

Midst of Night



'Twas in the midst of night when dark-ness was all ov - er



The moon did give no light no nor could dis - cov - er

'Twas in the midst of night when darkness was all over,
The moon did give no light, no nor could discover.

Down by some riverside where ships were sailing
A lovely lass I spied weeping and wailing.

I boldly stepped up to her, asked her what grieved her,
The answer that she made, no one could relieve her.

"For they've pressed my love", cried she, "for to cross the wide ocean
And my heart like the sea always in motion."

"Mark well, my lovely lass, mark well my story,
It was your true love and I fought for England's glory.

And by one heavy shot we both got parted,
Great was the wound he got. O! he died valiant-hearted.

That right he had in you to me he gave it
Now since it is my due pray let me have it."

She wrung her hands and cried, flew up in anger,
"Begone young man", cried she, "for I'll wed no stranger."

Into her arms he flew, he could stay no longer.
"I am your true love," cried he, "I'll deceive no further."

"God bless the ship," cried she, "that brought my lover."
"And God bless the wind," cried he, "that brought me over."

Then they both sat down and sang, but my love sang clearest,
Like a nightingale in spring:- "you're welcome home dearest."

