The Victory

Steeleye Span

I am a youthful lady
My troubles they are great,
My tongue is scarcely able
My grievance to relate;
Since I have lost my true love,
That was ever dear to me,
He's gone to plough the ocean,
On board the Victory.
And many a pleasant evening,
My love and I did meet,
He clasped me round my slender waist,
And gave me kisses sweet;
I gave to him my hand and heart,
And he vowed he'd marry me,
But I did not know that my love,
Would join the Victory.
Chorus: Mourn, England, mourn and complain;
For the brave Lord Nelson's men,
That died upon the main.
My parents could not endure my love,
Because he was so poor,
Therefore he never did presume,
To come within the door;
But had he been some noble lord,
Born a man of high degree,
They'd ne'er have sent the lad I love,
On board the Victory.
There was thirteen on the press-gang,
They did my love surround,
And four of that accursed gang,
Went bleeding to the ground;
My love was overpowered,
Though he fought most manfully,
They dragged him through the dark, wet streets,
Towards the Victory.
Chorus:
Your ship she lay in harbour,
Just ready to set sail,
May Heaven be your guardian, love,

Till you come home from sea,
Just like an angel weeping,
On the rock sighs every day,
Awaiting for my own true love,
Returning home from sea;
It's not for gold that glitters,
Nor silver that will shine,
If I marry to the man I love,
I'll be happy in my mind.
Chorus:
Here's success unto the Victory,
And crew of noble fame,
And glory to the captain,
Bold Nelson was his name;
At the Battle of Trafalgar,
The Victory cleared the way,
But my love was slain with Nelson,
Upon that very day.
Chorus:

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