Marry? No, Not I

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A Newfoundland sailor was walking by the strand
He spied a pretty fair young maid, and took her by the hand
"Oh, will you go to Newfoundland, along with me?" he cried
But the answer that she gave him was, "It's, oh no, not I"

"To think that I would marry you, on me twould lay the blame
Your friends and relations would scorn me to shame
If you was born of noble blood and me of low degree
Do you think that I would marry you? It's oh no, not me."

Then six months being over and seven coming neigh
This pretty fair young maid, she began to look so shy
Her corsets would not touch and her apron wouldn't tie
Made her think on all the times she said, "Oh no, not I"

Then eight months being over and nine months coming on
This pretty fair young maiden she brought forth a son
She wrote a letter to her love, to come most speedily
But the answer that he gave her was, "oh no, not me."

He said, "My pretty fair maid, the best thing you can do
Is take your babe all on your back and a begging you may go
And when that you get tired, you can sit you down and cry
And think on all the times you said, "Oh no, not I"

So come all you pretty fair maids, a warning take by me
Don't ever put your trust in a green willow tree
For the leaves they will wither and the roots they will die
Don't you see what you can come to saying, "oh no, not I"

recorded by Margaret Christl
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