

The Saucy Sailor Boy

(Jack Tar)

1. Come my loved one, come my fond one, come my dear - est on - to me; won't you
wed with a jol - ly sai - - lor who's just re - turned from sea

2. No, you're rag - ged, love, no, you're dir - ty, love, & smell so much of the tar (so?) be -
gone you sau - cy sai - lor lad be - - gone you Jack Tar.

3. If I'm rag - ged, love, if I'm dir - ty, love, & smell so much of the tar; I've -
sil - - ver in my pock - et love, & bright gold in store.

4. As soon as she heard him say so, down up - on her bend - ed knees she fell, I'll
wed with my (H)en - er - y I love a jol - ly sai - lor well.

5. A - - cross the bri - ny o - cean where the wa - ters are so green, since
you re - - fuse my off - er, love, a - - no - ther girl shall wear the ring.

Source: William Newman at The Bank, Stanton, Glos. Collected by Percy Grainger 17 Nov 1907.

Notes: Percy Grainger Manuscript Collection (PG/5/223).

Tune only at <http://www.vwml.org/record/PG/5/223>

* Percy writes "or: You were ragged, love, you were dirty, love"

** Percy seems unsure of the right word writing "{pocket, pockets,}"

Under the song Percy writes "Surely the order of verses 4&5 ought to be reversed.

Both Mr W.Newman & Mr J. Collett, however, keep that given above".

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