

August 2019

Jolly Young Waterman

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Jolly Young Waterman" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 808.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/808

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JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN

London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer and Publisher, 177, Union-street, Borough, S.E.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
 Who at Blackfriars-bridge used for to ply,
 Who feathered his oars with such skill and dexterity,
 Winning each heart and delighting each eye.
 He looked so neat and he rowed so steadily,
 The ladies all flocked to his boat so readily,
 And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an air,
 That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What freights of fine folks he rowed in his wherry,
 'Twas cleaned out so nice and new painted all,
 He was always first oars when the fine city ladies,
 In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
 And oftentimes would they be gigg'ling and leering,
 But 'twas all one to Tom their gibing and jeering,
 For loving or liking he little did care,
 For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen,
 As he rowed along thinking of nothing at all,
 He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
 And she smiled, and so straightway into love he did fall.
 And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
 He'd promise to-night that he'd wed her to-morrow;
 Then how should this waterman ever know care,
 When he's married, and never in want of a fare.



GOSPORT BEACH.

ON Gosport beach I landed,
 That place of noted fame,
 When I called for a bottle of brandy,
 To treat my flashy dame;
 Her outside rigging was all silk,
 Her spencer scarlet red,
 We spent that day quite merrily,
 And at night all sorrow fled.

It was early the next morning,
 All by the break of day,
 He says, my handsome fair maid,
 What brought you down this way?
 I am a rich merchant's daughter,
 From London I came down,
 My parents turned me out of doors,
 Which caused me for to roam.

He says, my handsome fair maid,
 I am sorry for to say,
 That you have strayed so far from home,
 To throw yourself away;
 But no reflections I will cast,
 But for ever I'll prove true,
 And when from Chatham I return,
 Sweet maid I'll marry you.

They both shook hands and parted,
 Tears from her eyes did flow,
 Then on ship-board with her own true love,
 She saw she could not go;
 But as a token of true love,
 A gold ring she broke in two,
 One half she gave to her own true love,
 Saying, adieu! sweet lad, adieu!

But scarce six months were over,
 From Chatham he came back,
 Saying, now sweet girl I'll marry you,
 I've shiners in my sack.
 Then to the church they hastened,
 The marriage knot to tie,
 And may they both live happy,
 Until the day I die.