

Two Sisters

Pascal Bournet, Henrique Alberti

There were two sisters side by side
Sing aye-dum, sing aye-day
There were two sisters side by side
The boys are born for me
There were two sisters side by side
The eldest for young Johnny cried I'll be true unto my love
If he'll be true to me Johnny bought the youngest a gay gold ring
Sing aye-dum, sing aye-day
Johnny bought the youngest a gay gold ring
The boys are born for me
Johnny bought the youngest a gay gold ring
He never bought the eldest a single thing I'll be true unto my love
If he'll be true to me Johnny bought the youngest a beaver hat
Sing aye-dum, sing aye-day
Johnny bought the youngest a beaver hat
The boys are born for me
Johnny bought the youngest a beaver hat
The eldest didn't think much of that I'll be true unto my love
If he'll be true to me As they were walking by the foamy brim
Sing aye-dum, sing aye-day
As they were walking by the foamy brim
The boys are born for me
As they were walking by the foamy brim
The eldest pushed the youngest in I'll be true unto my love
If he'll be true to me Sister, oh sister, give me thy hand
Sing aye-dum, sing aye-day
Sister, oh sister, give me thy hand
The boys are born for me
Sister, oh sister, give me thy hand
And you can have Johnny and all his land I'll be true unto my love
If he'll be true to me But sister, I'll not give you my hand
Sing aye-dum, sing aye-day
But sister, I'll not give you my hand
The boys are born for me
But sister, I'll not give you my hand
And I'll have Johnny and all his land I'll be true unto my love
If he'll be true to me So away she sank and away she swam
Sing aye-dum, sing aye-day
So away she sank and away she swam

The boys are born for me
So away she sank and away she swam
Until she came to the Miller's dam I'll be true unto my love
If he'll be true to me The Miller, he took her gay gold ring
Sing aye-dum, sing aye-day
The Miller, he took her gay gold ring
The boys are born for me
The Miller, he took her gay gold ring
And then he pushed her in again I'll be true unto my love
If he'll be true to me The Miller, he was hanged on the mountain head
Sing aye-dum, sing aye-day
The Miller, he was hanged on the mountain head
The boys are born for me
The Miller, he was hanged on the mountain head
The eldest sister was boiled in lead I'll be true unto my love
If he'll be true to me

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>