

Stonecircle "Saucy Sailor"

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(Traditional)

Come my own one, come my fair one
Come now unto me
Could you fancy a poor sailor lad
Who has just come from sea?
You are ragged, love; you are dirty, love;
And your clothes smell much like tar;
So begone, you saucy sailor lad,
So begone, you Jack Tar.
If I'm ragged, love; and I'm dirty, love;
And my clothes smell much like tar;
I have silver in me pockets, love,
And gold in great store.
And then when she heard him say so
On her bended knee she fell--
I will marry my dear Henry,
For I love the 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 have refused the offer, love,
Some other girl shall wear the ring.
I am frolicksome, 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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