

The Sailor From Dover

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There was a sailor from Dover, from Dover he came
He courted a fair young damsel, and Sally was her name;
And she being so lofty and her portion being so high,
All on a poor sailor love she scarce would cast an eye.

"O Sally, dearest Sally, O Sally," then said he,
"I fear that your false heart my ruin it will be;
Without your present hatred is turned into love,
You'll make me broken-hearted and my ruin it will prove."

"I cannot love a sailor, nor any such a man,
So keep your heart in comfort and forget me if you can.
I pray you keep your distance and mind your own discourse
For I never intend to marry you unless that I am forced.'

But when a year was over and twelve months they was past
This lovely young damsel she grew sick in love at last.
Entangled she was all in her love, she did not know for why
So she sent for the young man on whom she had an eye.

"Oh, am I now now the doctor, that you have sent for me?
Pray do you well remember how once you slighted me?
How once you slighted me, my love, and treated me with scorn,
So now I will reward you for all that you have done."

"For what is past and gone," she said, "I pray you to forgive
And grant me just a little longer time for to live."

"Oh no, my dearest Sally, as long as I have breath,
I'll dance all on your grave, love, as you lie under the earth."

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