

Its Forty Long Miles

1. It's forty long miles I've travelled this way,
I saw a fine cottage all on the highway,
Such as I never had seen before and before,
Such as I never had seen before.
- 2 Oh! I boldly step up and I knock at the door,
I heard a fair lass skape over the floor,
And she loud-a-ly cried, "Who's there, who's there?"
And she loud-a-ly cried, "Who's there?"
- 3 "Oh! it rains and it blows and it hails and it snows,
And I am got wet through all my clothes,
So I pray you, love, open the door, oh! the door,
So I pray you love open the door."
- 4 "Oh! no, oh! no, it never can be,
For there's no-one to dwell in this cottage but me,
So I pray you begone from my door, my door,
So I pray you begone from my door."
- 5 I turned myself round some miles for to go,
The stormy winds, they began for to blow,
Then she called me back again and again,
Then she called me back again.
- 6 "You take off your wet and put on your dry,
You go into bed and quietly lie,
And quickly I will be there, will be there,
And quickly I will be there"
- 7 We passed all the night in sweet content,
And the very next day to the church we went,
Then I made her my lawful bride, my bride,
Then I made her my lawful bride.
- 8 Come all you young men whoever you be,
Kiss all the pretty fair maid that ever you see,
They'll call you back again and again,
They'll call you back again.

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