

## Unknown Artist "Saucy Sailor"

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"Come ye old ones, come ye fair ones  
Come ye all unto me  
Could you fancy a poor sailor lad  
Who's just come from sea?"  
"You are ragged, love, and you're dirty, love,  
And your clothes smell of the tar  
So begone, you saucy sailor lad  
And begone, you jack tars."  
"If I'm ragged, love, and I'm dirty, love,  
And my clothes smell of the tar  
I have silver in my pockets, love  
And the gold in great store"  
And when she heard him say so,  
Down on bended knee she fell;  
"I will marry my dear Henry,  
For I love the sailor lads well."  
"Do you think that I am foolish, love,  
Do you think that I'm mad?  
For to marry a poor country girl  
When there's fortunes to be had?  
I will sail the briny ocean,  
I will whistle and sing  
And since you've refused my offer, love,  
Some other girl shall wear my ring."  
I am frolicsome, I am easy,  
Good-tempered, and free  
And I don't care a single pin, me boys  
What the world thinks of me.  
~added by kallisti~

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