THE RAVENS -- Meg Davis

You cannot take my husband,

He is not fit for war

He has no gift for fighting,

He doesn't care what you're fighting for

He is the master of this house,

He plants and tills the fields

And if you take him off to war,

What will become of me?

 But they bound him up in heavy chains

 And they rolled him through the town

 They put him on their wooden ships

 And they broke his spirit down

 And a fortnight later they told me

 How a dagger pierced his side

 How he fought to the death in the raging sea

 Then slowly sank and died.

And oh, the ravens with souls like candlelight

The messengers of doom, they sit

And they call my name each night

You cannot take my bonny boy

You cannot take my son

He is only twenty years old

And his life is just begun

Oh the girls all think he's handsome

And the boys all find him grand

What kind of a life can my bonny boy lead

With a dagger in his hand?

 But they sent him off to a foreign war

 And they taught him how to kill

 And I heard from a friend

 His life was at end,

 He had fallen deathly ill

 Oh he burned and raged with fever

 It drained his body dry

 It dried his heart, it dried his bones

 It left no tears to cry

 And oh, the ravens, with souls like candlelight--

You cannot take my life away

You cannot take my life

My only son's now lying cold,

I am a dead man's wife

And there's no one left to keep me warm

My heart is bruised and sore

Why come you then, why come you then

To knock upon my door?

 There's a shadow in the doorstep

 And it's ringing at the bell

 It's knocking on the windows

 Oh I know that sound so well

 Death came disguised as soldiers

 Death came disguised as war

 Death comes disguised as a starlit night

 And calls my name once more...