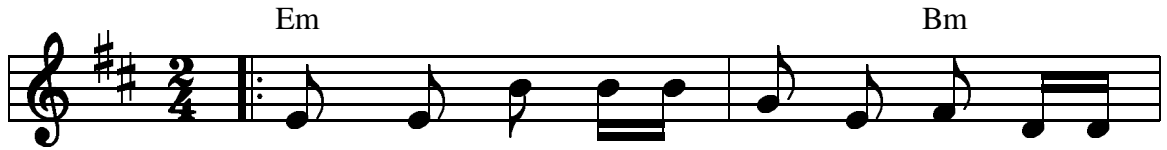


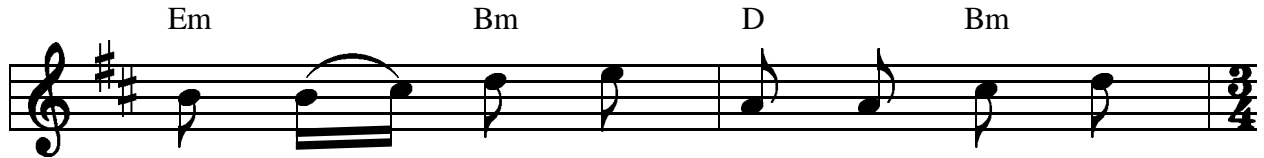
# Tarry Trowsers



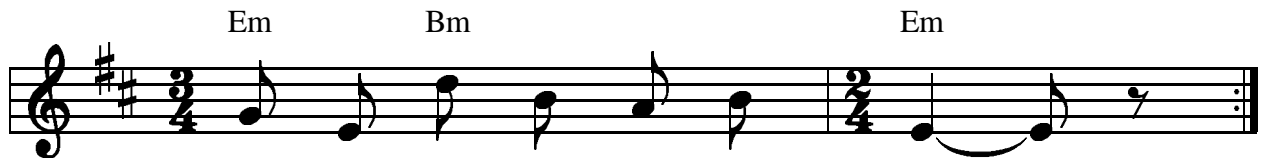
1. One fine morn - ing as I was walk - ing, The  
 2. "Daugh - ter, I would have you mar - ry, No  
 3. "Sail - ors they are given to rov - ing,  
 4. "Mother, would you have me wed a far - mer,



wea - ther be - ing bright and clear, I  
 long - er lead a sin - gle life." "O  
 In - to fo - reign parts they go;  
 Take from me my heart's de - light!



o - ver heard a ten - der mo - ther,  
 no," said she, "I'd ra - ther tar - ry,  
 Then they leave you bro - ken heart - ed,  
 Give me the lad whose tarry tarry trow - sers



Talk - ing to her daugh - ter dear.  
 For my jol - ly sail - or bright."  
 Full of sor - row, grief and woe."  
 Shine to my eyes like dia - monds bright."