

AKA The Mermaid

## Our Gallant Ship

Tw'as Friday morn when we set a-sail  
And we were not far from the land  
When the Captain spied a lovely mermaid\*  
With a comb and a glass in her hand

Chorus:

Oh the ocean waves may roll  
And the stormy winds may blow  
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top  
And the land lovers lie down below, below, below  
And the land lovers lie down below.

Then up <sup>spoked</sup> ~~skipped~~ the Captain of our gallant ship  
And a well-spoken man was he.  
"Oh I married me a wife in Salem city  
But ~~the~~ <sup>to</sup> night ~~chill~~ <sup>she a wif</sup> weather will be."

Chorus:

Oh the ocean waves may roll  
And the stormy winds may blow  
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top  
And the land lovers lie down below, below, below  
And the land lovers lie down below.

Then up <sup>spoked</sup> ~~skipped~~ a boy of our gallant ship  
And a nice little laddie was he.  
Oh - of a <sup>father</sup> ~~father~~ and a <sup>mother</sup> ~~mother~~ in Boston city  
But tonight, they childless will be.

father and mother scote  
\*mermaid's name but means in Britan

Chorus:

Oh the ocean waves may roll  
And the stormy winds may blow  
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top  
And the land lovers lie down below, below, below  
And the land lovers lie down below.

Then up <sup>spaked</sup> ~~skipped~~ the cook of our gallant ship  
And a fat, old cookie was he  
"Oh I care more for my [<sup>parties</sup>] and my [<sup>kids</sup>]  
Than I do for the depths of the sea."

Chorus:

Oh the ocean waves may roll  
And the stormy winds may blow  
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top  
And the land lovers lie down below, below, below  
And the land lovers lie down below.

Then, three times round went our gallant ship  
And three times round went she  
Then, three times round went our gallant ship  
And she sank to the depths of the sea.

Chorus:

Oh the ocean waves may roll  
And the stormy winds may blow  
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top  
And the land lovers lie down below, below, below  
And the land lovers lie down below.

## To Be A Farmer's Son

The sun was set behind the hill  
When o'er yon dreary morn [moor?]  
Weary and worn, the lad forlorn  
Came to the farmer's door

And he unto the farmer said,  
"Oh will you give me employ?  
To reap and to sew, to plow and to mow  
And to be a farmer's boy."

"My father is dead and my mother is poor  
And she has three children small  
And what is worse than all the rest  
I'm oldest of them all."

"Oh yes, oh yes," the farmer said,  
"I will give you employ  
To reap and to sew, to plow and to mow  
And to be a farmer's boy."

In course of time, the lad grew up  
And the good old farmer died  
And he gave to the lad, the farm he had  
And his daughter for a bride.

And now his hair is silver [or]  
But he often tells with joy  
Of the happy, happy day when he went that way  
To be a farmer's boy