

THE SANDGATE GIRL'S LAMENTATION

I was a young maiden truly,
And lived in Sandgate street;
I thought to marry a good man,
To keep me warm at neet.
Some good-like body, some bonny body,
To be with me at noon;
But last I married a keelman,
And my good days are done.

I thought to marry a parson,
To hear me say my prayers;
But I have married a keelman,
And he kicks me down the stairs.
He's an ugly body, a bubbly body,
An ill-far'd ugly loon;
And I have married a keelman,
And my good days are done.

I thought to marry a dyer,
To dye my apron blue;
But I have married a keelman,
And he makes me down sorely rue.
He's an ugly body, a bubbly body,

I thought to marry a joiner,
To make me chair and stool;
But I have married a keelman,
And he's a perfect fool.
He's an ugly body, a bubbly body,
An ill-far'd ugly loon;
And I have married a keelman,
And my good days are done.

I thought to marry a sailor,
To bring me sugar and tea;
But I have married a keelman,
And that he let's me see.
He's an ugly body, a bubbly body
An ill-far'd ugly loon;
And I have married a keelman
And my good days are done.