

My Love's Gone

As I was a - - walk - ing down by the sea shore
Where the wind and the waves and the bill - - ows did roar,
Where the wind and the waves and the wa - - ters run down
I heard a shrill voice make a sor - - row - - ful sound,
Cry - - ing, "Oh my love's gone who I does a - - dore.
He's gone and I nev - er, no nev - er, shall see my love more."

2. "Oh why should I mourn for my true love who's slain
While his body lies under the watery main?
The shells of the oysters shall make my love's bed,
And the shrimps of the sea shall swim over his head."
Crying, "Oh my love's gone who I does adore.
He's gone and I never, no never, shall see my love more."

3. As I was a-going to go on my way
I heard this fair damsel so pleasant and gay.
She'd thrown her fair body right into the deep
And closed up her eyes in the water to sleep.
Crying, "Oh my love's gone who I does adore.
He's gone and I never, no never, shall see my love more"

Source: William Shepherd, aged 93, Winchcombe, 5th April 1908, collected by Percy Grainger