

COL/4/51A A Brave Young Sailor Courted Me

Sung by Alice Davies, Speech House, Forest of Dean

A brave young sailor he courted me, He
stole away my liberty, He stole my
heart with a free good will, Al-though he's false I love him still.

1. A brave young sailor he courted me,
He stole away my liberty,
He stole my heart with a free good will,
Although he's false I love him still.
2. It's once my apron did tie low,
My love followed me through frost and snow,
But now my apron is up to my chin,
My love passes by and never looks in.
3. There is a seat o yonder hill,
Where my false lover is sitting still,
He takes a strange girl on his knee,
He kisses her and he frowns on me.
4. The reason is I will tell you for why,
Because she's got more gold than I,
Her gold will wither her beauty will blast,
Poor girl she'll come like me at last.
5. It's down the green field I do go,
Gathering flowers as they grow,
I gather one of every kind,
Until I gather my apron full.
6. I wish to God my baby was born,
Sat smiling on his dada's arms,
And me poor girl rolled in cold clay,
And green grass growing all over my grave.