

Sea Songs of the Isle of Wight



Compiled by
Dave Williams, Anwyl Williams and Mike Butler

Dedicated to all those who are associated with the sea.

In memory of 'Pop' Williams who worked all his life in a London shipping office. Eventually on retirement he went to sea and travelled round the world. On his return journey he died in mysterious circumstances and was buried at sea in the Mediterranean.

The cover graphic is taken from the Newport Ledger of 1567 which depicts a French invasion of the Island.

On the 18th July 1545, a French fleet entered the Solent with 25 galleys, each with a single large canon in its bow (as can be clearly seen in the graphic). In the ensuing battle, The Mary Rose sank but the French fleet was repulsed. Unable to gain an advantage at sea, on the 21st July 1545 the French forces invaded the Island, landing at Whitecliff Bay and at Bonchurch, but they were eventually beaten back by local militia.

For educational purposes. Electronic Book Version.

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Chapter 1 Introduction

The idea for this collection came from a long-term project undertaken by Dave & Anwyl Williams, former residents of the Island now living in France. They researched many Isle of Wight songs from a variety of sources and even went as far as recording some on cassette tape. More recently they have finally got round to noting more of them down and have been generously supported by a number of Island musicians and singers who have contributed several modern compositions in the same vein.



So this is a selection of sea songs that have connections with the Isle of Wight and the Solent. They are not to be confused with sea shanties which were work songs, but these are stories that are about shipwrecks, sea battles, smugglers, the Navy, lost loves and more. They were and are sung in pubs, in parlours, in the island's grand manor houses and around snug fires and now-a-days in local folk clubs and music venues.

These are songs of the Sea, Sailors and Smuggling that come from, or are associated with, the Isle of Wight. Some are traditional, some have recently been written, some have originated elsewhere and have been adapted to the Island's history or geography.

The scores in this book are basic versions of the songs with simplified tunes and chord suggestions. As always, you can change them to suit your voice and your phrasing. It will be fabulous when various versions of these songs are heard throughout the island and well beyond!

Mike Butler

Chapter 2 Island Maritime History

The Isle of Wight is of course an island, totally surrounded by the sea and dependent on sea communications for its trade. Even today the journey from the mainland to the Island takes the best part of an hour. It has always used the sea for its communications and to earn the living of a good proportion of its population.

The maritime history of the Island is wide ranging with fishing as an obvious source of food from its earliest days. Fishing requires a wide base of support services, from building vessels, manufacturing sails, rope and fittings, to the preparation and distribution of the fish themselves. The Island has been at the cutting edge of these technologies, from early ship building, building of naval vessels, rope making, design and manufacture of the Hovercraft, the Princess Flying boat, naval and marine radar systems...the list goes on.

So it is not surprising that the Island's history is full of tales of the sea and those who earned their living on it and from it. Not all activities were legal of course, so you can expect a good number of stories and songs about the smuggling trade.

You'll find that the Isle of Wight is always referred to locally as "The Island" and we've used that notation here.

The Isle of Wight Shanty and Sea Song Folk Scene:

Starboard Watch with Jim Jewell seems to be the first Shanty Group on the island. We now have Guith, Brighstone Barnacles, The Crew, Larboard Watch, Shalfleet Shanty Singers, Sheshells, The Watch and possibly more.

Chapter 3 Smuggling

Smuggling was rife on the Island for many hundreds of years and continued well into the 19th century – a survey in 1836 estimated that 80% of Islanders were consuming contraband spirits, tobacco and tea. It still goes on – in March 2002 six men were jailed for smuggling cocaine into Orchard Bay near Ventnor.

Commonly smuggled goods included brandy and tobacco which would be shipped in from France and Holland. The wooded chines were commonly used to carry goods inland where they would be hidden in caves, houses and even in graves eg. there is a grave for 7 sailors in Mottistone churchyard which was dug out to provide a large hiding place. People of all ranks were involved with the owners of large houses providing safe storage for goods.

There are many famous Island smugglers with the Wheelers of Wheelers Bay perhaps being the best known. Some were also involved in more reputable occupations – Fred Bastiani, for example, served in the Brighstone lifeboat which lost 2 men in the rescue of the Sirenia in 1888.

Smuggling could be highly profitable but whilst smugglers are often romanticised the reality could be far more brutal – local informers were subject to violent reprisals, customers officers were often attacked and corruption enabled smugglers to evade harsh penalties.

Brighstone

Smuggling was one of the main "occupations" of villagers in the past, and a famous smuggler was a Mr. William "Bung" Russell, who lived at Lilygrove from 1865-79. Lilygrove is a house of great age and was mentioned in the Domesday Book; it is reputed to have been the manor house of Uggleton Manor. Mr. Russell was a very canny smuggler who knew the ways of the coastguards, and timed his landings accordingly. He spread a rumour that Moortown Lane was haunted by a flying hare, so that villagers would be afraid to frequent the lane by night, and he could carry up his kegs unseen. Opposite Lilygrove, on the walls of the cottage called Casses, the outlines of ships can be seen carved in the chalk stones, and it is believed that these were an indication to smugglers as to what contraband would be acceptable and when it could be received.

Brandy, in tubs tied together in pairs for ease of handling, was smuggled mostly from the Cherbourg peninsula. The tubs holding about three gallons, cost about ten shillings each. When nearing the coast, a stout rope was secured outside the vessel's gunwale and the tubs were suspended from it, so that if the boat was intercepted by the Revenue Cutter, the lashings could be cut and the tubs dropped w clear. Bearings were taken so that they could be grappelled for and recovered later on. The kegs were hidden under cottage floors, ricks, etc., until they could be taken to their ultimate destination.

Chale

In the days of sail Chale Bay bore a terrible reputation, because of the number of ships driven ashore there. One such wreck occurred in October, 1836, when the East Indiaman Clarendon grounded in the Bay during a great storm, and was smashed to pieces in a few minutes with the loss of all but three of her company.

The inn, then known as "The White Mouse", was afterwards enlarged, partly with timbers salvaged from this wreck, and its name was changed to "The Clarendon". Another local inn, the "Star" at Chale Green, was known in years gone by as Sprake's Brewery. It was started in 1833 by Robert Sprake and handed down through four generations of the family. It was "good old-fashioned beer", made from local-grown hops and barley in a small brewhouse at the side of the road. At first supplied only to the villagers it soon became better known, and was delivered all over the Island.

In the old brewhouse are preserved relics of smuggling days, including a rusty candle lantern which was used for signalling from the cliffs to the smugglers at sea; and a cleverly constructed pump, which worked through a hole in the hearthstone to draw up liquor from a cask hidden below, whilst the family were seated in the chimney corner. The first Brewer's licence issued for the house shows that the excise duty on beer at that time was 6d. per 36-gallon cask, as compared with £5 in 1928 when the business was sold – today, £11 or £12.

