

# *East Suffolk Morris Men*



## *Song Book*

*2011 Edition*

[eastsuffolkmorris.com](http://eastsuffolkmorris.com)  
[esmm@btinternet.com](mailto:esmm@btinternet.com)

## 01. ABROAD FOR PLEASURE (HOLMFIRTH ANTHEM)

Key F

Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking,  
On one summer, summer evening clear.

***Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking,  
On one summer, summer's evening clear.***

There I beheld the most beautiful damsel  
Lamenting for her shepherd swain

***Lamenting for her shepherd swain.***

The fairest evening that e'er I beheld thee  
Evermore with the lad I adore.

***The fairest evening that e'er I beheld thee  
Evermore with the lad I adore.***

Wilt thou go fight the French and Spaniards?  
Wilt thou leave me thus, my dear?

***Wilt thou leave me thus, my dear?***

No more to yon green banks will I take me  
With pleasure for to rest myself and view the lambs.

***No more to yon green banks will I take me  
With pleasure for to rest myself and view the lambs.***

But I will take me to yon green gardens  
Where the pretty flowers grow.

***Where the pretty pretty flowers grow.***

Yes and I will take me to yon green gardens  
Where the pretty flowers grow

***Where the pretty pretty flowers grow.***

## 02. A-ROVING

Key D

In Amsterdam there lived a maid

- ***Mark well what I do say***

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,

And she was the mistress of her trade.

***I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.***

***A-rovin', a-rovin', since rovin's been my ru-i-in,***

***I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.***

I took this fair maid for a walk

***Mark well...***

I took this fair maid for a walk

She said young man I'd rather talk

***I'll go...***

I put my arm around her waist

***Mark well...***

I put my arm around her waist

She said, Young man you're in great haste!

***I'll go...***

I put my hand upon her knee

***Mark well...***

I put my hand upon her knee

She said, Young man you're rather free!

***I'll go...***

I put my hand upon her thigh

***Mark well...***

I put my hand upon her thigh

She said, Young man you're much too high!

***I'll go...***

### 03. ALE GLORIOUS ALE

Key C

When I was a young man my father did say,  
Summer is coming - it's time to make hay  
Now when hay's been carted, don't you ever fail  
To drink gaffer's health in a pint of good ale

***Ale, ale, glorious ale  
Served up in pewter it tells its own tale.  
Some folks like radishes, some curly kale  
But give I boiled parsnips  
And a gurt dish o' taters  
And a lump of fatty bacon  
And a pint of good ale!***

Our MP's in Parliament, our faith for to keep.  
I hope now we've put them there, he won't sit and sleep.  
He'll always get my vote, if he never fail  
To bring down the price of a pint of good ale.

Now take all teetotallers they drinks water neat  
It must rot their gutses and give them damp feet  
For I'll always say that a chap can't grow stale  
On broad beans and bacon and a pint of good ale

## 04. ALL FOR MY GROG

Key G

Where are me boots, me knockin', knockin' boots?

***They've all gone for beer and tobacco.***

The soles they are wore out, and the tops are knocked about  
And my toes are peepin' out for better weather.

***And it's all for my grog, my jolly, jolly grog***

***All for my beer and tobacco.***

***For I spent all my tin on the lassies drinking gin***

***And across the western ocean I must wander***

Where is me shirt, me knockin', knockin' shirt?

***It's all gone for beer and tobacco.***

The collar is wore out and the cuffs are knocked about  
And the tail is hanging out for better weather.

Where are me pants, me knockin', knockin' pants?

***They've all gone for beer and tobacco.***

The backside is wore out and the knees are knocked about  
And me arse is hanging out for better weather.

Where is me dog, me knockin', knockin' dog?

***All gone for beer and tobacco.***

For his tongue is hanging out and his backside's kicked about  
And his tail is peeping out for better weather.

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed

Since first I came ashore with my plunder.

I've seen centipedes and snakes and I'm full of pains and aches  
And it's time I took a trip out over yonder.

## 05. BALL OF YARN

Key C

One sunny morn in May as I was on my way  
To visit my Grandfather's farm  
I spies a pretty maid a resting in the shade  
She was winding up her little ball of yarn

***Oh the Blackbird and the Thrush  
They sing out from every bush  
Keep your hand on your little ball of yarn***

A pretty girl was May as she lay there in the hay  
The scene it was so quiet and so calm  
I dropped down where she lay and unto her did say  
Let me wind up your little ball of yarn

No! no! kind sir says she, you're a stranger unto me  
To other girls you may possess some charm  
You'd better go away and come back another day  
To wind up my little ball of yarn

I kissed that pretty maid just underneath the shade  
Intending to do to her no harm  
'Cos the Blackbird and the Thrush, they sing out from every  
bush  
To remind her of her little ball of yarn

Ten weary months has passed 'ere I saw that maid at last  
And I met her with a baby on her arm  
But she didn't know 'twas me 'till I told her it was he  
Who had wound up her little ball of yarn

## 06. THE BEGGAR

Key D

Oh, I'd rather be a beggar than a king,  
And I'll tell you the reason why.  
For a king can't swagger nor drink like a beggar,  
Nor be half so merry as I.

***Let the back and the sides go bare me boys,  
Let the foot and the hand go cold.  
But give to the belly, boys, beer enough  
Whether it be new or old.***

For I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,  
And a crab laid on the fire.  
A little bread shall do me no stead;  
Much bread I do not desire.

And Tyb me wife, well as her life  
Loveth well good ale to seek.  
Full oft drinks she till you may see  
The tears run down her cheeks.

Then she does trowl me to the bowl  
Even as a malt worm should.  
And sayeth, sweetheart, I took my part  
Of this jolly good ale and old.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,  
Even as good fellows should do.  
They shall not miss to have the bliss  
Good ale doth bring men to.

Yes, I'd rather be a beggar as a king,  
And I'll tell you the reason why.  
For a king cannot swagger nor drink like a beggar,  
Nor be half so merry as I.

## 07. BLACK VELVET BAND

Key G

In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprentice to trade I was bound  
Many an hour's sweet happiness, have I spent in that neat little town  
A sad misfortune came over me, which caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from my friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds  
I thought her the queen of the land  
And her hair it hung over her shoulder  
Tied up with a black velvet band*

I took a stroll down the Broadway, meaning not long for to stay  
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid comes a tripping along the  
highway  
She was both fair and handsome, her neck it was just like a swan  
And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, and a gentleman passing us by  
I knew she meant a'doing of him, by the look in her roguish black eye  
A gold watch she took from his pocket and placed it right in to my hand  
And the very next thing that I said was bad luck to the black velvet band

Before the judge and the jury, next morning I had to appear  
The judge he says to me: "Young man, your case it is proven quite clear  
We'll give you seven years penal servitude, to be spent far away from the  
land  
Far away from your friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band"

So come all you jolly young fellows a warning take by me  
When you are out on the town me lads, beware of them pretty colleens  
They'll feed you with strong drink me boys 'til you are unable to stand  
And the very next thing that you'll know is you've landed in Van Diemens  
Land

## 08. BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW

Key F

It's of a farmer's son kept sheep on yonder hill  
And he went out one May morning to see what he could kill.

***And sing, blow away the morning dew  
The dew, and the dew;  
Blow away the morning dew  
How sweet the winds do blow.***

He looked high and he looked low; he took another look  
And there he saw a fair pretty maid a-swimming in the brook.

Oh do not touch my mantle; pray leave my clothes alone  
But gently take me on your horse and convey me to my home.

As they were riding on their way he saw some pooks of hay.  
Oh isn't it a pretty place for you and me to lay?

Oh no, take me to my father's house; there you may lay me  
down,  
And you can have my maidenhead and likewise fifty pounds.

But when they got to her father's house, so quickly she ran in.  
Says she, you are the fool without and I am the maid within.

My father has a bantam cock that never trod a hen.  
He runs about and flaps his wings, and you be one of them.

There is a flower in my garden; men call it marigold.  
And if you would not when you could, you shall not when you  
would.

When you meet a pretty maid, a mile or two from town  
Never mind her gay clothing, but lay her on the ground.

