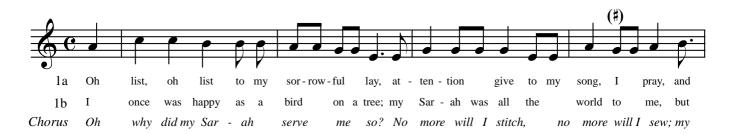
I'll Go and 'list for a Sailor - Mr Walter Debbage





Oh list, oh list, to my sorrowful lay, attention give to my song, I pray, and when you've heard it all you'll say, 'I am an unfortunate tailor.'
I once was happy as a bird on a tree; my Sarah was all the world to me, but now I'm cut out by a son of the sea, she's left me here to bewail her,

Chorus

Oh why did my Sarah serve me so? No more will I stitch, no more will I sew; my needle and my thimble to the winds I'll throw and I'll go and 'list for a sailor.

2
My sarah was the daughter of a publican,
a gen'rous, kind, good sort of man,
who spoke very plain what he thought of a man,
but he never looked cross at the tailor.
My sarah was as tall as a poplar tree,
as fair as a lily and as brisk as a bee,
and many were the smiles that she smiled on me,
oh why am I left to bewail her?

My days were happy, and my nights were the same, till a man named Cobb from the ocean came, with a big black beard and a muscular frame, a Captain on board of a whaler.

He spent his money so frank and free, with his tales of the land and his songs of the sea,

4

I went to plead but she did refuse; she loved another, so I must excuse her candour, but it was no use, she could never marry a tailor!
When telling my love, in came that Cobb, who cried, 'Avast there, you lubberly swob; if you don't belay I'll scuttle your nob,' and Sarah smiled at the sailor.

he stole my Sarah's heart from me

and he blighted the hopes of a tailor.

5

And so I'll cross the raging sea, since Sarah is untrue to me; my heart's locked up and she's the key; a very unfeeling jailor. Farewell kind friends, a last a-doo, no more my woes shall trouble you; the world I'll wander through and through, I'll go and 'list for a sailor.