

The Dark-Eyed Sailor
By:Alistair Hulett
an English folk song

As I went out one evening fair,
It being the summertime to take the air,
I spied a sailor and a lady gay;
And I stood to listen,
And I stood to listen
To hear what they might say.

He said, "Fair maiden why do you roam?
The day is spent and the night is on."
She heaved a sigh, and the tears did roll.
"For my dark-eyed sailor,
For my dark-eyed sailor,
So young and stout and bold."

"'Tis seven long years since he left this land.
A ring he took off his lily white hand.
One-half of the ring is still here with me.
But, the other's rolling,
But, the other's rolling
At the bottom of the sea."

He said, "You must write him out of your mind.
Some other young man, you'll surely find.
Love turns aside, and some cold does grow.
Like a winter's morning,
Like a winter's morning,
The hills all white with snow."

She said, "I will never forsake my love,
Although it hurted this many a year.
Genteel he was, and no rake like you
To induce a maiden,
To induce a maiden
To slight the jacket blue."

One-half of the ring did young William show;
She ran distracted in grief and woe.
Saying, "William, William, I have gold in store
For my dark-eyed sailor,
For my dark-eyed sailor
Has proved my overthrow."

And there is a cottage by yonder lea;
This couple's married and does agree;
So, maids be loyal when your love's at sea
For a cloudy morning,
For a cloudy morning
Brings in a sunny day.