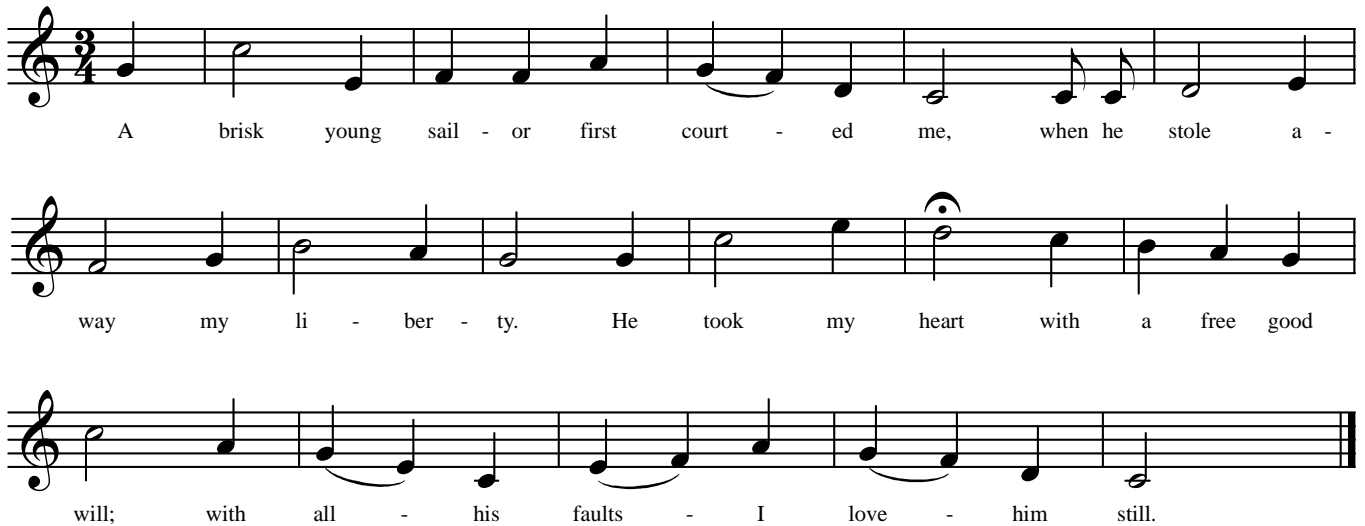


# Died for Love - Mr Debbage



A brisk young sail - or first court - ed me, when he stole a -  
way my li - ber - ty. He took my heart with a free good  
will; with all - his faults - I love - him still.

1

A brisk young sailor first courted me  
when he stole away my liberty.  
He took my heart with a free good will;  
with all his faults I love him still

2

There is an ale house in the town  
my true love was in; he sits himself down  
and takes a strange girl on his knee;  
and don't you think it a grief for me?

3

A grief for me and I'll tell you for why;  
because she's got more gold than I.  
Her gold will waste, her beauty will fail;  
she'll become a poor girl like me some day.

4

Once my apron strings tied low,  
my love followed me through frost and snow.  
But now my apron's tied up to my chin  
my love passes by and he never comes in.

5

I wish, I wish, 'twas all in vain,  
I wished I was a maid again;  
a maid again I never shall be  
till apples grow on an orange tree.

6

So dig my grave long and deep;  
a marble stone at my head and feet.  
There was on my grave a white turtle dove  
to show the wide world that I died for love.

7

I died for love, you plainly can see;  
I died for a young man that never loved me.  
I died for love, you plainly can see;  
I died for a young man that never loved me.