

THE SAILOR CUT DOWN IN HIS PRIME

Toonsoort: F Duur: 3.35

Voorspel:

Shantyman begint met 1e couplet

1. *As I was a-walking down by "The Royal Albion"*
 The night it was stormy and so was the day
 When who should I see but one of me shipmates
 Wrapped up in a blanket far colder than clay

Refrein:

So beat the drum slowly and play the fife merrily
Play the dead march as they carry him out
Take him to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er him
For he was a young sailor cut down in his prime

2. *He asked for a candle to light him to bed with*
 Likewise for a flannel to wrap round his hair
 His poor head was aching, his sad heart was breaking
 For he was a young sailor cut down in his prime

Refrein:

3. *At the corner of the street all the girls they were standing*
 And one to another they whispered and said
 There goes the poor sailor whose money we've squandered
 There goes the poor sailor cut down in his prime

Refrein:

4. *At the head of his gravestone these words shall be written* **(allen**
 "Now all ye young lads take this warning from me **neuriën**
 And don't go a-courting the girls of the city **de melodie**
 For the girls of the city were the ruin of me **mee)**

Refrein: