Month of January

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It was in the month of January, the hills all clad with snow
It was over hills and valley my true love he did go
It was then I met a pretty young girl with a salt tear in her eye
She had a baby in her arms and bitter she did cry

"Oh cruel was my father that he barred the door to me
And cruel was my mother that dreadful crime to see
Cruel was my own true love that he changed his mind for gold
And cruel was that winter's night that pierced my heart with cold

For the taller that the palm tree grows the sweeter is the bark
And the fairer that a young man speaks, the falser is his heart
For he'll kiss you and embrace you till he thinks he has you won
Then he'll go away and leave you all for some other one

So come all you pretty fair maidens and a warning take by me
Never try and build your nest at the top of a high tree
For the green leaves they will wither and the branches all decay
And the beauty of a young man it soon will fade away"

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recorded by June Tabor on "Abyssinians" (1982)

MJ