## 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