

William Taylor



Will - - - iam Tay - - lor was a



brisk young sail - or, He who court - ed a la - dy fair;



Bells were ring-ing, sail-ors sing-ing, As to church they did re-pair

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.