

Alasdair Roberts, Sweet William

Oh Father, Father, come build me a boat,
That o'er this ocean wide I may float,
And every ship that I chance to meet,
I will inquire for my William sweet.

We had not sailed for half an hour,
Before we met a man-o-war.
Oh, Captain, Captain, come tell me true,
Does my boy William sail onboard with you?

What color suits did your William wear?
What was the colour of your true love's hair?
He had a suit of the royal blue,
And you would know him for his heart was true.

Then your boy William, I'm sad to say,
That he was drowned the other day.
On yonder island that we passed by,
Twas there we laid to rest your sailor boy.

She wrung her hands and she tore her hair,
She was a young lady in great despair.
Oh father, father, how can I go on?
How can I live now that my William's gone?

I'll sit me down and I'll write me a song,
I'll write it neat and I'll write it long,
And in every line I will shed a tear,
And in every line I will set my William dear.

I wish, I wish, but it's all in vain,
I wish I was a young maid again.
But a maid again I will never be,
Till apples grow on an orange tree.

But a maid, a maid I will never be,
Till apples grow on an orange tree.