

## Fisherman's Girl

### The Poor Little Fisherman's Girl

1. Down in the coun - try the poor girl she was wee - - ping,  
 Down in the coun - - try poor Ma - - ry Anne did mourn, She's be -  
 lay - ing to this na - - tion she's lost her dear re - - la - - tion, Cries the  
 poor lit - - tle fish - er - man's girl and her friends are dead and gone.

1. Down in the country, the poor girl she was weeping  
 Down in the country poor Mary Anne did mourn.  
 She's belying to this nation, she's lost her dear relation  
 Cries the poor little fisherman's girl and her friends are dead and gone.
2. Oh, who has a soft heart to give me some shelter.  
 For the winds do blow, and dreadful is the storm,  
 I have no father nor mother, but I've a tender brother,  
 Cried a poor little fisherman's girl, my friends are dead and gone.
3. Oh once I had enjoyment, my friends they reared me tender,  
 I passed with my brother each happy night and morn,  
 But death has made a slaughter, poor father's in the water,  
 Cried a poor little fisherman's girl, my friends are dead and gone.
4. So fast falls the snow, and I can't find a shelter,  
 So fast falls the snow, I must hasten to the thorn,  
 For my covering the bushes, my bed is in green rushes,  
 Cried a poor little fisherman's girl, my friends are dead and gone.
5. It happened as she passed by a very noble cottage,  
 A gentleman he heard her, his breast for her did burn,  
 Crying, Come in my lovely creature, he view'd each drooping feature,  
 You're a poor little fisherman's girl, whose friends are dead and gone.
6. He took her to the fire, and when he'd warmed and fed her,  
 The tears began to fall, he fell on her breast forlorn,  
 Crying, Live with me forever, we part again - no never,  
 You are my dearest sister - our friends are dead and gone.

7. So now she's got a home, shes living with her brother,  
Now she's got a home, and the needy neer does scorn,  
For God was her protector, likewise a kind conductor,  
Of the poor little fisherman's girl, when her friends are dead and gone.

Source: Sung by Albert Parnell, Ebrington, Glos, Collected by Cecil Sharp 18th September 1909.  
Mr Parnell only sang the first verse. The remainder has been supplied from a broadside.