

Go From My Window Trad.

Verse 1

[Dm]Go from my window, my [A]love, my [Dm]dove
Go from my [F]window my [C]dear
The wind is in the [A]West
And the [Dm]cuckoo's in his [A]nest
And you [Dm]can't have a [F]har[A]bouring [Dm]here.

Verse 2

Go from my window, my love, my dove
Go from my window my dear
The weather it is warm
It will never do thee harm
But you can't have a harbouring here

Verse 3

Go from my window, my love, my dove
Go from my window my dear
The wind is blowing high
And the ship is lying by
And you can't have a harbouring here

Verse 4

Go from my window, my love, my dove
Go from my window my dear
The window and the rain
Have brought him back again
But he can't have a harbouring here

Verse 5

Go from my window, my love, my dove
Go from my window my dear
The devil's in the man
That he will not understand
He can't have a harbouring here.