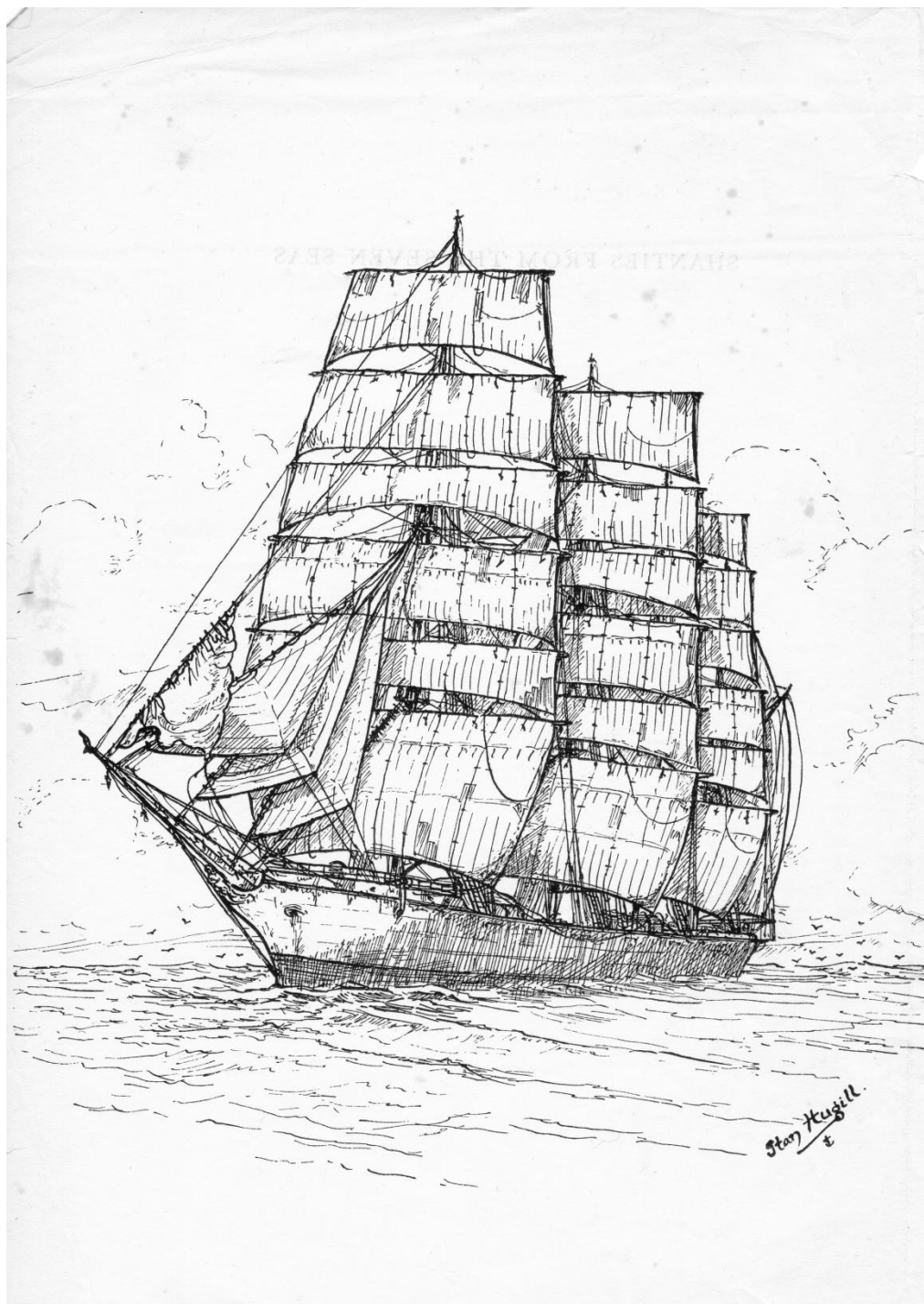
It is well known that Chale and Blackgang were the haunts of many smugglers, who used all manner of devices to conceal their contraband, even hiding tubs in the box-tombs in the churchyard when the Excise men were too hard on their heels.

Niton

Smuggling was looked upon as a normal occupation, and it was not until the gangs began to terrorise people – committing at least one murder – that public opinion began to turn against it. Eventually the interception of a large "run" at Puckaster, and the subsequent prosecutions and very heavy fines, brought the trade to an end locally.

Source: Women's Institute Village Book

Chapter 4 The Songs



Admiral Hopson

Admiral Hopson

John Bentley

$\text{♩} = 150$

Ad - miral Hop - son's gone to sea, Weighhhh hey, what a man he was

Come from Bon - church down by the quay, Weigh hey Oh. Well he Oh

Chorus

So weigh the an - chor, up she comes, Hoist that sail to the sound of the drum We'll

fol - low Lord Snip where 'ere he goes, Ser - ving the Queen and the En - glish rose.

Admiral Hopson's gone to sea *Weighhhh hey, what a man he was*
 Come from Bonchurch down by the quay *Weigh hey oh*
 Well he ran away to sea at the age of 10 *Weighhhh hey, what a man he was*
 He sailed away to war on the Jenny Wren *Weigh hey oh*

Chorus

So weigh the anchor, up she comes
Hoist that sail to the sound of the drum
We'll follow Lord Snip where 'ere he goes
Serving the Queen and the English rose

Well he came upon the French off the Dorset coast, *Weighhhh hey, what..*
 He took their colours while they were engrossed, *Weigh hey oh*
 Well the admiral he was mighty pleased. *Weighhhh hey, what..*
 The battle it was won and the flagship seized. *Weigh hey oh*
Chorus

Well Hopson then rose through the ranks..
 Fighting for the Queen and earning thanks..
 He fought many a battle brave and true..
 Sailing here and there on the ocean blue..
Chorus

Well he beat the Spanish in seventeen-o-two (1702)
 Lauded by the Queen and all his crew
 Now back at Spithead after the war
 He headed on back to the Bonchurch shore
Chorus

His family they were much relieved
To see just what he had achieved
He became an MP for Newtown
He spent his life serving the crown
Chorus

Notes:

This is a song about Admiral Hopson, an English admiral born on the Island in the 17th century – it's a great example of never letting the truth get in the way of a good story!!

Local folklore would have it that John Hopson (aka Hobson) was born in Bonchurch in 1642. Orphaned as a young boy he became apprenticed to a tailor in Niton. One day, hearing that a squadron of men-of-war were approaching St Catherine's Point he rowed out to the fleet flagship and asked to enlist. Leaving the rowboat and his hat behind it was assumed that he had drowned. Within days the fleet had encountered the French off the Dorset coast. The young Hopson reputedly scaled the shrouds, crawled along the yard, seized the French flag and successfully took it back to his own ship. The English shouts of "Victory" confused the French sufficiently for their flagship to be seized and the battle won. Thereafter Hopson rose rapidly through the ranks becoming a Vice-Admiral in 1689. He was affectionately nicknamed "Lord Snip" because of his supposed tailoring background.

Many years after leaving the Island, Admiral Hobson and some fellow officers made a surprise visit to the old tailor and his wife. Unrecognised after so many years Hopson suddenly began to sing one of the songs for which he had become popular in his youth. The old woman, suddenly realising who was in her midst, exclaimed "poor Hobby!" and, overcome with joy and relief, threw her arms around his neck.

In fact, the man concerned was almost certainly born Thomas Hopson, the son of Captain and Mrs Hopkins from Ningwood Manor and part of one of the great landed gentry families in the Island at that time.

After beating the Spanish at the Battle of Vigo Bay in 1702 he was knighted and retired. He was also MP for Newtown from 1698 – 1705 and died in 1717 at Weybridge, Surrey, where he's buried. Spithead is off Gilkicker Point near Gosport – it's the traditional spot where the King/Queen reviews the fleet.

Atherfield Ledge

Atherfield Ledge

Percy Stone arr Dave & Anwyl Williams

$\text{♩} = 120$

Wild sweeps the wrack from the gates of the West, loud roars the rage of the sea
 Bit - ter the edge of the A - ther - field _ ledge from the which God keeps us free! White
 gleam the teeth of the sur - ges high and glis - ten the rocks for their toll _ Black
 race the clouds o'er the face of the sky like fiends in pur - suit of a soul. Go
 all who have kin on the sea this night and pray on your ben - d - ed knee _ That
 while you sleep, the good Lord will keep those who sail on this storm _ swept sea.
 Chorus
 Go all who have kin on the sea this night and pray on your ben - de - d knee _ That
 while you sleep, the good Lord will keep those who sail on this storm _ swept sea.

Wild sweeps the wrack from the gates of the West, loud roars the rage of the sea
 Bitter the edge of the Atherfield ledge from the which God keeps us free!
 White gleam the teeth of the surges high and glisten the rocks for their toll;
 Black race the clouds o'er the face of the sky like fiends in pursuit of a soul.
 Go, all who have kin on the sea this night and pray on your bended knee
 That while you sleep, the good Lord will keep those who sail on this storm-swept sea.
Chorus:
Go all who have kin on the sea this night and pray on your bended knee
That while you sleep, the good Lord will keep, those who sail on this storm-swept sea.

The 'Bon Venture' of the Abbot of Quarr is home from the land of France
Deep laden with cloth and the good red wine that makes the red blood dance.
The leadsman checks the knotted line that guides the helmsman's hand,
The look-out's beard is stiff with rime as he strains his eyes for land.
'I cannot the narrowing coast descry, nor the Abbey's beacon see.
Christ's body! We've missed the Needle's eye and there's broken water a-lee. *Ch.*

Now, lady of Whitwell, be our aid - we vow thee an altar light.
Good Nicholas, saint of shipmen bold, preserve us all this night.
But the pitiless wind and the treacherous tide hold the good ship in their sway;
In vain the anchor is cast - it drags. She strikes ere break of day.
And it's, oh! The crashing of timbers rent, by the grim rocks' savage edge
And it's, ah! The shrieks of drowning men
(who for want of a light must perish this night) (*tune as line above*)
By the cursed Atherfield ledge. *Ch.*

Notes:

Tells the tale of a shipwreck on the Atherfield Ledge which is off an area known as The Back of Wight. One stormy night in the winter of 1314 one of a fleet of ships, chartered by the merchants of Aquitaine to convey wine to England, struck the treacherous Atherfield Ledge. The ship contained large amounts of wine, 174 casks and also cloth. De Godyton claimed the cargo saying possession was nine points of the law. The Merchants, however, claimed redress against De Godyton saying the cargo was no "wreck of the sea".

