

Yarmouth Town

#43

In Yarmouth Town there lived a man,
He kept a tavern by the sand.
This landlord had a daughter fair,
A plump little thing with the golden hair.

Oh, |: won't you come down,
Won't you come down,
Won't you come down to Yarmouth town. :|

Now to this tavern come a sailor-man
He asked the daughter for her hand.
“Why should I marry you?” she said,
“I get all I want without being wed.”

“But,” she says, “If you want with me to linger,
I'll tie a bit of string all around my finger.
As you pass by, just pull on the string,
And I'll come down and I'll let you in.”

At closing time the sailor-man,
He went to the tavern by the sand.
And then he went and he pulled on the string,
And she come down and she let him in.

Well, he's never seen such a sight before,
'cause the string around the finger was all she wore.
And when he went and he pulled the old string
She pulled back the blanket and let Jack in.

So, the sailor stayed the whole night through
And early in the morning went back to his crew,
Where then he told them all about that maiden fair,
The plump little thing with the golden hair.

And the story, that soon got around
And the very next night in Yarmouth Town
There was fifteen sailors pulling on the string
And she come down and she let them all in.

So all young men what ever to Yarmouth do go,
See a plump little girl with her hair hung low,
Well, all you got do is pull the old string,
And she'll come down and she'll let you all in.

Oh, |: won't you come down,
Won't you come down,
Won't you come down to Yarmouth town. :|