

A Ballad

Kate Rusby

Take the robe from off thy form,
And cease thine hair to braid,
Thy love to thee will come no more,
He woos another maid,
And broken are the many vows,
That he hath pledged to thee,
He woos another maid, and this,
My bridal morn should be.

False to me oh say not so,
For if thy tale be true,
And the one that I love be lost to me,
I shall not live to rue,
And if he do take another mate,
Before the holy shrine,
Another ne'er shall have my heart,
Death will be a friend of mine.

She takes the robes from off her form,
And dons a snow white gown,
She loosened from her locks the braid,
And let her hair hang down,
She flung around her lovely head,
The thin shroud of her veil,
To hide the fast ascending tears,
And cheek of moon ray pale.

With hurried yet, with careful steps,
Into the church she hides,
And there she saw the false of heart,
Receive another bride,
The bridal pageant swept along,
'Til all the train had fled,
Why stands the lone deserted one,
She slumbers with the dead