

Kate Rusby **"Let Me Be"**

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They say a girl like me should wed,
And take a man to lay in my bed
But I would like to stay young and free,
And oh, I wish they would let me be
Oh, I wish they would let me be...
Let me be.

Robin the miller he's fond of brass,
He sees a fool's face when he looks in glass,
Thinks he'll bargain like grain for me
But oh, I wish he would let me be
Oh, I wish he would let me be,
Robin, let me be.

There came a man names Bonnie Jim
He looks so fine in his holiday trim
Thinks he'll take me off to the sea,
But oh, I wish he would let me be
Oh, I wish he would let me be,
Jim, let me be,
Jim, let me be.

Cousin Dick he has gold and land,
He thinks all this will win my hand
My hand or lips he will never see
But oh, I wish he would let me be
Oh, I wish he would let me be,
Dick, let me be.

This young soldier boy is Ned
His gun's like his own, he can shoot me dead,
His eyes are blue but they don't see me,
Oh, why does he let me be?
Oh, why does he let me be?
Let me be,
Why, you let me be?

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