

# 45 THE SAUCY SAILOR

Collected and arranged by  
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*Andante grazioso*

VOICE

1. Come, my dear - est, come, my fair - est, Come and  
rag - ged, love, you are dirt - y, love, And your  
heard — those words come from — him, On her  
cross — the bri - ny o - cean. Where the

PIANO

tell un - to me, Will you pit - y a poor  
clothes they smell of tar. So be - gone, — you sau - cy  
bend - ed knees she fell. To be sure, — I'll wed my  
mead - ows they are green; Since — you have had the —

*dim.* *cresc.*

sail - or - boy, Who has just come — from sea? 2. I can  
sail - or - boy, So be - gone, you — Jack Tar! 4. If I'm  
sail - or, For I love him — so well. 6. Do you  
of - fer, love, An - oth - er shall have the ring. 8. For I'm

*dim.* *mf*

fan - cy no poor sail - or: No poor sail - or for — me! For to  
 rag - ged, love, if I'm dirt - y, love, If my clothes they smell of tar, I have  
 think that I am fool - ish? Do you think that I am mad? That I'd  
 young, love, and I'm frolic - some, I'm good - tem - per'd, kind, and free: And I

*cresc.* *colla voce*

cross the wide — o - cean Is a ter - ror — to  
 sil - ver in my pock - et, love, And of gold a — bright  
 wed — with a poor coun - try girl Where no for - tune's to — be  
 don't care a — straw, — love, What the world says — of

*colla voce* *cresc.*

*Three times* *Last time*

me. 3. You are  
 store. 5. When she  
 had? 7. I will  
 me.

*p* *cresc.* *dim.* *p*