

Ya Benaye

Orphaned Land

O lady doth say to me
Why art thou eyes tearful?
I did not elope
And I have no other love
O lad O lad thy love
Is etched within my heart
Each night I wait at they doorstep
O lady say to me
How I may silent my heart
Will god make thee see my plight
O lad O lad whose curls are thick
Who shall give you a green scruff to cover thy brow