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Come All You British Seamen Bold

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COME ALL YOU

BRITISH SEAMEN BOLD

J. Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.

Come all ye British seaman bold, And listen unto me,
Our goodlike ship was launch'd on the 14th day of may,
To face the stormy ocean, where stormy billows roar,
We left our friends a weeping, all on our native shore.

Like lions bold, undaunted we boldly put to sea,
But nothing could we spy my boys till early the next day
About the hour of 12 o'clock a spanish ship we spied,
Stand to your guns my brave boys our noble captain cried.

All hands unto our quarters so bold we did repair, [quit clear
Our cabins they were all knock'd down, our decks were swept
We engaged them full four hours, till the Spaniards bore away
That's bravely done our captain cried, We'll shew them
British play,

Soon as our british seaman found, that the Spaniards had
run,
We crowded all the sail we could, and fir'd a four ball gun
We chas'd them all that live long night, and part of the
next day,
Till at length a lofty privateer came bearing down that way

She hail'd us in french my boys, ask'd us from whence we
came,
And who was our commander and what was our ship's name
The answer that we made to them, it was a quick reply,
Saying if you are foes we'll let you know we're mann'd by
British boys

Soon as our undaunted enemies found we were mann'd by
British men,
They hoisted Yankee colours and fir'd at us again.
We both bore down together, our thund'ring cannons roar'd
We sunk that lofty privateer, far from her native shore.

All in that noble action our captain he got slain,
Likewise our first lieutenant and a number of our men.
And the rest of our ship's company fought ankle deep in
blood,
Just like bold Alexander, through fire and smoke we stood.

WHEN

JOHN'S ALE Was New.

There was two jolly tradesmen,
Went out to take an evening,
Amongst a jovial crew,
The call'd for a bottle of sherry,
That over it they might be merry,
For John's ale was new

The first that came in was a hatter,
And enquired what was the matter,
He scorned to drink cold water
Amongst the jovial crew.

He dash'd his hat upon the ground,
Saying every man must spend a crown,
The company drank his health around,
For John's ale was new,

The next that came in was a dver,
He placed himself near the fire,
And no man could be higher,
Amongst the jovial crew,

He told the landlord to his face,
That the chimney corner would be his place,
That he might live and die in peace,
For John's ale was new.

The next that came in was a mason,
His hammer wanted facing,
No man could be more decent,
Amongst the jovial crew,

He dash'd his trowel against the wall;
And prayed the Churches that they would fall
Then it would give the masons call,
For John's ale was new.

The next that came in was a butcher,
With his knife and steel before him,
With his knife and steel before him,
Amongst the jovial crew.

He toss'd his flesh upon the griddle,
Whilst Willie Hog play'd up the fiddle,
The rest of them danc'd around the middle,
When John's ale was new,

The next that came in was a tailor,
With his lapboard, shears and thimble,
Oh sirs! how he did tremble,
Amongst the Jovial crew.

When he chalked down the score,
The glasses were emptied o'er and o'er;
And the tailor was forc'd to call for more;
For John's ale was new.

The next that came in was a tinker,
He was no small beer drinker,
He scorned to be a drinker,
Amongst the jovial crew.

He came with rivets made of metal,
To mend; braze, or solder a kettle,
And swore for what was drunk he'd settle;
For John's ale was new.

The last that came in was a ragman,
With his bag over his shoulder,
No man could be more bolder,
Amongst the jovial crew;

Oh how they rattl'd the pots and glasses,
Until they were drunk as asses,
They burn'd the rag bag all to ashes,
For John's ale was new.