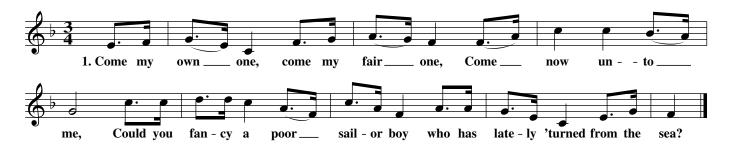
## The Brisk Sailor Lad



- Come my own one, come my fair one, Come now unto me, Could you fancy a poor sailor boy Who has lately 'turned from the sea?
- 2. "Be gone, my saucy sailor lad, Be gone, my jack tar, Be gone, you dirty sailor lad. Your clothes they smell so strong of tar."
- 3. "If I'm ragged, love, or if I'm dirty, love, Or if my clothes they smell of tar, There is silver in my pocket, love, And gold in great store."
- 4. When she did hear him say so, On her bended knees she fell, Saying, "I'll wed you, jolly Henry, Love a sailor lad still."
- "Do you think that I am foolish, love? Do you think that I've gone mad? To be wed to a poor country girl, Where there's no fortune to be had."
- 6. "I'll travel across the briny ocean, love, Where the meadows are growing green, And since you've refused the offer, love. Then another girl shall wear the ring."

Source: Sung by William Shepherd, Winchcombe workhouse. Collected by by Percy Grainger on 5 April 1908.

Notes: Words very unclear on recording so the following set are as sung by Viv Legg, Cornwall.

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