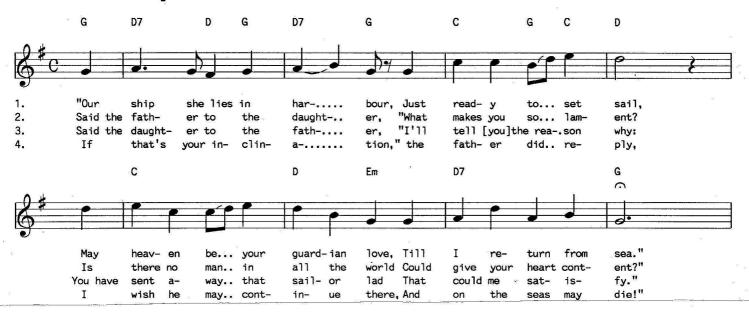
Moderately



5
She, like an angel weeping,
On the rocks sighed every day,
Awaiting for her own true love
Returning home from sea.

6
"Oh, yonder sits my angel!
She's waiting there for me,
To-morrow to the church we'll go,
And married we will be."

Said the father to the daughter, "Five hundred pounds I'll give, If you'll forsake that sailor-lad And come with me to live."

"It's not your gold that glittered, Nor yet your silver that shined, For I'm married to the man I love And I'm happy in my mind!"

