

# 11 Bold Young Sailor - Mr Anderson

A bold young sail - or cour - ted me and  
 stole a way - my lib - er - ty. He  
 stole my heart with my free - good will; I  
 must con - fess - I love - him still.

1  
 A bold young sailor courted me  
 and stole away my liberty.  
 He stole my heart with my free good will;  
 I must confess I love him still.

2  
 There is an ale-house in yonder town  
 where my love goes and sits him down  
 and takes a strange lass on his knee.  
 Ah! is not that a grief to me?

3  
 A grief to me, I'll tell you why,  
 because she has more gold than I.  
 Her gold will waste, her beauty blast;  
 poor girl, she'll come like me at last.

4  
 Oh once I had no cause for woe,  
 my love followed me through frost and snow.  
 But, ah, the changes time doth bring;  
 my love passes by and says nothing.

5  
 I wish my baby it was born;  
 sat smiling on its nurse's knee,  
 and I myself was in my grave,  
 and the green grass growing over me.

6  
 I wish, I wish, but it's all in vain;  
 I wish I were but a maid again.  
 A maid again I'll never be  
 'til apples grow on an orange tree.

7  
 There is a bird on yonder tree;  
 they say it's blind and cannot see.  
 I wish it had been the same with me  
 before I joined his company.