

# Willie Taylor

Traditional, Ireland

Wil-lie was a youth-ful lov-er, full of heart and full of play;  
soon his mind he did discover to a youth-ful lady gay.  
*Chorus*  
Oh, the vows, oh, the breez-es, vows and breez-es pass a-way.

2. When her parents came to hear it, they were filled with wrath and spile;  
said they'd prove young William's ruin; rob him of his heart's delight.  
Oh, the vows...
3. Four and twenty British sailors met him on the King's high road  
as he went for to be married; pressed he was and sent abroad.  
Oh, the vows...
4. She dressed herself in sailor's garment, went on board a ship of war;  
her pretty fingers long and slender all besmeared with pitch and tar.  
Oh, the vows...
5. In this ship there was a skirmish; she among the rest did fight:  
her jacket burst the silver buttons; her breast was bared all snowy white.  
Oh, the vows...
6. Then the captain did inquire: "What misfortune drove you here?"  
"Sir, I'm seeking Willie Taylor; pressed he was by you last year!"  
Oh, the vows...
7. "If you rise tomorrow early, if you go at break of day,  
there you'll see your Willie Taylor with another lady gay."  
Oh, the vows...
8. "Oh false Willie, you've deceived me! You promised to make me your wife!  
She that bought you shall not keep you, for this hour I'll have your life!"  
Oh, the vows...
9. Soon she got a case of pistols; sore she mourned and sore she cried;  
there she shot false Willie Taylor and the lady by his side.  
Oh, the vows...