

My Lover Is a Fisherman

Text by *Lily Strickland* (1887-1958) [Am], published 1922
Set by *Lily Strickland* (1887-1958) [Am], from *Songs of India*

Oh, my lover is a fisherman,
[o:ʊ ma:ɪ 'lʌv.ə ɪz ʌ 'fɪʃ.ə.mən]

And he sails on the big blue river;
[ænd hi se:ɪlz ən ðʌ bɪg blu 'ɪv.ə]

In his little boat with the crimson sails
Goes he out with the dawn each morning.
With his nets so strong
Stays he all day long,
And many are the fish he gathers.
Oh, my lover is a fisherman,
And he sails on the big blue river.

Soon he'll come for me in the eventide,
In his little boat with the crimson sails;
And I'll sail away down the big blue river
With my lover, mine forever.
Oh, my lover is a fisherman,
And he'll come for me very soon!

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

