



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
FACULTY OF MUSIC

**Naomi Sney, Soprano**

Parting: MMus Recital 1

**Dakota Scott-Digout, Piano**

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Master of Music Degree in Performance.  
Naomi Sney is a student of Monica Whicher.

Wednesday, May 6, 2026 at 7:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

**PROGRAM**

Tra le fiamme, tu scherzi per gioco (*Il consiglio*) (HWV 170)

Georg Friedrich Händel (1685–1759)

Mörike-lieder (selections)

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

- I. Der Gärtner
- II. Im Frühling
- III. Zitronenfalter im April
- IV. Er ist's

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*We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.*

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit [indigenous.utoronto.ca](http://indigenous.utoronto.ca) to learn more.

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La Courte Paille (1960)

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

- I. Le sommeil
- II. Quelle aventure!
- III. La reine de coeurs
- IV. Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu
- V. Les anges musiciennes
- VI. Le carafon
- VII. Lune d'Avril

### **INTERMISSION**

Tre Sange (Op. 1)\*\*

Agathe Backer-Grøndahl (1847–1907)

- I. En Bøn
- II. Gud give, jeg var et Barn igjen
- III. Til mit hjertes dronning

Parting (2012)\*

Cecilia Livingston (b. 1985)

My Fancy Late and Early (A Maiden's life and love in Canadian Folk Song), Op. 22  
(2003)\*

John Greer (b. 1954)

- I. The jolly raftsmen O; Young MacDonald
  - II. She's like the swallow; Who is at my window weeping?
  - III. I died my petticoat red
  - IV. An old man he courted me
- Epilogue: Come all ye olde comrades

\*\* Fulfills the BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement.

\* Fulfills the Canadian Repertoire Requirement.

## BIOGRAPHY

Born and raised in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Naomi Sney has taken on an active role in her local musical community. From acting as the Soprano Section Lead at First Baptist Church Halifax to working as a Music Recreation Programmer at Oakwood Terrace Nursing Home, Naomi continuously strives for connection through music. Having recently graduated from her Bachelor of Music at Dalhousie University, she has performed in several productions with the Dal Opera program. Some highlights include the roles of “Queen Hen” and “Bluejay” in Leoš Janáček’s *The Cunning Little Vixen*, “La Superiora” in Umberto Giordani’s *Mese Mariano* and “Valentin” in Jaques Offenbach’s *La Chanson de Fortunio*, and this past year, Naomi played the roles of “Box Office Attendant” in Bekah Simms’ *The Box Office* and “La Fée” in Pauline Viardot’s *Cendrillon*. She has also had the honour of performing solo arias in Concerto Night with the Dal Symphony Orchestra in 2024 and 2025. Naomi Sney recently completed her first year of her Master of Music in Voice Performance at the University of Toronto and is receiving vocal instruction from Monica Whicher and collaborative pianist Dakota Scott-Digout.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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### **Tra le fiamme, tu scherzi per gioco**

Text by Benedetto Pamphili

Tra le fiamme tu scherzi per gioco,  
o mio core, per farti felice,  
e t’inganna una vaga beltà.  
Cadon mille farfalle nel foco,  
e si trova una sola fenice,  
che risorge, se a morte sen va.

### **Amid the flames you trifle in play**

Translation by Charles Johnston

Amid the flames you frolic and play,  
O my heart, seeking happiness,  
and you are deceived by a graceful  
beauty.  
A thousand moths fall into the fire,  
but there is only one phoenix,  
that rises again after going to its death.

### **Der Gärtner**

Text by Eduard Mörike

Auf ihrem Leibrösslein,  
So weiss wie der Schnee,  
Die schönste Prinzessin  
Reit't durch die Allee.

Der Weg, den das Rösslein  
Hintanzet so hold,  
Der Sand, den ich streute,  
Er blinket wie Gold.

Du rosenfarbs Hütlein,  
Wohl auf und wohl ab,  
O wirf eine Feder  
Verstohlen herab!

Und willst du dagegen  
Eine Blüte von mir,  
Nimm tausend für eine,  
Nimm alle dafür!

