

# The Blue Peter

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Joy Rennie 2011

Verse



La - st night when I left her, my true love was wee - ping



For sorr - ow at par - ting but par - ting must be;



Wha - t use for her tears and what use to be kee - ping



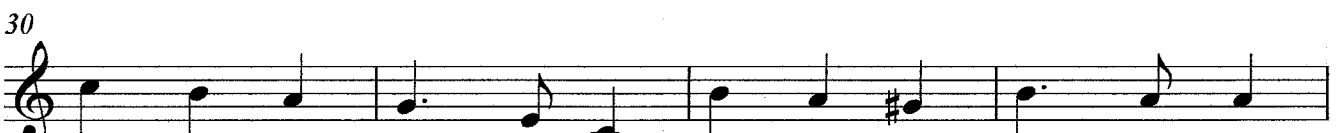
A lad by the fire - side that fo - llows the sea?



Fare - well and a - dieu to ye, still we'll be true to ye,



Still we'll re - mem - ber wher - e - ver we be



Hope we'll be mee - ting ye, hope you will gree - ting be,



Some day your sai - lor come home from the sea!