

## The Brisk Sailor Lad

1. Come my own \_\_\_ one, come my fair \_\_\_ one, Come \_\_\_ now un - - to \_\_\_  
me, Could you fan - cy a poor \_\_\_ sail - or boy who has late - ly 'turned from the sea?

1. 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."
5. "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 Percy Grainger on 5 April 1908.

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