

Phil Drane

"The Whitby Maid"

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It's of a maid in Whitby Town / she was both fair and clever
She used-to-sit by her father's door no matter what the weather
A sailor coming home from sea, pockets overflowing
Saw the maiden sitting there, quietly with her sewing

Won't you come along with me, my bonny oh my honey
We'll go down to Whitby Town and spend a little money
Father he would not agree / would be against his wishing
And with a twinkle in her eye she said that he'd gone fishing

CHORUS

Blow away you Northern winds, blow away so cruelly
Not so cruel as a pretty maid, for they'll deceive you surely.

This couple's gone to Whitby Town, soon they're making merry
And at the tavern in the town, they spent a little money
Night came down the stars came out, the lady said my sailor,
Won't you come back home with me, I feel I must repay you.

CHORUS

They went home and went upstairs, they turned down the covers
Come to bed my sailor boy, let's you and I be lovers.
The sailor jumped out of his clothes, quicker than he oughter,
The door fell down and a man came in saying Who's that with me daughter.

CHORUS

The sailor thru the window's leapt and to his ship's gone running
He's left behind his clothes, his watch, the best part of

his money

Father with the daughter's gone down to the kitchen
table

To share the sailor's money out / as quick as they were
able.

Father's gone to buy new boots and a new suit from the
tailor's

The daughter to the door has gone to watch and wait
for sailors

CHORUS

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