

The Lucky Escape

Trad.

Range:

Key:

F Major



Feedback: yo@tom.im

I that once was a ploughman a sailor am now. No lark that a- loft in the

sky, ever flut- ter'd his wings to give speed to the plough Was so

gay and so careless as I, Was so gay and so care less as I; But my

friend was a car- sin-do a- board a king's ship, And he ax'd me to go just to

sea for a trip; And he talk'd of such things as if sai- lers were kings, And so

teazing did keep, and so teasing did keep, That I left my poor plough to

go plough- ing the deep. No long- er the horn call'd me up in the morn, No

long- er the horn call'd me up in the morn, I tru- sted the car- sin-do and

the in- con- stant wind, That made me for to go and leave my dear be- hind.