

Cold and Haily Night



My cap is fro - zen to my head, my feet, my fin - gers chill and dead my heart is like
a lump of lead, with stand - ing at your win - dow pane O let me in fair maid - en bright,
it is a cold and hail - y night and I won't, and I won't go back a - gain

My cap is frozen to my head
My feet, my fingers chill and dead
My heart is like a lump of lead
With standing at your window pane
O let me in fair maiden bright
It is a cold and haily night
And I won't - and I won't go back again

Your dad and mam are fast asleep
The raindrops from the thatching weep
As here against the wall I creep
And standing at your window pane
O let me in fair maiden bright
It is a cold and haily night
And I won't - and I won't go back again

O then she rose to let him in
She kiss'd his frozen lips and chin
And so his way the lad did win
From standing at the window pane
O joy within and heat and light
Without a cold and haily night
And I won't - and I won't go back again

From John Woodridge

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