

All Things are quite Silent

trad. arr. S Morgan

All things are quite silent each mortal at rest
When me and my true love lay snug in one nest.
When a bold set of ruffians they entered our cave
And they forced my dear jewel to plough the salt wave.

I begged hard for my sailor as though I begged for life,
But they'd not listen to me although a fond wife
Saying 'The king he needs sailors, to the sea he must go'
And they left me lamenting in sorrow and woe.

Through the green fields and meadows we oftimes have walked
And in sweet conversation of love we have talked
While the birds in the woodland so sweetly did sing
And the lovely thrushes voices made the valleys to ring.

Although me love's gone I will not be cast down
For who knows but my sailor may once more return,
And he'll make me amends for all trouble and strife
And my true love and I might live happy for life.