

False, False

June Tabor

False, false have you been to me, my love
Oh, when did you change your mind?
Ah, but since you've laid your love on another fair maid
I'm afraid that you're no more mine

I was climbing to a tree that was too high for me
Asking for fruit where there weren't any grew
I've been lifting warm water out beneath cold clay
And against the stream I was rowing

But I mean to climb up some higher, higher tree
And harry a white snowflake's nest
And down shall I fall, ay, without any fear
To the arms that love me best