

My Own Pretty Boy



O _ where are _ you roam-ing this _ long wea-ry day?.



I am wait-ing by the wa-ter down _ here at _ the _ bay.



Where the wind and the _ waves seem to _ whis-per _ of _ joy



While I wait and _ I long for my _ own pret-ty boy. .

O where are you roaming this long weary day?

I am waiting by the water down here at the bay.

Where the wind and the waves seem to whisper of joy

While I wait and I long for my own pretty boy.

You told me you loved me down here by the bay,
And then with the flood-tide your boat sailed away,
Now darkness has fallen, the boats are all home;
But my own pretty boy is afar on the foam.

You promised me riches and dresses so fine,
And a little white cottage and all to be mine,
Now the waves seem to mock all my joy,
As I wait here and long for my own pretty boy.