

If I was a blackbird

I am a poor girl and my fortune seems sad,
Six months have I courted a young sailor lad.
And truly I loved him by night and by day,
And now in his transport he's sailed far away.

*If I was a blackbird I'd whistle and sing,
I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in.
And on the top rigging there I'd build my nest
And lay my head all night on his lily-white breast.*

My love's tall and handsome in every degree,
His parents despise him because he loves me.
But let them despise him or say what they will,
While I've breath in my body I'll love my love still.

He promised he'd meet me at bonny brown Fair
With a bunch of blue ribbons to tie up my hair.
And if he would meet me I'd crown him with joy,
And kiss those fond lips of my young sailor boy.

If I was a scholar could handle a pen,
Just one private letter to him I would send,
I'd write and I'd tell him of my sad grief and woe,
And far o'er the water with him I would go.