

**Jolly Sailor Bold**  
**Misc Soundtrack**

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Jolly Sailor Bold  
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This is an awesome pirate shanty and I couldn't find a single tab of it so here it is. The picking tempo is also up to you some prefer faster and others prefer slower just repeat what I have given. Enjoy :)

Tuning: Standard EADGBE

Chords : **Em, Am, B7**

Open **B7**:

	1	2
e	----- -----	
B	----- -----	
G	----- --X--	
D	--X-- -----	
A	----- --X--	
E	----- -----	

Picking pattern(optional)

e	-----
B	-----0-----0-----1-----1-----
G	-----0-----0-----0-----0-----2-----2-----2-----2-----
D	-----2-----2-----
A	-----0-----0-----
E	-----

e	-----
B	-----0-----0-----0-----0-----
G	-----0-----0-----0-----0-----2-----2-----0-----0-----
D	-----2-----2-----2-----
A	-----2-----
E	-----

<b>Em</b>		<b>Am</b>	
Upon	one summer s morning,	I carelessly	did stray,
<b>Em</b>		<b>B7</b>	<b>Em</b>
Down	by the Walls of Wapping,	where I met	a sailor gay,
<b>Em</b>		<b>Am</b>	

Conversing with a bouncing lass, who seem d to be in pain,  
Saying, William, when you go, I fear you will ne er return again.

His hair it does in ringlets hang, his eyes as black as soles,  
May happiness attend him wherever he goes,  
From Tower Hill, down to Blackwall, I will wander, weep and moan,  
All for my jolly sailor bold, until he does return.

My father is a merchantâ€”the truth I now will tell,  
And in great London City in opulence doth dwell,  
His fortune doth exceed 300,000 in gold,  
And he frowns upon his daughter, cause she loves a sailor bold.

A fig for his riches, his merchandize, and gold,  
True love is grafted in my heart; give me my sailor bold:  
Should he return in poverty, from o er the ocean far,  
To my tender bosom, I ll fondly press my jolly tar.

My sailor is as smiling as the pleasant month of May,  
And oft we have wandered through Ratcliffe Highway,  
Where many a pretty blooming girl we happy did behold,  
Reclining on the bosom of her jolly sailor bold.

Come all you pretty fair maids, whoever you may be  
Who love a jolly sailor bold that ploughs the raging sea,  
While up aloft, in storm or gale, from me his absence mourn,  
And firmly pray, arrive the day, he home will safe return.

My name it is Maria, a merchant s daughter fair,  
All for my jolly sailor bold, until he does return.

And I have left my parents and three thousand pounds a year,  
**Em** **Am**  
My heart is pierced by Cupid, I disdain all glittering gold,  
**Em** **B7** **Em**  
There is nothing can console me but my jolly sailor bold.