

No, Never, No

Written from memory by EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

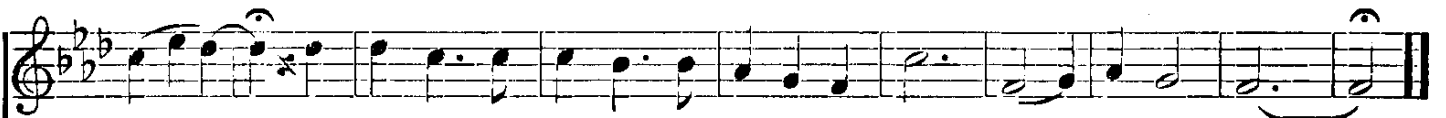
Old Ballad



1. They sat by the fire-side, his fair daughters three, They talked of their
2. "I'll give him this vest all of sat-in so fine;" "And I'll be his
3. "O did ye not hear it?" the sisters declare, "There's surely a
4. "It is but the tem-pest that ra-ges so strong; The gale will it-
5. Pre- pare ye, fair maid-ens, pre- pare ye to weep! Your fa- ther lies



fa-ther who sail'd on the sea: "Oh! when he comes back, we will all love him
 car-ver when he sits to dine;" "And I'll climb his knee and such kiss-es be-
 spir-it that talks in the air; And wheth-er we speak eith-er loud-ly or
 self waft our fa-ther a-long; Go look at the vane and see how the winds
 cold in the dark-roll-ing deep; Look not at the vane nor ask how the winds



so, . . . He nev-er a-gain to the salt sea shall go. No! nev-er, no!"
 sto-v . . . He nev-er a-gain to the salt sea shall go. No! nev-er, no!"
 low, . . . It an-sw-ers in accents all mournful and slow, "No! nev-er, no!"
 blow: . . . He'll bring us gay things for he promised us so." "No! nev-er, no!"
 blow, . . . His ghost in the storm whispers mournful and slow: "No! nev-er, no!"

