

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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I'll Never Get Home to My Darling Tonight

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As I was a-walking one evening alone,
I met a young fellow making his moan
The sky may be fair and the stars may be bright
But I'll never get home to my darling toning.
There was fine ale at Acombe, and fine ale at Wall,
The fine ale at Fallowfields's the best of them all.
I drank to the company so warm and so tight,
But I'll never get home to my darling tonight.

I promised her presents, I promised her spice.
She said that a shawl for the bairn would be nice.
But the coin in my hand it soon left me sight,
And I'll never get home to my darling tonight.
My friends called me back e'er I made for the door,
So many friends that I'd ne'er seen before,
But I can't see them now though try as I might,
And I'll never get home to my darling tonight.
There's no boat on the river, so I cannot row,
And the water's too wide for to wade in I know,
And the road is too long with no horse for to ride,
So I'll never get home to my darling toning.
So all you young fellows now hear what I say,
Head straight for home, when you pocket you pay,
For the fire in the ale-house is warm and it's bright,
But I'll never get home to my darling tonight.

SG