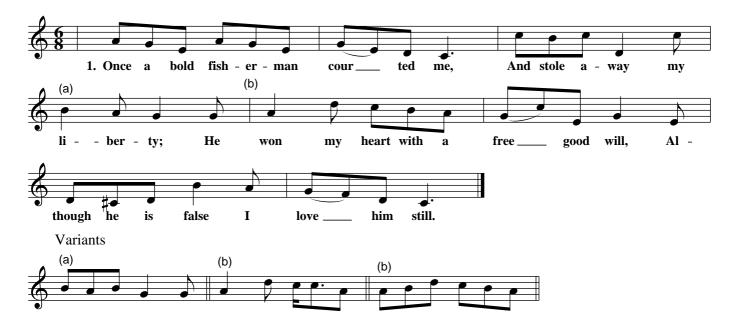
Once a Bold Fisherman Courted Me



- 2. Once I wore my apron low,
 My love followed me through frost and snow;
 But now my apron's touching my chin,
 My love he pass by but never calls in.
- 3. There is one alehouse in this town, My love walks in and sets himself down; He takes another strange girl on his knee, He smiles at her and frowns on me.
- 4. Oh grief, oh grief I'll tell you for why, It's because that she's got more gold than I; Her gold will waste and her beauty will fly, And in a short time she'll come like I.
- 5. Down in the meadow the poor girl she run, She was gathering flowers as they sprung; She gathered them white and she gathered them blue Till at last she gathered her apron full.
- 6. Come blow you, blow you stormy winds blow, Come and blow the green leaves from the tree; She sat herself down and no more she spoke, And alas poor girl her heart it was broke.
- 7. Come dig me a grave both long wide and deep, Put a marble stone at my head and my feet; And in the middle a turtle dove, For to let the world know I died for love.

8. I died for love you plainly can see, I died for one that never loved me; He won my heart with a free good will, Although he is false I love him still.

Source: Sung by Danny Brazil, Staverton, Gloucester March 1978. Collected by Gwilym Davies.

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