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The Widow of Penzance Eric Coates

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The Widow of Penzance.

A widow lived in fair Penzance,
Sweet Dolly was her name,
She led the men a merry dance
When they a-courting came;
Good money laid by in the bank
Quite safe and sound had she,
And a boat so trim for the fish that swim
Beneath the silver sea.
And oh! the lovers that came to woo
That widow by the sea,
Though plump and round and forty, too,
She was rich as rich could be!

One suitor was a skipper bold
Who'd weathered many a storm,
He vowed she had a heart of gold,
And wooed with ardour warm;
Then Doll she shed a plaintive tear
And fell upon his neck;
Sighed she: "Although me heart's quite sound
My fortune is a wreck!"
And oh! the skipper who came to woo
His love began to hide,
And Doll they say when he went away
She laughed until she cried!

Now Doll had cast her eyes upon
The man she meant to wed,
But since to her no word said John,
To John Doll spoke instead;
Now he was young, and shy as well,
He dared not disagree!
And before he knew he was wedded to
That widow by the sea!
And all the lovers they loudly swore,
And John hard names did call;
But John they say, in a month or more
He swore the worst of all!

