

Awake, Awake

Steeleye Span

Awake, awake oh northern wind
Blow on my garden fair
Let my lover come to me
And tell me of his care
For now the winter it is past
Likewise the drops of rain
Come lie in the valley of lilies
Midst the roses of the plain

He took me to a garden fair
And there he laid me down
His left hand lay beneath my head
His right did me surround
His eyes were palms by water brooks
His fingers rods of gold
His head upon my breast did lie
His love did me enfold

Her hair is like a flock of goats
Across the mountain side
Her breasts are like the grapes upon
The vine where I shall bide
Her mouth is sweeter far than vine
And warm to my embrace
No mountain side can hide my love
No veil conceal her face

My lover's hand was on the door
My belly stirred within
My fingers wet with myrrh
I pulled the bolt to let him in
With my own hands I opened
But I found I was alone
My soul failed for my lover had
Withdrawn himself and gone

I'll get me to a mount of myrrh
And there I'll lay me down
For waters cannot quench my love
In floods it cannot drown
My love is clear as the sun
She's fair as the moon
Oh stir not up nor waken love
Lest it should come to soon

Chorus