The Sailor and His Bride

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It was early in the Spring when I was young,
The blossoms bloomed and the wild birds sung,
There never was a bird any happier than I
When my lovely sailor boy was nigh.

Tra la la la, la la la la,
Tra la la, la la la la,
There never was a bird any happier than I
When my lovely sailor boy was nigh.

Scarce six weeks since we were wed,
Oh how swift the moments fled,
Yet we must part at the dawning of the day
As the proud ship bore my love away.

Six months rolled round, and he comes no more
To his lonely bride on a distant shore,
The ship went down in the hurling of a storm
And the waves closed o'er my sailor boy's form.

Would to God I was sleeping too,
Beneath yon ocean deep and blue,
With my spirit in heaven, my body in the sea,
The proud waves rolling over me.

Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
A marble stone at my head and feet,
And on my breast a sweet gentle dove
To let the world know that I died for love.

From Ozark Folksongs, Randolph
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