

Once a Bold Fisherman Courted Me

1. Once a bold fish - er - man cour - ted me, And stole a - way my

(a) li - - ber - ty; (b) He won my heart with a free - good will, Al -

though he is false I love - him still.

Variants

(a) (b) (b)

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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