

I wish that I'd been near my love, that day upon the field
All for to save his dear heart's blood, his weapons I would wield
With his sword and shield in hand his enemies I would fell
For I'd kill the man who slew my love on the field in Atenveldt

I wish that I were an eagle, I'd fly into the air
All for to lose my labors and all to find him there
I would become like some little bird, my flight both true and fell
Until I found my own darling boy, on the field in Atenveldt

AJS