

## Old Songs, Lullabies, Shanties etc.

### "A brisk young sailor courted me"

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A brisk young sailor courted me,  
He stole away my liberty,  
He won my heart with a free good-will,  
He's false, I know, but I love him still.

There is an alehouse in yonder town,  
Where my love goes and sits him down,  
He takes another girl on his knee,  
And don't you think that's a grief to me?

A grief to me! I'll tell you why,  
Because she's got more gold than I,  
Her gold will waste and her beauty blast,  
And she'll become like me at last.

O what a foolish girl was I  
To give my heart to a sailor boy,  
A sailor boy although he be,  
I love him better than he loves me.

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