

1842

# Come Sit Thee Down

John Sinclair

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*Pratt*

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# COME SIT THEE DOWN

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# COME SIT THEE DOWN!

*MODERATO.*

*ff* *p*

Come sit thee down, my bonny, bonny love;

Come sit thee down by me love, And I will tell thee many a tale, Of the dangers of the

sea. Of the perils of the deep love Where the



an - gry tempests roar; And the raging billows wildly dash, Up - on the groaning

shore. And the raging billows wildly dash, Up-on the groaning shore *ad lib:*

Come sit thee down, my bonny bonny love, Come sit thee down by me love, And

I will tell thee many a tale, Of the dangers of the sea.



The skies are flaming red my love, The skies are flaming red love, And

dark - ly rolls the mountain wave And rears its monstrous head

While skies and o - cean blending And

bitter howls the blast And the dar - ing Tar 'twixt life and death Clings



to the shat-ter'd mast, And the dar - ing Tar 'twixt life and death, Clings

to the shat - ter'd mast. *ad lib: //* to the shatter'd mast. Come sit thee down, my bonny bonny love,

Come sit thee down by me love, And I will tell thee many a tale Of the

dan - gers of the sea.