## 09. BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Key E

As I was a-walkin' down Paradise Street

***To me way, hay, blow the man down!***

A flash looking packet I chanced for to meet

***Oh, gi' me some time to blow the man down!***

***Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down***

***To me way, hay, blow the man down!***

***Blow him right back to Liverpool town***

***Oh, gi' me some time to blow the man down!***

She was bowlin' along with the wind blowin' free

She clewed up her courses an' waited for me

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow

So I hold in all sailing, cryin', well enough now

Where she did hail from I really can't tell

But I gave her my flipper, we're both bound for hell

Come all you young sailors, take warning by me

Never take a young Liverpool gal on your knee

## 10. THE BOLD GRENADIER

Key G

As I was a-walking one morning in May,  
I met a young couple a-making their way.  
And one was a pretty maid and her beauty shone clear  
And the other one was a soldier and a bold Grenadier

***And they kissed so sweet and comforting  
As they clung to each other  
They went arm in arm along the road  
Like sister and brother.  
They went arm in arm along the road  
Till they came to a stream,  
Where they both sat down together, love  
To hear the nightingales sing.***

With many fine compliments he put his arm around her middle,  
And out of his knapsack he drew a fine fiddle.  
And he played to her such a merry tune as made the valleys to ring.  
Hark ye, hark ye, said the fair maid, How the nightingales sing.

Oh now, said the soldier, 'tis time to give o'er.  
Oh no, said the pretty maid just play one thing more.  
For I do like your fiddle and the touch of your string,  
Hark ye, hark ye, said the fair maid, How the nightingales sing.

Oh now, cried the fair maid, won't you marry me?  
Oh no, said the soldier boy, that can never be  
For I have a wife at home in my own country  
And a pretty fairer woman than you ever did see.

Now I'm bound out to India for the space of one year,  
Drinking whisky and wine me boys instead of strong beer.  
And if ever I return again it will be in the spring  
For to hear the water's rattling Love, and hear the nightingales sing.

## 11. BRISK YOUNG TAILOR

Key G

It's of a brisk young tailor a story I'll relate  
He lived at an Inn they called the Ram and the Gate  
The Ram and the Gate was the place where he did dwell  
And wine and women's company he loved exceeding well

***So well, so well, so well me boys so well***

***And wine and women's company he loved exceeding well***

Now this tailor he'd been drinking a glass or two of wine  
And not being used to drink it caused his face to shine  
It caused his face to shine just like the rising sun  
And he swore he'd have a bonny lass before the night was done

***Was done . . . . .***

So he took her on his knee and he called her his dear honey  
And as they were a' talking she was fingering of his money  
She was fingering of his money when the tailor smiled and said  
If you'll lend me your petticoats I'll dance like a maid

***A maid, a maid . . . . .***

Then the tailor pulled his breeches off and the petticoats put on  
The tailor danced a dance while the lass she sang a song  
The tailor danced a dance and they played a merry tune  
And she danced the tailor's breeches right out of the room

***The room, the room . . . . .***

Oh was there ever a tailor undone as I'm undone  
My gold watch and my money and my breeches are all gone  
Oh how can I go home like this they'll call I garden flower  
And if ever I get my breeches back I'll never dance no more

***No more, no more, no more me boys no more***

***If ever I get my breeches back I'll never dance no more.***

## 12. CANDLELIGHT FISHERMAN

Key D

Now my Dad was a fisherman bold  
And he lived 'till he grew old  
For he opened the pane and popped out the flame  
Just to see how the wind do blow

***Just to see how the wind do blow  
Just to see how the wind do blow  
For he opened the pane & popped out the flame  
Just to see how the wind do blow***

And off' he'd say to me Joe  
You'll be wise before you go  
Do you open the pane and pop out the flame  
Just to see how the wind do blow

When the North wind roughly blows  
Then I lay right snug below  
For I open the pane and pop out the flame  
Just to see how the wind do blow

When the wind come from the East  
It's no good for man nor beast  
Do you open the pane and pop out the flame  
Just to see how the wind do blow

When the soft south wind do blow  
Well there ain't enough for you to go  
For you open the pane and pop out the flame  
Just to see how the wind do blow

When the wind comes from the west  
It'll blow a good'un at best  
So you open the pane and pop out the flame  
Just to see how the wind do blow

Now all you fishermen bold  
If you'll live 'till you grow old  
Do you open the pane and pop out the flame  
Just to see how the wind do blow

### 13. COME WRITE ME DOWN

Key F

Come write me down, ye powers above, the man that first created  
love

For I've a diamond in my eye, where all my joys and comforts lie  
**Where all my joys and comforts lie.**

I'll give you gold, I will give you pearl if you can fancy me, dear girl  
Rich costly robes that you can wear if you could fancy me, my dear  
**If you could fancy me, my dear.**

It's not your gold shall me entice to leave off pleasure to be a wife  
For I don't mean or intend at all to be at any young man's call  
**To be at any young man's call.**

Then go your way you scornful dame since you've proved false I'll  
prove the same  
For I don't care and I shall find some other fair maid to my mind  
**Some other fair maid to my mind.**

Oh stay young man don't be in haste you seem afraid your time you'll  
waste  
Let reason rule your roving mind and unto you I will prove kind  
**And unto you I will prove kind**

So to church they went that very next day and were married by asking  
as I've heard say  
So now that girl she is his wife she will prove his comfort day and  
night  
**She'll prove his comfort day and night**

So now his trouble and sorrow is past his joy and comfort has come  
at last  
That girl to him always said nay but she proves his comfort night and  
day  
**She proves his comfort night and day.**

## 14. COUNTRY LIFE

Key C

I like to rise when the sun she rises, early in the morning.  
And I like to hear them small birds singing merrily upon the land  
And hurrah! for the life of a country boy

***And to ramble in the new mown hay.***

In spring time we sow, at the harvest we mow;  
And that is how the seasons round do go.  
But of all the times to choose I may

***To be rambling through the new mown hay.***

In the winter when the sky is grey  
We hedge and we ditch our times away.  
But in the summer when the sun shines gay

***We go rambling through the new mown hay.***

## 15. CUCKOO'S NEST

Key Em

As I was a-walking one morning in May,  
I met a pretty fair maid and unto her did say,  
For love I am inclined, and I'll tell you my mind,  
That my inclination lies in your cuckoo's nest.

***Some like a girl who is pretty in the face,  
And some like a girl who is slender in the waist.  
But give me a girl that will wriggle and will twist.  
At the bottom of the belly lies the cuckoo's nest.***

My darling, said she, I am innocent and young  
And I scarcely can believe your false deluding tongue,  
Yet to see it in your eyes, it fills me with surprise  
That your inclination lies in my cuckoo's nest.

Then my darling, said he, if you see it in my eyes,  
Then think of it as fondness and do not be surprised  
For I'll love you, my dear, and I'll marry you I swear  
If you let me clap my hands on your cuckoo's nest.

My darling, said she, I can do no such thing,  
For my mother often told me it was committing sin  
My maidenhead to lose and my sense to be abused  
So have no more to do with my cuckoo's nest.

My darling, said he, it is not committing sin  
but common sense should tell you it is a pleasing thing,  
For you were brought into this world to increase and do your best  
And to help a man to heaven in your cuckoo's nest.

Oh my darling, said she, I cannot you deny,  
For you've surely won my heart by the roving of your eye.  
Yet to see it in your eyes you've got me with surprise  
So gently dip your hands in my cuckoo's nest.

So this couple they got married and soon they went to bed  
And now this pretty fair maid has lost her maidenhead.  
In a small country cottage, they increase and do their best  
And he often claps his hands on her cuckoo's nest.

## 16. DIDO, BENDIGO

Key G

As I was walking one morning last autumn  
I overheard some noble foxhunting  
Between two noblemen and the Duke of Wellington  
So early before the day was dawning.

***There was Dido, Bendigo, Gentry he was there-o,  
Traveller he never looked behind him.  
There was Countess, Rover, Bonny, Lass and Jover;  
These were the hounds that could find him.***

The first fox, being young and his trials just beginning,  
He made straight away for his cover.  
He ran up the highest hill and came down yon lowest ghyll  
Thinking that he'd find his freedom there for ever.

The next fox being old and his trials fast upon him,  
He made straightway for the river.  
Well, the fox he has jumped in but the hounds followed after  
him.  
It was Traveller that straighted him for ever.

