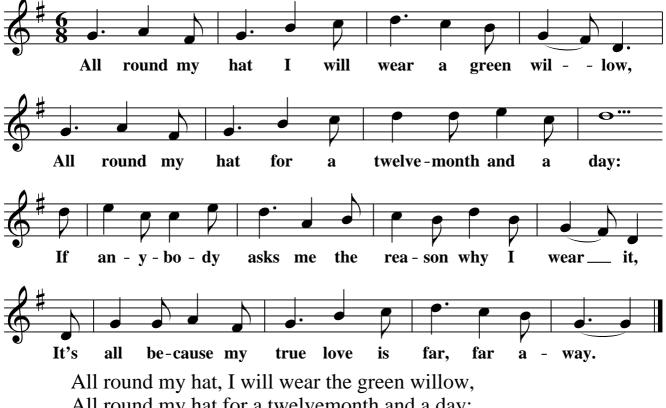
All around my Hat



All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day: If anybody asks me the reason why I wear it, Its all because my true love is far, far away.

My love she was fair, and my love she was kind, too, And many were the happy hours between my love and me; I never could refuse her whatever she'd a mind to, But now she's far away, far across the stormy sea.

O will my love be true, and will my love be faithful? Or will she find another swain to court her where she's gone? The men will all run after her, so pretty and so graceful, And perhaps she may forget me, lamenting all alone.

So all round my hat I will wear a green willow, All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day: And if anybody asks me the reason why I wear it. Its all because my true love is far, far away.