

I am as poor a distressed maid  
The Banks of Sweet Loch Ray

I am as poor a distressed maid  
As ever yet was known.  
By love I'm captivated  
Which is proved my overthrow.  
When herding out my father's flocks  
By accident did stray  
It was there I met my sailor bold  
On the banks of sweet Loch Ray.

2. "Good morning to you, fair maid," he said,  
With a heart so free  
"And would you be contented  
To go along with me?  
I will dress you like Queen Helen  
All in your Grecian style  
And when we'll go to the town of Boyle  
I will there make you my bride."

3. With a modest blush this fair maid said,  
"Your suit I must deny  
For I am no way fitting  
To be a sailor's bride.  
Far from my native country  
I am not inclined to stray  
For my heart would break were I to leave  
The banks of sweet Loch Ray."

4. "Fair maiden, I will not ask you  
To leave your native place.  
We will here set down and court awhile  
All in this silent place,  
We will set down and court awhile  
Among the flowers so gay  
And herd your sheep as they do feed  
On the banks of sweet Loch Ray."

5. Rolled up in the rapture of the night  
The time stole slowly on.  
My love has taken flight  
And from me he has gone.  
I'll never love a young man,  
I never loved any young man half so well  
And where to find my sailor bold  
I'm sure I cannot tell.

6. My sailor bold he's gone from me  
And he's crossed o'er the Main.  
I mean for to live single  
Until he returns again.  
A crown of gold I would bestow  
And at his feet I'd lay.  
I'd bid adieu forevermore  
To the banks of sweet Loch Ray.