### **Im Frühling**

Text by Eduard Mörike

Hier lieg ich auf dem Frühlingshügel:  
Die Wolke wird mein Flügel,  
Ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.  
Ach, sag mir, alleinzige Liebe,  
Wo du bleibst, dass ich bei dir bliebe!  
Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr habt kein  
Haus.

Der Sonnenblume gleich steht mein  
Gemüte offen,  
Sehnend,  
Sich dehnend  
In Lieben und Hoffen.  
Frühling, was bist du gewillt?  
Wann werd' ich gestillt?

### **The Gardener**

Translation by Richard Stokes

On her favourite mount,  
As white as snow,  
The loveliest princess  
Rides down the avenue.

On the path her horse  
Prances so sweetly along,  
The sand I scattered  
Glitters like gold.

You rose-coloured bonnet,  
Bobbing up and down,  
O throw me a feather  
Discreetly down!

And if you in exchange  
Want a flower from me,  
Take a thousand for one,  
Take all in return!

### **In Spring**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Here I lie on the springtime hill:  
The clouds become my wings,  
A bird flies on ahead of me.  
Ah tell me, one-and-only love,  
Where you are, that I might be with you!  
But you and the breezes, you have no  
home.

Like a sunflower my soul has opened,  
Yearning,  
Expanding  
In love and hope.  
Spring, what is it you want?  
When shall I be stilled?

Die Wolke seh ich wandeln und den  
Fluss,  
Es dringt der Sonne goldner Kuss  
Mir tief bis ins Geblüt hinein;  
Die Augen, wunderbar berauschet,  
Tun, als schliefen sie ein,  
Nur noch das Ohr dem Ton der Biene  
lauschet.

Ich denke dies und denke das,  
Ich sehne mich und weiss nicht recht  
nach was:  
Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es Klage;  
Mein Herz, o sage,  
Was webst du für Erinnerung  
In golden grüner Zweige Dämmerung?  
– Alte unnenbare Tage!

### **Zitronenfalter im April**

Text by Eduard Mörike

Grausame Frühlingssonne,  
Du weckst mich vor der Zeit,  
Dem nur im Maienwonne  
Die zarte Kost gedeiht!  
Ist nicht ein liebes Mädchen hier,  
Das auf der Rosenlippe mir  
Ein Tröpfchen Honig beut,  
So muss ich jämmerlich vergeh'n  
Und wird der Mai mich nimmer sehn  
In meinem gelben Kleid.

### **Er ist's**

Text by Eduard Mörike

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band  
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;  
Süsse, wohlbekannte Düfte  
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.

Veilchen träumen schon,  
Wollen balde kommen.  
– Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!  
Frühling, ja du bist's!  
Dich hab ich vernommen!

I see the clouds drift by, the river too,  
The sun kisses its golden glow  
Deep into my veins;  
My eyes, wondrously enchanted,  
Close, as if in sleep,  
Only my ears still harken to the humming  
bee.

I muse on this, I muse on that,  
I yearn, and yet for what I cannot say:  
It is half joy, half lament;  
Tell me, O heart,  
What memories you weave  
Into the twilit green and golden leaves?  
– Past, unmentionable days!

### **Brimstone butterfly in April**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Merciless spring sun,  
You wake me before my time,  
For only in blissful May  
Can my delicate food grow!  
If there's no dear girl here  
To offer me a drop of honey  
From her rosy lips,  
Then I must perish miserably  
And May shall never see me  
In my yellow dress.

### **Spring is here**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Spring sends its blue banner  
Fluttering on the breeze again;  
Sweet, well-remembered scents  
Drift propitiously across the land.

Violets dream already,  
Will soon begin to bloom.  
– Listen, the soft sound of a distant harp!  
Spring, that must be you!  
It's you I've heard!

## **Le sommeil**

Text by Maurice Carême

Le sommeil est en voyage,  
Mon dieu! où est-il parti?  
J'ai beau bercer mon petit,  
il pleure dans son lit-cage,  
il pleure depuis midi.

Où le sommeil a-t'il mis  
son sable et ses rêves sages?  
J'ai beau bercer mon petit,  
il se tourne tout en nage,  
il sanglote dans son lit.

Ah! reviens, reviens, sommeil,  
sur ton beau cheval de course!  
Dans le ciel noir, la Grande Ourse  
a enterré le soleil  
et rallumé ses abeilles.

Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,  
il ne dira pas bonjour,  
il ne dira rien demain  
à ses doigts, au lait, au pain  
qui l'accueillent dans le jour.

## **Quelle aventure!**

Text by Maurice Carême

Une puce, dans sa voiture,  
Tirait un petit éléphant  
En regardant les devantures,  
Où scintillaient les diamants.

Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!  
Quelle aventure!  
Qui va me croire, s'il m'entend?

L'éléphanteau, d'un air absent,  
Suçait un pot de confiture.  
Mais la puce n'en avait cure  
Elle tirait en souriant.

## **Sleep**

Translation by Winifred Radford

Sleep has gone off on a journey,  
Gracious me! Where can it have got to?  
I have rocked my little one in vain,  
he is crying in his cot,  
he has been crying ever since noon.

Where has sleep put  
its sand and its gentle dreams?  
I have rocked my little one in vain,  
he tosses and turns perspiring,  
he sobs in his bed.

Ah! Come back, come back, sleep,  
on your fine race-horse!  
In the dark sky, the Great Bear  
has buried the sun  
and rekindled his bees.

If baby does not sleep well  
he will not say good day,  
he will have nothing to say  
to his fingers, to the milk, to the bread  
that greet him in the morning.

## **What Goings-on!**

Translation by Winifred Radford

A flea, in its carriage  
was pulling a little elephant along  
gazing at the shop windows,  
where diamonds were sparkling.

Good gracious! Good gracious!  
What goings on!  
Who will believe me if I tell them?

The little elephant was absentmindedly  
sucking on a pot of jam.  
But the flea took no notice,  
and went on pulling with a smile.

Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!  
Que cela dure, Et je vais me croire  
dément!

Soudain, le long d'une clôture,  
La puce fondit dans le vent  
Et je vis le jenne, elephant  
Se sauver en fendant les murs.

Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!  
La chose est sûre,  
Mais comment la dire à maman?

### **La reine de cœur**

Text by Maurice Carême

Mollement acoudée  
a ses vitres de lune,  
la reine vous salue,  
d'une fleur d'amandier.

C'est la reine de coeur,  
elle peut, s'il lui plait,  
vous mener en secret  
vers d'étranges demeures.

Où il n'est plus de portes,  
de salles ni de tours  
et où les jeunes mortes  
viennent parler d'amour.

La reine vous salue,  
hâtez-vous de la suivre  
dans son château de givre  
au doux vitraux de lune.

Good gracious! Good gracious!  
If this goes on, I shall really think I am  
mad!

Suddenly, along by a fence,  
the flea disappeared in the wind  
and I saw the young elephant make off,  
breaking through the walls.

Good gracious! Good gracious!  
It is perfectly true,  
but how shall I tell Mommy?

### **The Queen of Hearts**

Translation by Winifred Radford

Gently leaning on her elbow  
at her moon windows,  
the queen waves to you,  
with a flower of the almond tree.

She is the queen of hearts,  
She can, if she wishes,  
lead you in secret  
to strange dwellings.

Where there are no more doors,  
no rooms or towers  
and where the young dead  
come to speak of love.

The queen waves to you,  
hasten to follow her  
into her castle of hoar-frost  
with the lovely moon windows.

**Ba, be, bi, bo, bu**

Text by Maurice Carême

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!  
Le chat a mis ses bottes,  
il va de porte en porte  
jouer, danser, chanter.

Pou, chou, genou, hibou.  
'Tu dois apprendre à lire,  
à compter, à écrire'  
lui crie-t-on de partout.

Mais rikketikketau,  
le chat de s'esclaffer,  
en reentrant au château:  
il est le Chat botté!

**Les anges musiciens**

Text by Maurice Carême

Sur les fils de la pluie,  
les anges de jeudi  
jouent longtemps de la harpe.

Et sous leurs doigts,  
Mozart tinte, délicieux,  
en gouttes de joie bleue.

Car c'est toujours Mozart  
que reprennent sans fin  
les anges musiciens,

Qui, au long du jeudi,  
font chanter sur le harpe  
la douceur de la pluie.