Well, they ran across the plain but they've soon returned again.  
The fox nor the hounds never failing  
It's been just twelve months today since I heard the squire say,  
"Hark forward, my brave hounds, for ever"

## 17. DONKEY RIDING

Key F

Were you ever in Quebec Stowing timber on the deck  
Where you'd break yer bleeding neck  
Riding on a Donkey

***Hey Ho away we go  
Donkey Riding Donkey  
Hey Ho away we go  
Riding on a Donkey***

Were you ever in Timbuctoo where the girls are black and blue  
Waggle their arse with a roll and go  
Riding on a donkey

***Chorus***

Were you ever in old Canton where the men wear pigtails long  
And the girls play Hong ki Kong  
Riding on a Donkey

***Chorus***

Were you ever in London Town Where the girls they all go down  
To see the king in a golden crown  
Riding on a Donkey

***Chorus***

Were you ever up Butley Creek, Our old boat she sprung a leak,  
Now Steve comes here twice a week,  
Riding on a Donkey

***Chorus***

Were you ever in Frisco Bay where the girls all shout Hooray  
Here comes Johnny with his three months pay  
Riding on a Donkey

***Chorus***

Were you ever off Cape Horn where it's always fine and warm  
And there's a Lion and a Unicorn  
Riding on a Donkey

***Chorus***

## 18. THE FARMER'S TOAST

Key F

Come all jolly fellows that long to be mellow  
Attend unto me and sit easy  
For a pint when its quiet  
My boys let us try it  
Dull thinking will drive a man crazy

*I have lawns, I have bowers  
I have fruit, I have flowers  
And the lark is my morning alarmer  
So my jolly boys now  
Sing God speed the plough  
Long life and success to the farmer*

Draw near to my table, my lads, when you're able  
Let me hear not one word of complaining  
For the tinkling of glasses all music surpasses  
And I love to see bottles a-draining  
For here I am king  
I will dance, drink and sing  
Let no man appear as a stranger  
And show me the ass that refuses a glass  
And I'll treat him to hay in a manger

Let the wealthy and great roll in splendor and state,  
I envy them not, I declare it.  
I eat my own ham, my own chicken and lamb  
I shear my own fleece and I wear it.  
By ploughing and sowing  
By reaping and mowing  
Mother nature affords me with plenty  
I've a cellar well stored  
And a plentiful board  
And a garden affords every dainty

## 19. FATHOM THE BOWL

Key A

Come all ye bold heroes, give an ear to my song  
And I'll sing in the praise of good brandy and rum.  
There's a clear crystal fountain near England shall roll.  
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

***I'll fathom the bowl, I'll fathom the bowl,  
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.***

From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum.  
Sweet oranges and apples from Portugal come.  
But beer and strong cider are England's control;  
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

My wife she do disturb me when I'm laid at my ease.  
She does as she likes and she says as she please.  
My wife she's a devil, she's as black as the coal;  
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

My father he do lie in the depths of the sea  
With no stone to his head, but what matters to he.  
My father he lies there all in his best suit,  
Silly old bugger he's pissed as a newt!

## 20. FIDDLERS GREEN

Key F

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair  
To view the still waters and take the salt air  
I heard an old fisherman singing this song  
“Oh take me away boys, my time it’s not long”

***Wrap me up in my oilskins and jumper  
No more on the docks I’ll be seen  
Just tell my old shipmates, I’m taking a trip mates  
And I’ll see them some day on Fiddlers green***

Oh Fiddlers Green is a place I’ve heard tell  
Where fishermen go if they don’t go to Hell  
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play  
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

The sky’s always clear and there’s never a gale  
Where the fish jump on board with a flick of their tail  
You can lie at your leisure, there’s no work to do  
And the Skipper’s below making tea for the crew

When you get back to dock and the long trip is throu’  
There’s pubs and there’s clubs and there’s lasses there too  
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free  
And there’s bottles of rum hanging from every tree

Now I don’t want a harp or halo – not me  
Just give me a ship and a good rolling sea  
And I’ll play me old squeezebox as we sail along  
With the wind in our rigging to sing me this song

## 21. FIELDS OF ATHENRY

Key F

By the lonely prison wall.  
I heard a young girl calling.  
Michael, they are taking you away  
For you stole Trevelyn's corn  
So the young might see the morn  
Now a prisonship lies waiting in the bay.

***Low lie, the Fields of Athenry  
Where once we watched the small free birds fly  
Our love was on the wing  
We had dreams and songs to sing.  
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.***

By a lonely prison wall  
I heard a young man calling.  
Nothing matters Mary when you're free,  
Against the Famine and the Crown  
I rebelled, they ran me down.  
Now you must raise our child with dignity.

By a lonely harbour wall  
She watched the last star falling.  
And that prison ship sailed out against the sky.  
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray,  
for her love in Botany Bay.  
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

## 22. FLASH COMPANY

Key D

Once I loved a young girl as I loved my life  
But keeping flash company has ruined me quite  
Has ruined me quite my boys, like a great many more  
And if it hadn't a been for flash company  
I should never have been so poor

***So its take a yellow handkerchief in remembrance of  
me***

***Tie it round your neck my love in flash company  
Flash company my boys like a great many more  
And if it hadn't been for flash company  
I should never have been so poor***

Once I had a colour as red as a rose.  
Now I'm as pale as the lily that blows  
Like a flower in the garden with my colour all gone  
Don't you see what I am coming to from loving this one?

Now a-fiddling and a-dancing was all my delight  
And to keep her in flash company has ruined me quite,  
Has ruined me quite my boys, like a great many more  
And if it hadn't been for flash company  
I should never have been so poor

## 23. GOOD ALE

Key G

It's of good ale to you I'll sing  
And to good ale I'll always cling  
I like my cup filled to the brim  
And I'll drink all you care to bring

***Oh good ale, you are my darling  
You are my joy both night and morning***

It's you that helps me with my work  
And from tasks I'll never shirk  
While I can get a good home brew  
And better than one pint I like two

I love you in the early morn,  
I love you daylight, dark or dawn  
And when I'm weary, worn or spent  
It's turn the tap and ease the vent

It's you that makes my friends and foes  
It's you that makes me wear old clothes  
But since you come so near my nose  
It's up you comes and down you goes

And if all my friends from Adam's race  
Were to meet me here all in this place  
I could part from all without one fear  
Before I'd part from my good beer

And if my wife should me despise  
How soon I'd give her two black eyes  
But if she loved me like I love thee  
What a happy couple we should be

You've caused me debts and I've often swore  
I never would drink strong ale no more  
But you for all that I'll forgive and  
I'll drink strong ale as long as I live.

## 24. GOOD LUCK TO THE BARLEY MOW

Key G

Here's good luck to the gill pot, good luck to the Barley Mow.

Jolly good luck to the gill pot, good luck to the Barley Mow.

Oh the gill pot / half gill / quarter gill / nipperkin, and a round bowl.

Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow.

*(Adding one at a time until) :-*

*The Company...*

*Brewer...*

*Slavey...*

*Daughter...*

*Landlady...*

*Landlord...*

*Barrel...*

*Half Barrel...*

*Gallon...*

*Half Gallon...*

*Quart Pot...*

*Pint Pot...*

*Half a Pint...*

*gill pot / half gill / quarter gill / nipperkin, and a round bowl.*

*Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow.*

## 25. HAL-AN-TOW

Key F

It ain't no scorn to wear the horn.  
It was the crest when you were born.  
Your father's father wore it  
And your father wore it too

***Hal-an-tow. Jolly Rumbelow.  
We were up long before the day-o  
To welcome in the summer, to welcome in the May-o,  
For summer is a-coming in and winter's gone away-  
o.***

What happened to the Spaniards  
That made so great a boast-o?  
They shall eat the feather o' t' goose  
And we shall eat the roast-o.

