

# Fairport Convention, A Sailor's Life

A sailor's life, it is a merry life  
He robs young girls of their heart's delight  
Leaving them behind to weep and mourn  
They never know when they will return

"Well, there's four and twenty all in a row  
My true love he makes the finest show  
He's proper, tall, genteel withal  
And if I don't have him, I'll have none at all";  
"Oh, father build for me a bonny boat  
That on the wide ocean I may float  
And every Queen's ship that we pass by  
There I'll inquire for my sailor boy";

They had not sailed long upon the deep  
When a Queen's ship they chanced to meet  
"You sailors all, pray tell me true  
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?";

"Oh no, fair maiden, he is not here  
For he's been drowned, we greatly fear  
On yon green island, as we passed it by  
There we lost sight of your sailing boy";

Well, she rung her hands and she tore her hair  
She was like a young girl in great despair  
And her little boat against a rock did run  
"How can I live now? My sweet William is gone";