

CHORUS:

I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep,
For satisfied, I ne'er can be,
I write her a letter, just a few short lines,
And suffer death, a thousand times.

CHORUS:

"The Sailor's Sweetheart" version:

Black is the color of my true love's hair,
His cheeks are as red as th' roses fair.
If he would return it would give me joy,
For none will I have but my sweet sailor boy.
Oh, mother, oh mother, go build me a boat,
That over th' ocean I may float,
An' ev'ry ship that I pass by
Where I may enquire for my sweet sailor boy.

She built her a boat an' she floated on the main,
She spied three ships just out of Spain,
She ask of the captain as he drew nigh,
Of him she did enquire of her sweet sailor boy.

Fair lady, fair lady, that never can be,
For he was drownded in the gulf sea,
Near by Rock Isle as we pass by,
There's where we lost your sweet sailor boy.

She stove her vessel against the rock,
An' I thought this lady's heart was broke,
She wrung her hands an' tore her hair,
Just like some lady in great despair.

Go bring me a chair an' set me down,
An' a pen and ink to write it down,
At the end of every line she dropped a tear,
At the end of the verse cried oh my dear.

There's only one thing that I crave, is a marble tomp stone on my grave,
And on my breast a mournin' dove to show the world I died for love.