Robin Hood and Little John  
Are both gone to the fair-o  
And we shall to the merry green woods  
To hunt the buck and hare-o

God bless Aunt Mary Moses  
And all her power and might-o  
And send us peace to England  
Peace by day and night-o

## 26. HAPPY MAN

Key F

How happy's that man that's free from all care  
That loves to make merry  
That loves to make merry  
O'er a drop of good beer

*With his pipe and his friends  
Puffing hours away  
Singing song after song  
Till he hails the new day*

*He can laugh dance and sing  
And smoke without fear  
Be as happy as a king  
Till he hails a new year*

How happy's that man that's free from all strife  
He envies no other  
He envies no other  
But travels through life

Our seamen of old they fear not their foes  
They throw away discord  
They throw away datcord  
And to mirth they're inclined

## 27. HAUL 'ER AWAY

Key D

Little Nancy Dawson  
She's got flannel drawers on  
So says our old Bo'sun  
With a hi de hi ho

- *Haul her away*  
- *Haul her away*  
- *Haul her away*  
- *Haul her away*

Little Sally Rackett  
She shipped in a packet  
An' she never did regret it  
With a hi de hi ho

Little Betty Baker  
Ran off with a Quaker  
An' by God did 'e shake her  
With a hi de hi ho

Little Susie Skinner  
Says she's a beginner  
But prefers it to her dinner  
With a hi de hi ho

Little Flo Fanana  
Slipped on a banana  
Now she can't play the piana  
With a hi de hi ho

Little Dolly Ducket  
Washes in a bucket  
She's a tart but doesn't look it  
With a hi de hi ho

Up me fighting cocks boys  
Up an' split her blocks now  
And we'll stretch her luff boys  
With a hi de hi ho

## 28. HOME, BOYS, HOME

Key F

***And it's home, boys, home; home I'd like to be  
Home for a while in me own count-a-rie  
Where the oak and the ash and the bonnie rowan  
tree  
Are all a-growing green in the North Count-a-rie***

I am a sailor as sailed the ocean blue  
I gained the good will of the captain and the crew  
I tied up in harbour one night for to lie  
And that was the beginning of me one true love and I

I asked her for a candle for to light me up to bed  
And likewise for a hankerchief to tie around my head  
She waited on me like a fair maid should do  
So I gave her the wink for to jump into bed too

She jumped into bed, for to keep herself so warm  
Not thinking that a sailor lad would do her any harm  
He kissed her and cuddled her and bid her draw near  
Till she wished the short night had been seven year

Early next morning the sailor lad arose  
And into her apron threw a handful of gold  
Saying, Take this oh take this for what I have done  
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son

Well, if it be a girl child, send her out to nurse  
With gold in her pocket and with silver in her purse  
And if it be a boy child, he'll wear the jacket blue  
And go climbing up the rigging like his daddy used to do

Come all of you fair maidens, a warning take by me  
And never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee  
For I trusted one and he beguiled me  
He left me with a pair of twins to dangle on my knee

## 29. JONES'S ALE

Key G

There were five jovial fellows came over the hill together,  
Came over the hill together to join in the jovial crew.

***And they called for their pints of beer and bottles of sherry  
To help them over the hill so merry,  
To help them over the hill so merry  
When Jones's ale was new, my boys, when Jones's ale was  
new.***

The first to come in was a dyer and he sat himself down by the fire.  
He sat himself down by the fire to join the jovial crew.  
And the landlady told him to his face,  
The chimney corner was his own place,  
For there he could sit and dye his old face

***And they called ...***

The next to come in was a tinker, and he was no small beer drinker,  
And he was no small beer drinker, to join the jovial crew  
Have you any old pots or cans or kettles?  
My rivets are made of the very best metal  
And all your things I'll put in good fettle.

***And they called ...***

The next to come in was a hatter and no man there was fatter  
And no man there was fatter amongst that jovial crew.  
He flung his old hat upon the ground  
and swore every man should put in a crown  
For that would pay for drinks all round

***And they called ...***

The next to come in was a mason and his hammer needed re-facing,  
His hammer it needed re-facing and he joined the jovial crew.  
And he flung his old hammer against the wall  
and prayed all the churches and chapels might fall  
For that would mean work for masons all.

***And they called ...***

The last to come in was a soldier, with a firelock over his shoulder  
With a firelock over his shoulder, to join the jovial crew.  
And the landlady's daughter, she came in  
and she kissed him between his nose and his chin  
And the pints of beer came rolling in

***And they called ...***

### 30. JUG OF PUNCH

Key F

As I was sitting with jug and spoon  
One fine morn in the month of June  
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch  
And the song he sang was a jug of punch

*Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay....*

What more diversions can a man desire  
Than to court a girl by a neat turf fire  
With a Kerry Pippin to crack and crunch  
And on the table a jug of punch

The learned doctors with all their art  
Can not cure the sadness of the heart  
Even the cripple forgets his hunch  
When he's safe outside of a jug of punch

And when I'm dead and in my grave  
No costly tombstone will I crave  
Just lay me down in my native peat  
With a jug of punch at my head and feet

### 31. THE KEEPER

Key D

The keeper did a-hunting go  
And under his cloak he carried a bow  
All for to shoot at the merry little doe  
***Amongst the leaves so green-o.***

Jackie boy?                   - ***Master***  
Sing ye well?               - ***Very well***  
Hey down                     - ***Ho down Derry, Derry down***  
***Amongst the leaves so green-o.***

The first doe he shot at he missed  
The second doe he trimmed and kissed  
The third doe went where nobody whist  
***Amongst the leaves so green-o.***

The next doe went across the brook  
And the keeper fetched her back with his crook.  
Where she is now you may go and look  
***Amongst the leaves so green-o.***

The next doe she went across the plain  
But the keeper brought her back again.  
Where she is now may she remain  
***Amongst the leaves so green-o.***

The last doe went o'er brook and plain  
But he with his hounds brought her back again.  
There he did hunt in a merry, merry vein  
***Amongst the leaves so green-o.***

## 32. LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Key G

***Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern.***

And they decided, and they decided, and they decided  
To have another flagon.

***Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run  
over***

***Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run  
over***

***For tonight we'll merry merry be***

***For tonight we'll merry merry be,***

***For tonight we'll merry merry be, tomorrow we'll be  
sober.***

***Here's to the man who drinks small beer***

***And goes to bed quite sober.***

He fades as the leaves do fade, fades as the leaves do fade,  
fades as the leaves do fade, and drops off in October.

***Here's to the man who drinks strong ale***

***And goes to bed quite mellow***

He lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live, lives as he  
ought to live and dies a jolly good fellow.

***Here's to the girl who steals a kiss***

***And runs and tells her mother***

She is a foolish, foolish thing, She is a foolish, foolish thing, She  
is a foolish, foolish thing, She'll never get another.

***Here's to the girl who steals a kiss***

***And stays to steal another.***

She's a boon to all mankind, She's a boon to all mankind, She's  
a boon to all mankind, and very soon she'll be a mother!

### 33. THE LARK IN THE MORNING

Key F

As I was a walking one morning in the spring,  
I spied a fair damsel so sweetly she did sing.  
And as we were a walking, she unto me did say,  
There's no life like the ploughboy's, all in the month of May.

***The lark in the morning she rises from her nest  
And mounts up in the air with the dew all on her  
breast  
And with the pretty ploughboy she'll whistle and  
she'll sing,  
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.***

When the ploughboy has done all that he has to do,  
Perhaps to the country wake a-walking he will go.  
And there with his lassie he'll dance and he will sing  
And at night they'll return to their home back again.

And as they return from the wake of the town,  
The meadows being mown and the grass all cut down,  
If they should chance to tumble all on the new mown hay,  
It's kiss me now or never, this pretty maid would say.

When twenty long weeks was over and past  
Her mammy asked the reason why she'd thickened round the  
waist  
It was the pretty ploughboy, the damsel she did say,  
He caused me to tumble all on the new mown hay.

So good luck to the ploughboy, wherever he may be,  
Who likes to have a lassie to sit upon his knee.  
With a jug of good strong beer, he'll whistle and he'll sing  
And the ploughboy is as happy as a prince or a king.

## 34. LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Key D

Fare thee well the Prince's landing stage  
River Mersey fare thee well  
I am bound to California  
A place I know right well

***So fare thee well my own true love  
When I return united we shall be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
But my darling when I think of thee***

Farewell to lower Frederick Street  
Anson Terrace and Park Lane  
And it will be a long, long time  
'til I see you again

I've shipped on board a Yankee clipper ship  
Davey Crocket is her name  
And Burgess is the captain of her  
And they say she's a floating shame

I have sailed with Burgess once before  
And I think I know him well  
If a man is a sailor why then he can get along  
But if not then he's sure in Hell

The tug's awaiting at the pier head  
To take us down the stream  
Our sails are loose and our anchor secure  
So I'll bid you all goodbye once again

### 35. THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER

Key G

When I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire,  
Full well I served my master for more than seven year  
Till I took up to poaching as you shall quickly hear.

***O, 'tis my delight on a shining night  
In the season of the year.***

As me and my companions were setting off a snare,  
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper; for him we do not care,  
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er anywhere.

As me and my companions were setting four or five  
And taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive.  
We took the hare alive, my boys, and through the woods did  
steer.

I threw him on my shoulder and then we trudged home.  
We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown.  
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you where.

Success to every gentleman who lives in Lincolnshire.  
Success to every poacher who wants to sell a hare.  
Bad luck on every gamekeeper who will not sell his deer.

## 36. LIVERPOOL JUDIES

Key G

When I was a youngster I sailed with the rest  
On a Liverpool packet bound for the NorthWest.  
We anchored one day in the harbour of Cork,  
And then we set sail to the port of New York.

