

Lloyd, One Night As I Lay On My Bed

ONE NIGHT AS I LAY ON MY BED

One night as I lay on my bed

I dreamed about a pretty maid.

I was so distressed, I could take no rest,

Love did torment me so.

So away to my true love I did go.

But when I came to my love's window,

I boldly called her by her name,

Saying: "It was for your sake I'm come here so late

Through this bitter frost and snow.

So it's open the window, my love, do."

"My mum and dad they are both awake,

And they will sure for to hear us speak.

There'll be no excuse then but sore abuse,

Many a bitter word and blow.

So begone from my window, my love, do."

"Your mum and dad they are both asleep,

And they are sure not to hear us speak,

For they're sleeping sound on their bed of down

And they draw their breath so low.

So open the window, my love, do!"

My love arose and she opened the door,

And just like an angel she stood on the floor.

Her eyes shone bright like the stars at night,

And no diamonds could shine so.

So in with my true love I did go.

From Folk Song In England, Lloyd

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