

My Boy Willie

The Irish Rovers

It was early, early* in the spring
When my love Willy went to serve the king
And all that vexed him or grieved his mind
Was the leavin' of his dear girl behind

Oh, father dear, built me a boat
That on the ocean I might float
And view** the ships, as they pass me by
And to inquire, of my sailor boy

She had not sailed long in the deep
When a fine ships crew, she changed to meet
And of the captain she inquired to (?)
Does my love Willy sail on board with you?

What sort of lad, is your Willy fair?
What sort of clothes does your Willy wear?
He wears a coat of royal blue
And you'll easily know him, for his heart is true

If that's your Willy, he is not here
I doubt he's drowned, as we do fear
't was (garble***) as we passed by
It was there we lost a fine sailor boy

***Oh, dig my grave long, wide, and deep
Put a marble stone at my head and feet
And in the middle, a turtle dove
So the whole world knows, that I die(d) for love