Later there was a Papal Bull threatening De Godyton with excommunication. He built an oratory / lighthouse on the downs above the Atherfield Ledge as penance for taking the wine. The tower was built so that no other ship would be lost for the need of a light on the deadly Atherfield Ledge.

Back of the Wight Smugglers

Back of the Wight Smugglers

Crispin Keith

♩. = 75

C F G7

We sail to Cher - bourg through the night To buy the bran - dy tubs _____ We

C F C F C G C

keep the coast - guard out of sight We're armed with oars and clubs _____ We

F G C F G7

land our crop in the lone - ly chimes And haul it up cliffs with ropes _____ We

C F C F G C

stay at home if the moon it shines Too much light will spoil our hopes _____

Chorus F G C F G7

When the sky is dark and the hours are small All a - long the Back of the Wight _____ You'll

C F C F C G C

hear the smug - glers' cheer - y call "Tubs a - shore, that's all for to - night" _____

We sail to Cherbourg through the night to buy the brandy tubs
We keep the coastguard out of sight, we're armed with oars and clubs
We land our crop in the lonely chines and haul it up cliffs with ropes
We stay at home if the moon it shines, too much light will spoil our hopes.

Chorus:

*When the sky is dark and the hours are small all along the Back of the Wight
You'll hear the smugglers' cheery call "Tubs ashore, that's all for tonight".*

We hide our tubs in the nooks and graves and up our chimney stacks
We hide our tubs in the trees and caves all for to evade the tax
We water it down and we colour it up before it's time to sell
And if anyone should challenge us we'll wish them straight to hell. *Ch.*

It's a hard, hard life as a smuggling man full of danger, strife and toil
The excise men catch us if they can our trade they try to spoil
We're hit by searches and heavy fines and some are sent to gaol
James Buckett was pressed in the Queen's navy imprisoned under sail. Ch.

Edmund Barnacle, over in Cowes to Winchester jail was sent
Liz Trubbeck carried skins under her skirts it made her knees look bent
John Benzie, only eleven years old, served half a year in clink
They all of them were smugglers bold, dedicated to the drink. *Ch.*

We bear no shame for our smuggling trade we leave a tub for the church
We share the risks and we all get paid we won't leave a friend in the lurch
When the sky is dark and the hours are small all along the Back of the Wight
You'll hear the smugglers' cheery call "Tubs ashore, that's all for tonight". *Ch.*

Notes:

The south-west coast of the island was one of the busiest in 18th century Britain for smuggling.

Smugglers Epitaph

All you that pass pray look and see
How soon my life was took from me
By those officers as you hear
They spilt my blood that was so dear
But God is good, is just and true
And will reward to each their due

Brading Haven

Brading Haven

Percy Stone arr Dave & Anwyl Williams

$\text{♩} = 150$

Wander -ing once by Brad -ing Ha - ven Where the dyke walls cross the marsh
I - dly wa - tching flight of sea - birds Poi -sing wings and pi - ping harsh
Chanced I on an an - cient well - head Where the che - quered sun - light fell,
Chanced I on a vi - llage gran - fer Heard the stor - ey of the well.
Heard the stor - ey of the well

Wandering once by Brading Haven where the dyke walls cross the marsh,
Idly watching flight of sea-birds poising wings and pipings harsh -
Chanced I on an ancient well-head where the chequered sunlight fell,
Chanced I on a village granfer, heard the story of the well.

The Romans brought the carven tables set thereon the goblets rare;
From the darkness fetched the wine jars, dim with age and sealed with care.
Sought they water from the river that along the valley ran,
Such as they were wont to mingle with the rough Falernian.

But the master cried in anger: 'What is this ye bring me here?
Think ye this can e'er be wedded to the grape's celestial cheer?
Cast away this muddy scouring, sully not my good red wine.
Bring me that will bead the goblet - such as flows from Apennine.'

'Where,' they murmured, 'Where in Vec- tis doth such crystal water flow,
Such as flashes from the mountains ice cold, born of sun and snow?'
Up then spake a time-bowed server: 'One there is perchance may aid;
Dwells he hence - a hoary hermit - in the apple valley glade.'

So they sought that ancient seer relic of an age gone by
Dweller in the apple valley versed in law and mystery.
Seek ye water? I will aid you though your gods be not my god
See! This slender twig of hazel shall be my divining rod.

Here, they tell, his hazel pointed to the hidden source below;
Here they dug and forth the water gushed in welcome overflow.
When the new-born strength had weak- ened, sides of wroughten stone they made;
And they planted trees beside it - oak and ash - to give it shade.

Notes:

The story of the well. The Romans wanted pure water to add to their wine. They found an ancient seer who used divining rods to seek out the clear water. Divining rods are still used by some on the island, - they even found my water pipes! Where is this well in Brading? It was found in 1781 in the middle of the Haven which must have been good land at one time. It was, however, blocked by weed and sand.

Cherbourg to Wight

Cherbourg to Wight

Traditional arr Anwyl Williams

$\text{♩} = 110$

From Bem - bridge - town to Fresh - wa - ter - Bay The smug - glers plied - their - trade. The
back of the Wight was where they say The li - quor and goods were laid.

Chorus
We'll go down a - mong the Nee - dle Rocks And put them all a shore - O
Back a - gain to Cher - bourg And take - in some more O.

From Bembridge town to Freshwater Bay the smugglers plied their trade
The back of the Wight was where they say the liquor and goods were laid.

Chorus:

*We'll go down among the Needle Rocks and put them all ashore O
Back again to Cherbourg and take in some more O.*

At Luccombe Chine under the cliff were the homes of the fishermen O
The soft sandstone was easy to work for to make the smugglers' den O. Ch.

Old Charlie was a tough old salt with his brothers all three they dug below
To make a cave under the front room floor their illicit tubs to stow O. Ch.

Crafty Old Hannah, Old Charlie's wife her ills one starry night did feign
Writhing and groaning all in her chair sipping raw brandy to ease her pain. Ch.

The smell of her brandy seemed to fill the room disguising the haul in the cellar below
Old Hannah continued to rock and to moan with the trap door under her chair O. Ch.

The excise men soon arrived in search of contraband O
On seeing Hannah in so much pain they left them all alone O. Ch.

Notes:

A tale of IOW smugglers. The chorus is found in Noyes book, as is the story. Old Hannah pretends to be ill when the excise men arrive at her cottage. Her chair is in fact hiding a trap door to the cave below where the brandy is hidden.

Cliffsmen of Freshwater Bay

Cliffsmen of Freshwater Bay

Crispin Keith

$\text{♩} = 120$
Chorus

We're the cliffs -men of Fresh -wa - ter Bay we're strong and we're bold
We've got sam -phire and we've go - t eggs We've got birds to be sold.

Verse

We drive a stake in -to the top of the cliff Swing o -ver the void scar -ing on -look -ers stiff
With rope tied be - tween our - selves and the stake
We take birds and eggs for the mo - ney we make.

Chorus

*We're the cliffsmen of Freshwater Bay
We're strong and we're bold
We've got samphire and we've got eggs
We've got birds to be sold.*

We drive a stake into the top of the cliff
Swing over the void, scaring onlookers stiff
With rope tied between ourselves and the stake
We take birds and eggs for the money we make. *Ch*

If it's after the birds then it's silent we go
If we're after the eggs then we make a fine show
Silent or noisome, we use all of our tricks
We'll grab birds by necks or we'll knock them with sticks. *Ch*

The eggs and the samphire to London are sent
To be eaten at the tables of the big city gents
The feathers go for beds at eight pence a pound
The gulls flesh is always the best crab bait around. *Ch*

Now one day a soldier in eighteen – o – eight
The foolish young man met a terrible fate
He swung over the cliff where only cliffsmen do go
And he fell to his death on the rocks far below. *Ch*

So you ladies and gents of fair London town
As you're eating your gulls eggs in jackets and gowns
Remember the cliffsman who brought your fine feast
Hanging from an old rope with the wind in the east. *Ch*

Notes

Men used to abseil down the cliffs of Tennyson Down to collect eggs, gulls and samphire. The soldiers suspected them of being smugglers. See 'The Isle of Wight a guide' Edmund Venables 1860.

This song is sung over the constant rhythm of the pounding of the waves, which does make it it rather tricky. Samphire is a salt tolerant plant that is highly prized in cooking and is rich in vitamins.

"A cloud of gulls flew off the cliff, puffins and guillemots rushed past in hundreds and the whole colony were thrown into agitation. The cause was soon obvious. Descending from the brow of the cliff on a rope hardly visible in the mist which wrapped the summit was the figure of a man, while two others were indistinctly seen easing the rope downward through what appeared to be a block fastened to a post.

