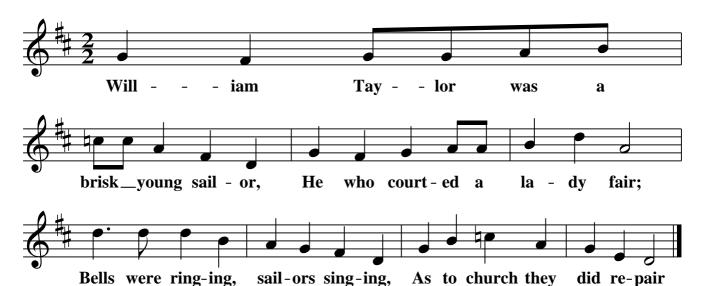
William Taylor



William Taylor was a brisk young sailor He who courted a lady fair Bells were ringing, sailors were singing As to church they did repair.

Thirty couples at the wedding; All were dress'd in rich array; 'Stead of William being married He was press'd and sent away.

She dress'd up in man's apparel Man's apparel she put on And she follow'd her true lover; For to find him she is gone.

Then the Captain stepp'd up to her Asking her: What's brought you here? I am come to seek my true love Whom I lately loved so dear.

If you've come to see your true love, Tell me what his name may be O, his name is William Taylor From the Irish ranks came he. You rise early tomorrow morning You rise at the break of day; There you'll see your true love William Walking with a lady gay.

She rose early the very next morning; She rose up at break of day; There she saw her true love William Walking with a lady gay.

Sword and pistol she then order'd
To be brought at her command;
And she shot her true love William
With the bride on his right arm.
If young folks in Wells or London
Were served the same as she served he,
Then young girls would all be undone
Very scarce would young men be.