

# NANCY LEE

Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929)

Stephen Adams (1841–1913)

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, Yeo-ho! lads, ho! Yeo-ho! yeo-ho! There's none like  
 2. The harbor's past, the breez-es blow, Yeo-ho! lads, ho! Yeo-ho! yeo-ho! 'Tis long ere  
 3. The boa's'n pipes the watch be-low, Yeo-ho! lads, ho! Yeo-ho! yeo-ho! Then here's a

Nan-cy Lee, I trow, Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho! See there she stands and  
 we come back I know, Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho! But true and bright, from  
 health be-fore we go, Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho! A long, long life to

waves her hands up-on the quay, An' ev-'ry day when I'm a-way, She'll watch for—  
 morn till night, my home will be, An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet For Jack at—  
 my sweet wife, and mates at sea; An' keep his bones from Da-vy Jones Wher-e'er you—

me, An' whis-per low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea, Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!  
 sea, An' Nan-cy's face to bless the place, an' welcome me; Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!  
 be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan-cy Lee, Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!

The sail-or's wife the sail-or's star shall be, Yeo-ho! we go a-cross the sea,—

The sail - or's wife the sail-or's star shall be, The sail-or's wife his star shall be.