

## Fare ye well, Lovely Nancy



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I am bound to th' East In - - dies my course for to steer.  
I know ve - - ry well my long abs - ence will grieve you,  
But true love, I'll be back in the spring of the year.

"Fare ye well, lovely Nancy, for I must now leave you.  
I am bound to th' East Indies my course for to steer.  
I know very well my long absence will grieve you,  
But, true love, I'll be back in the spring of the year."

"Oh, 'tis not talk of leaving me, my dearest Johnny,  
Oh, tis not talk of leaving me here all alone;  
For it is your good company that I do admire:  
I will sigh till I die if I ne'er see you more."

"In sailor's apparel I'll dress and go with you,  
In the midst of all dangers your friend I will be;  
And that is, my dear, when the stormy wind's blowing,  
True love, I'll be ready to reef your topsails."

"Your neat little fingers strong cables can't handle,  
Your neat little feet to the topmast can't go;  
Your delicate body strong winds can't endure.  
Stay at home, lovely Nancy, to the seas do not go."

Now Johnny is sailing and Nancy bewailing;  
The tears down her eyes like torrents do flow.  
Her gay golden hair she's continually tearing,  
Saying, "I'll sigh till I die if I ne'er see you more."

Now all you young maidens by me take warning,  
Never trust a sailor or believe what they say.  
First they will court you, then they will slight you;  
They will leave you behind, love, in grief and in pain.