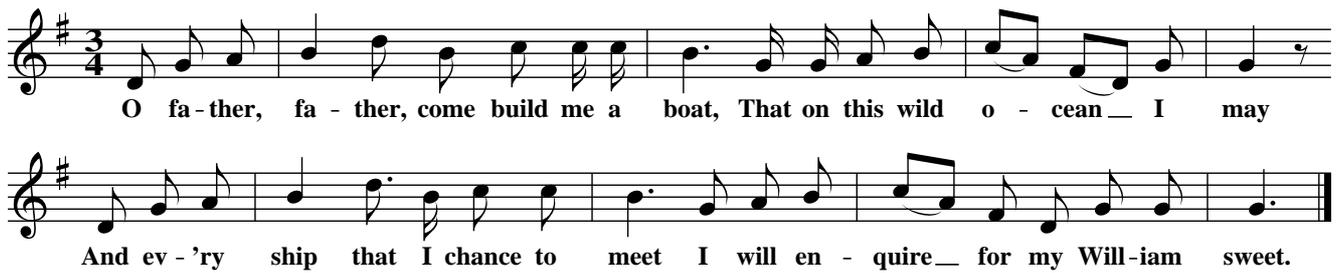


Sweet William



O fa-ther, fa - ther, come build me a boat, That on this wild o - cean_ I may
And ev - 'ry ship that I chance to meet I will en - quire_ for my Will-iam sweet.

O father, father, build me a boat,
That on this wild ocean I may float,
And every ship that I chance to meet
I will enquire for my William sweet.

I had not sailed more than half an hour,
Before I met with a man on board (man of war?)
"Kind captain, captain, come tell me true,
Is my sweet William on board with you?"

"Oh no, fine lady, he is not here,
That he is drown-ed most breaks my fear,
For the other night when the wind blew high
That's when you lost your sweet sailor boy."

I'll set me down, and I write a song,
I'll write it neat, and I'll write it long,
And at every word I will drop a tear,
And in every line I'll set my Willie dear.

I wish, I wish, but it's all in vain,
I wish I was a sweet maid again,
But a maid, a maid I never shall be
Till apples grow on an orange tree.
For a maid, a maid, I shall never be,
Till apples grow on an orange tree.