In Seaport Town

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In Seaport town there lived a merchant
He had two sons and a daughter dear
And among them all was the prettiest boy (there was a servant)
He was the daughter’s dearest dear.

One evening late they were in the room courting.
Her oldest brother perchance did hear;
He went and told his other brothers:
Let’s deprive her of her dearest dear.

They rose up early the next morning,
A game of hunting for to go;
And upon this young man they both insisted
For him to go along with them.

They wandered over the hills and mountains
And through a many of a place unknown,
’Till at last they came to a lonesome valley
And there they killed him dead alone.

When they return back the next evening,
Their sister ask for the servant man
Saying:We lost him on a game of hunting;
No more of him it’s could we find.

While she lie on her bedside slumbering,
The servant man did appear to her,
Saying:Your brothers killed me rough and crel
All wallowed in a score of blood

She rose up early the next morning;
She dressed herself in a rich array,
Saying:I’ll go and find my best beloved
All wallowed in a score of blood.

She wandered over the hills and mountains
And through a many of a place unknown,
Till at last she came to the lonesome valley,
And there she found him dead alone.

Saying:Your eyes look like some bloody butcher,
Your eyes look like some salt or brine.
She kissed his cold, cold lips and, crying,
Said:You are the darling bosom friend of mine.

Since my brothers been so crel
As to force your sweet love away,
One grave shall preserve us both together,
As long as I have breath I will stay with you.

When she return back the next evening,
Her brothers ask her where she’d been.
O hold your tonge, you deceitful villains,
For one alone you both shall hang.

Her brothers then they came convicted
To jump in a boat and a−finally leave.
The wind did blow and the waves came o’er them
They made their graves in the deep ble sea