The climber descended some 250 feet till he came to a grass slope, which a few minutes before had been dotted with gulls. There he slipped his leg out of the loop in which he was sitting and passing the double cord by which he had been lowered over his left arm, he walked along the slope picking up the gulls' eggs, which he put into a bag hanging across his chest. Above one end of the turf slope was a crack in the cliff in which a line of guillemots had been sitting. Scrambling up this he took the eggs one by one and then walking back to the spot at which he had descended was hauled up to the summit. After removing the tackle from above he disappeared with his companions behind the brow." C J Cornish 'The Seafowl Colony in Freshwater Cliffs'. 1895

Come along all you sailors

Come along all you sailors

John Bentley

♩ = 150

Am Em D Em

Come a - long all you sai - lers from the Isle of Wight

Am Em D Em

Come a - long all you sai - lers from the Isle of Wight We're

D Em Am

bound a - way a - fish - ing all through the long dark night

Chorus D Em 1 Am 2 Am

With a whey hey hey and a - way we go, we're hea - ding for the ro - lling sea sea.

Come along all you sailors, from the Isle of Wight
 Come along all you sailors, from the Isle of Wight
 We're bound away a-fishing, all through the long dark night.

Chorus:

With a whey hey hey, and away we go, we're heading for the rolling sea
With a whey hey hey, and away we go, we're heading for the rolling sea

Off we went a-fishing, away from the Yarmouth shore
 Off we went a-fishing, away from the Yarmouth shore
 Bound for the open seas, the fishing grounds to explore. Ch.

Oh the hardest voyage, was out in the cold North Sea
 Oh the hardest voyage, was out in the cold North Sea
 When me and a bunch of caulkheads, from the gales had to flee. Ch.

When me and a bunch of caulkheads, set sail from the Isle of Wight
 When me and a bunch of caulkheads, set sail from the Isle of Wight
 We only got back home, by following the beacon light. Ch.

When me an' a bunch o' sailors ran aground on Brambles Bank
 When me an' a bunch o' sailors ran aground on Brambles Bank
 The seas they were a-roaring, we very nearly sank. Ch.

Well, if you become a sailor, and leave the Isle of Wight
 Well, if you become a sailor, and leave the Isle of Wight
 Say farewell to your family, as the shore slides out of sight. Ch.

Notes: A rollicking sea song everyone can join in. It has brief glimpses of Isle of Wight sailors lives. The tune is adapted from a song called "When I was a cowboy" by Lead Belly.

Crossing the Bar

Crossing the Bar

Alfred Tennyson arr Dave Williams

$\text{♩} = 120$
Verses 1 & 3

Sun - set and eve - ning star And one clear call for me And may there be no
moa - ning of the bar, When I put out to sea, sea

Verses 2 & 4

But such a tide as mo - ving Seems a - sleep Too full for sound and
foam, When that which drew from
out the bound - less deep. Tu - rns a - gain for home.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
When I put out to sea, when I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving, seems asleep
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again for home.
Turns again for home, turns again for home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I, when I embark.
When I, when I embark; when I, when I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne, of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar
When I have crossed the bar, when I have crossed the bar.

Notes

A poem by Alfred Tennyson written just before his death while he was travelling on a ferry across to the Isle of Wight. It was put to music almost immediately after he had written it. We arranged it some years ago.

Dark Eyed Sailor

Dark Eyed Sailor

Traditional

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 4/4 time, with a tempo of 120 beats per minute. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. Chords are indicated by letters F, Bb, and C7 above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words split across lines.

♩ = 120

F Bb F

It's of a hand some young la - dy fair Was walk - ing out

C7 F Bb

for to take the air She met a sai lor up - on the way

F C7 F

So I paid at - ten - tion, so I paid at - ten - tion, To hear what she did say.

It's of a handsome young lady fair, was walking out for to take the air;
She met a sailor upon her way,
So I paid attention, so I paid attention, to hear what she did say.

The sailor said "Why roam alone? The night is coming and the day near gone."
She cried while tears from her eyes did fall
It's a dark eyed sailor, it's a dark eyed sailor that will be my downfall.

It's two long years since he left the land, I took a gold ring from off my hand
We broke the token here's a part with me,
And the other's rolling, and the other's rolling at the bottom of the sea.'

He answered. "Drive him from your mind, some other sailor as good you'll find;
Love turns aside and soon cold does grow,
As a winter's morning, as a winter's morning when fields are clothed with snow.

" These words did Phoebe's sad heart inflame; She said, "On me you shall play no game"
She drew a dagger and then did cry,
"For my dark-eyed sailor, for my dark-eyed sailor I lived and I will die.

His coal-black eye and his curling hair, and pleasant tongue did my heart ensnare;
Genteel he was and no rake like you,
To advise a maiden, to advise a maiden to slight the jacket blue.

"But still," said Phoebe "will ne'er disdain, a tarry sailor but will treat the same"
So drink his health here's a piece of coin
But my dark eyed sailor, but my dark eyed sailor still claims this heart of mine."

Then half of the ring young William show, she seemed distracted between joy and woe,
"Oh, welcome William I have lands and gold
For my dark-eyed sailor, for my dark-eyed sailor, so handsome, true and bold."

Then in a village down by the sea, they joined in wedlock and we'll agree.
All maids be true when your love's away,
For a cloudy morning, for a cloudy morning oft brings a shining day.

Notes:

There are many versions of this popular song. I remember hearing Fred Jordan singing it. It is a typical shore song of lost love and returning from sea.

Down the Solent

Down the Solent

Tune traditional, words Mike Sadler

$\text{♩} = 75$

Come all you land-lubbers and sail with me Down the So-lent On a
 Red Funnel steamer bound from Royal Pier And we're bound for the Isle of Wight.
 Chorus
 And away lads away down the So-lent We're
 past Calshot Spit where the sea-gulls all flit And we're bound for the Isle of Wight

Come all you landlubbers and sail with me,
Down the Solent
 On a Red Funnel steamer bound from Royal Pier
 And we're bound for the Isle of Wight.

Chorus: And away lads away,
Down the Solent
 We're past Calshot Spit where the seagulls all flit
 And we're bound for the Isle of Wight.

Arriving in Cowes I spies this trim craft, *Down the Solent*
 She was well rounded forward and nicely trimmed aft And we're bound for the Isle of Wight. Ch.

I take this trim craft to a nice sheltered spot. *Down the Solent*
 Where she had the powder and I had the shot And we're bound for the Isle of Wight.
 Ch.

Oh look what you've done to my rigging she cried *Down the Solent*
 Too late I was firing my second broadside And we're bound for the Isle of Wight. Ch.

Now I know what they mean when they talk of Cowes week *Down the Solent*
 For me foremast is bent and me craft's up the creek And we're bound for the Isle of Wight. Ch.

Well I'm in dry dock, I can discern *Down the Solent*
 I'm covered in barnacles from stem to stern. And we're bound for the Isle of Wight. Ch

Floating Bridge Song

Floating Bridge

Lauri Say



So heave 'er up and come with me *Hi ho the floating bridge*
We'll journey across the raging sea *All together on the floating bridge.*

There's tears in our eyes cos I don't know when, *Hi ho the floating bridge*
We'll see our homeland once again *All together on the floating bridge.*

Though raging seas and strong winds *Hi ho the floating bridge*
We've left East Cowes far behind *All together on the floating bridge.*

The captain doth his vigil keep *Hi ho the floating bridge*
As we bravely cross the raging deep *All together on the floating bridge.*

He stands with spyglass in his hand *Hi ho ...*
'Cause now we're thirty yards from land *All together ...*

The seas do rage and the wind does roar *Hi ho ...*
And the seasick lubbers are longing for shore *All together...*

The crowds that are waiting shout hooray ...
And they all go back the other way...

The workers waiting by the sea...
To cross the river to BHC ...

Around Cape Horn in the wind and snow ...
Thank God that' a place we never go...

(Last verse slower)
But here's the worst of all our fears ...
We'll still be travelling in a hundred years...

Notes:

A collection such as this could not be complete without songs by one of the Island folk legend, Lauri Say. A resident at the Island Folk Song Club in the 1960's and '70's, Laurie wrote many songs about Island life from bus services to ferries and even a call for independence for the Island.

Galleon of the Isle of Wight

Galleon of the Isle of Wight (1)

Words Trad arr Albert Budden

$\text{♩} = 130$

The Gall-eon of the Isle of Wight Now an-cho-red deep-ly off Whale Chine She
fe-rried daugh-ters of a king And ro-yal o-thers of that line.
Chorus
Vent-nor gold, Ho! Vent-nor bold She sailed from Vent-nor on that isle T'was
well in fif-teen eigh-ty eight She flew the na-vy's flag a-while

The Galleon of the Isle of Wight now anchored deeply off Whale Chine
She ferried daughters of a king and royal others of that line.

