Rambling Sailor

Bellowhead

I am a sailor brisk and bold
Long time I've sailed the ocean,
I've travelled the country through and through
For honour and promotion.
Oh, me shipmates all, I bid you adieu
I may no longer go along with you
I'll travel the country through and through
And I'll be the rambling sailor.

And if you want to know my name
My name it is Young Johnson.
I've got a commission from the King
To court all girls as handsome
With my false heart and flattering tongue
I'll court them all both old and young
I'll court them all but I marry none
And I'll be the rambling sailor.

Well first I came to Portsmouth town
And there were lasses many
I boldy stepped unto a one
To court her for her money
I says, my dear, be of good cheer
I will not leave you, do not fear
I'll travel the country far and near
And I'll be the rambling sailor.

And then I came to Plymouth town
And there were lasses many
I boldy stepped unto a one
To court her for her beauty
I says, my dear, what do you choose
Here's ale and a wine and a rum punch too
Besides a pair of silks and shoes
If you'll travel with the rambling sailor.

And then I rose up with the dawn
Just as the day was peeping
On tiptoe down the stairs I went
And I left my love a-sleeping
And if she waits until I come
She may lie there till the day of the doom
I'll court some other girl in their room
And I'll be the rambling sailor.

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