



I'll Go And List For A Sailor

Oh list, oh list to me sorrowful lay
And attention give to me song, I pray
When you've heard it all you'll say
That I'm an unfortunate tailor
That I'm an unfortunate tailor

For once I was happy as a bird in a tree
My Sarah was all in the world to me
Now I'm cut out by a son of the sea
And she's left me here to bewail her
And she's left me here to bewail her

Why did Sarah serve me so?
No more will I stitch and no more will I sew
Me thimble and me needle to the winds I'll throw
And I'll go and 'list for a sailor
And I'll go and 'list for a sailor

Now me days were honey and me nights were the same
Till a man called Cobb from the ocean came
With his long black beard and his muscular frame
A captain on board of a whaler
A captain on board of a whaler

Well he spent his money both frank and free
With his tales of the land and his songs of the sea
And he stole me Sarah's heart from me
And blighted the hopes of a tailor
And blighted the hopes of a tailor

Well, once I was with her, when in came Cobb
"Avast!" he cried, "you blubbery swab
If you don't knock off I'll scuttle your knob!"
And Sarah smiled at the sailor
And Sarah smiled at the sailor

So now I'll cross the raging sea
For Sarah's proved untrue to me
Me heart's locked up and she's the key
What a very unfeeling gaoler
What a very unfeeling gaoler

And so now, kind friends, I'll bid you adieu
No more me woes shall trouble you
I'll travel the country through and through
And go and 'list for a sailor
And go and 'list for a sailor

As sung by John Kirkpatrick on the album *Morris On* by Ashley Hutchings and Friends.

Notes:

A version of this song - with a significantly different verse order - is in the Gardiner collection, collected from George Lovett, Winchester, Hants August 1906 and from Alfred Oliver, Basingstoke, Hants September 1907