Chorus:

Ventnor gold, Ho! Ventnor bold

She sailed from Ventnor on that isle

T'was well in fifteen eighty-eight (1588)

She flew the navy's flag awhile.

A sturdy ship named by a baron the navy of the English lion

In Compton's Bay they cast their cannon in sandpits deep they poured their iron. *Ch.*

The galleon of the Isle of Wight had three score guns to fire

They blazed their canon all for their queen and for the Spanish on their pyre. *Ch.*

The ship advanced round Cornwall's shore and chased the Spanish man o'war

Who feared retreat and feared to flee when torn by storms on the Irish sea. *Ch.*

When victory came to our galleon fair she left Drake's navy fighting there

And sailed for home at days first light to Ventnor beach the Isle of Wight. *Ch.*

Version 2

Galleon of the Isle of Wight (2)

Words Trad arr Ian Johnson

$\text{♩} = 130$

The Ga - leon of the Isle of Wight Now an - chored deep - ly off Whale Chine. She
fer - ried daugh - ters of a king And roy - al oth - ers of that line _____

Chorus

Vent - nor gold, Ho! Vent - nor bold She sailed from Vent - nor on that isle. Twas
well in fif - teen eigh - ty eight She flew the na - vy's flag _____ a _____ while _____

Notes:

"One of the most celebrated events in English history was the defeat of the Spanish Armada by Sir Francis Drake's outnumbered fleet of war ships. This was in the reign of Elizabeth 1 in 1588. I was surprised to find an IOW folk song that tells the story of the Island's only warship at the time. This galleon, quite unofficially, joined Drake's fleet as it passed by in the English Channel. It sailed from Ventnor, on the south coast of the island with much celebration by the locals at the time. This IOW war ship gave only token support to Drake's fleet it seems. After firing a few canons, as it reached the shores of Cornwall, it turned back and headed for its home port of Ventnor"

There are two tunes to this traditional song and they give the song a completely different feel.

The Grotty Yottie Song

The Grotty Yottie Song
A rather dated gentle poke at our favourite visitors

Robin Holbrook, 1991

♩ = 200

Intro



Verse

Out of South - amp - ton in Au - gust, to Cowes for the sail - ing we're bound
Eye - ing up all of the wo - men, and tal - king ev - er so loud
Step - ping a - shore at the pon - toon, we were hand - ed a leaf - let or two. It
read that young Rich - ard Bran - son has brought his Mates for the crew

Chorus

We are the Gro - tty Yot - ties, loud voi - ces and ac - cents to match, We
are the Grot - ty Yot - ties, yel - low wel - lies, T - shirts and hats,

Bridge

Our spin - na - kers fill, the line is in sight, the Ad - mi - ral's Cup will be ours by to - night, We'll
storm the ma - rin - a, get high as a kite, but be read - y to race the next day,

Sequence: Intro, verse, chorus, verse, chorus, bridge, verse, chorus, chorus

Out of Southampton in August, to Cowes for the sailing we're bound
Eyeing up all of the women, and talking ever so loud
Stepping ashore at the pontoon, we were handed a leaflet or two
It read that young Richard Branson has brought his Mates for the crew

Chorus:

*We are the Grotty Yotties, loud voices and accents to match
We are the Grotty Yotties, yellow wellies, T-shirts and hat.*

We might have a Squib or Sonata, or crew on a J24
Some prefer a Contessa or Sigma or the handicap of a Class 4
The cream of course sail in the Dragons, the traditional they helm a SCOD
The lucky berth in the marina, the rest have to cope with the trots. Ch

Bridge:

Our spinnakers fill, the line is in sight, the Admiral's Cup will be ours by tonight
We'll storm the marina, get high as a kite, but be ready to race the next day

Well now that the fireworks are over, we've had a jolly good time
Drunk all the cases of champagne and most of that nice crew's red wine
Well it's not the jibing round East Leepe, and it's not drinking all of the beer
It's something that we just can't explain, but we're sure as hell coming next year. Ch x 2

Heart of Oak

Heart of Oak

Boyce & Garrick 1760

♩ = 120



Come, cheer up my lads, 'tis to glo - ry we steer, To
add some - thing more to this won - der - ful year. To
hon - our we call you, not press you like slaves, For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
Chorus
Heart of oak are our ships, jo - lly tars are our men, We al - ways are rea - dy
Stea - dy boys, stea - dy! We'll figh - t and we'll con - quer a - gain and a - gain.

Come cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Chorus:

*Heart of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
We always are ready; Steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.*

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us we cannot do more. Ch.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children and beaus,
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore. Ch.

We'll still make them fear and we'll still make them flee
And drub them on shore, as we've drubbed them at sea;
Then cheer up, my lads! with one heart let us sing:
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen our King. Ch.

Notes: Famous naval song from 1760 to the present day.

Hovercraft Song

The Hovercraft Song

Lauri Say 1968

$\text{♩} = 110$
Verses 1-5

What's this rum - bling that I hear What's this roar - ing in my ear What's this
ra - cket dri - ving eve - ry - bo - dy daft, Well it's
not ar - till - er - y, Or the start of World War three, It's the
West - land S - R - N, su - per noise - less ho - ver craft

Last Verse

Oh the ho - ver - craft is co - ming, Can't you hear that cra - zy hum - ming, You can
see the fish - es scat - ter fore and aft. With its
mi - ghty en - gine push - ing, Float - ing on its own air cu - shing, It's the
West - land S - R - N, su - per noise - less ho - ver - craft.

What's this rumbling that I hear, what's this roaring in my ear
What's this racket driving everybody daft
Well its not artillery, or the start of World War three
It's the Westland SRN, super noiseless hovercraft.

Oh the hovercraft is coming can't you hear that crazy humming
You can see the fishes scatter fore and aft.
With its mighty engine pushing, floating on its own air cushioning
Its the Westland SRN, super noiseless hovercraft.

It's like a mobile goldfish bowl in when it screams across the Solent
The duration of your journey will be halved.
If you don't mind being cramped on your visit to Southampton
Take the Westland SRN, super noiseless hovercraft.

The directors made a statement In the cause of noise abatement
When we said it made a row they only laughed
Anyone can stand the din, if he's got his ear plugs in
On the Westland SRN, super noiseless hovercraft.

If this method of propulsion fills you with revulsion
You should travel on a dingy or a raft
Whatever you intend you'll never hear the end
Of the Westland SRN, super noiseless hovercraft.

The folks who live in Cowes and Gurnard tremble by the thousand
And the peace of Ryde is shattered everyday
So if want a place that's silent you'd better leave the island
You can hear the bloody thing at Totland Bay.

Repeat verse 2

Notes:

Another song by Island legend Laurie Say. When the first hovercraft appeared out of the British Hovercraft sheds in East Cowes, they used aircraft jet engines for propulsion, so one of the most remarkable feature was the noise!

The Irex

The Irex

John Bentley arr Anwyl Williams

$\text{♩} = 60$ D A Bm A D A D

On Christ - mas Eve in eight - y nine, the Ir - ex she set sail —

A Bm A D A D

— Bound for Ri - O with Cap - tain Hu - tton this is a ve - ry sad tale —

G D G A

— But on lea - ving Green - ock she hit a storm, was blown to Ire - land's shore —

D A Bm A D A D

— There she stayed till New Year's Day un - til the gale was o'er —

Chorus D A Bm A D A D

Oh the I - - rex, the I - - rex, the I - rex went a - stray —

D A Bm A D A D

— Oh the I - rex, the I - rex it ground - ed in Scrat - chell's Bay —

On Christmas Eve in '89, the Irex she set sail
On her maiden voyage, bound for Rio with Captain Hutton in charge.
But on leaving Greenock she hit a storm, was blown to Belfast Lough
Where she waited out the howling gale, until New Year's Day.

Chorus:

The Irex, the Irex, the Irex went astray
The Irex, the Irex, she grounded on Scratchell's Bay.

But on leaving Belfast she hit another gale, 5 men they were hurt
The storm it blew for many a day, they couldn't get in port.
The captain steered towards Portland, the crew they did pray
But blown off course by the storm, hit the rocks at Scratchell's Bay. Ch.

The weather beat the Totland boat, they needed another play
So a rocket did the coastguard fire, they rigged the breeches buoy
Midnight came and all but one were taken to the shore
Thomas Jones the frightened lad, was left where the seas do roar. Ch.



Irex 1890
Courtesy of Brighstone
Village Musuem

Jones was tied to the mast and spent the night on his own
'Twas a dreadful thing for the boy who feared to die alone.
The storm did rage, the seas did foam, the boy he prayed to survive
And in the morn he was taken off, frozen and barely alive. Ch.