***And it's row, row bullies, row  
Them Liverpool Judies have got us in tow.***

For forty-two days we was hungry and sore;  
The wind was agin' us and the gales they did roar.  
But at Battery Point we dropped anchor at last.  
With our jib boom hove to and our canvas all fast.

Them boarding-house masters was aboard in a trice,  
A-shouting and promising everything nice.  
And one fat old pimp took a fancy to me.  
He said I was foolish to follow the sea.

Says he, I've a job as is waiting for you.  
With lashings of liquor and bugger all to do.  
He said, What d'you say lad, will you jump up to?  
Says I, You old bleeder, I'm damned if I do!

But the best intentions they never goes far.  
After forty two days at the door of a bar,  
I tossed off my liquor, and what do you think?  
That rotten old bastard put drugs in me drink.

Well the next I remember, I awoke in the morn  
On a three-skysail-yarder bound south round the Horn,  
With an old set of oilskins and two pairs of socks  
And an IOU nailed to the lid of me box.

So come all you young sailors, take a warning by me.  
Keep an eye on your drink when the liquor is free.  
And pay no attention to a runner or a whore  
When your hat's on your head and your feet's on the shore.

## 37. MARLBOROUGH'S MEN

Key D

A bold Fusilier came marching down through Rochester  
Bound for the wars in the Low Country,  
And he sang as he marched through the crowded streets of  
Rochester,

Who'll be a soldier for Marlborough and me?

***Who'll be a soldier, who'll be a soldier***

***Who'll be a soldier for Marlborough and me?***

**And he sang as he marched through the crowded  
streets of Rochester,**

**Who'll be a soldier for Marlborough and me?**

The Queen she do want soldiers to sail for the continent  
To strike one last blow at the enemy  
So if you'd be a soldier all in a scarlet uniform  
Take the King's shilling for Marlborough and me.

***Take the King's shilling, Take the King's shilling, . . .***

. . . . .

Not I, said the baker, nor I, said the mason.  
All sorts of people with them did agree,  
To be paid in some powder and rattled by a cannonball,  
Wages for soldiers of Marlborough not me.

***Wages for soldiers, wages for soldiers . . . . .***

I will, said the young man, I've long endured the parish queue.  
No work nor wages for the likes of me.  
Starvation and danger, why they will be my destiny  
I'll take the King's shilling for Marlborough and me.

***Take the King's shilling . . . . .***

So forty new recruits came marching down through Rochester,  
Bound for the wars in the Low Country,  
And they sang as they marched through the crowded streets of  
Rochester,

Who'll be a soldier for Marlborough and me?

***Who'll be a soldier . . . . .***

### 38. MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN

Key G

Martin said to his man, ***Fie man, fie!***

Martin said to his man, Who's the fool now?

Martin said to his man, Fill thou the cup and I the can.

***Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool now?***

I saw the man in the moon.

Clouting of Saint Peter's Shoon.

I saw a flea heave a tree.

Forty leagues across the sea.

I saw a hare chase the hound.

Forty leagues above the ground.

I saw the squire buy a round

And the bagman turn one down.

I saw a mouse chase a cat.

And the cheese eat the rat.

I saw a maid milk a bull.

Every pull a bucket full.

I saw a snail take the mail

Faster than British Rail.

Martin said to his man,

Fill thou the cup and I the can

### 39. RULE BRITANNIA

Key F

O, it's of a brisk young ploughboy was ploughing on Salisbury Plain.  
And he loved a rich knight's daughter dear and she loved him again.  
But this knight was so distressed that they should sweethearts be  
That he had that young man pressed and he sent him off to sea.

***Singing Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves  
Britons never, never, never shall be  
Married to a mermaid at the bottom of the deep blue sea.***

'Twas in the broad Atlantic mid the equinoctial gales,  
When this young fellow fell overboard all among the sharks and  
whales.  
Well he sank right down to the bottom so quickly down went he,  
He was out of sight like a streak of light at the bottom of the deep blue  
sea.

***Singing . . . . .***

So a boat was lowered to look for him all expecting to find his corpse.  
When he came to the top with an Eton crop and a hoarse, sepulchral  
voice.

My comrades and my messmates all do not weep for me,  
For I'm married to a mermaid at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

***Singing . . . . .***

So the sails were weighed and the anchor unfurled and the ship was  
running free,  
When we went up to our cap-it-ain and this we told to he.  
So the skipper he came to the old ship's side and out loud bellows he,  
Be as happy as you can with your wife, my man  
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

***Singing . . . . .***

## 40. NEW YORK GIRLS

Key D

As I walked down the Broadway one evening in July  
I met a maid she asked my trade and a sailor John says I

***And away you santee my dear Annie  
Oh you New York girls can't you dance the polka***

To Tiffany's I took her I didn't mind expense  
I bought her a pair of gold earrings, they cost me fifteen cents

Said she you lime juice sailor now see me home you may  
But when we reached her cottage door she this to me did say

My flashman he's a yankee with his hair cut short behind  
He wears a pair of big sea boots and he sails in the Blackball  
line

Well he's homeward bound this evening and with me he will  
stay  
So get a move on sailor boy get cracking on your way

I kissed her hard and proper before her flashman came  
Saying fare you well you Bowery girl I know your little game

I wrapped my glad rags round me and to the docks did steer  
I'll never court another maid I'll stick to rum and beer

I shipped aboard a whaler that sailed away next morn  
Don't ever fool around with girls you're safer off Cape Horn

## 41. THE NUTTING GIRL

Key D

Now come all you jovial fellows, come listen to my song,  
It is a little ditty, and it won't contain you long.  
It's of a fair young damsel, oh she lived down in Kent,  
Arose one summer's morning, and she a-nutting went.

***With my right fal lal, to me ral tal lal  
Whack for me dear old day,  
And what few nuts that poor girl had  
She threw them all away.***

Now it's of a brisk young farmer, a-ploughing of his land,  
He called unto his horses, to bid them gently stand.  
As he sat down upon his plough, all for a song to sing,  
His voice was so melodious, it made the valleys ring.

Now it's of this brisk young damsel, a-nutting in the wood,  
His voice was so melodious, it charmed her as she stood.  
She could no longer stay,  
And what few nuts she had, poor girl, she threw them all away.

Well she came up to young Johnny, as he sat on his plough.  
Said she, Young man, I really feel, I cannot tell you how.  
So he took her to some shady broom, and there he laid her  
down.  
Said she, Young man, I think I feel the world go round and  
round!

So come all you local women, this warning by me take,  
Oh if you should a-nutting go, don't stay out too late.  
For if you should stay too late, for to hear that plough boy sing,  
You might have a young farmer to nurse up in the spring.

## 42. OH NO JOHN

Key F

A maiden walking in her garden  
But her name I do not know.  
I'll go and court her for my pleasure.  
Let her answer, yes or no.

***Oh. no John, no John, no John, no!***

Madam, in your face is beauty.  
On your breast where flowers grow.  
In your bedroom there is pleasure.  
Shall I view it, yes or no?

My husband is a Spanish captain  
Went to sea a month ago.  
First he kissed me then he left me;  
Told me always answer no.

Madam, shall I tie your garter?  
Tie it a little above the knee?  
If my hand should slip a little further,  
Would you think it amiss of me?

Madam and I went to bed together  
There we lay till the cocks did crow  
Open your arms, my dearest jewel.  
Open your arms and let me go!

### 43. THE OLD DUN COW

Key Bm

Some pals and I in a public house  
Were playing dominoes last night  
When all of a sudden in the potman rushed  
With his face all chalky white.  
What's up says Brown, Have you seen a ghost  
Have you seen your Aunt Maria?  
Oh me Aunt Maria be blowed, says he  
The bloomin' pub's on fire!

***And there was Brown, upside down  
Mopping up the whisky on the floor.  
Booze! booze!, the firemen cried  
As they came knocking at the door.  
Don't let 'em in till it's all mopped up  
Somebody! shouted Mackintyre.  
And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk  
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.***

On fire, says Brown, What a bit of luck.  
Come along with me, cries he.  
Down in the cellar, if the fire ain't there  
We'll have a rare old spree.  
So we all trooped down with good ol' Brown  
And the beer could not be missed.  
And we hadn't been ten minutes there  
Before we all got - v-e-r-y, v-e-r-y drunk.

