The Sailor and the Tailor (2)

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As I was a walking down Watchet Swayne Street
A jolly old shipmate I chanced for to meet
Hello, brother sailor, you're welcome to home
In season to Watchet I think you are come

Now don't you remember once courting a maid?
But through your long absence, she's going to be wed
Tomorrow in Bristol this wedding's to be
And I am invited the same for to see

Jack went and got license the very same night
And walked into Bristol as soon as 'twas light
He sat in the Temple churchyard for a while
Till he saw the bride coming, which caused Jack to smile

He went and he took the fair maid by the hand
You're going to be married as I understand
But if ever you marry, why you shall be mine
So I have come here for to baulk your design

Good Lord! said this fair maid, now what shall I do?
I know I was solemnly promised to you
The sailor's my true love and I'll be his bride
There's none in this world I can fancy beside

Then the tailor, he roared like a man that is mad
I'm ruined, I'm ruined, I'm ruined, he said
All you that have sweethearts, take them while you may
Or else the Jack Tars, they will take them away.

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