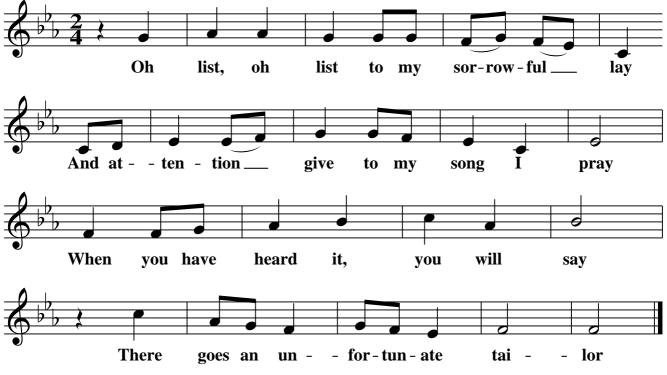
The Unfortunate Tailor



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