

Altan, Adieu, My Lovely Nancy

Adieu, my lovely Nancy
Ten thousand times adieu
I'll be thinking of my own true love
I'll be thinking, dear, of you

Will you change your ring with me, my love?
Will you change your ring with me?
It will be a token of our love
When I am far at sea

When I am far away from home
And you know not where I am
Love letters I will write to you
From every foreign strand

When the farmer boys return at night
They will tell their girls fine tales
Of all that they've been doing
All day out in the fields

Of the wheat and hay that they cut down
Sure it's all that they can do
While we poor jolly, jolly hearts of oak
Must plow the seas all through

And when we return again, my love
To our own dear native shore
Fine stories we will tell to you
How we plowed the oceans o'er

And we'll make the alehouses to ring
And the taverns, they will roar
And when our money is all gone
Sure we'll go to sea for more