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Fair Betsy of Deptford, and her Young Sailor Bold

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FAIR

BETSY OF DEPTFORD,

And her Young Sailor Bold.

Come all ye pretty fair maids of every degree,
I pray give attention while unto me,
The story of a fair maid to you I will unfold,
Pretty Betsy of Deptford and her young sailor bold.

Pretty Betsy was handsome and fair to be seen,
Her cheeks were like roses, and her age scarce sixteen,
Beloved and respected by all we are told,
And admired by William a young sailor bold.

She was courted by William her faithful true love,
And their vows to each other they offered above,
Their secrets of love they did often unfold,
Fair Betsy of Deptford and her young sailor bold.

It was early one morning before it was day,
Young Betsy, cried William, I must now away,
To cross the salt ocean for honour and gold,
Then be constant and true to your young sailor bold.

The anchor is weighed, they are spreading the sails,
The wind it blows fresh I must weather the gales,
Take this ring dearest Betsy of emerald gold,
As a token of love from your young sailor bold.

They kissed and they parted tears fell from their eyes,
Oh, William don't leave me, fair Betsy she cries,
Don't venture your life on the ocean for gold,
Stay at home with your Betsy, my young sailor bold.

Then to sea went young William, thro' storms wind & rain,
And left Pretty Betsy a weeping in pain,
Eight years in a valley she wandered we are told,
While around the world sailed the young sailor bold.

She wept and she mourned and her bosom did burn,
And she cried, my dear William when will you return?
You have left me bewailing, your affections are sold,
Then the ocean she watched for her young sailor bold.

Eight years in the valley fair Betsy did roam,
At length her young sailor to England came home,
And when that young William did Betsy behold,
She cried I lament for my young sailor bold.

Dearest Betsy, cried William, love don't you know me,
Eight years for my Betsy I've plough'd the salt sea,
I have brought you fine presents some ruby and gold,
Pray don't you know William your young sailor bold.

She shrieked and she wept, in transports she cried,
When she saw her dear William to stand by her side,
Crying, I value no presents, no rubies or gold,
I rejoice at the sight of my young sailor bold.

To the church they repaired and in wedlock were tied,
Young William to Betsy his beautiful bride,
In a neat little cottage resides we are told,—
Pretty Betsy of Deptford and her young sailor bold