

Night Visit Song

The time is come, I must be go - - ing,
The burn - ing temp - - est I ___ have to cross
All over the ___ mount - ains I've rode ___ with pleas - - ure
This ve - ry night ___ I'll be with my lass

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The burning tempest I have to cross,
All over the mountains I've rode with pleasure
This very night I'll be with my lass.

I came unto my true love's window,
I knelt down gently upon a stone.
'Twas through a pane that I whispered slowly,
Saying, "My dear girl, are you alone?"

She rose her head from her soft down pillow,
Snowy was her milk-white breast,
Crying, "Who is there outside my window,
That have deprived me of my night's rest?"

"It's your true love, do not discover,
I pray, love, rise and let me in,
I am fatigued after my long journey,
Besides I'm wet unto the skin."

My love she rose with greatest pleasure,
Opening the door for to let me in,
We kissed, shook hands, embraced each other,
Till that long night were at an end.

When that long night were gone and over,
The cocks they did begin to crow.
We kissed, shook hands, in sorrow parted,
I took my leave and away did go.

My love has skin as the snow in winter,
Her cheeks as red as the rose in June,
Her black sparkling eye like a blazing star,
In a winter's night and it freezes too.