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# The Welcome Sailor

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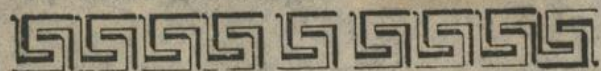
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# STUDY ECONOMY.

## THE WELCOME SAILOR



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AS I walked out one night, it being dark all over,  
The moon did show no light I could discover,  
Down by a river side where ships were sailing,  
A lovely maid I spied weeping and bewailing.

I boldly stepp'd up to her and I asked what griev'd her,  
She made me this reply, none could relieve her,  
For my love is press'd, she cried, to cross the ocean,  
My mind is like the sea, always in motion.

He said, my pretty fair maid, mark well my story,  
For your true love and I fought for old England's glory,  
By one unlucky shot we both got parted,  
And by the wounds he got I'm broken-hearted.

He told me before he died his heart was broken,  
He gave me this gold ring, take it for a token,  
Take this unto my dear, there is no one fairer,  
Tell her to be kind, and love the bearer.

Soon as these words he spoke she run distracted,  
Not knowing what she did, or how she acted;  
She run and tore her hair, showing her anger,  
Young man you're come too late for I'll wed no stranger.

Soon as these words she spoke his love grew stronger,  
He flew into her arms, he could wait no longer;  
They both sat down and sung, but she sang clearest,  
Like a Nightingale in spring, welcome home my dearest.

He sung, 'God bless the wind that blew him over,'  
She sung, 'God bless the ship that brought him over,'  
And they both sat down and sung, but she sang clearest,  
Like a Nightingale in spring, you are welcome home  
my dearest.

## STUDY ECONOMY

I AM a gent reduced by railway speculation,  
Tho' not possessed of ample means, I've splendid  
expectations;

My uncle is director of a round-the-corner junction,  
So I often borrow a pound or two without the least  
compunction,

For upon my word,

By studying economy, I live like a lord.

Now since I've been upon the town, by fickle fortune  
undone,

I've found that there's more ways than one, to live slap  
up in London;

The world is bad but I contrive first rate to rattle thro' it,  
So if you list awhile to me, I'll tell you how to do it.

I rise at half-past-nine, A. M. and then I make my toilet,  
Put on my dickey, rub my boots, my hair with candle  
oil it;

As breakfast is a matter of pure taste, why I don't  
mind it,

And if I've none I go without and healthy too I find it.

At ten I sally out and go to hear the band play,  
This takes me to eleven, then I promenade the Strand  
way;

Then I get up to London-bridge, that rendezvous of  
schemers,

When half-an-hour passes by admiring the steamers.

This brings me round to twelve o'clock, when I invest  
a joey,

In half a loaf, and pick out one slack baked and rather  
doughy,

Because you see it satisfies, I feel compelled to tell it,  
And a drink of water at the pump to twice the size  
will swell it.

At one I buy a mutton pie and pop it in my pocket,  
And then cut down a narrow court and bolt it like a  
rocket,

It does not do to let the world know all you have had  
for dinner,

For if they think you're living queer, they'll swear  
you're getting thinner.

At two I reach a coffee shop and read a book till seven,  
Then half-a-pint of good four ale will last me till eleven,  
By twelve get home and make no row, for fear of  
Mother Randall,

Then in the dark I go to bed because it saves a candle.

Sometimes to raise a sumptuous feast I tax my ingenuity,  
I can't indulge in meat for that I think a superfluity,  
I can't abide block ornaments, for fear of the small  
maggots,

So I wait till eight o'clock comes round and patronise  
the faggots.

I used to smoke a Meershaum pipe, once upon a time  
I bought one, (a short one;

But now the times are altered quite, I am glad to smoke  
When I've no pieces of cigars, and getting low in coppers,  
I toddle round St. James's Park and pick up all the  
toppers.

The faculty they all agree light suppers aid digestion,  
And I decidedly agree with their view of the question,  
But if a friend should ask me out, I'll not refuse the  
offer,

If not, I speculate my browns in a trotter or a gonffer.

I've told you all the particulars of how I'd pass the  
day away,

Thro' studying economy I don't have much to pay,  
Tho' sometimes I'm reduced, I own, to pease pudding  
on a Friday,

But all things considered, why I get on very tidy.