Old Johnson rushed to the port wine tub  
And gave it just a few hard knocks.  
He started taking off his pantaloons  
Likewise his boots and socks.  
Hold on, says Snooks, if you want to wash your feet  
There's a tub of four-ale here.  
Don't put your trotters in the port wine tub  
When we've plenty of old stale beer.

Just then there was such an awful crash  
And half the bloomin' roof gave way.  
We were all drowned in the firemen's hose  
Bbut still we were all gay.  
So we got some sacks and some old tin tacks  
And we nailed ourselves inside,  
And we kept on drinking good old Scotch  
Till we were bleary-eyed.

#### 44. OLD JOHNNY BOOKER

Key F

Well old Johnny Booker he lived by himself  
As long as he was in perfect health  
Then one day he got himself a wife  
To look after himself for the rest of his life

***I do believe, I will believe  
Old Johnny Booker was a gay old bugger  
and a gay old bugger was he***

Well old Mrs. Booker she had a bad leg  
The Doctor ordered her to bed  
Called Johnny in and he said to him  
You'll have to rub your wife's left leg with gin

Well old Johnny Booker he though it was a sin  
To rub his wife's left leg with gin  
So he opened up the bottle and tipped it down his throttle  
And rubbed his wife's left leg with the bottle

Well old Johnny Booker he happened to stray  
Down by the river one fine day  
Johnny fell in and he gave a great shout  
But there was no bugger there to pull the bugger out

Now God made man and man made money  
God made the bees and the bees made honey  
God made the Devil and the Devil made sin  
We'll have to dig a hole for to put the bugger in.

## 45. THE PACE EGGING SONG

Key F

### **Chorus:**

***Here's one two three jolly lads all in one mind  
We have come a pace egging and we hope you'll prove  
kind  
And we hope you'll prove kind with your eggs and strong  
beer  
For we'll come no more nigh you until the next year.***

The first that comes in is Lord Nelson, you'll see  
With a bunch of blue ribbons tied round by his knee  
And a star on his breast that like silver does shine  
I hope he remembers it's pace egging time.

### **Chorus**

Now the next that comes in it is Lord Collingwood  
And he's fought with Lord Nelson till he shed his blood  
And he's come from the sea old England to view  
And he's come a pace egging with the whole of his crew.

### **Chorus**

And the last that comes in is old Tossport, you'll see  
He's a valiant old man and in every degree  
He's a valiant old man and he wears a pigtail  
And all his delight is in drinking strong ale.

### **Chorus**

Come ladies and gentlemen, sit by the fire  
Put your hands in your pockets and give us our desire  
Put your hands in your pockets and treat us all right  
If you give nowt, we'll take nowt, farewell and goodnight.

### **Chorus**

## 46. PADSTOW MAY SONG

Key A

Unite and unite, and let us all unite

***For summer is a-coming today.***

And whither we are going, we all will unite

***In the merry morning of May.***

The young men of Padstow, they might if they would – ***For...***

They might have built a ship and gilded it with gold – ***In the...***

The young women of Padstow, they might if they would – ***For...***

They might have built a garland with the white rose and the red  
***-In.***

Arise up Mrs Johnston, all in your gown of green – ***For...***

You are as fine a lady as waits upon the queen – ***In the...***

O, where is King George? O where is he-o?  
He's out in his long boat, all on the salt sea-o.  
Up flies the kite; down falls the lark-o  
And Ursula Burden, she had an old yow  
And she died in her own park-o.

With the merry ring, and sing a joyful spring – ***For...***

How happy are the little birds and merrily they do sing – ***In the...***

O where are the young men that now do advance? – ***For...***

Some they are in England and some they are in France – ***In the...***

Unite and unite, and let us all unite

***For summer is a-coming today.***

And whither we are going, we all will unite

***In the merry morning of May.***

## 47. PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL

Key G

'Twas pleasant and delightful on a midsummer's morn  
When the fields and the meadows were covered in corn.  
The blackbirds and the thrushes sang on every green spray  
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day.

***And the larks they sang melodious,  
and the larks they sang melodious,  
And the larks they sang melodious  
at the dawning of the day.***

A sailor and his true love were a-walking one day  
Said the sailor to his true love, I am bound far away.  
I am bound for the Indies, where the loud cannons roar.  
I must go and leave you Nancy, you're the girl that I adore.

***I must go and leave you Nancy, .....***

Then a ring from off her finger she instantly drew,  
Saying, Take this, dearest William, and my heart will go too.  
And as he embraced her, tears from her eyes fell,  
Saying, May I go along with you? Oh no, my love, farewell

***Saying, May I go along with you? ....***

Fare ye well, my dearest Nancy, I can no longer stay,  
For the topsails are hoisted and the anchor's aweigh.  
Our ship, she lies waiting for the next flowing tide,  
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride.

***And if ever I return again ....***

**48. POSTMAN'S KNOCK**

What a wonderful man the postman is  
As he hastens from door to door!  
What medley of news his hands contain  
For either rich and poor!  
In many's the face the joy he can trace,  
As many a grief he can see,  
Then you open the door to his loud rat-tat  
And his quick delivery.

***Every morning as true as the clock  
Somebody hears the postman's knock.  
Every morning as true as the clock  
Somebody hears the postman's knock.***

Number 1 he presents with news of a birth,  
With tidings of death, number 4,  
And at 13 a bill of terrible length  
He drops through a hole in the door;  
Now a check or an order in 15 he leaves  
In 16 his presence to prove,  
While 17 doth an acknowledgement get,  
And 18 a letter of love.

And the mail must get through  
Whatever the hazards or odds  
This low man of letters just peddles on through  
Pursued by a pack of wild dogs  
But ease and complaining whatever the trial  
Or beating he never retreats  
For you get a free bag and a hat with a badge  
And it's better than walking the streets.

## 49. PRETTY LITTLE POLLY PERKINS

Key A

I'm a broken hearted milkman in grief I'm arrayed,  
Through keeping of the company of a young servant maid  
Who lived on board and wages, the house to keep clean  
In a gentleman's family near Paddington Green.

***Oh she was as beautiful as a butterfly  
And as proud as a queen  
Was pretty little Polly Perkins  
Of Paddington Green***

When I'd rattle in the morning and cry "milk below",  
At the sound of my milk cans, her face she would show.  
With a smile on her countenance and a laugh in her eye  
If I thought that she'd love me, I'd have laid down to die.

Now her eyes were as black as the pips of a pear  
No rose in the gardenen with her cheeks could compare  
Her hair hung in ringlets so beautiful and long  
Well I thought that she loved me but I found I was wrong

When I asked her to marry me she said, Oh what stuff  
She told me to drop it 'cause she'd had quite enough  
Of me nonsense. At the same time, I'd been very kind  
But to marry a milkman she did not feel inclined

The man that has me must have silver and gold,  
With a chariot to ride in, and be handsome and bold  
His hair must be curly as any watch spring,  
And his whiskers as big as a brush for clothing.

In six months she married, this hard-hearted girl.  
And it was not to a viscount, and it was not to an earl,  
And it was not a baronet, but a shade or two worse.  
'Twas the bandy-legged conductor of a tuppenny bus.

## 50. THE RIGS OF LONDON TOWN

Key G

In London city I took my way  
It was up Cheapside I chanced to stray  
When a fair pretty girl there I did meet  
And I greeted her with kisses sweet

***I was up to the rigs down to the jigs  
Up to the rigs of London town  
Up to the rigs down to the jigs  
Up to the rigs of London town***

She took me to some house of fame  
At the sign of the Ship in Water Lane  
A roaring supper then she did call  
Thinking that I would pay for it all

When supper was over and the table clear  
She called me her jolly and her roving dear  
She called for wine both white and red  
And a chambermaid to make our bed

Now between the hours of one and two  
She asked me if to bed I'd go  
Immediately I did consent  
And up to the bedroom door we went

Her cheeks were white and her lips were red  
And I kissed her as she laid in bed  
But soon as I found she was fast asleep  
Why out of the bed then I did creep.

I searched her pockets and there I found  
A silver snuffbox and ten pound  
A gold watch and a diamond ring  
I took the lot and locked the lady in.

So come all you lads wherever you be  
And you meet with a girl who's jolly and free  
You use her well for I done the same  
But remember the Ship in Water Lane

## 51. ROLL ALABAMA ROLL

Key G

The Alabama's keel was laid,

***Roll, Alabama, roll***

It was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird,

***Oh roll, Alabama, roll***

It was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird

It was laid in the town of Birkenhead

Down the Mersey she sailed then

Liverpool fitted her with guns and men

Down the Mersey way she then sailed forth

To destroy the commerce of the North

To Cherbourg port she sailed one day

To take account of her prize money

Many a sailor lad met his doom

When the Kearsage hove in view

A shot from her starboard cannon that day

Took the Alabama's stern away.

