

I am a Servant Girl



1. Now I am a ser- vant girl, I work down Dru- ry Lane, The
Ma- ster, he is kind to me, the Mis- tress she's the same
One day a sai- lor boy called in for some tea and
That was the be - - gin - - ning of my mi - - se - - ry.

1. Now I am a servant girl, I work down Drury Lane
The master he is kind to me, the mistress she's the same.
One day a sailor boy called in for some tea
And that was the beginning of my misery.
2. 'E called for a candle, to light him up to bed
'E called for a bandage, to bind his weary head
Silly girl that I was, thought it was no harm
Jumped into bed with him to keep that sailor warm
3. For, when I awoke in the early morning cold
His hand in his pocket, he brought me out some gold
Take this me darlin' for the damage I have done 'cos
I've left you in charge of a daughter or a son
4. Now, if it be a daughter, dance 'er on yer knee
But if it be a son pack the bugger off to sea
Bell bottom trousers, 'n suit [of] navy blue
And let 'im climb the rigging just as I did with you.
5. Oh, all you young servant girls, take a tip from me and
Never trust a sailor boy one inch above your knee
Oh, I trusted one, and 'e nearly done for me 'cos
He dropped me in the family way and buggered off to sea.

Source: Sung by Alex Innes, Cheltenham, Collected by Gwilym Davies, 30 July 1974