

## If I Were A Blackbird

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If I was a blackbird, could whistle and sing,  
I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in  
And on the top rigging there I'd build my nest  
And lay my head on his lily-white breast.

I am a poor girl, my fortune seems sad,  
Six months have I courted a true sailor lad  
And truly I loved him by night and by day  
And now in his transport he's sailed far away.

My love's tall and handsome in every degree,  
His parents despise him because he loves me  
But let them despise him and say what they will,  
While I've breath in my body I'll love him still.

He promised he'd meet me at Bonnybrook Fair  
With a bunch of blue ribbons to tie up my hair  
And if he would meet me I'd crown him with joy,  
And kiss those fond lips of my dear sailor boy.

If I was a blackbird, could whistle and sing,  
I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in  
And on the top rigging there I'd build my nest  
And lay my head on his lily-white breast.