

All God's Angels

Kate Rusby

Will you marry me sir
Oh tether me down
For I am too free
Will you walk hand in hand with me
For I do carry a child by thee

Oh madam, I'll not marry thee
For I'm married away
And I'll always be
I'll not walk hand in hand with thee
Even though you've a child by me

Oh sir, heartbroken I'll be
Is she finer than I
Is she tall and lean
Is she the rarest you've ever seen
Of your own heart is she the queen

Oh madam, she's twenty of thee
She's tall and she's lean
How she smiles on me
She's the rarest, she is my queen
I'll never care for a girl like thee

Oh sir, than shamed am I
I'll run to the fields
And it's there I'll die
There God's Angels will around me fly
There they'll care for my child and I