

Siucra

"Lovely Annie"

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'Fare-you-well lovely Annie, I am now going to leave
you,
And to the West Indies, my course for to steer,
And I know very well my long absence will grieve you,
But my love I'll return in the spring of the year'.

'Oh speak not of leaving me here lovely Willie,
Oh speak not of leaving me here to deplore,
For it is your beauty I do so admire,
And my poor heart would break if I ne'er see you more'.

'Dressed up like a sailor, my love I'll go with you,
In the midst of your troubles, I'll be your dear friend,
In the cold stormy weather, when the high winds are
blowing,
My love I'll be ready, your call to attend'.

'Your neat little fingers wouldn't handle our clothing,
And your neat little frame on our decks would not go,
And the cold stormy weather, you would never endure
it,
Give o'er lovely Annie, to the seas do not go'.

Young Willie set sailing, lovely Annie left be wailing,
And the tears from her eyes like the fountains do flow,
And her lily white fingers on the shore she kept
wringing,
And saying 'My poor heart would break if I ne'er see
you more'.

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