

Dervish, There Was A Maid In Her Father's Garden

There was a maid in her father's garden
And a gentleman he came passing by
He stood awhile to gaze upon her,
And he said fair maid would you fancy I.

But I'm not a lady I'm a poor girl,
A poor man's daughter of a low degree,
Therefore young man find some other sweetheart
For your servant maid I'm not fit to be.

It's seven years since I had a true love,
Seven more since I did him see,
And seven more I will wait upon him,
But if he's alive, he'll come back to me.

If he's sick I will wish him better,
If he is dead I will wish him rest,
But if he's alive I will wait upon him,
He's the only young man I do love best.

It's seven years since you had a true love,
Seven more since you did him see,
And seven more you will wait upon him,
Perhaps that young man you ne'er will see.

He put a hand down in his pocket,
His gentle fingers they were thin and small,
And up between them he pulled a gold ring
And when she saw it she down did fall.

He picked her up all in his arms
And gave her kisses most tenderly,
Saying, I'm your true love and single sailor
Who came o'er the sea for to wed with thee.

If you're my true love and single sailor
Your gentle features they look strange to me
But seven years makes great alterations
O'er the raging seas between you and me.

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And a gentleman, he came passing by,
He stood awhile to gaze upon her
And he said fair maid would you fancy I?