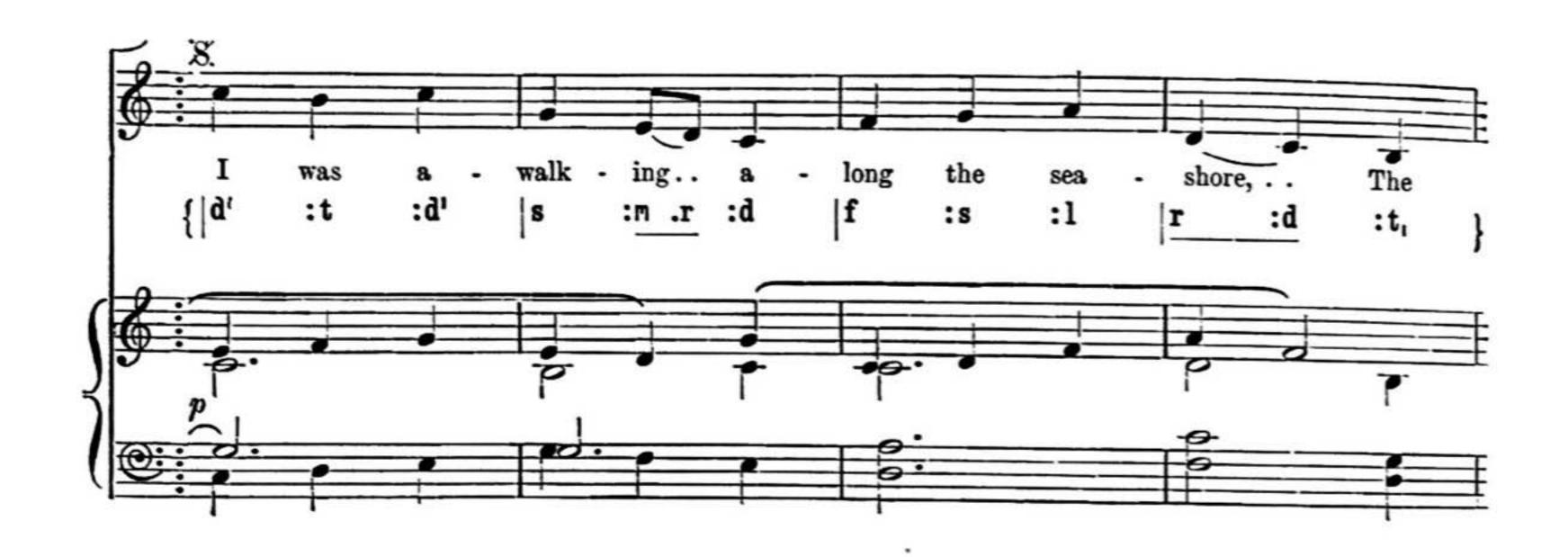
Mo. 2.—The Sailor from Sea

(SOMERSET)

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP

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- 2 O the | boat came a-|shore and my | true love did | land With his | tarpaulin | jacket and his | bundle in | hand, Saying: | Presents I've | brought from the | East and the | West Be-|cause you're my | true love, the | girl I love | best.
- 3 I've | brought you fine | jewels and | fine golden | rings, And | ribbons, ap-|parel, and | fifty fine | things, For | since you've proved | loyal and | constant to | me I'm a-|come back to | England to | marry with | thee.
- 4 Come, | come, my dear | girl, to the | church let's a-|way, And | we will get | married with-|out more de-|lay.

 I've | riches in | store when | you are my | wife

 For to | make us con-|tented and | happy through | life.