

Sweet Caroline

As I walked out one mor - ning fair, To
view the scene and to take the air, I heard a young man
sigh and say, "I've lost my own dear jew - el."

“Sweet Caroline was my true love’s name,
The pride and beauty of the plain,
You ne’er could find so fair a dame
To search this wide world over.

“My love and I we did agree
That married we would surely be
As soon as I returned from sea
To close that solemn bargain.

“But before I had returned again
Grim death it had my true love slain,
The pride and beauty of the plain
In her cold grave lay slumbering.

“Come, all young men who drink brown ale,
Come pay the reckoning on the nail;
A man in debt must go to jail,
So, I must die a-mourning.”

Note: I never heard anyone sing this except my father. As he only sang it when he had been thinking and talking of his boyhood, I have an idea that he learned it from his mother.