Off the three-mile limit in 'sixty-four

The Alabama sank to the ocean floor.

## 52. ROLLING HOME

Key F

Round goes the wheel of fortune; don't be afraid to ride.  
There's a land of milk and honey waits on the other side.  
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty, you'll never need to roam  
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

***Rolling home***  
***When we go rolling home***  
***When we go rolling, rolling***  
***When we go rolling home***

The gentry in their fine array do prosper night and morn  
While we poor weary labourers do plough and sow the corn  
The rich may wield the power but the glory is ours alone  
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

The summer of resentment, the winter of despair  
The journey to contentment is set with trap and snare  
Fair wages now and ever; let's reap what we have sown  
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

The frost is on the hedgerow; the icy winds do blow  
While we poor weary laborers drive through the ice and snow  
Our dreams they have gone skywards up where the lark hath  
flown  
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

So pass the bottle round and let the toast go free  
Here's health to every laborer, wherever they may be  
Stand true and stand together; your labour is your own  
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

### 53. SAIL AWAY

Key C

If ever I get my new house done  
***Sail away ladies sail away***  
Give the old one to my son  
***Sail away ladies sail away***

***Don't you rock 'em di-dee-o***  
***Don't you rock 'em di-dee-o***  
***Don't you rock 'em di-dee-o***  
***Sail away ladies sail away***

If ever I get a true eyed gun  
I'll give the old one to my son

If ever I get a true eyed gal  
Give the old one to my pal

Come along Boys and go with me  
We'll go back to Tennessee

Ain't no use to grieve and cry  
You'll be an Angel by and by

I chew my tobacco and spit my juice  
I love my own daughter but it ain't no use

## 54. SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Key D

In South Australia I was born!

***Heave away! Haul away!***

South Australia round Cape Horn!

***We're bound for South Australia!***

***Heave away, you rolling king,***

***Heave away! Haul away!***

***Haul away, you'll hear me sing,***

***We're bound for South Australia!***

As I walked out one morning fair,  
It's there I met Miss Nancy Blair.

I shook her up, I shook her down,  
I shook her round and round the town

I run her all night and I run her all day  
And I run her until we sailed away

There but one thing that grieves my mind,  
It's to leave Miss Nancy Blair behind.

And as you wallop round Cape Horn,  
You'll wish to Christ you'd never been born!

Up the coast to Vallipo,  
Northward on to Callao.

It's back again to Liverpool,  
I spent me pay like a bloody fool!

In South Australia my native land  
Full of rocks and thieves and fleas and sand

I wish I was on Australia's strand  
With a bottle of whiskey in my hand

## 55. SPORTSMEN AROUSE

Key F

Sportsmen arouse; the morning is clear.  
The larks are singing all in the air. (Repeat)  
Go tell your sweet lover the hounds are out. (Repeat)  
Saddle your horses, your saddles prepare.  
We'll away to some cover to seek for a hare.

We searched the woods, the groves all round.  
The trial being over the game it is found. (Repeat)  
Then off she springs through break she flies. (Repeat)  
Follow, follow the musical horn.  
Sing follow, hark, forward the innocent hare.

Our huntsman blows his joyful sound.  
Tally ho, my boys, all over the down. (Repeat)  
From the woods to the valleys see how she creeps. (Repeat)  
Follow, follow the musical horn.  
Sing follow, hark, forward the innocent hare.

All along the green turf she pants for breath.  
Our huntsmen, he shouts out for death. (Repeat)  
Relope, relope retiring hare. (Repeat)  
Follow, follow the musical horn.  
Sing follow, hark, forward the innocent hare.

This hare has led us a noble run.  
Success to sportsmen every one. (Repeat)  
Such a chase she has led us four hours or more. (Repeat)  
Wine and beer we'll drink without fear.  
We'll drink to success of the innocent hare.

## 56. THE SWEET NIGHTINGALE

Key G

My sweetheart come along, don't you here the fond song,  
The sweet notes of the nightingale flow  
Don't you hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale  
As she sings in the valley below

***As she sings in the valley below***

Pretty Betsy don't fail for I'll carry your pail  
Safe home to your cot as we go.  
We shall hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale  
As she sings in the valley below

***As she sings in the valley below***

Pray leave me alone for I've hands of my own  
And with you, sir, I fear I'll not go  
For to hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale  
As she sings in the valley below

***As she sings in the valley below***

Pray sit yourself down, here with me on the ground  
On this bank where the primroses grow.  
We shall hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale  
As she sings in the valley below

***As she sings in the valley below***

The couple agreed to be married with speed  
And off to the church they did go.  
No more she's afraid for to sit in the shade  
Or to lie in the valley below

***Or to lie in the valley below.***

## 57. STAINES MORRIS

Key F

Come ye young men, come along,  
With your music dance and song.  
Bring your lasses in your hands  
For 'tis that which love commands.

***Then to the maypole haste away  
For 'tis now our holiday  
Then to the maypole haste away  
For 'tis now our holiday***

'Tis the choice time of the year  
For the violets now appear.  
Now the rose receives its birth  
And the pretty primrose decks the earth.

Here each batchelor may choose  
One that will not faith abuse  
Nor repay with coy disdain  
Love that should be loved again.

And when you well reckoned have  
What kisses you your sweethearts gave,  
Take them all again and more,  
It will never make them poor.

When you thus have spent your time  
Till the day be past its prime  
To your beds repair at night  
And dream there of your day's delight.

## 58. STORMY WEATHER

Kev Dm

She flies away and she sails like heck  
But there aint no bargeman on the deck

***Stormy weather boys, stormy weather boys  
When the wind blows our barge will go***

There's a crash and a bump and she's ashore  
The Mate shay "Christ, we're on the Nore"

Then up jumped a mermaid covered in muck  
Took her down to the fo'c'sle and had a good time

On the top of the tide the barge did fleet  
When the maid sees a ghost on the topsail sheet

So away we go and the ghost did steer  
And the cook drunk the drops of the old man's beer

Well there ain't no soul around Orford Ness  
When the wind blows round the south so'west

We reached our port all safe and sound  
And tied her up on Yarmouth Sound

So after all our fears and alarms  
We all ended up in the Druids Arms

## 59. THOUSANDS OR MORE (BRIGHT PHOEBE)

Key F

The time passes over more cheerful and gay  
Since we learnt a new act to drive sorrows away.

***Sorrows away, sorrows away, sorrows away,  
Since we learnt a new act to drive sorrows away.***

Bright Phoebe arises high up in the sky  
With her rosy red cheeks and her sparkling eye.  
***Sparkling eye...***

If you ask for my credit, you'll find I have none.  
With my bottle and friends you will find me at home.  
***Find me at home...***

Although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor,  
I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more.  
***Thousands or more...***

## 60. TO BE A FARMER'S BOY

Key A

The sun had set beyond the hill when across the dreary moor,  
Weary and lame, a poor boy came unto a farmer's door.  
Can you tell me if any there be that will give me employ?

