

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Fisherman's Boy

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Down in the lowlands a poor boy did wander
Down in the lowlands a poor boy roamed,
By his friends he was deserted, he looked so dejected,
Cries the poor little fisherman so far away from home.

"Oh, where is my cot, oh, where is my father;
Alas. they are gone, and has caused me to roam.
My mother died on the pillow, my father sank in the billow
Cries the poor little fisherman so far away from home.

"Bitter was the night and loud roared the thunder.
The lightning did flash, and our ship was overthrown:
I clasped my master round-o. I gained my native ground-o,
Lost my father in the deep far, far away from home.

"I waited on the beach, right 'round me roared the water,
I waited in the beach, but alas, no father came;
It's now I'm forced to range. exposed to every danger?
Cries the poor little fisherman so far away from home.

A lady when she heard him, she opened her window,
And in the kindest manner desired him to come in;
Tears fell from her eyes as she heard his mournful cries,
Cries the poor little fisherman so far away from home.

She begged of her father to find him some employment,
She begged of her father no more to let him roam;
Her father said. "Don't grieve me, this boy shall never leave me,
Poor boy, I will relieve thee, so far away from home."

Many years he labored to serve his noble master,
Many years he labored till he a man became;
Its now I'll tell each stranger the hardships and the danger
Of the poor little fisherman's boy, far, far away from home.

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From Eddy, Ballads and Songs from Ohio

Collected from Rev. Franklin Eddy from Ashtabula

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