

## Sheffield Apprentice (traditional North Carolina)

*In Cecil Sharp's Folksongs from the Southern Appalachians. As sung by Mary Sands.*

As I grew up in Boston in such a low degree  
My parents they adored me, no other child but me  
Unbeknownst to friends and parents, from them I stole my way  
And steered my course to London. And bitter be the day.

When I arrived in London, a fair lady met me there  
She offered me good wages to stay with her one year  
She offered me good wages, fine house and fine land  
If I'd consent to marry her, she'd be at my command

I said, "Dear Miss, excuse me, I cannot wed you both  
I'm promised to my Polly. I'm bounded with an oath."  
Then Miss, she grew angry and from me fled away  
Swearing by all her vengeance that she'd make me rue the day.

As I walked out one evening to take the pleasant air  
I spied Miss in the garden, viewing the lilies fair  
The gold rings from her fingers, as she came past by me  
She dropped them in my pocket, and for it I must die

They put me on an eastbound train one cold December day  
And every station I passed through, I heard the people say  
"Yonder goes a young man; in iron chains he's bound.  
For some crime or another, he's bound for Charlestown."

Here is my dear old father, he's a-pleading at the bar  
Likewise my aged mother, pulling out grey locks of hair  
A-pulling out those old grey locks, the tears come trinkling down,  
"O son, o son, what have you done? You're bound for Charlestown."

Then I was executed and on the gallows hung  
My friends and my relations, all round me they did mourn  
My father and my mother, all round me they did cry  
Farewell my dear old parents, now I am bound to die.

**From Judy Cook's CD "If You Sing Songs..."**

Contact Judy for CDs, Tapes, Bookings, or Information.

Email: [judy@judyc Cook.net](mailto:judy@judyc Cook.net) Phone: (301)776-4314 Website: [www.judyc Cook.net](http://www.judyc Cook.net)

Judy Cook / 16125 Malcolm Drive / Laurel, MD 20707 / USA