

The Old Garden Gate

June Tabor

As I walked out one May morning
So early in the Spring,
I placed my back against the old garden gate
For to hear my true love sing.

Come now, my love, and sit down by me,
Where the leaves are springing green.
It's now very near the three quarters of a year
Since you and I together have been.

I will not come and sit down by you
Nor yet no other man.
Since you have been courting another young girl,
Your heart is no longer mine.

There is a flower, I've heard them say.
I wish I could that flower find.
It's called "hearts-ease" by night and, by day,
Would it ease my troubled mind?

I cast my anchor in the sea
And it sank down into the sand.
So did my heart, all in my body,
When I took my false love by the hand.

I'll never believe a man any more,
Be his hair white, yellow or brown,
Unless he was high on the gallows tree
And swearing that he wanted to come down.

So, girls, beware of a false love true.
Never mind what a young man might say.
He's like a star on a foggy, foggy morning:
You think he's near; he's far away.