

# Lloyd, The Mermaid

The Mermaid

One night as I lay on my bed,  
I lay so fast asleep,  
When the thought of my true love came running to my head  
And poor sailors that sail on the deep.  
As I sailed out one day, one day,  
And being not far from land,  
And there I spied a mermaid a-sitting on a rock  
With a comb and a glass in her hand.  
The song she sang, she sang so sweet,  
But no answer at all could us make,  
Till at last our gallant ship she took round about  
Which made all our poor hearts to ache.  
Then up stepped the helmsman of our ship  
In his hand a lead and line;  
All for to sound the seas, my boys, that is so wide and deep  
But to hard rock or sand could he find.  
Then up stepped the captain of our ship  
And a well-speaking man is he,  
He says, "I have a wife, my boys, in fair Plymouth town  
But this night a widow she will be."  
Then up stepped the bosun of our ship  
And a well-spoken man was he,  
He says, "I have two sons, my boys, in fair Bristol town  
And orphans I fear they will be.  
And then up stepped the little cabin boy  
And a pretty boy was he,  
He says, "Oh I grieve for my own mother dear  
Whom I shall nevermore see."  
"Last night, when the moon shined bright  
My mother had sons five,  
But now she may look in the salt, salt sea  
And find but one alive."  
Call a boat, call a boat, my fair Plymouth boys  
Don't you hear how the trumpets sound?  
For the want of a long-boat in the ocean we were lost  
And most of our merry men drowned.

From Penguin Book of English Folk Songs (Williams and Lloyd)

From singing of James Herridge, 1906

See also MERMDFRI

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