

Grant Goodeve "Yarmouth Town"

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In Yarmouth Town
there lived a man
He had a little tavern by the Strand
And the landlord has a daughter fair
pretty little thing with golden hair

Won't ya come down
Won't ya come down
Won't ya come down to Yarmouth Town

One night there came a sailor man
he asked the daughter for her hand
"Well, I won't marry you," she said
"I have all I want without being wed
But if with me you'd like to linger
I'll tie some string around my finger
And as ya walk by pull on my string
and I'll come down and let you right in

Won't ya come down
Won't ya come down
Won't ya come down to Yarmouth Town
Won't ya come down
Won't ya come down
Won't ya come down to Yarmouth Town

Well, the very next day at closing time
the sailor man goes off to the Strand
And as he walks by, pull son that string
and she came down and let him right in
Now he's never seen such a sight before--
A string around her finger was all she wore

Oh, Won't ya come down
Won't ya come down
Won't ya come down to Yarmouth Town
Won't ya come down
Won't ya come down
Won't ya come down to Yarmouth Town

So all you men who to Yarmouth go

You see those girls with their hair hung low
All ya gotta do is pull on their strings
and they'll come down and let you right in

Won't ya come down
Won't ya come down
Won't ya come down to Yarmouth Town
Oh, won't ya come down
Won't ya come down
Won't ya come down to Yarmouth Town

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