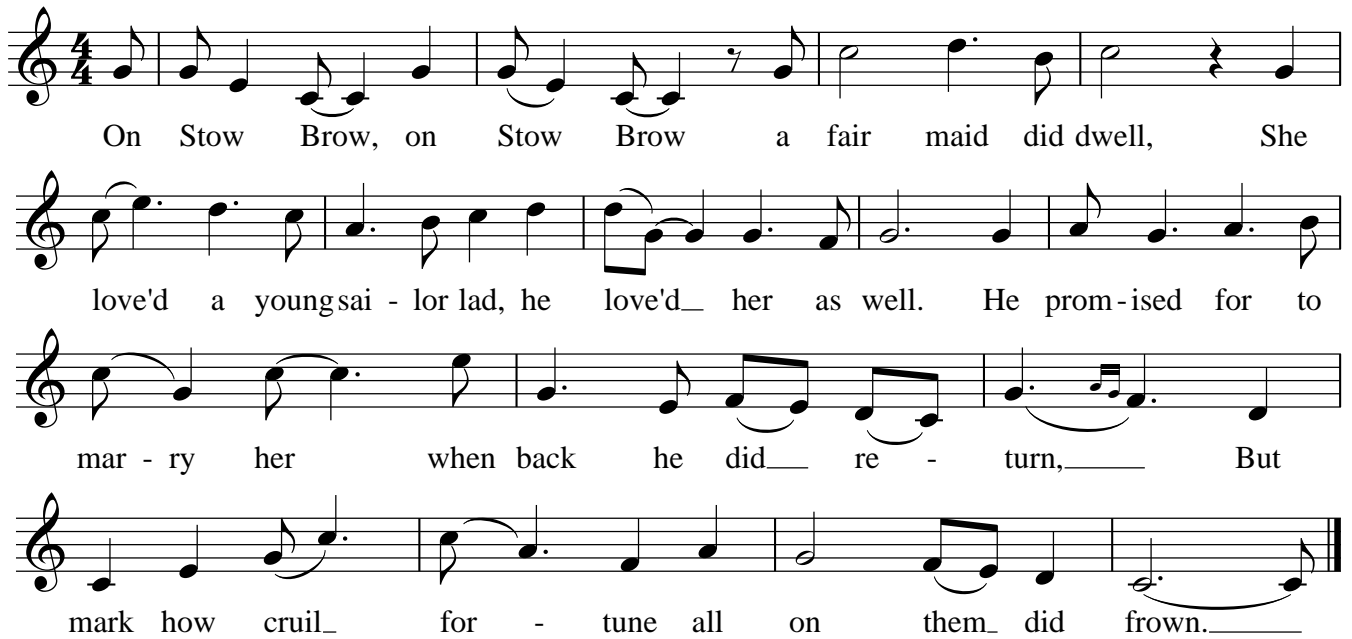


Stow Brow

TYG 7



On Stow Brow, on Stow Brow a fair maid did dwell, She
love'd a young sai - lor lad, he love'd her as well. He prom - ised for to
mar - ry her when back he did re - turn, But
mark how cruil for - tune all on them did frown.

1. On Stow Brow, on Stow Brow a fair maid did dwell,
She love`d a young sailor lad, he love`d her as well.
He promised for to marry her when back he did return,
But mark how cruil fortune all on them did frown.
2. As they was a-sailin' a storm did arise,
The moon was overshadowed and dismal was the skies,
The wind it blew a hurricane, the billows loud did roar,
Which washed them poor sailor lads all on the lee shore.
3. Now when this dreadful news reached this fair maiden's ears
She fell a-ringin' of 'er 'ands and a-tearin' of 'er 'air,
Cryin', 'Oh, you cruil billows, come wash my love on shore,
That I may be'old 'is sweet fatures yance more.'
4. As she was a-walkin' frae Stow Brow ti Bay
She spied a drownded sailor lad as on the sands 'e lay.
She boldly steppe`d up tiv 'im and amaze`d she did stand,
For she knew it was 'er own true love by the markin's on 'is 'and.
5. She kisse`d 'im, caresse`d 'im ten-thousand times o'er,
She kisse`d 'im, caresse`d 'im ten-thousand times the more,
Sayin', 'Ow 'appy I would be for ti lay down biv 'is side,'
And a few mair moments efter this fair maid she died.
6. In Robin Hood's Bay churchyard this young couple lay,
And written on their tombstone these words are to be read,
Sayin', 'Oh, you cruil billows, you washed my love on shore,
That I might be'old 'is sweet fatures yance more.'