



# THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

Printed & Sold by T. EVANS, 79, Long-Lane.

As a fair maid was walking in a garden,  
A young sailor she chanc'd to spy,  
He stopt up to her thinking to have her,  
And said fair maid can you fancy I.

You appear to be some man of honor,  
A man of honor you appear to be;  
How can you impose upon a poor woman  
Who is not fit your Servant to be?

If you are not fit to be my servant,  
I have a sincere regard for you  
I would marry and make you my lady,  
For I have servants to wait on you.

I have a true sweet-heart of my own fir,  
It is seven years since he was gone  
And seven more years will I wait for him,  
For if he's living he will return.

It is seven years since your lover left you,  
I'm sure he is either dead or drown'd,  
If he is living I love him dearly,  
If he's dead he's with glory crown'd.

When he perceived her love was loyal,  
It's a pity true-love should be crossed,  
Says he I'm your poor and single sailor,  
Who has often been on the ocean tossed,

If you are my poor single sailor,  
Shew me the token that I gave thee  
For seven years make an alteration,  
Since my true-love parted from me.

He pulled his hand out of his bo'om,  
His fingers being both long and small,  
Saying here is the ring we broke between us,  
And when she saw it down she did fall.

Then he lifted her up, clasped her in his arms,  
And he gave her kisses sweet,  
Saying I am thy poor and single sailor,  
Who is just return'd to marry thee.