Queen Victoria summoned those who'd bravely saved the crew
To Osborne House they did go, men so bold and true
Seven men had lost their lives including the Captain that night
It's a brutal life on the seas, beware the Isle of Wight. Ch.



Wreck of the Irex, Scratchells Bay 1890

The Irex - original version without chorus.

On Christmas Eve in '89, the Irex she set sail
On her maiden voyage, bound for Rio with Captain Hutton in charge.
But on leaving Greenock she hit a storm, was blown to Belfast Lough
Where she waited out the howling gale, until New Year's Day.

But on leaving Belfast she hit another gale, 5 men they were hurt
The storm it blew for many a day, they couldn't get in port.
The Captain thought it best to run , and headed for Portland
But blown of course by the storm, hit the rocks at Scratchell's Bay.

The Totland boat it did launch, but the weather was too foul
Then a rocket did the coastguard fire, and a breeches buoy was rigged.
Midnight came and all but one, were taken to the shore
Leaving behind a young lad, by the name of Thomas Jones.

Jones was tied to the mast, and spent the night alone
'Twas a dreadful thing for the boy, how he feared to die.
The storm did rage, the seas did foam, the boy he clung to life
And in the morn he was taken off, frozen and barely alive.

Queen Victoria summoned those who'd bravely saved the crew
To Osborne House they did go, Jones was in great joy.
Seven men had lost their lives, including the Captain and mate.
It's a brutal life on the seas, beware the Isle of Wight.

Notes:

The Irex/Wreck of the Irex Developed from the Mottistone account of "The End of the Irex" over 40 years ago.

Alternative Chorus:

Storm after storm we can relate

Helm down, yards up but too late.

Wild the waves, please set us free

Save us all, from the angry sea.

On January 25th 1890 the Irex, the largest sailing ship ever to be totally wrecked on the Island ran aground at Scratchell's Bay near The Needles. She had begun her maiden voyage on Christmas Eve 1889 bound out of Greenock for Rio de Janeiro with a cargo of sewer pipes and a crew of 34 (plus two stowaways). On leaving Greenock she was immediately caught in a storm and was driven to Belfast Lough where she remained until New Year's Day. On leaving Belfast Lough she was hit by yet another storm which was to last for more than 3 weeks during which a number of men were badly injured. The ship was blown to the Bay of Biscay and then back up towards Falmouth. Despite the desperate pleas of the crew they were unable to seek refuge in Falmouth Harbour because no pilot boat could get out to escort her in.

An exhausted Captain Hutton decided to make a run for Portland Harbour. Blown off course by the storm the Captain mistook the Needles Lighthouse for a pilot boat and ran aground at Scratchell's Bay early on the morning of January 25th. The Captain and mate scrambled to launch a lifeboat but were drowned along with 4 other crew. The heavy seas meant that the Totland Lifeboat was unable to effect a rescue. However, although more than 300 yards offshore, the coastguard were successfully able to fire a rocket line into the rigging and eventually a breeches buoy was rigged. All but one of the surviving crew were rescued – the young 14 year old apprentice, Thomas Jones, was too frightened to climb the rigging in the dark. He was tied to the mast and rescued the next morning frozen but alive.

Queen Victoria held an audience for those involved in the rescue . Although the coroner concluded that the incident was an accident, the circumstances of the wreck and the behaviour of the captain and crew remain a cause of some intrigue.

Island Smugglers Three

Island Smugglers Three

John Bentley

$\text{♩} = 115$

Up Down Down my name it is John Brown, the cus - toms men we did out - fox, to
lure that ship up - on the rocks, Go - ing up and down
Chorus We are is - land smugg - lers three Whee - ler, Spa - nner - and me. We are
go - ing down, go - ing down Way down to the sea.

*Up, down, down, my name it is John Brown
The customs men we did outfox to lure that ship upon the rocks
Going up and down*

*Chorus:
We are Island smugglers three, Wheeler, Spanner and me
We are going down, going down way down to the sea*

*Up down, down, out of Ventnor town
We hid the goods in smugglers' caves kept them safe above the waves
Going up and down. Ch.*

*Up down, down, sometimes a man did drown
Sailing from the coast of France leading customs men a dance
Going up and down. Ch.*

*Up down, down, hiding from the crown
The Jerquer's name was William Dear he was a man of great good cheer
Going up and down. Ch.*

*Up down, down, I am never one to frown
Hauling brandy up the chine sometimes even hauling wine
Going up and down. Ch.*

*Up down, down, Bastiani's back in town
Sailed to France and back in a day landed safe in Wheelers Bay
Going up and down. Ch*

Notes:

The song is told from the perspective of John Brown an Island smuggler in the mid 19th century. Mention is also made of three other smugglers from the same time – John Wheeler, James Spanner and Joe Bastiani.

Smuggling was rife on the Island for many hundreds of years – brandy and tobacco being especially popular goods. A survey in 1836 estimated that 80% of Islanders were consuming contraband spirits, tobacco and tea.

Small boats would sail to France and Holland and land smuggled goods in the wooded chines and remote bays of the Island. Goods would be hidden in caves and graves as well as being suspended on rope lines in the sea.

Smuggling could be highly profitable – John Brown, and his son of the same name, were fined £100 each for smuggling in 1867. This was a significant sum but was paid immediately to avoid a jail term. Although often romanticised smuggling could be a brutal affair – suspected informers could expect rough treatment, customers officers were commonly attacked and corruption enabled smugglers to evade harsh penalties.

Reference is also made in the song to a “Jerquer” – this was a customs official whose job it was to search ships. The name derives from the French ‘chercher’ meaning to look for.

This song features a number of known Island smugglers :

John Wheeler (of Shanklin), part of the Wheeler family, who was prosecuted for smuggling brandy in 1868

James Spanner (of Chale) who was a dairyman and market gardener and was prosecuted for possession of smuggled brandy in 1870.

John Brown (of Yarmouth) – father and son of the same name who were prosecuted for smuggling 38 - 3 gallon tubs of brandy in December 1867 from France into Colwell Bay aboard Brown’s boat “Annie.” Both were fined £100 which was paid immediately to avoid jail – this was a significant sum and gives you an idea of how profitable a business it could be.

Bastiani family – old Joe and one of his sons, Fred, were notorious smugglers in the 19th century.

Isle of Wight Fishing Song

Isle of Wight Fishing Song

Crispin Keith arr Anwyl Williams

$\text{♩} = 80$

Well it's out of Bra - ding Ha - ven and o - ver to Sel - sey Bill We've got
lines out for the mack - erel the nets for the cod and brill We'll catch
bream and bass and ble - nny We'll catch ha - ddock, hali - but and hake We'll
hoist the main and we'll hoist the je - nny, Our fin - gers will bleed and our backs will ache.
Chorus
We' - ll have us the catch that we e - ver could wish And we'll have us a laugh and a lark.

Well it's out of Brading Haven
And over to Selsey Bill
We've got lines out for the mackerel
And nets for the cod and the brill
We'll catch bream and bass and blenny
We'll catch haddock, halibut and hake
We'll hoist the main and we'll hoist the jenny
Our fingers will bleed and our backs will ache.

Chorus:

*We'll have us the catch that we ever could wish
And we'll have us a laugh and a lark.*

Well it's out from the rocks of Wheeler's Bay
And round to Dunnose Head
We're fishing for bream and squid and ray
As we trawl the rocky sea bed
We've got lobster pots and crab bait
And ice for to pack them down
There'll be herring fish and big fat skate
For to sell in Portsmouth town. *Ch.*

And it's out of Yarmouth Harbour
To anchor o'er an olden wreck
And reel in the nice fat conger eels
Watch them wriggling on the deck
Or maybe we'll hook us a girt dogfish
Or maybe a spotted cat shark
We'll have us the catch that we ever could wish
And we'll have us a laugh and a lark. *Ch.*

Now the seas only harvest is plastic trash
The waves are dismal and drab
It's goodbye to the gurnard and the ballan wrasse
It's hello to the Alaskan crab
There's no boats now down on the slipway
The depths have all been fished out
It's good bye to the sole and the ungulate ray
It's hello to the pond farmed trout. *Ch.*

Notes

For those that want to know about the fish that live around the Isle of Wight this is the song for them.

Man of War

Man of War

Traditional arr Dave & Anwyl Williams

$\text{♩} = 120$

'Twas down in yon - der mea - dows I care - less - ly did stray Where
I be - held a la - dy fair with some sai - lor gay; Says
he, My love - ly Su - san, I soon must leave the shore To
cross the bri - ny o - cean in a Bri - tish man of war.
Chorus
Man of war, oh man of war, man of war, oh man of war

'Twas down in yonder meadows I carelessly did stray,
Where I beheld a lady fair with some sailor gay;
Says he, 'My lovely Susan, I soon must leave the shore
To cross the briny ocean in a British man of war.

