The Tarry Sailor

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Come all my fair ones, come all my fond ones
Come and listen unto me,
Could you fancy a bully sailor lad
That has just come home from sea?
  Could you fancy a bully sailor lad
  That has just come home from sea?

"No indeed, I'll wed no sailor,
For they smell too much of tar
You are ragged, you are sassy,
Get you gone, you Jackie Tar.
  You are ragged, you are sassy,
  Get you gone, you Jackie Tar.

"I have ships all on the ocean,
I have gold in great galore,
Me clothes they may be all in rags,
But coin can buy me more.
When there's others to be had!
  That I'd wed the likes of you, Miss,
  When there's others to be had!"

"No indeed I'll cross the ocean,
And my ships shall spread her wings,
You refused me, ragged, dirty,
Not for you the wedding ring,
  You refused me, ragged, dirty,
  Not for you the wedding ring."

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