

## Go From My Window

June Tabor

Go from my window, my love, my dove  
Go from my window, my dear  
For the wind is in the West and the cuckoo's in her nest  
And you can't have a lodging here

Go from my window, my love, my dove  
Go from my window, my dear  
For the weather it is warm, it will never do you harm  
And you can't have a lodging here

Go from my window, my love, my dove  
Go from my window, my dear  
For the wind is rising high and the ship is lying by  
  
And you can't have a harbouring here

Go from my window, my love, my dove  
Go from my window, my dear  
Oh, the wind and the rain have fetched him back again  
But he can't have a harbouring here

Go from my window, my love, my dove  
Go from my window, my dear  
Oh, the devil's in the man that he will not understand  
That he can't have a lodging here  
Fare thee well  
That he can't have a lodging here