A Sailor Courted

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A sailor courted a farmer's daughter,
He lived convenient to the Isle of Man,
But mark, good people, what followed after,
A long time courting but little won.
A long time courting, and yet discoursing
Of things concerning the ocean wide,
He says, "My dearest, at our next meeting
If you'll consent I'll make you my bride."

"Oh, sailors' promises are soon forgotten,
They sail to many and foreign parts,
The more we love them the worse we're slighted,
And leave us behind with broken hearts."
"Oh no, my dear, that is not my fancy,
I never intend to leave you so,
Just one more trip across the ocean
So now, my dear, I must go."

The news was carried unto his mother
Before he put his foot on board,
She says, "My son, if this be your proceeding
Not a penny portion will I afford.
Not a penny portion bound across the ocean,"
His mother quite distracted run,
Saying, "My son, forsake her; your bride not make her
Or I'll disown you to be my son."

"O mother dear, don't get in a passion,
I'm sorry you have spoke so late,
Don't you remember in your first proceeding
My father married you, a servant maid!
So don't dispraise her, I mean to raise her,
Just as my father by you have done.
My bride I'll make her, to the seas I'll take her,
My scalding mother may hold her tongue.

"Money or not she is my lot,
She has my heart and affection still,
My bride I'll make her, to the seas I'll take her,
My scolding mother may say what she will."

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