

Saucy Sailor

The Wailin' Jennys

Come me own one, come me fair one
come now unto me
Could you fancy a poor sailor lad
who has just come from sea

You are ragged love and you're dirty love
And your clothes smell much of tar
So be gone you saucy sailor lad
so be gone you Jack Tar

If I am ragged love and I'm dirty love
and me clothes smell much of tar
I have silver in me pocket love, and gold in great store

And then when she heard him say say
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
where no fortune's to be had

I will cross the briny ocean, I will whistle and sing
And since you've refused the offer love
some other girl shall wear the ring

I am frolicsome and I am easy, good tempered and free
And I don't give a single pin me boys
what the world thinks of me