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The Fisherman's Daughter that lives o'er the Water

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THE

FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER

THAT LIVES O'ER THE WATER.

I've been caught in a net by a dear little pet,
And her eyes are as b'ue as the deep rolling sea,
She's a Fisherman's daughter, she lives o'er the water,
She's going to be married next Sunday to me.
She's as rare as the salmon, there's really no gammon,
As sweet as shrimps newly served up for tea;
we soul she has caught; and a place I have bought,
where a ray of bright sunshine for ever will be.

Chorus.

and she's a Fisherman's daughter, she lives o'er the water,

She's going to be married next Sunday to me.

She's barefooted and pretty, she's lively and witty,
She sings her wild songs to the murmuring sea;
She'll dance on the sands where the Fishermen stands,
And join in the music of a wild swelling glee,
he sits in her boat, and scuds o'er the billows,
And flirts with the spray like a sea-skimming gull,
She laughs at the winds—whose revels are music,

And beats to the time with the stroke of her scull.
The bells they shall ring, and the sailors shall sing.

Y-heave ho! y-heave ho, boys! for tima's on the

Wing, To see pretty Sarah the pride of the sea.

Who s going to be married next Sunday to me.
hair I will deck with a wreath of bright seaweed,
lant in her bosom a blooming moss rose;
ll go like a fairy with sweet tinkling music,
wings on her fingers and bells on her toes.