

The Night Visiting Song

Composer

I must away now; I can no longer tarry,
This morning's tempest, I have to cross.
I must be guided without a stumble,
Into the arms I love the most

And when he came to his true love's dwelling,
He knelt down gently, upon a stone.
And through her window, he whispered lowly,
Is my true love within at home?

Wake up, wake up, love, it is thine own true lover,
Wake up, wake up, love, and let me in,
For I am tired, love, and oh so weary,
And more than near drenched to the skin.

She's raised her up her down soft pillow,
She's raised her up and she's let him in.
And they were locked in each other's arms,
Until that long night was past and gone.

And when that long night was past and over,
And when the small clouds began to grow,
He's taken her hand and they kissed and parted,
Then he saddled and mounted and away did go.