**Ba, be, bi, bo, bu**

Translation by Winifred Radford

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!  
The cat has put on his boots,  
he goes from door to door  
playing, dancing, singing.

Lice, cabbage, knee, owl.  
"You must learn to read,  
to count, to write,"  
they cry to him on all sides.

But rikketikketau,  
the cat bursts out laughing,  
as he goes back to the castle:  
He is Puss in Boots!

**The Angel Musicians**

Translation by Winifred Radford

On the fields of rain,  
the Thursday angels  
play all day upon the harp.

And beneath their fingers,  
Mozart tinkles deliciously,  
in drops of blue joy.

For it is always Mozart  
that is repeated endlessly  
by the angel musicians,

Who, all day Thursday,  
sing on their harps  
the sweetness of the rain.

### **Le carafon**

Text by Maurice Carême

'Pourquoi,' se plaignait la carafe,  
'N'aurais je pas un carafon?  
Au zoo, madame la girafe  
n'atelle pas un girafon?'  
Un sorcier qui passait par là,  
a cheval sur un phonographe,  
enregistra la belle voix  
de soprano de la carafe  
et la fit entendre à Merlin.  
'Fort bien, di celuici, fort bien!'  
Il frappa trios fois dans les mains  
et la dame de la maison  
se demande encore pourquoi  
elle trouva, ce matin-là,  
un joli petit carafon  
blotti tout contre la carafe  
ainsi qu'au zoo, le girafon  
pose son cou fragile et long  
sur le flanc clair de la giraffe.

### **Lune d'Avril**

Text by Maurice Carême

Lune,  
belle lune, lune d'Avril  
faites-moi voir en mon dormant  
le pechêr au coeur de safran,  
le poisson qui rit du grésil,  
l'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,  
doucement reveille les morts  
et surtout, surtout le pays  
où il fait joie, où il fait clair,  
où soleilleux de primevères,  
On a brisé tous les fusils.

### **The Baby Carafe**

Translation by Winifred Radford

"Why," complained the carafe,  
"should I not have a baby carafe?  
At the zoo, Madame the giraffe  
has not she a baby giraffe?"  
A sorcerer who happened to be passing  
by astride a phonograph,  
recorded the lovely soprano voice  
of the carafe  
and let Merlin hear it.  
"Very good," said he, "'Very good!"  
He clapped his hands three times  
and the lady of the house  
still asks herself why  
she found that very morning  
a pretty little baby carafe  
nestling close to the carafe  
just as in the zoo, the baby giraffe  
rests its long, fragile neck  
against the pale flank of the giraffe.

### **April Moon**

Translation by Winifred Radford

Moon  
beautiful moon, April moon,  
let me see in my sleep  
the peach-tree with the saffron heart,  
the fish who laughs at the sleet,  
the bird who, distant as a hunting horn,  
gently awakens the dead  
and above all, above all, the land  
where there is joy, where there is light,  
where sunny with primroses,  
all the guns have been destroyed.

## En Bøn

Text by Vilhelm Bergsøe

Jeg beder Dig ikke om Rosen paa Dit  
Bryst,  
ej heller om en Lok af Dit Haar;  
thi Rosen vil falme som Blomsterne i  
Høst,  
og Lökkernes Glansspil forgaar.

Jeg ønsker ei heller den perletunge Snor,  
der snor sig som en Snog om Din Haand;  
thi vilde Du mig fængsle, Du kjendte vel  
de Ord,  
som bandt mig med stærkere Baand.

Nei, skænk mig en Tanke, naar Dagen  
bryder frem,  
et stille Suk i Skumringens Fred,  
en taareblank Perle, ifald jeg skifter Hjem  
Og sænkes under Havbølgen ned.

Thi Tanker og Taarer er Evighedens  
Guld,  
en Sjælerigdom, Herren os gav;  
og aldrig kan de falme og lægges under  
Muld,  
men spire som Blomster fra vor Grav

## A Prayer

Translation by Imperial Music House

I do not ask you for the rose on your  
breast,  
nor for a lock of your hair,  
For the roses will fade, like the flowers in  
the fall,  
And the play of the tresses will pass  
away.