Chorus:

Man of war, oh man of war, man of war, oh man of war.

Then Susan fell to weeping: 'Oh sailor,' she did say,
'How can you be so venturesome, and throw yourself away?
For when that I am twenty-one I shall receive my store ,
-Jolly sailor do not venture in a British man of war. Ch.

'Oh Susan, lovely Susan, the truth to you I'll tell.
The British flag's insulted, and England knows it well;
I may be crowned with laurels, so like a jolly tar
I'll face the walls of China in a British man of war. Ch.

'But Susan, lovely Susan, the time will quickly pass.
So come down to the ferry house and take a parting glass;
My shipmates they are waiting to row me from the shore.
And sail for England's glory in a British man of war.' Ch.

The sailor took his handkerchief and cut it fair in two.
Saying, 'Susan keep one half for me, I'll do the same for you;
The bullets may surround me, and the cannons loudly roar.
But I'll fight for fame and Susan in a British man of war. Ch.

A few more words together, her love let go her hand.
His shipmates launched their boat and rowed so merrily from land;
The sailor waved his handkerchief when far away from shore.
Pretty Susan blessed her sailor in a British man of war. Ch

Notes

Men of War pass by the island today. Some rest close to the island, like the Mary Rose until it was raised recently. Susan is sadly saying farewell to her jolly tar.

The song is found as Anonymous in 'Songs of the Isle of Wight' quoted by Noyes and in 'Songs of the Peasantry', as taken from the lips of singers, by Long. It is found elsewhere and has various tunes but fits well into an island collection.

Mary Rose

The Mary Rose

Rick Keeling arr Anwyl & Dave Williams

The musical score is written for guitar in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 120. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: D, A7, D, A7, D, G, D, A7, D, G, Bm, D, G, A, G, Bm, D, A7, D.

In fif - teen hun - dred and for - ty five, se - ven hun - dred ga - llent men Put to
sea in the Ma - ry Rose and they ne - ver came back a - gain.
Chorus She sailed a - way and she ne - ver ca - me back, I'll not for - get that day. The
So _____ lent knows where the Ma - ry - Rose Lies bu - ried in the mud and the clay.

In fifteen hundred and forty five, seven hundred gallant men
Put to sea in the Mary Rose and they never came back again.

Chorus:

She sailed away and she never came back

I'll not forget that day

The Solent knows where the Mary Rose

Lies buried in the mud and the clay.

They pressed my love to serve the king, to Portsmouth docks they made him go
On a summer's day all in July, to fight the French with an English Rose. Ch.

Then Roger Grenville and his men turned their heads from a fond farewell
And set the sail on a friendly wind and were gone on the tide they knew so well. Ch.

So proud upon the sea she rode, a queen in all her finery
She turned around, but all too soon was lost just one mile from the quay. Ch.

I come and stand on the edge of the sand and curse that awful day
And turn my head from that gentle breeze that took my own true love away. Ch.

Final chorus:

She sailed away and she never came back

I'll not forget that day

Doesn't anyone know where the Mary Rose

Lies buried in the mud and the clay. (Repeat last 2 lines)

Notes

Her true love is press ganged into sailing on the Mary Rose. The ship sets sail to fight the French in the Battle of the Solent. The ship sinks a mile out in Solent with only 35 out of the 400 surviving. Her true love is lost. She stands on the edge of the sand and curses the day in 1545 that the Mary Rose sank. She wonders where the Mary Rose and her true love are in the mud and clay.

There were many salvage attempts, one only a few days after the sinking. Rigging and guns were raised also in 1547 and 1549. The Mary Rose was rediscovered in 1836 by some fisherman. Bombs were used to break it open but it seems they were not successful. The wreck of the Mary Rose was relocated in 1971 and raised in 1982.

Rick Keeling was a singer songwriter well known around the Southampton area in the early 70's, most notably as a resident of The Cutty Wren Folk Club, in Hythe. Later Rick moved to East Anglia where he became equally well known. He passed on some time ago. His wife passed on in 2020. We only had the words and composed a suitable tune for the song. (RK adapted D&A.) Rick also wrote the "Lymington Round and Round" song.

Medina River Shanty - Version 1

Medina River Shanty 1

Crispin Keith

♩. = 80

We tie up safe at the Por - ter Store Hey ho in har - bour oh At
Mew and Lang - ton's brew - ery door Hey ho in New - port oh We're
hau - ling those cans of I P A Hey ho for In - di - a oh They're
set to tra - vel a long long way In a barge on the Me - di - na.
Chorus
The tide will take us on our way Then it's up with our sails on a bree - zy day It's
hard but ha - ppy come what may In a barge on the Me - di - na.

We tie up safe at the Porter Store *Hey ho in harbour oh*
At Mew and Langton's brewery door *Hey ho in Newport oh*
We're hauling those cans of IPA *Hey ho for India oh*
They're set to travel a long long way
In a barge on the Medina.

Chorus

*The tide will take us on our way
Then it's up with our sails on a breezy day
It's hard but happy come what may---
In a barge on the Medina.*

Our cargo's stowed, the hatches are down *Hey ho off we go*
Our lines are tarred, our sails are brown *Hey ho downstream we go*
The railway slides its bridge right back *Hey ho ale and sail*
An engine's the only thing we lack
In a barge on the Medina. *Ch.*

We drift downstream till the tide it floods *Hey ho steady we go*
Then we kedge our barge in the oozing mud *Hey ho the mud below*
A pint in the Folly would do us just fine *Hey ho folly and woe*
We cherish the beer and we're partial to wine
In a barge on the Medina. *Ch.*

The cranes of Cowes are now in sight *Hey ho there's salt in the air*
And soon we'll leave the Isle of Wight *Hey ho the wind's set fair*
And across the Solent to Pompey we'll sail *Hey ho as fast as we dare*
With our cargo of screw top India Ale
In a barge from the Medina. *Ch.*

Version 2

We tie up safe at the Porter Store *Hey ho steady we go*
At Mew and Langton's brewery door *Hey ho steady we go*
We're hauling those cans of IPA *Hey ho steady we go*
They're set to travel a long long way
In a barge on the Medina.

Chorus:

The tide will take us on our way
Then it's up with our sails on a breezy day
It's hard but happy come what may---
In a barge on the Medina.

Our cargo's stowed, the hatches are down *Hey ho steady we go*
Our lines are tarred, our sails are brown *Hey ho steady we go*
The railway slides its bridge right back *Hey ho steady we go*
An engine's the only thing we lack
In a barge on the Medina. *Ch.*

We drift downstream till the tide it floods *Hey ho steady we go*
Then we kedge our barge in the oozing mud *Hey ho steady we go*
A pint in the Folly would do us just fine *Hey ho steady we go*
We cherish the beer and we're partial to wine
In a barge on the Medina. *Ch.*

The cranes of Cowes are now in sight *Hey ho steady we go*
And soon we'll leave the Isle of Wight *Hey ho steady we go*
And across the Solent to Pompey we'll sail *Hey ho steady we go*
With our cargo of screw top India Ale
In a barge from the Medina. *Ch.*

Notes

Mew and Langton's brewery in Newport invented India Pale Ale [IPA], which they took in screw-top cans by barge down the Medina River to Portsmouth. Then it was shipped to India.

"Towards the end of the nineteenth century, the local brewery Mew-Langtons developed a revolutionary way of storing beer - they developed screw-top cans instead of the more traditional bottles. The Mew-Langton brewery located in Newport, was in an ideal position to serve the military being close to Portsmouth. To enable beer to stay fresh it needed to be stored under pressure with a layer of carbon dioxide. Glass bottles were often too fragile. Beer destined for India in particular would often arrive flat. So the newly developed India Pale Ale in cans was sent instead. At one time this was an export beer but has since had periods of popularity - IPA was a popular beer in the 1970's but became less fashionable when 'real ale' made 'gassy beers' less desirable!"
Island Nostalgia site.

Men of Wight

Men of Wight

Percy Stone arr Dave & Anwyl Williams

$\text{♩} = 120$

Bright gleam the wa - ters en - circ - ling our home, Spark - ling with sun - shine, cres - ted with foam.

Proud rise our cliffs in their tow - er - ing height, clothed like a maid in their man - tle of white.

True is our boast, as our ann - als can show, Ne - ver has Wight man been wor - sted by foe.

Chorus

Men of Wi - ght, march in your mi - ght Men of Wi - ght, march in your mi - ght

Hearts will beat high _____ when you strike for the right.

Bright gleam the waters encircling our home,
Sparkling with sunshine, crested with foam.
Proud rise our cliffs in their towering height,
Clothed like a maid in their mantle of white.
True is our boast, as our annals can show,
Never has Wight man been worsted by foe.

