

William Taylor

Rapalje

William Taylor was a brisk young sailor
Full of heart and full of play
Till his mind he did uncover
To a youthful lady gay

Four and twenty British sailors
Met him on the king's highway
As he went for to be married
Pressed he was and sent away

Chorus:

Folleri-de-dom, de- daerai diddero
Folleri-de-dom, domme daerai dae
Folleri-de-dom, de- daerai diddero
Folleri-de-dom, domme daerai dae

Sailor's clothing she put on
And she went on board as a man-o-war
Her pretty little fingers long and slender
They were smeared with pitch and tar

On the ship there was a battle
She amongst the rest did fight
The wind blew off her silver buttons
Breasts were bared all snowy white

Chorus

When the captain did discover
He said Fair maid, what brought you here
Sir, I'm seeking William Taylor
Pressed he was by you last year

If you rise up in the morning
Early at the break of day
There you'll find young William Taylor
Walking with his lady gay

Chorus

She rose early in the morning
Early at the break of day
There she spied young William Taylor
Walking with his lady gay

She procured a pair of pistols
On the ground where she did stand
There she shot bold William Taylor
And the lady at his right hand

Chorus