

Oh Billy, you are my darling
Oh Billy, my own dear lad
Will you meet with me by moonlight
You're the only love I ever had
 Come meet with me down on the seashore
 Come to me down by the sea
 And I will be your own true love
 Under the trysting tree

Weary the tide comes up, weary the tide goes down
Rises and falls by the light of the moon
til it washes away the town

She met with her own true lover
She met with him 'neath the moon
By the tree that stands in the water
But she granted her favour too soon
 Oh Billy now don't you dare leave me
 A promise you made unto me
 And you carved it with flint in the moonlight
 On the trunk of the trysting tree

But he's laughed as she lay there a-weeping
Ah, your favour you gifted too soon
Where's your witness to what I had promised
Under the light of the moon?
 Then he's sailed him away to the northward
 Where Kessingland shone on the lee
 And he's taken his boat to the fishing
 Never thought of the trysting tree

But she screamed as the tide was turning
Oh Billy you shalln't leave me
And her love turned to hatred a-burning
And her heart turned as cold as can be
 The pain it prick'd sharp as a thistle
 As she turned and she faced out to sea
 Put fingers to lips and she whistled
 Under the trysting tree

There's a gale has sprung out of the Lowlands
And it howled like a poor hell-bound soul
And it battered from Southwold to Yarmouth
Left scarcely a vessel whole
 Oh Billy it cried, Come find me
 Oh Billy return unto me
 For the promise you made, it shall bind ye
 Unto the trysting tree

Cold was the spring tide rising
Cold was the ice on the broad
Cold were the sightless eyes gazing
As she waits for the lad she adored
 Small wavelets carried him to her
 Lifted his head on her knee
 And the sea-wrack held fast and entwined them
 Under the trysting tree