

## Heartbreak

Words by Ian C. McKay, sung to the tune of the duet of Point and Elsie in the Yeomen of the Guard, Act I. Copies available at <http://www.discourses.org.uk>

Boy: I have a song to sing, O!

Girl: Sing me your song, O!

Boy: It is sung to the moon  
By a love-lorn loon,  
Cast out by his friends and family.  
It's a song of a fugitive filled with dread,  
Whose soul was sad and whose eyes were red,  
Who drank no wine, and who broke no bread,  
As he sighed for the love of a ladye.  
    Heighdy! heighdy!  
    Misery me, lackadayee!  
He drank no wine and he broke no bread,  
As he sighed for the love of a ladye.

Girl: I have a song to sing, O!

Boy: What is your song, O?

Girl: It is sung with the ring  
Of the songs girls sing  
Who love with a love life-long, O!  
It's the song of a sister, subdued and cowed,  
Who stayed with her friends and who wept aloud  
At the fate of the fugitive, filled with dread,  
Whose soul was sad and whose eyes were red,  
Who drank no wine, and who broke no bread,  
As he sighed for the love of a ladye.  
    Heighdy! heighdy!  
    Misery me, lackadayee!  
He drank no wine and he broke no bread,  
As he sighed for the love of a ladye.

Boy: I have a song to sing, O!

Girl: Sing me your song, O!

Boy: It is sung to the knell  
Of a churchyard bell,  
And a doleful dirge, ding-dong, O!  
It's a song of an outcast, bruised and torn,  
Who turned up his noble nose with scorn  
And abandoned the sister, subdued and cowed,  
Who stayed with her friends and who wept aloud  
At the fate of the fugitive, filled with dread,  
Whose soul was sad and whose eyes were red,  
Who drank no wine, and who broke no bread,  
As he sighed for the love of a ladye.

Both:           Heighdy! heighdy!  
                  Misery me, lackadayee!  
He drank no wine and he broke no bread,  
As he sighed for the love of a ladye.

Girl: I have a song to sing, O!

Boy: Sing me your song, O!

Girl: It is sung with a sigh  
And a tear in the eye,  
For it tells of a righted wrong, O!  
It's a song of a prisoner once confined  
Who fled from her captors and vowed she would find  
The runaway outcast, bruised and torn,  
Who turned up his noble nose with scorn  
At the humble heart that he did not prize:  
So she begged on her knees, with downcast eyes,  
For the love of the fugitive, filled with dread,  
Whose soul was sad and whose eyes were red,  
Who drank no wine, and who broke no bread,  
As he sighed for the love of a ladye.

All:            Heighdy! heighdy!  
                  Misery me, lackadayee!  
He drank no wine and he broke no bread,  
As he sighed for the love of a ladye.