***To plough and sow  
To reap and mow  
And to be a farmer's boy  
To be a farmers boy***

My father's dead, my mother's left with five children large and small.  
And what is worse, my mother says, I'm the eldest of them all.  
Though little I be, I would work hard if you would me employ

***To plough and sow, ...***

And if that you no boy do want, one favour I would ask. .  
Shelter me 'til break of day from this cold night's wintry blast.  
At break of day I will haste away, elsewhere to seek employ

***To plough and sow, ...***

The farmer's wife cried, Try the lad; let him no longer seek.  
Yes father, do!, the daughter cried, as tears ran down her cheek.  
For those who would work, 'tis hard for to want and to wander  
for employ,

***To plough and sow, ...***

The farmer's boy grew up a man. The good old couple died,  
Leaving the lad the farm they had and their daughter for his bride.  
The lad that was, a man now is, and he oft-times thinks with joy  
***And he blesses the day that he came that way to be a  
farmer's boy.***

## 61. TOWERSEY FAIR

Key D

In Oxfordshire all as I strayed  
One fine May morn to take the air  
'Twas there I spied a pretty fair maid  
As she was going to Towersey Fair

***Hustling, bustling, hurrying, scurrying  
Laughing and dancing and nobody worrying  
Early, early in the morning  
On the road to Towersey Fair***

Says I fair maid where do you wander  
O'er the fields and meadows gay  
Says she kind sir it's over yonder  
To Towersey Fair I'm making my way

Her eyes they shone like diamonds bright  
And long and golden was her hair  
Her feet were nimble her step was light  
As we walked on to Towersey Fair

All in that merry May morning  
We stopped a while to sport and play  
Now this pretty fair maid is gotten a ring  
And it's time to name the wedding day

## 62. WE SHEPHERDS ARE THE BEST OF MEN

Kev G

***We shepherds are the best of men  
That 'err trod English ground  
We come to an Alehouse  
We value not a crown  
We spend our money freely  
We pays before we go  
There's no ale upon the wold  
Where the stormy winds do blow***

A man that is a Shepherd does need a valiant heart  
He must not be faint hearted but boldly do his part  
He must not be faint hearted be it rain or frost or snow  
With no ale, on the Wold where the stormy winds do blow

When I had sheep on Blockley Hill it made my heart to beat  
To see the ewes hang out their tongues and hear the lambs to bleat  
Then I plucked up my courage and o'er the hills did go  
And penned then in, in the fold while the stormy winds did blow

As soon as I had folded them I turned me back in haste  
Unto a jovial company, good liquor for to taste  
For drink and jovial company they are my hearts delight  
Whilst my sheep lie asleep all the fore-part of the night

### 63. WHEEL YOUR PRAMBULATOR

Key C

***Wheel your prambulator, John  
Be careful how you go.  
Don't get riled, mind the child  
Wheel it nice and slow.  
When you turn the corner, John  
Or when you cross the road,  
You cock the front wheels up a bit  
Or over goes your load.***

Now the first time I took the baby out, I took it in the pram.  
I turned the bloody thing upside down, I don't know where I am.  
I cracked the baby's head, and I took a bit off its nose.  
And now I daren't go home again, for fright of my wife's full  
blows.

***So wheel etc.***

Now if you have a toothache, you're suffering with pain,  
Never go to the dentist, for that's a silly game.  
Just fill your mouth with water, lads, been mixed with castor oil  
And sit upon the fire awhile, until it begins to boil.

Now, if you've got a jawing wife, get her in the brook.  
Take her out and throw her in, to see if she can float.  
If she go down and up three times, then you sit and think.  
You take your oars and row away, and leave the old bugger to  
sink.

## 64. WIDDICOMBE FAIR

Key G

Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare

***All along, down along, out along lee***

For I'm wanting to go down to Widdicombe Fair

***With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,  
Peter Davy, Dann'l Widden, 'arry 'awke,  
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,  
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.***

And when again shall I see my grey mare?

By Friday noon or by Saturday soon.

But Friday came, and so Saturday soon.

And Tom Pearse's grey mare had not trotted home.

Now Tom Pearse went up to the top of the hill

And he see'd his old mare a-making her will

Tom Pearse's grey mare took a-sick and it died

And Tom Pearse he sat down on a stone and he cried

Now this ain't the end of this shocking affair

Nor though they be dead o' the horrid career

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night

Tom Pearse's grey mare doth appear ghastly white

And all the night long be heard skirling and groans

From Tom Pearse's grey mare and her rattlin' bones

## 65. THE WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

Key F

O the summer time has come  
And the trees are sweetly blooming  
And wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather.

***Will you go, lassie, go?  
And we'll all go together,  
To pull wild mountain thyme,  
All around the purple heather.  
Will you go, lassie, go?***

I will build my love a bower,  
By yon clear crystal fountain,  
And on it I will pile,  
All the flowers of the mountain.

***Will you go, lassie, go?***

I will range through the wilds  
And the deep land so dreary  
And return with the spoils  
To the bower o' my dearie.

***Will ye go lassie go ?***

If my true love she would leave me,  
Then I'll surely find another,  
To pull wild mountain thyme,  
All around the blooming heather.

***Will you go, lassie, go?***

## 66. THE WILD ROVER

Key G

I've been a wild rover for many a year  
And I've spent all my money on whisky and beer  
But now I'm returning with gold in great store  
And I never will play the wild rover no more

***And it's no! nay! never! No, nay, never no more  
Will I play the wild rover; no, never, no more!***

I went into an alehouse I used to frequent.  
And I told the landlady me my money was spent.  
I asked her for credit, she answered me, Nay,  
Such custom as yours I can get any day.

Then out of my pocket I pulled sovereigns bright,  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.  
She says, I have whiskies and wines of the best,  
And the words that I told you were only in jest.

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,  
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
And if they'll forgive me as oft times before,  
I never will play the wild rover no more.

## 67. WILLIAM BROWN

Key D

Now a right young lad was William Brown  
And he worked for a wage in a Yorkshire town  
Turning his wheel from left to right  
From eight in the morn till six at night

***Keep that wheel a-turning keep that wheel a-turning  
Keep that wheel a-turning and do a little more each  
day***

Well the boss one day to William came  
And he said look here young what's your name  
We're far from pleased with what you do  
So hurry that wheel or out you go

So William turned and he made her run  
Three times round in place of one  
He turned so hard he was quickly made  
The lord high turner of his trade

William turned with a song and a smile  
And the goods they grew to such a pile  
They filled the room and the room next door  
And they overflowed to the basement floor

The nation heard of wondrous the tale  
News it appeared in the Sketch and the Mail  
Railways brought excursions down  
All for to gaze on William Brown

But sad the sequel now is to tell  
For he turned out more than the boss could sell  
Market fell and the price came down  
Seven more days and they sacked young Brown

## 68. THE WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER

Key F

A gypsy rover came over the hill □  
Down through the valley so shady. □  
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang □  
And he won the heart of a lady.  
    Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day □  
    Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee □  
    He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang □  
    And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father's castle gate. □  
She left her own fine lover. □  
She left her servants and her state □  
To follow her gypsy rover.

She left behind her velvet gown □  
And shoes of Spanish leather □  
They whistled and they sang 'till the green woods rang □  
As they rode off together □ □

Last night, she slept on a goose feather bed □  
With silken sheets for cover □  
Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground □  
Beside her gypsy lover

Her father saddled up his fastest steed □  
And roamed the valley all over. □  
Sought his daughter at great speed □  
And the whistlin' gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine □  
Down by the river Claydee. □  
And there was music and there was wine □  
For the gypsy and his lady.

"Have you forsaken your house and home? □  
Have you forsaken your baby? □  
Have you forsaken your husband dear □  
For a whistling gypsy rover?"

"He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried □ "but Lord of these lands all over. □ And I shall stay 'til my dying day □ with my whistlin' gypsy rover."

## 69. YARMOUTH TOWN

Key G

In Yarmouth town there lived a man  
And he kept a tavern by the strand.  
This landlord had a daughter fair;  
A plump little girl with golden hair.

***Now won't you come down,  
Won't you come down,  
Won't you come down  
To Yarmouth town?***

One day there came a sailor man  
And he asked this fair maid for her hand.  
Oh why should I marry you? she said,  
When I get all I want without being wed.

Now if along with me you'd like to linger,  
I'll tie a bit of string around my finger.  
You come by and pull the string  
And I'll come down and let you in.

So the very same night the sailor man  
He went to the tavern by the strand.  
And when he went and pulled the string  
She came down and let him in.

Now such a sight he never saw before  
'Cause the string on her finger was all that she wore.  
And when he went and pulled the string  
She pulled back the sheets and let him in.

Well, Jack he stayed the whole night through  
And early next morning went back to his crew,  
Where he told them all about the maiden fair -  
The plump little girl with golden hair.

The news of this soon got around  
And the very next night in Yarmouth town  
There were thirteen sailors pulling on the string  
And she came down and let them all in.

So all you sailors who to Yarmouth do go,  
If you meet a little girl with her hair hanging low,  
Just you go and pull on the string  
And she'll come down and let you in

## **The East Suffolk Morris Songbook 2011**

In the Year 2011 East Suffolk Morris Men have been dancing, playing and singing for more than 50 years.

This book does not attempt to list every song sung during those years, indeed it deliberately excludes special songs always sung by the same man.

Rather it is a snapshot in time, an aide memoire for those that forget the words and hopefully a way to get men singing that haven't sung before.

This version is the result of an immense amount of work from Dick Thornborrow on previous versions as well as significant input from Tim Huggins, Mike Garland and David Tydeman.

Any errors are mine own,

Mick Reeve

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**eastsoffolkmorris.com**  
**esmm@btinternet.com**