

Love Has Brought Me to Despair

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk.

In Oxford Town in Halifax fair
As I walked out to take the air,
I viewed the hills and the valleys 'round,
And at length I heard a doleful sound.

"My father he is a wealthy man;
My mother she is a lady fair,
And I their child only heir;
False lover has brought me to despair."

Then through yonder meadow at will she goes,
A-picking the flowers just as they grow,
First a pink and then a ble
Until she has gathered the meadow through.

Then out of the flowers she made her a bed,
A flowery pillow to ease her head.
Then she lay down, and then she Spoke:
Saying, "O false lover, my heart is broke.

"Go dig my grave both wide and deep;
Put a marble stone at my head and feet,
And on my breast put a turtle-dove
That the world may know I died for love."

When Mary's tre love this news came to be told,
That her fair body was dead and cold,
"I'm glad," said he, "she has done so well;
I long to hear the tolling bell.

"When Mary in Abraham's bosom shall sleep,
So softly, softly she will sleep;
When Mary in Abraham's bosom shall sleep,