

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Poll and Sal

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When I was young and in my prime
A-courting I was much inclined
I lived along with my master
Till I grew up a long feller

cho: Diddle I dum diddle I dee

Sunday night the moon shined bright
All the stars gave forth their light
As I was advancing over the wing
I thought I heard a fair maid sing

A windy night I sat out again
I met a fair maid on the plain
Then as she sees I had no nag
She instantly gave me the bag

The next night I sat out with whip and spur
A-going on purpose to cheat her
And when she thought I rode that night
She let me stay till broad daylight

When I got home 'twas just about nine
Just about at coffee time
My master he looked very cross
Because he thought I rode his horse

Wednesday night I began to nod
Wishing for some place to lodge
As I sat a-thinking by the fire
I tumbled back within my chair

The first I hit was my head on the floor
Which made me so I slept no more
My mistress she stood side of me
My mistress she laughed heartily

Thursday night I sat out again
I went a-visiting cousin John
And we both went to see the girls
He took Poll and I took Sal

In the night the war broke out
The old woman came sidling out
Then she took both of us by our hairs
And we come tumbling down the stairs

She says begone you bougey boys
For I will have none of your ways
I set too much store by both my gals
To let you stay with Poll or Sal

I looked east and I looked west
To see which of them I liked the best
But we both getting turned out the door
Was worse than getting the bag before.

As we were going up to a door
I heard someone say my face I will scour
For I am not fit to be seen
And then she stepped behind the screen

Some was relating of their yarn
And some their stockings they did darn
Some took snuff and some did not
How many there was I have forgot

Some was up and some was abed
Some was under rhe coverlet
Sometimes I stayed sometimes I would not
Sometimes I might sometimes I could not

Then I set out in good earnest
I courted a daughter of the priest
And then a bargain soon was made
And we were quickly married

From Songs the Whalemen Sang, Huntington
Collected from the Journal of the Herald, 1817