

The Americans Have Stolen My True Love Away

do sol fa sol do
The Americans have stolen my true love away

And I in old England no longer can stay.

do lam fa sol
I will cross the briny ocean all on my sad breast

fa sol fa sol do
To find out my true love who I do love best.

sol fa sol do

And when I have found him, my joy and delight
I'll be constant unto him by day and by night;
I will always prove as constant as a true turtle dove
And I never will in no time prove false to my love.

When meeting is a pleasure but parting's a grief
And an inconstant lover is worse than a thief.
For a thief he will but rob you, take all that you have,
But an inconstant lover brings you to the grave.

The grave it will rot you and bring you to dust;
There is not one in twenty pretty ladies can trust.
For they'll kiss you and court you and swear they'll prove true
And the very next morning they will bid you adieu.

Come all you pretty maidens wherever you be
Don't settle your mind on yon sycamore tree;
For the leaves they will wither and the branches will die
And you'll be forsaken, you won't know not for why.