

A BRISK YOUNG SAILOR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante doloroso

VOICE

1. A brisk young sail - or came court - ing
 4. I wish to God that my babe was

PIANO

me Un - til he gain - ed my li - ber - ty. He stole my
 born, Sat smil - ing all on its fa - ther's knee; And I in

heart with free good will And he's got it now, but I love him still.
 my cold grave was lain With the green grass grow - ing all o - ver me.

2. There is an ale-house in yon-der town Where my love goes and he sits him
 5. There is a bird all in yon-der tree; Some say he's blind and he can-not

down, He takes some strange girl on his knee And he tells her what he does not tell
 see. I wish it'd been the same by me Be - fore I'd gain'd my love's com - pa -

me. 3. Hard grief for me and I'll tell you why, Be - cause that
 ny. 6. The green - est field it shall be my bed; A flow - 'ry

she has more gold than I. Her gold will waste, her beau - ty pass, And she'll come like
 pil - low shall rest my head, The leaves which blow from tree to tree They shall be the

me, a poor girl, at last.
 cov - er - lets o - ver

1. 2. me:
 1. 2. *p più rall.*