

A Dark and A Roving Eye

Well, as I roved out in the evening,
Along the nights career

I spied a lofty clipper ship,
And off to her I steered

I hoisted all me sig-a-nals,
That she so quickly knew,

Ah, but when she saw my bones in black
She immediately hauled to

Chorus: Oh, she'd a Dark and a roving eye,
And her hair hung down in ring-a-lets
She were a nice girl, a decent girl,
But one of the rakish kind.

Well, she said, "Kind sir, excuse me
For being out so late,
For if me parents knew of this,
Then sad would be me fate.
For me father, he's a minister,
A true and honest man,
But me mother, she's a dancin' girl,
And I do the best I can"

Chorus

Well, so I deemed her company
For a sailor'lad like me,
I kissed her once and I kissed her twice-
She said, "Be nice to me!"
Well, I fondled her and cuddle her,
And found, to my surprise—
She were nothing but a fire-ship
Rigged out in a disguise.

Chorus

Well, come all ye saucy sailors
Who sail the seven seas
And likewise all ye 'prentice lads,
This warning take from me:
Steer far clear of lofty fire'ships,
For me the money's well'spent
Ah, for one's burned all me money up,
And left me broke and bent.

Repeat chorus twice