

Capercaillie

"The Bens Of Jura"

Visit "[The Bens Of Jura](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

If deceiving me, o love, thou wert;
If deceiving me despite thy vow;
Yet chant thy praise I ever will,
Tho' deceiving me, o love, thou wert.

O King! I am the sorrowful one,
And the love of the Earl a-hurting me;
The tears are ever running from mine eyes,
And my heart is bruised with the sting of thy love.

Last night I was with thee in my dream,
Across in Jura of the cold bens;
Thy kisses were like the green water-cresses
- Fled the dream - remained the pain.

Come, o love, and close my eyes
In the narrow kirst where I shall never awake;
Lay me down under earth from Jura -
In the grave alone is there rest for me.

Visit [Capercaillie](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.