

**411****"Rosemary Lane"**Visit "[Rosemary Lane](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

When I was in service in Rosemary Lane  
I won the good will of my master Amberdine  
Until a young sailor came there to stay  
And that was the beginning of my misery

He called for a candle to light him to bed  
Aand likewise a silk hankerchief to tie up his hair  
To tie up his hair as sailors will do,  
"And third my pretty Polly, will you come too?"

Now this may seem young and foolish, she thought it  
no harm  
To lie on the bed to keep herself warm  
And what was done there, I shall never disclose  
But I wish that short night had been seven long years

So early next morning this sailor arose  
And into my pockets 3 guineas did throw  
Saying "Tthis I will give and more I will do  
If you'll be my Polly wherever I go"

Now if it's a boy, he'll fight for the King  
And if it's a girl she'll wear a gold ring  
She'll wear a gold ring and a dress all aflame  
And remember my service in Rosemary Lane

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