

THE SAUCY SAILOR – ENGLISH FOLKSONG

“Come, my own one; come, my fond one,
Come my dearest unto me.
Will you wed a poor sailor lad
Who ahs just returned from the sea?”

“O indeed, I’ll have no sailor,
For he’s dirty, smells of tar.
You are ragged, you are saucy –
Get you gone, you Jacky Tar!”

“If I’m dirty, if I’m ragged,
If, maybe of tar I smell,
Yet I’ve silver in my pocket
And a store of gold as well.”

“Indeed, sir, I was joking –
I am quite beneath your spell.
Ragged, dirty, tarry sailors,
I love more than words can tell.”

“Do you take me to be foolish?
Do you think that I am mad? –
That I’d wed the like of you, miss,
When there’s others to be had?”

No, I’ll cross the briny ocean,
No, my boat shall spread her wing,
You refused me, ragged, dirty –
Not for you the wedding ring!”