

Love, Henry - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

LOVE, HENRY.

Get down, get down, love, Henry, said she,
And stay all night with me,
There's a chair for you and a chair for me,
And a candle burning free.

I can't get down, little Margaret, said he,
Nor stay all night with thee,
For my own parents in Scotland
Are waiting to welcome me.

As he leaned over the horn of the saddle
And was taking kisses free,
She, with a small knife in her hand,
Did pierce him savagely.

Ride on, ride on, love, Henry, said she,
Ride on beneath the sun,
And see if you any physician can find
To cure a deadly wound.

I won't ride on, little Margaret, said he,
Ride on beneath the sun,
For there is no physician to be found
Who can cure a deadly wound.

There in my room doth lie a dead man,
Some one come take him away,
I murdered him for being false to me,
So bury him quick as you may.

Some took him by his long yellow hair.
Some took him by his feet,
And they threw him into a wide, wide well,
Full many a fathom deep.

Lie there, lie there, love, Henry, said she,
Till the flesh drops from your bones,
I think that your parents in Scotland
Will not soon welcome you home.

She turned herself around about
And gazed upon the leaves,
And there she spied a pretty bird
Flitting among the trees.

Fly down, fly down, little parrot, said she,
And sit all night on my knee,
Your cage shall be lined with golden beads,
And hung on a willow tree.

I won't fly down, little Margaret, said he,
Nor sit all night on your knee,
For I've seen you murder your own true love,
And soon you might murder me.

If I but had my arrow and bow,
And if I had my string,
I would shoot right through that pretty breast
That shines so bright and green.

If you but had your arrow And bow,
And if you had your string,
I would soar so high up in the air
That you never would see me again.