

The Rambling Sailor

1. I am a sai - lor stout and bold, long time I've ploughed the o - - cean. I've fought for king and coun - try too for ho - nour and pro - - mo - - tion and now bro - ther sai - lors I'll bid you a - dieu no more to the sea will I go with you, but tra - vel the coun - try — through and through. No more be a ram - bling sai - - lor.

2. When I got up to Greenwich town, oh, lasses there were plenty,
 I boldly stepped up to one to court her for her beauty.
 I said "My dear, be of good cheer.
 I'll not leave you, you need not fear,
 But I'll travel the country through and through,
 And still be a rambling sailor."

3. When I got up to Woolwich town, oh, lasses there were plenty,
 I boldly stepped up to one to court her for her money
 I said "My dear, what do you choose?
 There's ale, and wine, and rum punch too,
 Besides a pair of new silk shoes,
 To travel with a rambling sailor."

4. When I awoke all in the morn I left my love a-sleeping.
 I left her for an hour or two while another I went courting,
 And if she stops there till I return
 She may stop until the day of doom
 I'll court another girl in her room
 And still be a rambling sailor.

5. And if any wants to know my name, why, that is William Johnson
 I've got commission from the King to court each girl that's handsome
 With my false heart and flattering tongue
 I'll court them all, both old and young
 I'll court them all, but marry none
 And still be a rambling sailor.

Source: Sung by John Fry (81), Thormarton. Collected by Cecil Sharp on 3 April 1909

Notes: Thormarton is possibly Tormarton. Sharp only collected the tune and one verse from Mr Fry. The remainder is from a version collected by Alfred Williams.

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