

Rosemary Lane

Bert Jansch

When I was in service in Rosemary Lane
I won the good will of my master Amberdine
Until a young sailor came there to stay
And that was the beginning of my misery
He called for a candle to light him to bed
Aand likewise a silk hankerchief to tie up his hair
To tie up his hair as sailors will do,
"And third my pretty Polly, will you come too?"
Now this may seem young and foolish, she thought it no harm
To lie on the bed to keep herself warm
And what was done there, I shall never disclose
But I wish that short night had been seven long years
So early next morning this sailor arose
And into my pockets 3 guineas did throw
Saying "Tthis I will give and more I will do
If you'll be my Polly wherever I go"
Now if it's a boy, he'll fight for the King
And if it's a girl she'll wear a gold ring
She'll wear a gold ring and a dress all aflame
And remember my service in Rosemary Lane
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