

**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,  
**Em** **B7** **Em**  
Saying, William, when you go, I fear you will ne er return again.

**Em** **Am**  
 His hair it does in ringlets hang, his eyes as black as soles,  
**Em** **B7** **Em**  
 May happiness attend him wherever he goes,  
**Em** **Am**  
 From Tower Hill, down to Blackwall, I will wander, weep and moan,  
**Em** **B7** **Em**  
 All for my jolly sailor bold, until he does return.

**Em** **Am**  
 My father is a merchantâ€”the truth I now will tell,  
**Em** **B7** **Em**  
 And in great London City in opulence doth dwell,  
**Em** **Am**  
 His fortune doth exceed 300,000 in gold,  
**Em** **B7** **Em**  
 And he frowns upon his daughter, cause she loves a sailor bold.

**Em** **Am**  
 A fig for his riches, his merchandize, and gold,  
**Em** **B7** **Em**  
 True love is grafted in my heart; give me my sailor bold:  
**Em** **Am**  
 Should he return in poverty, from o'er the ocean far,  
**Em** **B7** **Em**  
 To my tender bosom, I'll fondly press my jolly tar.

**Em** **Am**  
 My sailor is as smiling as the pleasant month of May,  
**Em** **B7** **Em**  
 And oft we have wandered through Ratcliffe Highway,  
**Em** **Am**  
 Where many a pretty blooming girl we happy did behold,  
**Em** **B7** **Em**  
 Reclining on the bosom of her jolly sailor bold.

**Em** **Am**  
 Come all you pretty fair maids, whoever you may be  
**Em** **B7** **Em**  
 Who love a jolly sailor bold that ploughs the raging sea,  
**Em** **Am**  
 While up aloft, in storm or gale, from me his absence mourn,  
**Em** **B7** **Em**  
 And firmly pray, arrive the day, he home will safe return.

Em Am  
My name it is Maria, a merchant s daughter fair,  
Em B7 Em

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.