

August 2019

# The Lass that loves a Sailor

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: [https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk)



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Lass that loves a Sailor" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1248.  
[https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk/1248](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1248)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact [egrove@olemiss.edu](mailto:egrove@olemiss.edu).



## Waving Greenwood TREE

~~~~~  
*J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-  
 court, 7 Dials.*

**N**OW by the waving greenwood  
 tree,

We merry, merry warriors roam;  
 Careless and jovial, ever free,  
 We hail our native home.  
 We roam beneath fair Cynthia's light,  
 Or biding in the shade,  
 Telling soft tales of true delight  
 To some lovely woodland maid.  
 Now by the waving, &c.

Now by the waving greenwood tree,  
 we merry, merry warriors roam,  
 Careless and jovial, ever free,

We hail our native home. (wine,  
 We quaff not, we quaff not the red, red  
 But our nut brown ale is good  
 For the song & the dance of the great  
 we ne'er pine (rude,  
 While the rough wind our choristers  
 Now by the waving, &c.

## ~~~~~ EVENING BELLS.

**T**Hose ev'ning bells, those ev'ning  
 bells,

How many a tale their music tells,  
 Of youth and home, & that sweet time  
 When last I heard their soothing chime  
 Those joyous hours are past away,  
 And many a heart that then was gay,  
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
 And hears no more those ev'ning bells.

And as 'twill be when I am gone,  
 That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
 Weile other bards shall walk these  
 dells, [bells.  
 and sing your praise sweet ev'ning



## The Lass that Loves A SAILOR

~~~~~  
*J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court.*

**T**HE moon on the ocean was  
 dimm'd by a ripple,  
 Affording a checquer'd light,  
 The gay jolly tar pass'd the word for  
 the tippie, [night.  
 And the toast, for 'twas Saturday  
 Some sweetheart or wife,  
 He lov'd as his life,  
 Each drank as he wish'd he could hail  
 But the standing toast, [her,  
 That pleas'd the most,  
 Was, the wind that blows, the ship that  
 And the lass that loves a sailor. [goes  
 Some drank the King, some his brave  
 and some the Constitution; (ships  
 Some, 'May the French and all such  
 Yield to English resolution.' (rips,  
 That fate might bless,  
 Some Poll or Bess,  
 and that they soon might hail her,  
 But the standing toast, &c.

Some drank the prince, and some our  
 This glorious land of freedom (land  
 Some that our tars may never want  
 Heroes brave to lead them.  
 That she who's in distress may find,  
 Such friends who ne'er will fail her,  
 but the standing, &c.