

## COURTSHIP

This song was issued on Broadsheets various presses issuing different versions.

Once I did court a fair beauty bright  
And on this fair creature I fixed my heart's delight  
She granted me her love it was to love again  
Before I had reason or occasion to complain

So when her own father the same he came to know  
That I went to see his daughter my darling, also  
He combined with a press to be pressed and sent to sea  
And he parted me from his daughter my darling's company

So when I returned again to me own native shore  
I went to see my Polly dear as I used to do before  
I knocked at the door and her father there I spied  
And he said my daughter's dead for you alone she died

O pray do not tell me no more than I can bear  
For if she's dead and in her grave I wish that I was there  
And then I shall be free from all sorrow and woe  
For I know not where to wander and I know not where to go

Then straight away to Bedlam the young man was confined  
And the thoughts of his Polly it so disturbed his mind  
He kept rattling of his chains as on the straw bed he laid  
A calling for his Polly dear until the hour he died

See also Foggy Dew F Purslow

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