

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



1a Oh list, oh list to my sor-row-ful lay, at - ten - tion give to my song, I pray, and

1b I once was happy as a bird on a tree; my Sar - ah was all the world to me, but

Chorus Oh why did my Sar - ah serve me so? No more will I stitch, no more will I sew; my



when you've heard it all you'll say, 'I am an un - fort - un - ate tai - lor.'  
 now I'm cut out by a son of the sea; she's left me here to be - wail her.  
*nee- dle and my thimble to the winds I'll throw, and I'll go and 'list for a sai - lor.*

1  
 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?

3  
 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,  
 he stole my Sarah's heart from me  
 and he blighted the hopes of a tailor.

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.

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.