

## **Wailin' Jennys, The**

### **"Saucy Sailor"**

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Come me own one, come me fair one  
come now unto me  
Could you fancy a poor sailor lad  
who has just come from sea

You are ragged love and you're dirty love  
And your clothes smell much of tar  
So be gone you saucy sailor lad  
so be gone you Jack Tar

If I am ragged love and I'm dirty love  
and me clothes smell much of tar  
I have silver in me pocket love, and gold in great store

And then when she heard him say say  
on her bended knee she fell  
I will marry my dear Henry, for I love a sailor lad so well

Do you think that I am foolish love  
do you think that I am mad  
For to wed with a poor country girl  
where no fortune's to be had

I will cross the briny ocean, I will whistle and sing  
And since you've refused the offer love  
some other girl shall wear the ring

I am frolicsome and I am easy, good tempered and  
free  
And I don't give a single pin me boys  
what the world thinks of me

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