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The Fisherman's Daughter

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- ONE BOTTLE MORE.

THE
**FISHERMAN'S
DAUGHTER.**

London:—Printed and Published by H. Such,
123, Union Street, Borough.
Hawkers & Country Dealers Supplied.

WHY art thou wandering alone on the shore
The wind it blows cold and the white
breakers roar,
Oh, I am wand'ring alone by the sea,
To watch if my father's returning to me,
To watch if my father's returning to me;
For the gale it blows hard thro' the darkness of
night,
And I'm watching here since th dawninge of
light,
Looking thro' tears o'er the dark rolling sea,
To watch if my father's returning to me,
To watch if my father's returning to me.

Last night when my father put forth on the deep,
To our cottage returning I lay down to sleep,
But while the sweet calm of sleep came to me,
The voice of the tempest was waking the sea,
The voice of the tempest was waking the sea.
I thought in a dream 'twas my father who spoke,
But oh, to the voice of the tempest I woke,
And the father I dreamt of was far on the sea—
Ah, why in my dream call my father to me ;
Ah, why in my dream call my father to me.

Fainly I look thro' the fast driving gale,
Hopeless to see what hope fancies a sail,
But 'tis only the wing of a sea-gull flits by,
And my heart it beats low at the bird's wailing cry
My heart it beats low at the bird's wailing cry.
For the steen must blow hard when the gale
comes on shore,
Oh, that the fisherman's gift was no more,
Than the gift of the wild bird to soar o'er the sea,
Good angels thy wings bear my father to me,
Good angels thy wings bear my father to me

I'm leaving thee IN SORROW **ANNIE!**

I'M leaving thee in sorrow, Annie,
I'm leaving thee in tears ;
It may be for a long time Annie—
Perhaps for many years.
Its more kind to part now, dearest,
Than linger here in pain,
To think of joys that once were brightest,
But ne'er may come again.
I'm leaving thee, &c

I'm thinking of the past, dear Annie,
When your locks were bright as gold ;
Your smiles were soft, but now, dear Annie,
Our hearts seem growing cold.
It was not time that stole the blossoms,
From off thy cheeks so fair,
But winter came too soon upon them,
And chill'd the flow'ret there.
I'm leaving thee, &c



ONE BOTTLE MORE

ASSIST me ye lads who have hearts void of guile
To sing in the praise of old Emerald Isle,
Where true hospitality opens the door,
And friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Old England your taunts on our country forbear,
With our bulls & our brogues we are true & sincere,
For if but one bottle remains in our store,
We have generous hearts to give one bottle more

At Candey's in Church-street, I'll sing of a set—
Of six Irish blades who together had met :
Four bottles a peice, made us call for our score,
And nothing remained but one bottle more.

No.