

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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The Mermaid

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Twass Friday morn when we set sail
And we were not far from the land
When the captain, he spied a lovely mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand

O the ocean's waves may roll (let em roll)
And the stormy winds may blow (let em blow)
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top
And the landlubbers lie down below (below, below)
And the landlubbers lie down below

And up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
And a well-spoken man was he
I have me a wife in Salem by the sea
And tonight she a widow will be

And up spoke the cook of our gallant ship
And a red hot cook was he
Saying I care much more for my pots and my pans
Than I do for the bottom of the sea

Then three times around went our gallant ship
And three times around went she
Three times around went our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea

Penultimate verse

Then up spoke the cabinboy, of our gallant ship
And a nasty little lad was he.
I'm not quite sure I can spell "mermaid"
But I'm going to the bottom of the sea.
(learned from my father ca 1931 --RG)

Child #289

recorded by Harry Tuft and Michael Cooney
SOF