

Oh No, Not I

Stan Rogers

A Newfoundland sailor went walking on the strand
He spied a pretty, fair young maid and took her by the
hand
"Oh will you go to Newfoundland along with me?" he
cried
But the answer that she gave to him was "Oh no, not I."

"If I were to marry you, on me 'twould be the blame
Your friends and relations would scorn me to shame
If you were born of noble blood and me of low degree
Do you think that I would marry you? It's oh no, not
me."

Six months being over and seven drawing nigh
This pretty fair young maiden she began to look so shy
Her corsets would not meet and her apron would not tie
Made her think n all the times when she said "oh no not
I".

Eight months being over and nine coming on
This pretty fair young maiden she brought forth a son
She wrote a letter to her love to come most speedily
But the answer that he gave to her was "Oh no, not me."

He said "My pretty fair maid, the best thing you can do
Is take your child upon your back and a-begging you may
go
And It's when that you get tired you can sit you down
to cry
And think on all the times when you said "Oh no, not
I".

So come all you pretty fair maids, a warning take by me
Don't ever put your trust in the green willow tree
For the leaves they will wither and the rot it will die
Make you think on all the times when you said "oh no,
not I".