

# The Blackbird

William Crampton

Collected by Francis Collinson, Smarden, 1943

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Roud 387

I am but a poor girl, my life it is sad; man-ny  
months I've been court- ing a fine sail- or lad; I've  
court- ed him tru- ly, both morn, night and day; But  
Refrain  
now he's trans- port- ed and gone far a- way. If  
I were a black- bird I'd whist- le and sing. I'd  
fol- low the vess- el my true love sailed in, And  
on the top rig- ging I'd build a fine nest, And  
lay all my troub- les on his li- ly\_ white breast

1. I am but a poor girl, my life it is sad,  
Many months I've been courting a fine sailor lad,  
I've courted him truly, both morn, night and day;  
But now he's transported and gone far away.

Refrain:

If I were a blackbird I'd whistle and sing,  
I'd follow the vessel my true love sailed in  
And on the top rigging I'd build a fine nest,  
And lay all my troubles on his lily white breast.

2. My love is as handsome as any would be  
His parents despise him, because he loves me  
Let them that despise him just say what they will  
While I've breath in my body I'll love my lad still.

3. If I were a scholar and could handle my pen  
Just one private letter to my love I would send  
I would tell him my troubles, my joys and my woe  
With the wings of a blackbird together we'd go.