

Stan Rogers, Oh No, Not I

A Newfoundland sailor went walking on the strand
He spied a pretty, fair young maid and took her by the hand
"Oh will you go to Newfoundland along with me?" he cried
But the answer that she gave to him was "Oh no, not I."

"If I were to marry you, on me 'twould be the blame
Your friends and relations would scorn me to shame
If you were born of noble blood and me of low degree
Do you think that I could marry you? It's oh no, not me."

Six months being over and seven coming nigh
This pretty fair young maiden she began to look so shy
Her corsets would not meet and her apron would not tie
Made her think on all the times when she said "oh no not I".

Eight months being over and nine coming on
This pretty fair young maiden she brought forth a son
She wrote a letter to her love to come most speedily
But the answer that he gave to her was "Oh no, not me."

He said "My pretty fair maid, the best thing you can do
Is take your child upon your back and a-begging you may go
And It's when that you get tired you can sit you down to cry
And think on all the times when you said "Oh no, not I".

So come all you pretty fair maids, a warning take by me
Don't ever put your trust in the green willow tree
For the leaves they will wither and the root it will die
Make you think on all the times when you said "oh no, not I".