

ASG

"Pavan"

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Fare you well on the morrow I must leave
And I'm bound for a far and distant land
A tale would tell of my poor heart and how it grieves
So for you my love this sorrowful Pavan

(Chorus:)

I was born in Lincoln country
And the son of a country wife am I
Out of all the flowers growing wild in yon forest
You're the fairest rose on which I've laid an eye

Love me hard with the dawn I'll be gone
And I don't know if I'll be back again
God as my guard I'm the champion of the wronged

Off to holy wars to fight the Saracen

(Chorus)

While you're away does your spouse turn a whore
Or a chastity belt maiden while crusader's at war
I'm tired of my chain mail
My armour makes me sore
And it all seems so futile

Weep you will but my love I cannot stay
Dry your eyes and we'll share a parting kiss
Wait until the advent of that day
When I'm home and gone is sadness as this

(Chorus)

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