



You gave me your right hand?  
You said if ever you'd marry  
I'd be your man

But you broke your promise,  
Go with whom you please,  
My poor heart is aching  
You are at your ease.

I went to church last Sunday,  
Molly came ridin' by;  
I could tell her mind was changing  
By the rovin' of her eye.

I'll go down to the river,  
When everyone's asleep.  
I'll think of handsome Molly  
And I'll begin to weep.

So I wish I was in London,  
Or some other seaport town;  
I'd put my foot on a steamboat,  
I'd sail the ocean round.