

## King and Country

Seth Lakeman

Folding hills and a silver lane,  
A weeping maid, an evening in the rain,  
Roses ramble and the trees hang low,  
We sit and drink to all good friends we  
know.

`Tis I my love who'll leave in June,  
For twenty five days no more.  
Now mark that spot from whence I came  
It's for king and country I'll come back  
again.

The first season passed without news.  
Two weeks gone and still no autumn  
tune.  
The leaves they weep for the loss of their  
spring,  
The dimming days they serve no better  
king.

`Tis I my love who fought for you.  
For twenty five weeks no more.  
Now mark that spot from whence I came  
It's for king and country I'll come back  
again.

The wind blew in a few small drops of  
rain.  
She followed them `til her tears ran down  
again.  
I'll do as much as any young man may.  
Please don't sit and mourn I'll come  
back rich and brave.

`Tis I my love who fell for you,  
After twenty five months no more.  
Now mark that spot from whence I came  
It's for king and country I'll come back  
again.  
I'll come back to you on the longest day.  
I'll come back to you when I'm rich and  
brave.  
I'll come back to you.

Out of the doorway her hands upon her  
head,  
The weeping maid, her love was lost or  
dead.  
Her longest day had only just begun.  
She cursed the man who favoured for  
the gun.

`Tis I my love who fell for you.  
For twenty five years or more  
Now mark that spot from whence we  
came  
It's for king and country I'll come back

again.

I'll come back to you on the longest day.

I'll come back to you when I'm rich and  
brave.

I'll come back to you on the longest day.

I'll come back to you