Our Ship She Lies in Harbour

Our Ship She Lies in Harbour

There lays a ship in harbour, just ready to set sail
Crying, "Heav'n shall be my guard, my love, till I return again,
Till I return again." Crying, "Heav'n shall be my guard, my love,
Till I return again.

Says the old man to the daughter
"What makes you so lament?"
"Oh! the lad that you have sent to sea
He can give my heart content."

"So, if that's your inclination,"
The old man did reply,
"I hope he will continue there
And on the seas may die."

When nine long months were over
And ten long tedious days,
She saw his ship come siling in
With her true love home from sea.

"Yonder sits my angel
She's waiting there for me
And tomorrow to the church we'll go
And married we will be."

When we had been into the church
And turning back again,
We met her honour's father
And several gentlemen.

He says, "My dearest daughter,
Five hundred pounds I'll give,
If you forsake that sailor lad
And come with me to live.

"No, it's not your gold that glitters
Nor yet your silver that shines,
I'm married to the lad I love
And I'm happy in my mind."

note: A somewhat removed variant of Lowlands of Holland

From Constant Lovers, Purslow
APR99

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.