

Clandestine, Saucy Sailor

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 of tar,
So begone you saucy sailor lad,
So begone you Jack Tar.
If I am ragged love, and I am dirty love,
And my clothes smell much of tar,
I have silver in my pocket love,
And gold in great store.
And when she heard him say that,
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,
When a 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 frolicsome, I am easy,
Good tempered and free,
And I don't give a single pin my boys,
What the world thinks of me.