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The Rich Merchant (2)

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There was a rich merchant, in London did dwell,
He had an only daughter, the farmer loved well;
Because she was so handsome, he liked her so well;
Her father he wanted her to bid him adieu.

O, father, O father, I hain't so inclined,
To turn my dear William quite out of my mind."
As William was rambling for something to spy,
Upon his lovely Harriet he cast a wishful eye.

"O William, O William, O William," said she,
Your father and mine have both agreed to send you a-sailing
far over the sea.
I'll dress like a ship maid; I'll do what I can;
And with William I'll venture, like some jolly young man."

As they were sailing to some foreign shore,
The wind of the ocean began to roar;
The ship it sank down to the bottom of the sea,
And cast upon an island, with Harriet and me.

We had nothing to eat, and nowhere to lie,
(The sea-birds around us made a pitiful cry?)
We both lay together all on the cold ground,
And the wind from the ocean blew a dismal sound.

Come all ye young people, who drop by the way,
Drop one tear of pity, and point by the way
Where William and Harriet in slumbers both lay.

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