

Roseberry Lane

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It's once I was a serving girl in Roseberry Lane
I had a kind master, my mistress was the same
Till one day a sailor lad came into port, you see
And that was the beginning of my misery

Home, dearie home, oh it's home I want to be
Home far away in my own country
Where the oak and the ash and the bonnie elm tree
They're all growing green in my own country

He called for a candle to light him up tae bed
And likewise for a handkerchief to tie around his head
Tae tie around his head as the sailors often do
Saying, "Now my pretty fair maid, will you come to?"

Now Maggie was a young girl and she thought it was nae harm
Tae jump intae bed for to keep the sailor warm
And what they did there, no one shall ever hear
But she wished that short night it had lasted for a year

Now early in the morning the sailor he arose
And intae Maggie's apron a bag o' gold he throws
Saying, "Take this my bonnie lassie, for the harm that I have
done
For this night I fear I've left you wi' a daughter or a son.

"Well if it is a girl child ye'll send her out tae nurse
Wi' gold all in your pocket and silver in your purse
And if it be's a boy child he'll wear the jacket blue
And court the bonnie lassies like his daddy used tae do."

DT #319

Laws K43

printed in Scottish Folksinger

SOF