

# The Night Visiting Song

The Dubliners

I must away now; I can no longer tarry, this morning's  
Tempest, I have to cross.  
I must be guided without a stumble, into the arms I love  
The most.

And when he came to his true love's dwelling, he knelt  
Down gently, upon a stone.  
And through her window, he's whispered lowly, is my true  
Love within at home?

Wake up, wake up, love, it is thine own true lover, wake  
Up, wake up, love, and let me in.  
For I am tired, love, and oh so weary, and more than near  
Drenched to the skin.

She's raised her up her down soft pillow, she's raised  
Her up and she's let him in.  
And they were locked in eachother's arms, until that long  
Night was past and gone.

And when that long night was past and over, and when the  
Small clouds began to grow,  
He's taken her hand and they kissed and parted, then he  
Saddled and mounted and away did go.

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