

A Brisk Young Sailor

A brisk young sail - or came courti-ng me He_ robbed me of my sweet lib - er - ty. (He
stole my heart and a free good will, He_ has it now and he keeps it still.)

1. A brisk young sailor courted me,
He stole away my liberty.
He stole my heart and a free good will,
He has it now and he keeps it still.
2. Now down in the meadows I did roam
To pick the flowers as they sprung,
At every sort I gave a pull
Until I filled my apron full.
3. And as I carried my apron low,
My true love followed me through frost and snow.
But now my gown can scarcely pin,
He'll pass me by and say nothing.
4. [There] is an alehouse in yonder town,
He'll take a seat and sit himself down.
He'll take a strange girl on his knee,
And don't you think that's grief to me!
5. O how grieved I am, how grieved I am,
That she has gold but I have none:
But gold will waste and beauty blast,
And this poor girl she'll come like me at last.
6. Yonder is a rogue on yonder hill,
He's got two hearts as hard as steel.
He's got two hearts instead of one,
And he'll be a rogue when I am gone.

Source: Sung by Mrs. Richards, Little Sodbury. Collected by Cecil J. Sharp 2nd April 1907. Words from Thomas Colcombe, Weobley, Herefords, noted F.W. Jekyll, Sep. 1906 (Lucy Broadwood MSS. collection)

Notes: Cecil Sharp noted the words only of the first 2 lines of verse 1.