

I'll Go and Enlist for a Sailor

June Tabor

Oh list, oh list to me sorrowful lay,
And attention give to me song, I pray,
When you've heard it all you'll say
That I'm an unfortunate tailor.

For once I was happy as a bird in a tree,
My Sarah was all in the world to me,
Now I'm cut out by a son of the sea,
And she's left me here to bewail her.

Why did Sarah serve me so?
No more will I stitch and no more will I sew;
Me thimble and me needle to the winds I'll throw
And I'll go and 'list for a sailor.

Now me days were honey and me nights were the same,
Till a man called Cobb from the ocean came
With his long black beard and his muscular frame,
A captain on board of a whaler.

Well he spent his money both frank and free,
With his tales of the land and his songs of the sea,
And he stole me Sarah's heart from me,
And blighted the hopes of a tailor.

Well, once I was with her, when in came Cobb
"Avast!" he cried, "you blubbery swab.
If you don't knock off I'll scuttle your knob!"
And Sarah smiled at the sailor.

So now I'll cross the raging sea,
For Sarah's proved untrue to me.
Me heart's locked up and she's the key;
What a very unfeeling gaoler.

And so now, kind friends, I'll bid you adieu,
No more me woes shall trouble you;
I'll travel the country through and through,
And go and 'list for a sailor.