

The Forsaken Maiden

A Maid-en sat a weep - ing down by the sea -
shore What ails thee pret-ty Sal - ly, What ails thee pret-ty
Sal - ly and makes her heart sore

A maiden sat a weeping
Down by the sea shore
What ails my pretty Sally
What ails my Pretty Sally
And makes her heart sore

Because I am a weary
A weary in my mind
No comfort and no pleasure
No comfort and no pleasure
Henceforth can I find

I'll spread my sail of silver
I'll loose my rope of silk
My mast is of the cypress-tree
My mast is of the cypress-tree
My track is white as milk

I'll spread my sail of silver
I'll steer toward the sun
And thou, false love, will weep for me
And thou, false love, will weep for me
For me when I'm gone

Taken down from James Parsons, Oct 1888

K1 p94 No39