

The Lass Of Roch Royal

Child Ballad 76

Am G Am
Who will shoe my pretty little foot?

G Am
Who will glove my hand?

G Am
Who will kiss my ruby lips

G E7 Am
When you're in the foreign land?

Your papa can shoe your pretty little foot,
Your mama can glove your hand:
I will kiss your ruby lips
When I come back again.

O, if I had a sailing boat
And men to sail with me;
I'd go this night to my true love
For he will not come to me.

Her father gave her a sailing boat
And sent her to the strand;
She set her baby in her lap
And turned her back on land.

O, she wasn't sailing about three months,
I'm sure it was not four,
Till she had landed her sailing boat
Right at her lover's door.

She took her baby in her arms
And to his door she's gone,
She knocked and cried and knocked again,
But answer got she none.

The night was dark and the wind was cold,
Her true love was asleep;
And the baby in poor Annie's arms
Began to cry and weep.

Come, open the door, my own true love,
Come, open the door, I pray,
For your young child that's in my arms
Will be dead before it is day.

Go away, you wild woman,
For here you cannot stay.
Go drown you in the salt, salt sea
Or hang on the gallows tree.

O, don't you mind, my own true love,
When we were at the wine ?
We changed the rings from our fingers
And the best of them was mine.

O, don't you mind, my own true love,
The vows you swore to me ?
You made an oath and it bound us both
For the years that are to be.

Go away, you wild woman,
For here you cannot stay;

Go drown you in the salt, salt sea
Or hang on the gallows tree.

The cock did crow and the sun did rise
And through the window peep;
Then up he rose, her own true love
And sorely did he weep.

O mother, I dreamed of my true love,
She lives across the sea;
I dreamed she came to my front door
A-weeping loud for me.

There was a lady here last night
With a baby in her arms;
I did not let her in to you
For fear she'd do you harm.

He ran, he ran to the salt sea shore,
And looked out on the foam;
And there he saw his Annie's boat
A-tossing towards her home.

He called, he cried, he waved his hand,
He begged her sore to stay;
But the more he called and the more he cried,
The louder roared the sea.

The wind did blow and the sea did rise
It tossed her boat on shore;
It laid his true love at his feet,
But he saw his son no more.

The first he kissed her rosy cheek,
Then he kissed her chin;
And last he kissed her ruby lips,
There was no breath within.