

Lloyd, Nine Times A Night

NINE TIMES A NIGHT

A handsome young sailor to London came down
He'd been paid off his ship in old Liverpool town
They asked him his name and he answered them, "Quite
I belong to a family called nine times a night"
Well a handsome young widow who still wore her weeds
Her husband had left her his money and deeds
Resolved she was on her conjugal rights
And to soften her sorrows with nine times a night
So she's called to her serving maids Ann and Amelia
To keep a watch out for this wonderful sailor
And if ever he happened to chance in their sight
To bring her fond tidings of nine times a night
She was favored by fortune the very next day
These two giggling saw him coming their way
They've rushed up the stairs full of amorous delight
Crying, "There comes that sailor with his nine times a night"
She's jumped out of bed and she's pulled on her clothes
And straight to the hall door like lightening she goes
She's looked him once over and gave him a smack
And the bargain was struck: no more sailing for Jack
The wedding was over, the bride tolled the bell
Jack trimmed her sails five times and that pleased her well
She vowed to herself she was satisfied quite
But she still gives sly hints about nine times a night
Says Jack, "My dear bride, you mistook me quite wrong
I said to that family I did belong
Nine times a night's a bit hard for a man
I couldn't do it myself, but me sister she can"
recorded by Frankie Armstrong who learned it from AL Lloyd
filename(NINETIME

SF

===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY===