

## The Undutiful Daughter

'Tis of a sea cap-tain came o'er the salt bil-low

He court-ed a maid-en down by the green wil-low

'Tis of a sea captain came o'er the salt billow  
 He courted a maiden down by the green willow  
 "O take of your father his gold and his treasure  
 O take of your mother her fee without measure"

"I've ta'en of my father his gold and his treasure  
 I've ta'en of my mother her fee without measure"  
 She has come with the captain into the seaside, O  
 "We" sail to lands foreign upon the blue tide, O"

And when she had sailed today and tomorrow  
 She was wringing her hands, she was wringing in sorrow  
 And when she had sailed not many a mile, O  
 The maid was delivered of a beautiful child, O

And when she had sailed today and tomorrow  
 She was wringing her hands, she was wringing in sorrow  
 And when she had sailed the days were not many  
 The sails were outspread but of miles made not any

[They cast the black bullets as they sailed on the water  
 The black bullet fell on the undutiful daughter  
 Now who in this ship must go over the side, O  
 O none save the maiden, the fair Captain's bride, O

O Captain! O Captain! Here's fifty gold crowns, O  
 I pray thee to spare me and turn the ship round, O  
 O Captain! O Captain! her's fifty gold pound, O  
 If thou wilt but set me again on the ground, O

O never! O never! The wind it blows stronger  
 O never! O never! The time it grows longer  
 O better it were that thy baby and thee, O  
 Should die than the crew of the vessel I vow, O

O get me a boat that is narrow and then, O  
 And set me and my sweet little baby therein, O  
 O no! it were better thy baby and thou, O  
 Should drown than the crew of the vessel I vow, O

O take a white napkin about my head bind it  
 O take a white napkin about my feet wind it  
 Alack that I must in the deep salten water  
 Alack I must sink, both me and my baby (sic)\*

They got a white napkin, about her head bound it  
 They got a white napkin, about her feet bound it  
 They cast her then overboard, baby and she, O  
 Together to sink in the cruel salt sea, O

The moon it was shining, the tide it was running  
 O what in the wake of the vessel was swimming  
 O see boys, O see how she floats on the water  
 O see boys, O see the undutiful daughter

Why swim in the moonlight upon the sea swaying  
 Oh what art thou seeking, for what art thou playing  
 O Captain! O Captain! I float on the water  
 For the sea giveth up the undutiful daughter

O take of my father the gold and the treasure  
 O take of my mother the gold in full measure  
 O make me a coffin of deepest stole yellow  
 And bury me under the banks of green willow

I will make thee a coffin of deepest stole yellow  
 I will bury thee under the banks of green willow  
 I will bury thee there, both thee and thy baby  
 I will bury thee there as becometh a lady

The sails they were spread and the wind it was blowing  
 The sea was so salt and the tide it was flowing  
 They steered for the land and they reached the shore, O  
 But the mother and baby had got there before, O

J Masters, Bradstone in 1888 (no tune given) - in 1889 from H Smith, same verses.

\* *SBG's note*