

All Things Are Quite Silent

Steeleye Span

All things are quite silent, each mortal at rest,
When me and my true love lay snug in one nest,
When a bold set of ruffians broke into our cave,
And they forced my dear jewel to plough the salt wave.

I begged hard for my darling as I would for my life.
But they'd not listen to me although a fond wife,
Saying: The king must have sailors, to the seas he must go,
And they left me lamenting in sorrow and woe.

Through green fields and meadows we of times have walked,
And the fond recollections together have talked,
Where the lark and the blackbird so sweetly did sing,
And the lovely thrushes' voices made the valleys to ring.

Now although I'm forsaken, I won't be cast down.
Who knows but my true love some day may return
And will make me amends for my trouble and strife,
And me and my true love might live happy for life.