

Kate Rusby "Night Visiting Song"

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I must away love, no longer tarry,
This roaring tempest I have to cross
I must be guided without a stumble
Into the arms I love the best.

And when he came up to his true-love's dwelling
He's knelt down gently upon the stone
And through the window he's whispered soft
Is my true-lover within at home?

She's raised her up from off her pillow
She's raised her up from off her bed
And through the window she's whispered soft
Who's that disturbeth my own night's rest?

Wake up, wake up, love, it's your own true-love
Wake up, wake up, love, and let me in.
Oh how the wind blows and how it rains,
Oh I am wet, love, unto the skin.

She's raised her up from off her pillow
She's raised her up and let him in.
They were locked in each other's arms
Until the long night was past and o'er.

And when the long night was passed and o'er
Oh when the dawn clouds the did divide.
He's leaned down gently and kissed her soft.
He's saddled up and away did ride.

He mounted up on his horse and away did ride.
He's mounted up on his horse and away did ride

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