Forty Long Miles

Forty Long Miles

It's forty long miles I've travel'd this way
I saw a fine cottage all on the highway
Such as I never had seen before, before and before
Such as I never had seen before.

Oh! I boldly step up andd I knock at the door,
I heard a fair lass skip over the floor,
And she loudly cried, "Who's there, who's there ?"
And she loudly cried, "Who's there ?"

"Oh! it rains and it blows, it hails and it snows,
And I am got wet through all my clothes,
So I pray you, love, open the door, Oh! the door,
So I pray you, love, open the door. "

"Oh no! Oh no! it never can be,
For there's no-one does dwell in this cottage but me
So I pray you begone from my door, Oh! my door
So I pray you begone from my door."

He turn'd himself round some miles for to go,
The stormy winds began for to blow,
Then she call'd me back again, and again,
Then she call'd me back again.

"You take off your wet and put on your dry
You go into bed and quietly lie,
And quickly I will be there, will be there,
And quickly I will be there. "

We pass'd all that night in sweet content,
And the very next day to the church we went,
Then I made her my lawful bride, my bride,
Then I made her my lawful bride.

Come all you young men whoever you be,
Kiss all the pretty fair maids that ever you see,
They'll call you back again and again
They'll call you back again.

From The Constant Lovers, Purslow

Collected from Mrs. Gulliver, Somerset, 1905

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