

Blackmore's Night, Catherine Howard's Fate

Oh, to my dearest ruler and lord
Merciful husband
Noblest of kings...
Your heart of gold has long since tarnished
In my champers
What will the morning bring?
What it my heart that doth betray me
Cause I loved more than one man?
Is it true your wear a wounded spirit?
Pray let me mend it and make our love anew...
Allow me to be your humble servant
Once again, as before...
Are you like the others, so quick to judge
And for this the queen must fall
What is my heart that doth betray me
Cause I loved more than one man?
Truth within the writings of a letter
Signed and sealed poor Catherine Howard's fate...
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