Neither do I desire the string of pearls,  
that winds like a snake about thy hand,  
For thou wouldst imprison me, thou didst  
know the words  
that have held me with stronger bonds.

Nay, give me a thought, when the day  
breaks,  
A silent sigh, In the peace of twilight,  
A pearl of tears, if I change my home,  
And sink beneath the waves of the sea.

For thoughts and tears are the gold of  
eternity,  
The Lord has given us a gift of soul.  
And they can never fade and be buried in  
the dust,  
but sprout as flowers from our grave!

**Gud give, jeg var et Barn igjen**  
Text by Vilhelm Bergsøe

Gud give, jeg var et Barn igjen  
Og laa i min Vugge paa Ny,  
Og atter legede Timerne hen  
Med Engle høit under Sky!

Gud give, jeg hørte min Moders Røst  
Ved Vuggen i Nattens Stund,  
Og at hun lagde mig til sit Bryst  
Og kyssed mig paa min Mund!

Gud give, jeg havde med hende fulgt  
Til Gravens og Fredens Hjem,  
Da laa ei hin bitre Smerte dulgt  
Dybt i mit Hjertes Gjem!

Da var det ei furet af Synd og Gru,  
Af Sorg og Anger og Nød.  
Gud give, jeg var et Barn igjen,  
Og laa i min Vugge paa Ny  
Men helst, at jeg aldrig var født!

**Til mit hjertes dronning**  
Text by Christian Preetzmann

Skal vi vandre en Stund  
I den dæmrende Lund,  
Medens Fuldmaanen hist holder Vagt,  
Jeg vil hviske, min Skat,  
I den kølige Nat,  
Hvad jeg aldrig ved Dagen fik sagt.

Jeg ved Stjernerens Skjær,  
Skal betro Dig en Hær  
Af Tanker, som aldrig fik Ord,  
Imens Nathimlens Glands,  
Som en sølverne Krands,  
Om din luftige Skjønhed sig snor.

Og naar Maanen fra Sky  
Over Marker og By  
Udgyder sin sølverne Flod,  
Vil mig fængsle dens Skin

**God grant, I was a child again**  
Translation by Imperial Music House

God grant, I was a child again,  
And lay in my cradle again,  
And again the hours played away,  
With angels high under the clouds.

God grant that I heard my mother's voice,  
By the cradle in the night,  
And that she pressed me to her breast,  
and kissed me on the lips.

God grant that I had gone with her,  
to the home of the grave and peace,  
and there was not one of her hot smiles  
hidden, Deep, deep in my heart's bosom.

Then was it not full of sin and sorrow,  
of sorrow and remorse and distress.  
God grant I was a child again,  
And lay in my cradle again  
But I wish I had never been born.

**To the Queen of My Heart**  
Translation by Imperial Music House

Let us wander for a while,  
In the misty grove,  
While the full moon keeps watch here,  
I will whisper, my love,  
In the cool of the night,  
What I never, Never, never by day could I  
say.

I know the light of the stars,  
I'll stir up the army  
Of thoughts that never had words,  
While the tassels of the night sky,  
Like a silver wreath,  
Around thy airy, airy beauty winds.

And when the moon from the sky  
Over fields and town,  
Sheds its silver river.  
I will be captivated by its shine,

Paa din Pande, din Kind,  
Vil jeg knæle iløn ved din Fod.

Lad os sværme en Stund  
Da ved Sø og i Lund,  
Medens Fuldmaanen hist holder Vagt!  
Jeg vil hviske, min Skat!  
I den kølige Nat,  
Hvad jeg aldrig ved Dagen fik sagt.

On thy brow, on thy cheek,  
I will kneel at thy foot

Let us wander awhile,  
By the lake and in the grove,  
While the full moon keeps watch here.  
I will whisper, my love,  
In the cool night,  
what I never, Never, never by day could I  
say.

### **Parting**

Text by Jane Lew

Before I ever leave  
how I imagine returning to you  
Like the chipped edge  
of a ceramic dish  
fitted perfectly into place. Not a speck  
of dust  
disturbed in the break  
Absence is a measurement  
calibrated to memory, a scale of units  
smaller than the sound of an inhale, only  
as wide as the quarry between us  
when we lie  
clavicle to clavicle  
hip bone to hip bone  
Every breath a coax  
a grain  
of silent mending

### **The jolly raftsman O; Young MacDonald**

I am sixteen, I do confess,  
I'm sure I am no older O.  
I place mind. It never shall move.  
It's on a Jolly rafts-man O.

