

Must I Be Bound

June Tabor

Must I be bound while you go free?
Must I love one who never loved me?
Must I enact such a childish part
And follow one who will break my heart?

The first thing that my love gave me,
It was a cap well lined with lead.
The longer that I wore that cap,
It grew the heavier on my head.

You gave me a mantle for to wear,
Lined with grief and stitched with care.
And the drink you gave me was bitter gall
And the blows you gave to me were worse than all.

And the last thing that my love gave me gave me,
It was a belt with colours three.
And the first was pain and the next was sorrow
And the last it was sad misery.

But I will climb up that high, high tree,
And I will rob that wild bird's nest
And I will fall without a fear
And find me one that loves me the best.