

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