

Go Enlist for a Sailor

Oh, list', oh list' to my sorrowful lay,
And attention give to my song I pray,
When you've heard it all you'll say,
That I'm an unfortunate tailor.

Oh once I was as happy as a bird in a tree,
My Sarah was all in the world to me,
Now I'm cut out by a son of the sea,
And she's left me here to bewail her.

Why did my Sarah serve so?
No more will I stitch, no more will I sew,
My thimble and my needle to the winds I'll throw,
And I'll go enlist for a sailor.

Now my days were honey and my nights were the same,
'Till a man called Cobb from the ocean came,
With his long black beard and his muscular frame,
The captain on board of a whaler.

Well, he spent his money both frank and free,
With his tales of the land and his songs from the sea,
And he stole my Sarah's heart from me,
And blighted the hopes of a tailor.

Oh, once I was with her when in came Cobb,
"Avast" he cried, "You lubberly swab!
If you don't knock off, I'll scuttle your nob!"
And Sarah smiled at the sailor.

So, now I'll cross the raging sea,
For Sarah's proved untrue to me,
My heart's locked up and she's the key,
What a very unfeeling jailor!

And so now, kind friends, I'll bid you adieu,
No more my woes shall trouble you,
I'll travel the country through and through,
And I'll go enlist for a sailor.