



HOUSE SONGS 2014

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

*For it's 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

*[**Please return this booklet at the end of the night**]*

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) x2
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) x2
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) x2
He may 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) x2
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) x2
Will be married when I return again

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 made 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 stay

And now he is 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
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
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 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
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
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
Or to walk in the valley below

THE GREY GOOSE AND GANDER

The grey goose and gander went over yon hill
The grey goose went barefoot for fear of being seen

For fear of 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
And 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...

The shepherd is happy abroad on his down
He would not change his life for a sceptre and crown

A sceptre and crown my boys...

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...

ADIEU SWEET LOVELY NANCY

Here's adieu sweet lovely Nancy, ten thousand times adieu
I'm going around the ocean love, to seek for something new

Come change your ring with me dear girl

Come change your ring with me

For it might be a token of true love while I am on the sea

And when I'm far upon the sea you know not where I am

Kind letters I will write to you from every foreign land

The secrets of your heart dear girl are the best of my good will

So let your body be where it might my heart will be with you still

There are tinkers, tailors, shoemakers lie snoring fast asleep

While we poor souls on the ocean wide

Are ploughing through the deep

There's nothing to protect us love or to keep us from the cold

On the ocean wide where we must bide like jolly sailors bold

There's a heavy storm a rising see how it gathers round

While we poor souls on the ocean wide

Are fighting for the crown

Our officer's commanded us and then we must obey

Expecting every moment for to get cast away

But when the wars are all over

There'll be peace on every shore

We'll return to our wives and our families

And the girls that we adore

We'll call for liquor merrily and spend our money free

And when our money it is all gone we'll boldly go to sea

TWO YOUNG BRETHREN

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 harrow 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

COME WRITE ME DOWN

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

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

It's not your gold shall me entice
To leave off pleasures to be a wife
For I don't mean or intend at all
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 but I shall find
Some other fair maid to my mind

Oh, stay young man don't be in haste
You seem afraid your time will waste
Let reason rule your roving mind
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
And now that girl she is his wife
She will prove his comfort day and night