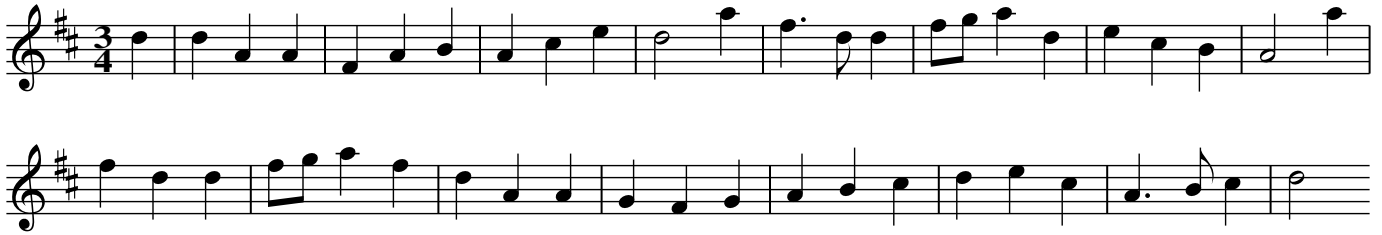


Rosemary Lane

Llewellyn Mallion Fen Ditton, RVW August 22nd 1906



When I was apprenticed in Rosemary Lane
I kept the goodwill of my master and dame
Till a sailor he came there one night for to lie
And that was the beginning of my misery

CHORUS:

And it's home boys, home .that I want to be
My own dearest home is my own country
The oak and the ivy and bonny willow tree
Is all growing green in my own country

He called for a candle to light him to bed
Likewise for a handkerchief to tie round his head
She gave him a candle, her duty to do
He vowed and he swore she should come to bed too.

She being young & foolish, she thought it no harm
To jump into bed for to keep herself warm.
He huddled her, he cuddled her, he called her his dear
She wished that short night had been seven long year.

Twas early next morning the sailor arose
And into her lap he threw handfuls of gold
Says, Take this my dear for the harm I have done
Last night I have left you a daughter or son.

When it is born you will put it to nurse
And sit like a lady with gold in your purse
With gold in your purse and milk in your breast
Saying that's what I've got by Jack Tar in the West.

And if it is a boy he will wear a gold ring
And when he's of age he will fight for his king
With his trousers of white and his jacket of blue
He'll fight for his country like his dad used to do.

And if it is a girl she shall wear a gold brooch
With silver in her pockets and gold in her purse
Silver in her pockets to buy meat and bread
And she never will trust a jack tar in her bed.

Come all you young maidens a warning take by me
Don't let a sailor an inch above your knee
For I trusted one and he disappointed me
He's left me alone with a baby on my knee.