

Go From My Window

June Tabor

Go from my window, my love, my dove
Go from my window, my dear
For the wind is in the West and the cuckoo's in her nest
And you can't have a lodging here

Go from my window, my love, my dove
Go from my window, my dear
For the weather it is warm, it will never do you harm
And you can't have a lodging here

Go from my window, my love, my dove
Go from my window, my dear
For the wind is rising high and the ship is lying by

And you can't have a harbouring here

Go from my window, my love, my dove
Go from my window, my dear
Oh, the wind and the rain have fetched him back again
But he can't have a harbouring here

Go from my window, my love, my dove
Go from my window, my dear
Oh, the devil's in the man that he will not understand
That he can't have a lodging here
Fare thee well
That he can't have a lodging here