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Let Us be Happy on our Club Feast Day

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LET US BE HAPPY ON OUR CLUB FEAST DAY.

London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer & Publisher,
177, Union-street, Borough, S.E.

COME all you brave fellows wherever you be,
I pray give attention and listen to me ;
And all you young lasses so buxom and gay,
Mind what you're doing on our Club Feast day.

CHORUS.

The bells they are ringing, hark ! I hear the band play,
And some sweetly singing on our Club Feast day.

Now John leaves the farm yard, the team, and the
plough,
And Polly the milk-pails, the dairy, and cow ;
Then off through the green fields they hasten away,
Cheerful and light-hearted on our Club Feast day.

The lads from the villages dress'd gay and neat,
Are tripping so nimble their sweethearts to meet,
And cottagers' daughters, I think so at least,
Will soon meet their lovers at our Club Feast.

'Tis pleasant to see all our meadows so green,
And trees in full blossom are plain to be seen :
The young lambs are skipping and sporting at play
Come let us be jovial on our Club Feast day.

When dinner time comes round the table we sit,
With roast beef and plum pudding enough we all get,
To settle expences we all freely pay,
Then share what is left on our Club Feast day.

And when it is over we think it no sin,
If we all partake of a wee drop of gin ;
I think we've had plenty of beer, some will say,
But let us be friendly on our Club Feast day.

When stuffing is over, come friends now advance,
Come tune up the fiddle and all have a dance,
But mind how you step it, and go the right way,
Or else you might tumble on our Club Feast day.

The cuckoo and small birds they sweetly do sing,
While young folks so cheerful play kiss in the ring,
But mind going homeward don't fall on the hay,
Or perhaps you'll remember our Club Feast day.

CHORUS.

It's time to be parting, so off and away,
And I hope we shall all meet on next Club Feast day.

THE WRECK OF THE BRAZEN SLOOP OF WAR.

YOU seamen all I pray give attention,
To these few lines I'm going to tell,
A shocking story I'm going to tell you,
Which the Brazen sloop befell.
It was early on the Sunday morning,
On January the twenty-sixth,
On the high rocks near to Newhaven,
The Brazen sloop so fast did stick.
'Twas when she struck it was at low water,
Just at the turning of the tide,
To tell the power of wind and water,
No man was able to describe.
How shocking for to hear the screaming,
The crew for help so loud did call,
Her masts and rigging was broke asunder,
Like chaff before the wind did fall.
How shocking for to hear the screaming,
The crew for mercy they loud did call,
There was many on the shore stood gazing,
But they could give no help at all.
Captain Ancil and the lieutenant,
They stript and tried to swim on shore,
But sad to say they were soon exhausted,
Drowned they were and could swim no more.
Now the captain he has left a widow,
And four poor children for to weep,
And four more on board with him,
And they were drowned in the deep.
This woman being heavy with child,
Which made the matter still the worse ;
The worthy man had left a widow
And four poor children fatherless.
Some of the boats were broke to pieces,
Their lives to save was all in vain,
That shocking sight was quite heart-rending,
To see them sink in the troubled main.
How shocking for to hear the screaming,
The crew for health so loud did roar,
Pieces of timber—likewise dead bodies,
From the Brazen sloop the water bore.
Some with money, and some with watches,
Gold rings around their fingers too,
Some with wives and some with sweethearts,
In sorrow did lament it's true.
How shocking 'twas for to behold them,
Struggling with the troubled wave,
Out of one hundred and fifteen seamen,
But one poor seaman from the wreck was saved.
Now to conclude and finish my ditty,
A mournful tale throughout my song,
May God protect all British seamen,
That on the raging seas belong :
May bright angels guard the ocean,
And safely seamen for to guide,
Not like the Brazen that was condemn'd,
All on Newhaven's rocks to ride.