

Come Home, Father

who could re-sist this most pleading of prayers? "Please, father, dear fa-ther, come home!"

The Three Sailor Boys

THEO. MARZIALS

Merrily

1. Oh, we're three jol-ly, jol-ly sai-lor boys, And we're new-ly home from
 2. There were three pretty girls in mer-ry Portsmouth town, And each one was like a
 3. Then up we spoke, we jol-ly sai-lor boys, All arm in arm so

South A-mer-i-kee, With our hearts still ting-ling with the salt, salt wind, And the
 po-sy on the tree. There was great-eyed Mar-ga-ret and trim-set Sal, And sweet
 jol-ly for to see. "There are girls beside the wa-ter at Ja-nei-ro or Gib-raltar Who can

tum - ble and the toss - ing of the sea, O, hon - ey, we've our
 Kit - ty, from the north coun - tree, No, hon - ey, tho' your
 dance as right mer - ri - ly as ye;" So hon - ey, while our

poco rall.
 pock - ets full of mon - ey, Will you trip, trip, trip, will you trip it on the Quay For the
 pock - et's full of mon - ey, We won't trip, trip, trip, we won't trip it on the Quay, Till you've
 pock - et's full of mon - ey, Come and trip, trip, trip, come and trip it on the Quay, For we

a tempo
 wind's in the sail and the thunder in the gale And our good ship plunging to be free.
 set the clerk a-singing, and the wedding bells a-ringing, And the parson has pocketed the fee.
 sailors love the ocean and the change, and the commotion, And the good ship plunging on the sea.