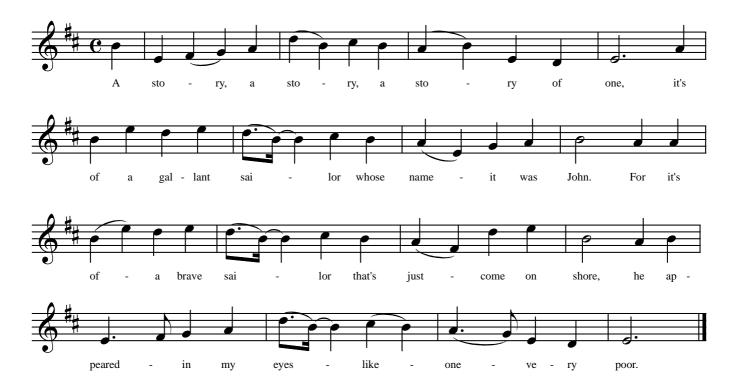
Liverpool Landlady - Mr Hilton



A story, a story, a story of one it's of a gallant sailor whose name it was John. For it's of a brave sailor that's just come on shore, he appeared in my eyes like one very poor.

2
He came to the house which he lodged in before,
'You're welcome, dear John, you're welcome once more.
Last night my daughter Molly was dreaming of thee.
You're welcome, you're welcome, dear John, unto me.

What sort of a voyage, dear John, have you made? What sort of a voyage?! this old bawd she said. 'It's a very poor voyage; our ship and cargo lost, and on the wide ocean so greatly I've been tossed.

Where is your daughter Molly, come fetch her down to me; call your daughter Molly and sit her on my knee.'
'No, my daughter's busy and cannot come to you, nor neither will I trust you for one pot or two.'

When John heard the news he hung down his head; he called for a candle to light him to bed.

'My beds are engaged, and have been all the week,' and for a fresh lodging poor Jack he must seek.

6
'What money do I owe you?' then John, he did say,
'What money do I owe you?' to the old bawd he said.
'Forty-five shillings, John, you owe me of old.'
With that he pulled out handfuls of gold.

When she saw the money she did vow and protest, 'The words I have spoken were only in jest. For the green bed is empty and has been this week. You and my daughter Molly may take a silent sleep.'

8
'No I'll sleep in the street sooner than within your door, for you would rob me as you have done many more.
Whilst I have money in my pocket you rant and you roar; when it's all gone you kick me out the door.'

Come all you young seamen with courage stout and bold, provide against a rainy day, for winter it grows cold. Provide against a rainy day and lay it up in store, for if you have no money you'll be turned out of doors.