

Tarry Trousers

As I roved out on a fine summer's evening
To view these flowers and take the air
'Twas there I spied a tender mother
Speaking with her daughter dear

Saying, "Daughter, oh daughter, I'll have you to marry
No longer to live the sweet single life."
"Mother, oh mother, I'd rather to tarry
And be some brave young sailor's wife."

"A sailor shy, he sits for to wander.
To some foreign country he go.
They will cause you to sigh and to murmur,
They will prove your overthrow."

"Oh, would you have me to marry a farmer,
To be your joy and heart's delight.
But give me the lad with the tarry, tarry, trousers
To shine in my eyes like the diamond bright."

She hung her head on the top of her shoulders.
Tears from her eyes like fountains flowed.
"I'll stay at home and be true hearted
While my love to the sea doth go."

"Hark, oh hark, how the great guns rattle,
Big and small, they all make noise.
My true love's in the field of battle.
Now fight on, my gallant boys."