



## The Sailor and his Truelove.

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**A**S a young sailor and his truelove one  
morning in May,  
Where walking together in the fields blithe and  
gay ;  
Says the sailor to his truelove, my dear life for  
your sake,  
I'll away unto the Indies whate'er does betide,  
And when I do return, my love, I'll make you  
my bride.

Then a heavy sigh she gave him, saying, Jemmy  
my dear,  
While down her sweet rosy cheeks ran many a  
salt tear,  
What will you go and leave me in sorrow to  
remain,  
Till you from the Indies return back again.

O then from off his fingers a golden ring he  
gave,  
Saying, take this as a token for more you shall  
have,  
I'm bound unto the ocean where the billows  
loud do roar,  
For the sake of lovely Nancy, the girl I adore.

Then farewell my dearest Nancy, no longer  
can I stay,  
For our top-sails are loos'd, and our anchor is  
weigh'd ;  
Then thousand kisses, then down her cheeks  
the tears fell,  
May the heavens protect you—dear William  
farewell.