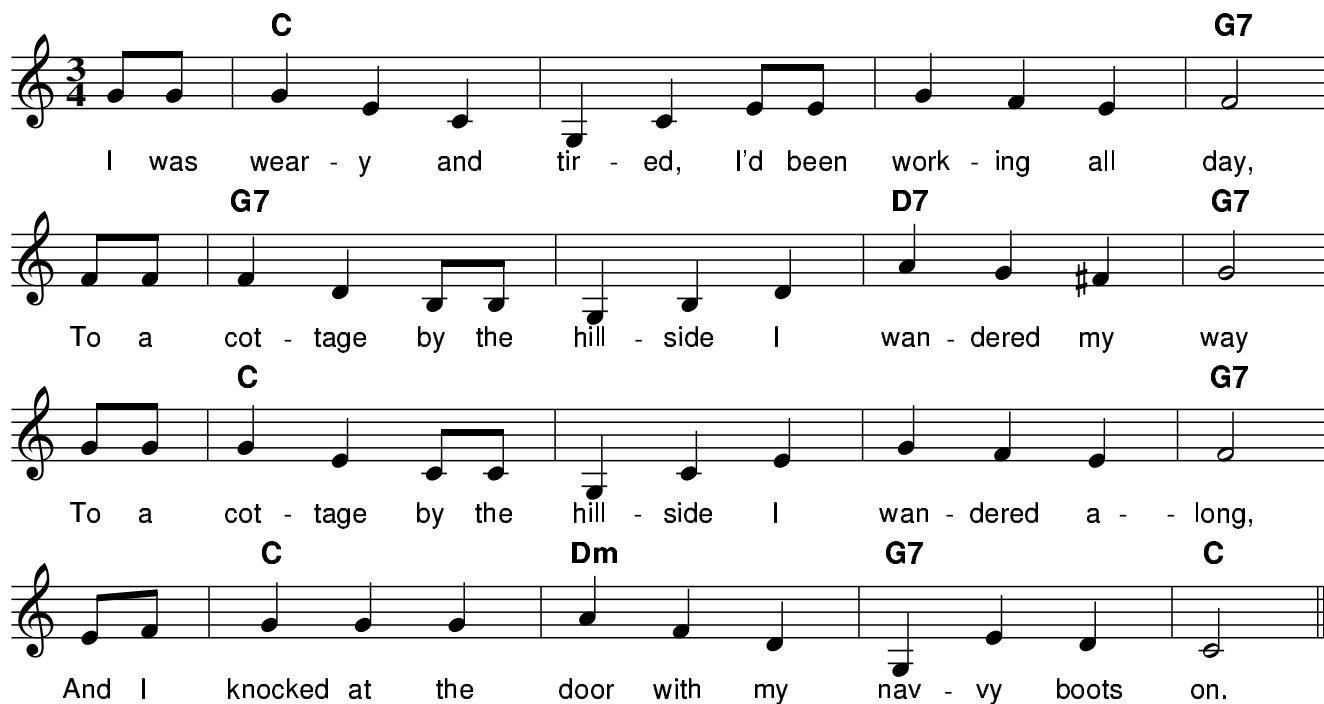


With My Navy Boots On

A romantic song from folklorist Brad Tate, who collected it from a hedger and ditcher in Essex. This theme occurs in other trade settings as well: pit boots, cattle smock, and in Australia, shearing boots.



I was wear - y and tir - ed, I'd been work - ing all day,
 To a cot - tage by the hill - side I wan - dered my way
 To a cot - tage by the hill - side I wan - dered a - - long,
 And I knocked at the door with my nav - vy boots on.

I knocked at the door and a voice from inside
 Said "Is that you, my darling?" "Oh yes, love." I cried.
 Her door it was open and the bed looked so warm
 I jumped straight in with my navy boots on.

It was early next morning I said, "Goodbye, Miss."
 She said, "Oh my darling, don't leave me like this."
 She said, "Oh my darling, you know you've done wrong,
 You have slept in my bed with your navy boots on."

Now, twelve months went by and I never went back,
 But the fair pretty maiden was well on my track.
 She caught me and said, "Sir, come and look at your son;
 There he lies in his pram with his navy boots on."

It was at the Police Court the Judge said, "My man,
 Are you guilty or not?" I said "Yes sir, I am.
 I done it with pleasure, a-thinking no wrong;
 I done it in bed with my navy boots on."