

The Broken Token.



A fair young maid walked in the gar-den. A brisk young sai - lor she chanced to spy. He stepped up to her, think - ing to woo - her say - ing fair maid can you fan - cy me?

2. "You seem to be like some man of honour,
Some man of honour you seem to be.
How can you impose on a poor young woman,
That is not fit your servant to be."
3. "Well, if you are not fitting to be my servant,
I have a great regard for thee.
I'll marry you, I'll make you my lady,
And I'll have servants to wait on you."
4. "But I have true lover of my own, Sir,
And 7 years he's been gone from me,
And 7 more I will wait all for him,
For if he's alive he will be true to me."
5. "If 7 years your love have leaved ye,
I'm sure he's either dead or drown'd."
"Well and if he's alive, I do love him dearly,
And if he's dead, he's in glory crowned."
6. Well, when he saw that his true love was loyal,
Down before her he did fall.
Saying "I am the poor & young single sailor,
Which many long years on the ocean sail."
7. "If you are my poor & young single sailor,
Show me the token I gave to thee.
For 7 years make alteration
Since my true love has gone to sea."
8. He pulled his hands out of his bosom,
His fingers they being both long and small:
"Here is the ring that was broken between us."
And when she saw, then down she fell.
9. He took her up all his arms
Giveing her kisses one, two by three,
Saying "I am the poor and young single sailor
Just now returned to marry thee."

Source: 1st verse sung by Henry Thomas, Chipping Sodbury on April 3rd 1907. Collected by Cecil Sharp.
Further verses from J. Pomery, Bridport, Dorset, coll HED Hammond.