

The Jacket so Blue

ed ships crew of sailors from London did steer
Bound to the west Indies

ed ships crew of sailors from London did steer
on a voyage to the West Indies they were bound
there is one Lad amongst them that I wish I never
knew he is my long sailor Lad with his Jacket
so Blue
One morning as I rose from my Bed,
I called for my Betty my chief waiting maid,
says I come and Dress me as nice as your two hands
can do, and I will away to my long sailor Lad
with his Jacket so Blue

As I walked down by the sea side
My love she like lightning and away she flew,
And away went my heart with the bonnet
so Blue

She says honored sailor I will by your discharge
I will free you from a man of war
and I will set you at large if you will
prove constant and always prove true
I will never put a stain on your Jacket so Blue

you say honored Lady you will by my discharge
you will free me from a man of war and set
me at large if I will prove constant and
always prove true that you will never put
a stain on my Jacket so Blue

But I have a fair girl in my own country,
and I would never for sake her for her poverty,
for she has always proved constant and always
proved true that I would never set a stain
on her Bonnet so Blue

I will send for a painter from greenwich
to hull and I will have my loves paintings
Drown out in full and in my Bed chamber
its of times I will view my Bonny Bonny
Sailor Lad with his Jacket so Blue

The Whailmans Sament

It was on the Briny ocean in a whailship
I did go oft times I thought of distant friends oft
times I thought of home Remembering of my
youthful days it grieves my heart full sore and
fain would I would I Return again to my own
Native Shore

Though dreary discontented then I Resolved
to Come to try my fortune on the sea to
ease me of my woe I shipped aboard of a
Whale ship to sail without delay to the pacific
ocean there for a while to stay

Through dreary ~~down~~ storms and tempest
and through some heavy gales around cape
horn we sped our way to look out for
spinn whales the mill Rob you the mill
they will use you worse than slaves and
Before you go a whailing boys you best
Withen your grave
They will flog you for the least offence
and that is frequent to and the best that
you get from them is plenty of work to do
to do it mend or damn your eyes I will flog you
till you d my Backs I would say it all But it
is all to true
But if ever I Return again a
solyer now I will take that I will never go a
Whailing my liberty stake I will stay at home
and Come no more for pleasures are but pen my
Backs from our own native shore

To ends