

Woodrich's air was a corruption of "Ye Spanish Ladies" see CCX. (?) from J. Woodrich taken down by F.W.B.



Taken down at Fowey by F.W.B.



A.

1. Early morning I was walking
All to take the summer air
Then I heard a mother talking,
With her daughter brisk and fair.
"Daughter, time it is to marry
Live no more a single life."
"Mother, chide not, let me tarry,
And become a sailor's wife."

2. "Sailors, child, are bound to wander
Tossed on briny ocean's foam.
What they win they speedy squander,
Little think of wife or home."
"Mother, I'll a soldier marry
One that wears a gay cockade,
He at home for sure will tarry
Guarding is a soldier's trade."

3. "Soldier's, daughter, go to battle,
Shed their blood in war's alarms.
If not slain in clash or rattle
Comes a cripple to your arms."
"Mother I will wed a tailor,
He from home can never go.
Peaceful, not as soldier, sailor
Always working, snip and sew.
4. ["Tailors, child, are queerest cattle
Nettle tempered men are they
Tongues they have to scold and prattle
Snip and snap their wives all day."
"Mother, I'll a tinker marry
Around the country travelling.
Pots and kettles help to carry,
Merry as we go we'll sing."
5. "Daughter think not of a tinker,
Or you'll have but sorry cheer
Of strong liquor he's no shrinker,
Beats his wife when full of beer."
"Mother, then I will not marry,
Men are all wicked crew,
Mother, I at home will tarry
Stay at home & sing to you."]
6. "Daughter, take an honest ploughboy,
Tills the earth, & sows the corn.
Ever merry, sun & shower
Ever hearty, eve & morn.
Never he from home will wander
Naught for him, his home has charms.
Merry, will not waste & squander
All his joy is in *{your/his}* arms."

Taken down from J. Woodrich, 1887

[Having lost the original rough copy {.....} has been regulated and completed by me.]

- B.
1. As I walked out one May summer morning
The weather being fine and clear
I did hear a tender mother,
Talking to her daughter dear.
2. Crying, daughter, I would have *{you}* marry,
And live no longer a single life,
No, said she, I'd sooner tarry,
For my jolly sailor bright.
3. Daughter, sailors are given to roaming,
And to foreign parts they go;
Then they leave you broken hearted
And they prove your overthrow.
4. No, sailors they are men of honour,
And do face their enemy;
When the thundering cannons rattle,
And the bullets, they do fly.

5. I know you would have me to have a framer,
And not give me my heart's delight;
Give me the lad with tarry trousers,
Shines to me like diamonds bright.
6. Polly, my dear, our anchor's weighing,
And I am come to take my leave.
Though I leave you, my dear jewel,
Charming Polly, do not grieve.
7. Jimmy, my dear, let me go with you,
No foreign dangers I will fear.
When you are in the height of battle,
I will attend on you, my dear.
8. Hark now the great guns rattle,
And small arms do make a noise;
When they were in the height of battle
She cried, Fight on my jolly tars.
9. Now all young maidens take warning
If a jolly sailor is your delight,
Never be forced to wed another
For all their gold & silver bright.

“The Vocal Library” Lond. 1822, p. 541.

C.

“The Tarry Sailor.” Broadside Hodges, Single sheet Broadside 2 vols, (B.M. 11621 k. 4) vol. I. p. 147.

D.

Altered into an “Irishman” in Ulster Ballads, B.M. 1162, k. 6.

C.

1. As I walked in the fields on a bright summer morning
When the corn was in the ear
Then I saw a loving mother
Talking to her daughter dear
2. Saying, Dear daughter, I would have you to marry with the farmer
Not with the young man that you know.
For sailors they are fond of roving
They will prove your overthrow
3. No, dearest mother, I can't marry the farmer
But give to me my own heart's delight.
Give to me the lad in the tarry blue jacket
That shines in my eyes like a diamond bright
4. Madam, I have gold & silver
Madam, I have houses and land,
And if you will marry me, dearest
All shall be at your command.
5. What care I for your gold & silver
What care I for your houses & land.
What care I for the ships on the ocean
So long as my sailor gets safe on land.
6. Polly, dear Polly, our anchor's a weighing

For further information see www.sbgsongs.org

- And I am come to take my leave
And when I am out on the ocean sailing
For me dearest Polly do not grieve.
7. Hark, I hear the great guns rattle
And the small ones make a noise,
And when we're in height of battle
They cry, fight on! my jolly boys!
8. Henry, dear Henry, shall I go with you,
No foreign dangers will I fear!
And when you're in the height of battle,
I'll attend on you, my dear.
9. No, dearest Polly, you can't go with me
But to you forever, I will prove true
And when to old England I do return
Sweet girl I will marry with you.
10. Farewell dear sister, be a kind one
Protect dear mother, whilst I'm away
Mark the gun, 'tis to remind me
That on shore I no more may stay.
11. The anchor's weighing, the sails are spreading
The boat is waiting in the bay
Farewell, all my kind relations
Pray for me when I'm away .

Taken down from an old blind woman at Upton Pyne by Miss Wyatt Edgell, sent to me June 1902.