

The Tarry Sailor



Once I court - ed a pret - ty fair maid - en Think - ing that she would be my own. Ma - ny rich
pres - ents I gave un - to her The truth to you I will make known.

A chain of gold I gave unto her,
Around her neck it hangs in view.
But, "Begone, begone, you tarry sailor,
I can find better men than you."

Oh, then I went to her scornful mother,
Thinking that she would be my friend,
But she proved more cruel than her daughter
And for an officer did send.

She swore that I had wronged her daughter
And punishment I should endure,
Put me in prison on bread and water
For fourteen long months and more.

When I got free, I sought the foaming ocean,
Where bounding billows loud do roar,
Bidding adieu to all friends and comrades,
Likewise to the fair one I did adore.

This fair one got married in a short time after
To one of the richest in all that town,
But he did not in the least regard her;
It soon brought her proud spirit down.

When I got back from the foaming ocean
I met her in the street one day,
Poor thing, she being in a sad condition
And I being in a prosperous way.

Oh, when she saw me she fell a-weeping,
She fell a-weeping and thus did say,
"Oh, once I had your heart's fond keeping
But now it's turned another way."

Oh, now come, all you pretty fair maidens,
Be careful how you treat young sailors gay,
For many a dark and dismal morning
Brings forth a bright and sunshiny day.

Note: I never have heard this song sung outside of my own family.