

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Lady Leroy

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The sun had just risen and shone o're the plain,
The birds they were singing; it was early one spring.
I spied a fair couple on the old England shore
B-viewing the ocean where the billows do roar.

The one was a lady so young and so fair,
The other was a captain persuading his dear,
Persuading his true-love for to sail the seas o'er,
For to cross the wide ocean where the billows do roar.

"Your father he is great, he is angry with me;
For to stay in`old England he'll be the death of me.
For to leave thee behind me 'twould grieve my heart sore
For to cross the wide ocean where the billows do roar.'

The maiden being grieved she hung down her head;
But again taking courage she this to him said:
"I am bound to go with you, you brave sailor boy;
The ship may come unto called the Lady Leroy."

She dressed herself up in a suit of men's clothes
And to her old father straightway she did go.
She purchased a vessel and paid the demand,
And little did he know of his own daughter's hand.

She wrote a letter to her lover straightway
Saying,"All things are ready; now make no delay."
They hoisted their topsails and their colors let fly,
And across the wide ocean sailed the Lady Leroy.

Her father, just hearing of what was at hand,
He swore he would be the death of that handsome young man,
For Polly his daughter should ne're be his wife;
For such false disobedience he would end her sweet life.

He wrote a short note to the captain straightway,
Saying, "All things are ready; now make no delay."
They hoisted their topsails, their colors let fly,
And across the wide ocean where the billows do roar.

They had not been out but a week or ten days
Till the wind from the east blew a fair pleasant gale.

They spied a fair vessel and hailed it with joy,
And found it to be the Lady Leroy.

They ordered her back to the old England shore
Or volleys of grapeshot broadside they would pour;
But Polly's own true-love he made this reply:
"We'll take all your grapeshot; we'll conquer or die."

So volley after volley of grapeshot did pour,
Till the cannons on both sides like thunder did roar.
But Polly's own true-love he gained the victory,
And shouted the sweet sounds of sweet liberty.

These two gallant vessels they sailed into Spain,
Those two gallant vessels I'll tell you their names ;
The one was Lord Essie and the other Leroy;
And it's luck to pretty Polly and the brave sailor boy.

From Ballads and Songs, Belden
Collected from Allen F. Wade's notebook (spellings are his). 1923
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