

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Digby

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Captain Digby's Farewell [Playhouse song, 1671, curiously the year before Digby died at sea.]

I'll go to my love where he lies in the deep,
And in my embraces my dearest shall sleep:
When we awake, the kind dolphins together shall throng,
And in chariots of shells draw us along.

The orient pearls, which the ocean bestowes,
With coral we'll mix, and a crown soe compose;
The sea-nymphs shall sigh, and envy our bliss,
We will teach them to love, and their cockles to kiss.

For my love sleeps now in a wat'ry grave,
He hath nothing to shew for his tombe but a wave:
I'll kiss his cold lips, not the corall more red,
That growes where he lies in his wat'ry bed.

Ah! ah! my love's dead; there was not a bell,
But a trition's shell,
To ring, to ring out his knell.

And here's a curiosity from BL MS Add'l. 30982, reversing the sexes:

O my love sleeps now
on her watery grave
and hath nothing to show
for a tomb but a wave

He kiss her cold lipps
then the corall more red
that grows where she lyes
in her waterie bed
ah ah ah my loves dead
and not a bell,
but a tritons shell
to ring her knell

I'll go to my love
where she lies in the deep
& in my imbraces
my dearest shall sleep

and when we awake
the kind dolphins shall throng
and in Charriots of shells
they shall draw us along

of the oriental'st pearl
the ocean bestows
mixt withe ye corral
a crown weel compose
the sea nymphs shall sigh
and shall envie our bliss
and weel teach them to love
and the cockles to kiss
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Here's a slightly later version of the song of 'The mad woman in
the Pilgrim', the basis of Laws K 17]

WBO

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