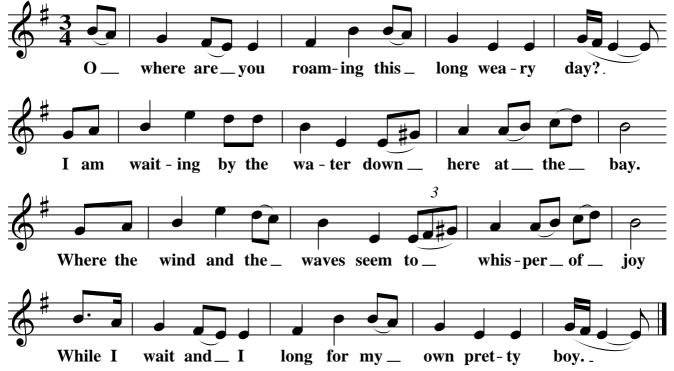
My Own Pretty Boy



O where are you roaming this long weary day? I am waiting by the water down here at the bay. Where the wind and the waves seem to whisper of joy While I wait and I long for my own pretty boy.

You told me you loved me down here by the bay, And then with the flood-tide your boat sailed away, Now darkness has fallen, the boats are all home; But my own pretty boy is afar on the foam.

You promised me riches and dresses so fine, And a little white cottage and all to be mine, Now the waves seem to mock all my joy, As I wait here and long for my own pretty boy.