

The Unfortunate Tailor

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Unfortunate Tailor'. It consists of four staves of music in G minor (three flats) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three flats, and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 'Oh list, oh list to my sor-row - ful ___ lay'. The second staff continues: 'And at - - ten - tion ___ give to my song I pray'. The third staff continues: 'When you have heard it, you will say'. The fourth staff concludes: 'There goes an un - - for - tun - ate tai - - lor'. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are rests and a double bar line at the end of the fourth staff.

Oh list, oh list to my sor-row - ful ___ lay

And at - - ten - tion ___ give to my song I pray

When you have heard it, you will say

There goes an un - - for - tun - ate tai - - lor

Oh list, oh list to my sorrowful lay
And attention give to my song I pray
When you have heard it, you will say
There goes an unfortunate tailor

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

Oh why did Sarah serve so?
No more will I stitch, no more will I sew
My thimble and my needle to the winds I'll throw
And I'll go and list for a sailor

Now my days were honey and my nights were the same
Till a man called Cobb from the ocean came
Long grey beard and his mighty frame
Captain on board of a whaler

He spent his money both fast and free,
With his tales of the land and his songs from the sea
And he stole my Sarah's heart from me,
And he left me here to bewail her

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

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

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