

Fair young maid all in a garden
Stange young man, passerby
He said, "Fair maid, will you marry me?"
This then, sir, was her reply:

Oh, no, kind sir, I cannot marry thee
For I've a love who sails all on the sea.
He's been gone for seven years
Still no man shall marry me

What if he's in some battle slain
Or if he's drowned in the deep salt sea
What if he's found another love
And he and his love both married be?

Well, if he's in some battle slain
I will die when the moon doth wane
And if he's drowned in the deep salt sea
I'll be true to his memory

And if he's found another love
And he and his love both married be
I'll wish them health and happiness
Where they dwell across the sea

He picked her up all in his arms
Kisses gave her: One, two, three
Said, weep no more, my own true love
I am your long-lost John Riley!