

The Sailor Boy - song lyrics

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THE SAILOR BOY.

A sailor's is a grand old life,
But many are lost in the billows' strife,
It causes many to weep and mourn
The loss of their sailor ne'er to return.

Dark is the color of my true love's hair,
His cheeks near the hue of a lily fair;
If ever he returns it will give me great joy,
For none can I love but my dear sailor boy.

Oh, father, father, please build me a boat
In which over the ocean I may float,
And of every ship that I pass by
I'll inquire concerning my sailor boy.

As she sailed forth across the main
She spied a ship just coming from Spain,
She hailed the captain as he drew nigh,
And of him inquired for her sailor boy.

Captain, captain, tell me true,
Does my dear William sail with you?
Tell me quick, it will give me great joy,
For none can I love but my dear sailor boy.

Oh, no, oh, no, he is not here,
He is drowned in the gulf, my dear,
Below the rocky island as we passed by,
There we left your true love lie.

She steered her boat against the rock,
For her poor heart was almost broke,
She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
She was indeed in great despair.

Oh, father, father, dig my grave,
Make it as deep as the surging wave,
Place on my breast a turtle dove,
That the world may know I died for love.