

## SEE, SEE, THE CAPE'S IN VIEW

Pass the good old bumper 'round  
And never count the score  
Drink your good old liquor down  
And boldly ask for more

He who will not merry, merry be  
Shall never taste of joy  
See, see, the cape's in view  
Hark! Forward, my brave boys

Here's health unto her majesty  
And long may she reign  
Queen of all the seven seas  
And pride of the Spanish main

One thing more I'll ask of you  
Before I count the score:  
Give to me the one I love  
And the key to the cellar door

Once more unto her majesty  
Then let the toast go 'round  
Confusion to her enemies  
Wherever they are found

## THE WHITE COCKADE

It's true my love's enlisted, and he wears the white  
cockade  
He is a handsome young man, likewise a roving blade  
He is a handsome young man, most right to serve the King  
Oh my very, oh my very  
Oh my very, oh my very  
Heart is breaking all for the loss of him

As I walked out this morning, as I rambled over yon moss  
I had no thought of 'listing, till a soldier did me cross  
He kindly did invite me to take a flowing bowl  
He advanced, he advanced  
He advanced, he advanced  
Me the money, two guineas and a crown

My love is tall and handsome and comely for to see  
But by a sad misfortune a soldier now is he  
May the man that first enlisted him not prosper night or day  
How I wish that, how I wish that  
How I wish that, how I wish that  
He might perish all in the foaming spray

O may he never prosper and may he never thrive  
In all he puts his hand upon as long as he's alive  
May the very ground he treads upon the grass refuse to  
grow  
Since he has been my, since he has been my  
Since he has been my, since he has been my  
Only cause of my sorrow, grief and woe

Then he's taken out his handkerchief to wipe the flowing  
eye  
Wipe up, wipe up them flowing tears likewise those  
mournful sighs  
And be you of good courage love till I return again  
You and I love, you and I love  
You and I love, you and I love  
Will be married when I return again

## THE GREY GOOSE AND GANDER

The grey goose and gander went over yonder hill  
The grey goose went barefoot for fear o' being seen  
For feared o' being seen, my boys, by the light of the moon  
Rise early tomorrow morning all in the same tune

The blacksmith is black, but his money is white  
He sits in the alehouse from morning till night  
From morning till night, my boys, by the light of the moon  
Rise early tomorrow morning all in the same tune

The landlord got drunk and his reckoning forgot,  
So we pulled down his signpost and broke all his pots  
We broke all his pots, my boys, by the light of the moon  
Rise early tomorrow morning all in the same tune

The shepherd is happy abroad on his down  
He would not change his life for a sceptre and crown  
For a sceptre and crown my boys, by the light of the moon  
Rise early tomorrow morning all in the same tune

The gentlemen took the ladies their hounds for to view  
The gentlemen to the ladies said, "How do you do",  
Said, "How do you do", my boys, by the light of the moon  
Rise early tomorrow morning all in the same tune

## SPENCER THE ROVER

These words were composed by Spencer the Rover  
Who travelled through England and most parts of Wales  
He had been so reduced, which caused great confusion  
And that was the reason he went on the road

In Yorkshire, near Rotherham, he had been on his rambles  
Being weary of travelling, he sat down to rest  
At the foot of yonder mountain there runs a clear fountain  
With bread and cold water himself did refresh

And it tasted more sweeter than the gold he had wasted  
More sweeter than honey and gave more content  
But the thoughts of his babies, lamenting their father  
Brought tears to his eyes which and him lament

The night fast approaching, to the woods he resorted  
With woodbine and ivy his bed for to make  
He dreamt about sighing, lamenting and crying  
Go home to your family and wandering forsake

On the fifth day of November, I've a reason to remember  
When first he arrived home to his family and wife  
They stood so surprised, when first he arrived  
To behold such a stranger once more in their sight

His children they gathered round him with their prattle-  
prattling stories  
With their prattle-prattling stories to drive care away  
And now they're united, like birds of one feather  
Like bees in one hive, contented they'll be

So now he is a living in his cottage contented  
With woodbine and roses growing all around the door  
He's as happy as those that have thousands of riches  
Contented he'll stay and go rambling no more

## THE SWEET NIGHTINGALE

My sweetheart come along  
Don't you hear the sweet song  
Of the beautiful nightingale flow?  
You will hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale  
As she sings in the valley below

Pretty Betsy don't fail, I will carry your pail  
Straight home to your cottage we'll go  
We will hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale  
As she sings in the valley below

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

Pray sit yourself down with me on the ground  
On the banks where the primroses grow  
You will hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale  
As she sings in the valley below

The lovers agreed to be married with speed  
And straight to the church they did go  
No more she's afraid to go down in the shade  
Or to walk in the valley below

## TWO YOUNG BRETHERN

Come all jolly ploughmen and help me to sing  
I will sing in the praise of you all  
If a man he don't labour how can he get bread?  
I will sing and make merry with all

It was of two young brethren, two young brethren bold  
It was of two young brethren bold  
One he was a shepherd and a tender of sheep  
The other a planter of corn

We will rile it, we will tile it through mud and through clay  
We will plough it up deeper and low  
Then after comes the seedsman his corn for to sow  
And the harrows to rake it in rows

There is April, there is May, there is June and July  
What a pleasure it is for to see the corn grow  
In August we will reap it, we will cut, sheaf and bind it  
And go down with our scythes for to mow

And after we've reaped it of every sheaf  
And have gathered of every ear  
With a drop of good beer, boys, and our hearts full of cheer  
We will wish them another good year

Our barns they are full and our fields they are clear  
Good health to our master and friends  
We will make no more to do but we'll plough and we'll sow  
And prepare for the very next year

## THE KEEPER

The Keeper did a hunting go  
Under his cloak he carried a bow  
All for to shoot a merry little doe  
Among the leaves so green-o

Jackie boy - Master  
Sing ye well - Very well  
Hey down - Ho down  
Derry derry down  
Among the leaves so green-o

The first doe she did cross the plain  
The keeper fetched her back again  
Where she is now she does remain  
Among the leaves so green-o

The next doe she did cross the brook  
The keeper fetched her back with his hook  
Where she is now you may go and look  
Among the leaves so green-o

The keeper did a hunting go  
In the woods he caught a doe  
She looked so sad that he let her go  
Among the leaves so green-o

## SAUCY SAILOR

Come my own love, come my true love  
Come and listen unto me  
Could you wed with a poor sailor lad  
Who has just returned from sea?

Oh indeed I'll not wed a sailor lad  
For his clothes smell strong of tar  
You're a dirty ragged saucy sailor lad  
Now be gone you Jacky Tar

Though I'm dirty and I'm ragged love  
And my clothes of tar do smell  
I have silver in my pocket love  
And a store of gold as well

And when she's heard him say these words unto her  
Down upon her knees she fell  
Saying dirty ragged saucy sailor lads  
I love more than words can tell

Oh do you think me to be foolish  
Do you think that I am mad?  
That I'd wed with the likes of you my love  
When there's others to be had

For I shall cross o'er the briny ocean  
And my ship shall spread her wings  
There I'll find a better love than you my lass  
It's not for you this wedding ring

For you may cross o'er the briny o-ocean  
And your ship may spread her wings  
No more will I refuse a saucy sailor lad  
Lest he bears a wedding ring