

One Penny Portion - song lyrics

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ONE PENNY PORTION.

A sailor courted a farmer's daughter,
That lived convenient to the Isle of Man;
Take heed, good people, what followed after.
They long had courted, but underhand.
One day at parting, after discoursing
Some time concerning the ocean wide,
he said, my dear, at our next meeting,
If you'll consent I'll make you my bride.

Said she, for sailors we don't admire them,
Because they sail to so many parts;
The more we love them the more they slight us,
And leave us after them with broken hearts.
Never fear, my dearest dear,
I don't intend for to treat you so;
But I have once more to cross the ocean.
You know, my darling that I must go.

The news was carried unto his mother
Before he put his foot on board,
That he was courting a farmer's daughter,
One penny portion could not afford.
One penny portion going to the ocean!
Like one distracted his mother ran;
If you don't forsake her, your bride not make her,
I will disown you to be my son.

Oh, mother dear, you're in a passion,
And I am sorry for what you've said;
Don't you remember at your first beginning,
My father married you a servant maid?
So don't dispraise her, I mean to raise her,
Just as my father with you has done;
Therefore I'll take her, my bride I'll make her,
Though you should disown me to be your son.

When this maid heard the pleasing story,
That she to sea with her love might go,
She said, my portion they need not mind it,
I might have money and no one know.
Money or not, love, you are my lot, love,
You have my heart and affections still;
Therefore I'll take you, my bride I'll make you,
Let my scolding mother say what she will.