

August 2019

The Rover of the Seas

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Rover of the Seas" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 857.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/857

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THE
SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

Farewell ! Mary, I must leave thee,
The anchor's weigh'd—I must aboard,
Do not let my absence grieve thee,
Of sorrow do not breathe a word :
What though the foaming ocean sever
Me from thee, yet still my heart
Loves you, Mary, and will ever,
Though stern duty bids us part.

Farwell ! Mary, dearest Mary,
Do not grieve, I shall return
Crown'd with laurels, pray do smother,
That sad sigh, oh ! do not mourn,
You unman me with your kindness,
Oh ! chase these tears off my brow,
Now round thy lips sweet smiles are creeping,
Bless thee, Mary, farewell now.

Farewell ! Mary, do not weep so,
Though I leave thee for awhile,
I'll love thee still when on the deep now,
Cheer my heart with thy sweet smile,
Soothe my parents with thy kindness.
And I'll bless thee when far away,
Oh ! forgive my youthful blindness
For I can no longer stay.

Dearest parents, farewell kindly,
Rest content whilst I'm away,
Mark that gun, 'tis to remind me,
On shore I can no longer stay ;
The anchor's weigh'd, the sails are spreading,
The boat is waiting in the bay,
Farewell now all kind relations,
Pray for me when far away.



THE
ROVER
OF THE SEAS

I'm rover of the seas,
And chief of a daring band,
Who obey all my decrees,
And laugh at the laws of the land.
Wherever my swift bark steers,
Desolation and rapine are spread,
And the names of the famed buccaneers
Fill the bosoms of all with dread.
For I'm Rover of the Seas—
Ha ! ha !
For I'm Rover of the Seas.

King of the waves am I,
And rule with despotic sway,
As over the waves I fly,
In search of my lawless prey.
No mercy I ever show
To any I chance to meet—
But 'neath the billows they go,
For dead men no tales repeat.

I'm the terror of the main,
For none yet has conquered me,
And every victory I gain
Makes me firmer the lord of the sea ;
In storm, or in calm or in fight,
I ever am the same,
And dearly have earn'd the right
To claim my blood-stain'd name.

I envy no king on shore,
For there's none has power like me,
They're bound by the oath they swore
While I am reckless and free ;
And tho' danger I meet each day,
Yet merry my life is pass'd
For let there come what may
I can but die at last.