ALL THINGS ARE QUITE SILENT

All things are quite silent, each mortal at rest
When me and my love got snug in one nest
When a bold set of ruffians they entered our cave
And they forced my dear jewel to plough the salt wave

I begged hard for my sailor as I'd beg for my life
They'd not listen to me although a fond wife
Saying: "The king he wants sailors, to the sea he must go,"
And they've left me lamenting in sorrow and woe

Through green fields and meadows we ofttimes did walk

And sweet conversation of love we have talked

With the birds in the woodland so sweetly did sing

And the lovely thrushes’ voices made the valleys to ring

Although my love's gone I will not be cast down
Who knows but my sailor may once more return?
And will make me amends for all trouble and strife
And my true love and I might live happy for life