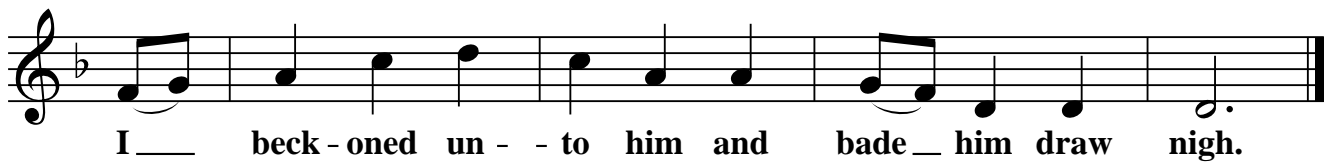
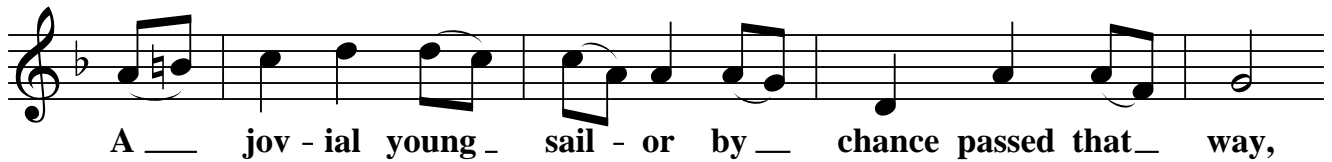


The Jovial Young Sailor

♩ = 116



As I was a-walking in the sweet month of May
A jovial young sailor by chance passed that way,
He was stalwart and handsome; as he pass-ed by,
I beckoned unto him and bade him draw nigh.

"What is your name, sir, and what is your trade,
And in what part of America have you lately surveyed,
And where is your last place you made your abode,
And what is the reason for travelling this road?"

"Willie is my name, I'm a sailor by trade,
And in all parts of America I have lately surveyed,
In the city of New York I have made my abode,
And I hope it's no harm I am travelling this road?"

"Willie, I'll have you to stay here and tarry,
And perhaps by your countenance some girl you might marry,
And perhaps some great fortune may increase your store,
For Willie, I want you to wander no more."

"I would not leave rambling for thousands or more,
You can see by my rambling I have money in store,
I have gold in my pocket and silver likewise",
Like an innocent girl the tears came from his eyes.

"O Willie, I'll have you for to marry me,
I've men and rich servants for to wait upon thee,
And a coach and six horses at your leisure may ride,
And Willie, I'll have you to make me your bride."

To the church they did go on the very same day,
And there they got married without further delay,
A handsomer couple you never have seen
Than Willie the sailor and his beautiful queen.