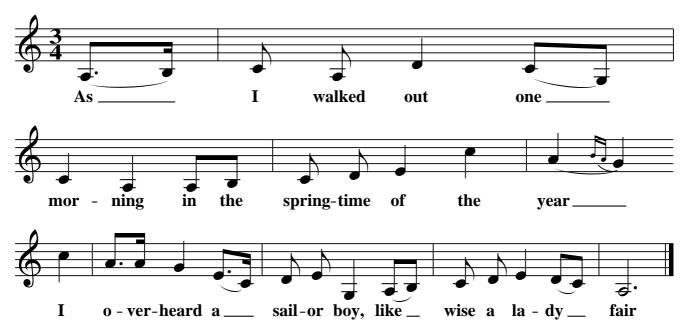
Lovely on the Water



As I walked out one morning In the springtime of the year, I overheard a sailor boy, Likewise his lady fair.

They sang a song together, Made the valleys for to ring, While the birds on the spray and the meadows gay, That proclaimed the lovely spring.

Said Henry to Nancy,
"We must soon sail away,
For it's lovely on the water
To hear the music play."

"For our Queen she do want seamen, So I will not stay on shore. I will brave the wars for my country Where the cannons loudly roar."

"Oh", then said pretty Nancy,
"Pray stay at home with me,
Or let me go along with you
To bear you company."

"I'll put a pair of trousers And leave my native shore. Then let me go along with you Where the cannons loudly roar."

"It will not do", said Henry,
"It's vain for you to try.
They will not ship a female",
Young Henry did reply.

"Besides, your hands are delicate, And the ropes would make them sore; And it would be worse if you should fall Where the cannons loudly roar".

Poor Nancy fell and fainted, And soon they brought her to; They both shook hands together And took a fond adieu.

"Come, change your ring with me, my love, For we may meet once more. There's one above that will guard you, love, Where the cannons loudly roar."

"Four pounds it is our bounty, And that would not do for thee For to help thy aged parents while I am on the sea."

For Tower Hill is crowded With mothers weeping sore For their sons are gone to face the foe Where the cannons loudly roar.

There's many a mother's darling Has entered for the main, And in the dreadful battles What numbers will be slain. For many a weeping mother And widow will deplore For those who fall by cannob balls Where the cannons loudly roar.