

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Warlike Seamen

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Come all you warlike seamen, that to the seas belong
I'll tell you of a fight, my boys, on board the Nottingham
It was of an Irish captain, his name was Somerville
With courage bold, he did control, he played his part so well.

Tw'as on the eighth of June, my boys, when at Spithead we lay
On board there came an order, our anchor for to weigh
Bound for the coast of Ireland, our orders did run so
For us to cruise, and not refuse, against a daring foe.

We had not sailed many lengths at sea before a ship we spied
She being some lofty Frenchman, come a-bearing down so wide
We hailed her of France, my boys, they asked from whence we came
Our answer was from Liverpool, and London is our name.

Oh pray are you some man of war, or pray, what may you be?
Oh then replied our captain, and that you soon shall see
Come and strike your English colors, or else you shall bring to
Since you're so stout, you shall give out, or else we shall sink you.

The first broadside we gave to them, which made them for to wonder.
Their mainmast and their rigging came a-rattling down like thunder
We drove them from their quarter, they could no longer stay
Our guns did roar, we made quite sure we showed them British play.

So now we've took that ship, my boys, God speed to us fair wind
That we might sail to Plymouth town, if the heavens prove so kind
We'll drink a health unto our captain, and all such warlike souls
To him we'll drink, and never flinch, out of a flowing bowl.

Rec. by John Roberts/Tony Barrand on "Spencer the Rover"
[believe also rec. by Copper Family, but can't locate notes...]

GF

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