

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Silvery Tide

Silvery Tide

It's of a fair young creature
Who lived by the sea side,
Whose pretty form and feature
Was called the village pride.
Young Henry a sea captain
Whose heart Molly did gain,
Which proved true to young Henry
Who's on the silvery tide.

It was at Henry's absence
A nobleman there came,
A-courting pretty Molly
Whom she refused to gain,
My vows in vain while on the main,
I love but one, she cried,
So pray begone for I love but one
Where flows the silvery tide,

One morning as the villain
Walked out to take the air,
Down by the ocean roaring
He met the lady fair,
He cries, you heartless maiden,
Consent to be my bride,
Or sink or swim while far from him
Who's on the silvery tide,

Molly with her trembling lips-
My vows I never will break,
I love my own dear Henry,
I'll die for his dear sake,
He bound her with his handkerchief
And throwed her o'er the side,
While shrieking she went sinking
Down in the silvery tide.

Soon afterwards young Henry
Had just come home from sea,
Expecting to be happy
He'd named his wedding day.
Oh I fear your true love's drowneded,

His aged parents cried,
She caused her own destruction
Far down the silvery tide.

Young Henry on his pillow lay,
For he could take no rest,
For thoughts of his dear Molly
Disturbed his peaceful breast.
He dreamed that he was walking
Down by the ocean wide,
And Molly he saw a-walking
Far down the silvery tide,

So up rose young Henry
And straightway he did go,
To wander up and down the banks
All by the roaring sea,
At daybreak in the morning
Pretty Molly's corpse he spied,
To and fro went a-floating
Down on the silvery tide,

He knew it was his Molly
By his own ring on her hand,
He then unbound the handkerchief
Which brought him to a stand
The name of this bold murderer
On the handkerchief he spied,
Which proved to him that Molly
Was drowned in the silvery tide,

The wicked villain was taken,
The gallows was his doom,
For ending pretty Molly
Who scarce attained her bloom,
Young Henry, so defeated
He mourned until he died,
The last word was for Molly
Who was drowned in the silvery tide,

From Ozark Folk Songs, Randolph
Collected from Sylvia Hill, MO, 1940
DT #336
Laws O37