

THE MERMAID

One Friday morn, as we set sail,
And our ship not far from the land,
We there did espy a fair, pretty maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus

*Oh, the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
And we jolly sailor boys were up, were up aloft,
And the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the land-lubbers lying down below.*

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
Who at once our peril did see,
“I have married a wife in fair London town
And this night she a widow will be, will be, will be,
And this night she a widow will be.”

Chorus

And then up spoke the little cabin boy,
And a fair-hair'd boy was he,
“I’ve a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And this night they will weep for me, for me for me,
And this night they will weep for me.”

Chorus

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she;
For the want of a lifeboat they both went down,
As she sank to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
As she sank to the bottom of the sea.