Tarry Trousers (2)

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As I walked out one mid summer morning
The weather being fine and clear,
There I heard a tender mother
Talking to her daughter dear.

Says the mother, "I would have you marry
And live no longer a single life."
"Oh no," says she, "I would sooner tarry
For my jolly sailor bright.

I know you would have me wed with a farmer
And not give me my heart's delight,
Give me the lad with the tarry trousers
Shines to me like diamonds bright,"

"Oh daughter, sailors are given to roving,
And to some foreign parts they go;
Then they'll leave you broken-hearted
And they'll prove your overthrow."

"Oh, sailors, they are men of honour
And do face their enemy,
When the thundering cannons rattle
And the bullets they do fly,"

"Polly, my dear, our anchor is waiting*,
And I am come to take my leave,
Although I leave you, my dear jewel,
Charming Polly, do not grieve."

"Jamie, my dear, let me go with you
No foreign dangers will I fear,
When you are in the height of battle
I will attend on you, my dear."

Hark, oh hark how the great guns do rattle,
And the small guns do make a noise;
When they are in the height of battle
She cries, "Fight on, my jolly, jolly boys."

Now all pretty maidens pray give attention,

If a jolly sailor is your delight,
Never be forced to wed with another
For all their gold and silver bright."

*weighing?
From Wanton Seed, Purslow
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