To hew and score it is his plan,  
And handle the broad-axe neatly O.  
It's lay the line and mark the pine  
And do it most completely O.

Oh, she is daily scolding me  
To marry some free-holder O.  
I place my mind. It never shall move.  
It's on a Jolly rafts-man O.

To hew and score it is his plan,  
And handle the broad-axe neatly O.  
It's lay the line and mark the pine  
And do it most completely O.

My love is marching through the pine  
As brave as Alexander O,  
And none can I find to please my mind  
As well as a jolly rafts-man O.

To hew and score it is his plan,  
And handle the broad-axe neatly O.  
It's lay the line and mark the pine  
And do it most completely O.

He is young and fair and handsome,  
He's my fancy late and early.  
There's another who doth claim him;  
I don't blame her

### **She's like the swallow; Who is at my window weeping?**

She's like the swallow that flies so high  
She's like the river that never runs dry  
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore  
She loves her love and love is no more

'Tis out in the meadow this fair maid did go  
Picking the lovely primrose  
The more she plucked the more she pulled  
Until she's got her apron full

She climbed on yonder hill above  
To give a rose unto her love  
She gave him one, she gave him three  
She gave her heart for company

And as they sat on yonder hill  
His heart grew hard, so harder still  
He had two hearts instead of one  
She says, "young man what have you done?"

How foolish you must be  
To think I loved no one but thee.  
The world's not made for one alone  
I take delight in everyone

She took her roses and made a bed,  
A stony pillow for her head  
She lay her down no more did say,  
But let her roses fade away.

### **I died my petticoat red**

I wish and I wish and I wish in vain,  
I wish I was a young maid again,  
But a young maid again I never shall be,  
'Till apples grow on an orange tree.

Shoal, shoal, shoal de back-er-ol,  
Show de ramsack, call the pop-a-too,  
While they call the cat the kiddie-y-ack,  
A widdle-y widdle-y wum,  
'Till they niddle-y-ack, niddle-y-ack  
night night night.

I died my petticoat I died it red,  
And 'round the world I begged my bread,  
Friends and relations think me dead,  
Call the cat, the kiddie-y-ack, the low.

Shoal, shoal, shoal de back-er-ol,  
Show de ramsack, call the pop-a-too,  
While they call the cat the kiddie-y-ack,  
A widdle-y widdle-y wum,  
'Till they niddle-y-ack, niddle-y-ack  
night night night.

### **Epilogue: Come all ye olde comrades**

Come all ye old comrades, come now let  
us join,  
Come and join your sweet voices in  
chorus with mine,  
For we'll laugh and be jolly while sorrow  
refrain,  
For we may [or] may never all meet here  
again.

Here's adieu my old comrades, here's  
adieu and farewell.  
If ever I return again there is no tongue to  
tell.  
But we'll trust to his mercy who can sink  
or can save  
Or carry us over the wide swelling wave.

### **An old man he courted me**

An old man he courted me,  
fal the dol doodle,  
An old man he courted me, hi derry down;  
An old man he courted me all for to marry  
me;  
Maids when you're young never wed an  
old man.

For, he has no fal the dol all the dol  
doodle,  
Oh, he has no fal the dol diddle the one,  
He has no filoodle, he's lost his ding-  
doodle,  
So maids while you're young never wed  
an old man.

Oh, it's when that we went to bed, fal the  
dol doodle,  
It's when that we went to bed, hi derry  
down,  
It's when that we went to bed, he lay as if  
he was dead;  
Maids when you're young never wed an  
old man.

I threw me leg over him, fal the dol  
doodle,  
I threw me leg over him, hi derry down, I  
threw me leg over him, I swore I would  
smother him;  
Maids when you're young never wed an  
old man.

For, he has no fal the dol all the dol  
doodle,  
Oh, he has no fal the dol diddle the one,  
He has no filoodle, he's lost his ding-  
doodle,  
So maids while you're young never wed  
an old man.

