

Trim Rigged Doxy

I am a sailor both brisk and bold
And a long time have I sailed the ocean
And if you want to know my name
My name it is Jack Johnson
Shipmates I'll bid you adieu
No more to sea will I go along with you
But to ramble this country through and through
And I'll be a ramblin' sailor

When I was a walking out one day
Down by the London River
A pretty little fair maid I chanced to spy
Now we walked along together
Her lips were like two roses red
A fine feather bonnet was covering her head
So I took the harboard on her, she said she was a maid
That saucy little trim-rigged doxy

I shan't and I can't go along with you
You saucy ramblin' sailor
My parents now they would not agree
And I'm promised to a tailor
But I was all too eager to sample all her charms
A dearest guinea to roll in your arms
Well the deal was done, up stairs we went
That's me and the trim-rigged doxy

Well it's all on the bone and let your stays'ls fall
We was yard after yard a boppin'
Me shot-locker empty, it's asleep I fall
Was then that she took to robbin'
She emptied all me pockets of all that I had
She even took the boots from the end of the bed
She even took the gold watch from underneath me head
That saucy little trim-rigged doxy

Next mornin' bright I awoke
And I started to roar like thunder
For all of me money now, me gold watch too
She'd bore them away for plunder
'Twas not for me money, nor me gold watch too
For these had value, but to tell you true
To think a little fireball could burn me boxty through
That saucy little trim-rigged doxy
To think a little fireball could burn me boxty through
That saucy little trim-rigged doxy