Chorus:

*Men of Wight, march in your might,
Men of Wight, march in your might,
Hearts will beat high when you strike for the right.*

Snug lie our homesteads, unfearful of foes,
Embowered in myrtle and fuchsia and rose.
Sweet are our maidens and sturdy our sons,
Fresh as the mead where the rivulet runs,
Isle of our fathers, fertile and free,
Unwinnable Isle of the narrowing sea. Ch.

Should foes ever threaten us, call ye to mind
When the flag of the enemy was flung to the wind,
How the Island men answered with weapon and shield
And sternly refused at the battle to yield,
But died in their harness - as Englishmen should -
With face to the foe by that fatal dark wood. Ch.

March in good order, men of the Wight,
Sons of the fathers who kept honour bright,
Shoulder to shoulder, brother and son,
Yeoman and craftsman, every one,
Raising the strain of the Islanders song
Lustily as you go marching along. Ch.

Notes:

The Men of Wight (March of the Wight Men)

The island was often raided from the sea by the French. This song demonstrates the strength and determination of the Men of Wight to send the enemy back into the sea.

The Mermaid

The Mermaid

Traditional

♩ = 120 C

'Twas a Fri - day morn - ing when we _ se - t sail And our ship not far from the land. When _

there we spied a fair _ pre - tty maid, With a comb and a gla - ss in her hand.

Chorus

Oh the ra - ging sea - s di - d roar And the stor - my wind di - d blow An - d

we poor sai - lers were a - ll up a loft And the land - lu - bbers ly - ing down be - low.

'Twas Friday morning when we set sail
And our ship not far from land
When there we spied a fair pretty mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand

Chorus:

Oh, the raging seas did roar
And the stormy winds did blow
While we poor sailor were all up aloft
And the land lubbers lying down below
And the land lubbers lying down below.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
And a mariner good was he
"I have married a wife in fair Gosport town,
And this night a widow she will be!" Ch.

Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant
And a brave little boy was he
"I've a father and a mother in old Portsmouth town
And this night they will both weep for me." Ch.

Then up spoke a seaman of our gallant ship,
And a well spoken man was he
"For the want of a long boat we shall all be drowned,
And shall sink to the bottom of the sea." Ch.

The three times round went our gallant ship
And down like stone sank she,
The moon shone bright and the stars gave their light
But they were all at the bottom of the sea. (except me) Ch.

Notes:

An Island version that has a slightly different feel to ones found in Community and School Song Books.

My Billy Boy Shanty

My Billy Boy Shanty

Traditional

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 4/4 time, with a tempo of 110 beats per minute. It features three systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'Where have you been all the day my Bi - lly boy Where have you been all the day pre - tty' are written below the staff. The second system continues the melody with the lyrics 'Bi - lly tell me? I have been all the day, cour - ting a la - dy gay She's a'. The third system concludes the piece with the lyrics 'young thing just co - me from her ma - mmy.' and ends with a double bar line. Chord markings 'C' and 'G7' are placed above the staff at various points.

Where have you been all the day, My Billy boy?
Where have you been all the day, Pretty Billy, tell me?
I have been all the day Courting a lady gay
She's a young thing just come from her mammy O.

Is she fit to be thy love, My Billy boy?
Is she fit to be thy love, Pretty Billy, tell me?
She's as fit to be my love As my hand is for my glove
She's a young thing just come from her mammy.

Can she make chockdog cheese, My Billy boy?
Can she make chockdog cheese, Pretty Billy, tell me?
She can make chockdog cheese As hard as any you please
She's a young thing just come from her mammy.

Can she bake a Brighstone doughnut, My Billy Boy?
Can she bake a Brighstone doughnut, Pretty Billy, tell me?
She can bake a Brighstone doughnut And fill your old cider cup
She's a young thing just come from her mammy.

How old may she be, My Billy boy?
How old may she be, Pretty Billy, tell me?
Twice six, twice seven, Twice twenty and eleven
She's a young thing just come from her mammy.

Can she row a boat ashore, My Billy boy?
Can she row a boat ashore, Pretty Billy, tell me?
Can she row a boat ashore And close her own back door,
She's a young thing just come from her mammy.

Did she bid you to come in, My Billy boy?
Did she bid you to come in, Pretty Billy, tell me?
Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a dimple in her chin
She's a young thing just come from her mammy.

Other verses:

Can she make that Island brew.. And tasty Shrove cakes too
Can she make a Vectis pie..Till it makes the preachers cry

Notes:

There are many local versions of this song. Again not to be confused with the standard Community and School song book version. Local verses were popular. Chockdog cheese was made on the island. It was a very hard cheese. The original doughnut came from the island. There was still a maker in Newport until recently. It is a windlass shanty.

Nancy Lee

Nancy Lee

Fred Weatherly & Stephen Adams 1876

♩. = 90

Of all the wi-ves as e'er you know O O Yeo Ho! Yeo
 ho! yeo ho! There's none like Na-n-cy Lee I trow O
 O Yeo ho! yeo ho! See, there she stands an' waves her hands up -
 on the quay An' ev'-ry day when I'm a-way she'll watch for me An'
 whis - - per low when tem - - pests blow, for
 Jack at sea Yeo Ho! lads ho! yeo ho!

Chorus

The sai-lor's wife the sai-lor's star shall be Yeo ho!
 We go a - cross the sea The sai-lor's wife the sai-lor's star shall be The
 sai-lor's wife his star shall be

Of all the wives as ever you know,
O O Yeo ho! (lads ho!) yeo ho! (lads ho!)
There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
O O Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho!
See, there she stands an' waves her hands upon the quay,
And every day when I'm away she'll watch for me,
And whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea,
Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho!

Chorus:

*The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
Yeo ho! we go across the sea;
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
The sailor's wife his star shall be.*

The harbour's past, the breezes blow,
O O Yeo ho! (lads ho!) yeo ho! (lads ho!)
'Tis long ere we come back I know,
O O Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho!
But true and bright from morn till night my home will be,
And all so neat, an' snug an' sweet, for Jack at sea.
And Nancy's face to bless the place an' welcome me,
Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho! Ch.

The bo's'n pipes the watch below,
O O Yeo ho! (lads ho!) yeo ho! (lads ho!)
Then here's a health afore we go,
O O Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho!
A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at sea,
And keep our bones from Davy Jones wherever we be,
And may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee,
Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho! Ch.

Notes:

Someone used to sing all these type of songs in the island pubs, very uplifting. I think he was a former sailor. By Michael Maybrick and Frederick Weatherly 1870.

Old Miser

Old Miser

Traditional

♩ = 120
C

Tis of an old mi-ser in Por- tsmouth did dwell. He had but one- daugh- ter whom a
sail- lor loved well. And when the ol- d mi- ser was out of the way She was
al- - ways with her sai- - lor by night and by ____
day. She was al- - ways with her sail- lor by night and by ____ day

Tis of an old miser in Portsmouth did dwell
He had but one daughter whom a sailor loved well.
And when the old miser was out of the way
She was always with her sailor by night and by day.
She was always with her sailor by night and by day.

Soon as the old miser heard of the news
Straightway to the captain he immediately goes,
Crying, "Captain, bold captain, I have good news to tell,
I have got a young sailor a bargain to sell." x2

"So what you give me?" this old man did say
I'll give you ten guineas and take him away.
I'll send him a sailing right over the main
He shall never come to England to plague you again" x2

Now when this young damsel she heard of the news
Away to the captain she hastily goes,
Saying, "Captain, bold captain, I have bad news to tell,
You have got my young sailor for a transport to sell." x2

She out of her pocket pulled handfuls of gold
And down on the deck the guineas they rolled,
Saying, "Captain, bold captain, all this I'll give you,
For my jolly young sailor, my right and my due." x2

"Oh no," said the Captain, "that never can be,
For only last night he was sold unto me.
I will send him a sailing right over the main;
He will never come to England to court you again." x2

"Bad luck to my father wherever he be
I feel in my own heart he has ruined me.
I'll away to my couch and then lay myself down,
And day and night long for my sailor I'll mourn." x2

Notes:

A miser had one daughter who secretly courts a sailor. The miser hears of this and sells the sailor to a captain. The damsel tries to buy the sailor back but the captain says no. She mourns her loss. A Portsmouth Song.

Polly Oliver and the Sea Captain

Polly Oliver and the Sea Captain

Traditional

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 3/4 time, with a tempo of 115 beats per minute. The key signature is C major. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. Chords are indicated by letters (C, F, G, G7, D7) above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score ends with a double bar line.

♩ = 115

C G7 C

It was on the Isle of Wi__ ght where a dam__ sel did dwell. She was

F G C D7 G

cour - ted by a sea cap - tain and we knew it quite well. One

F G C F

night as Po - lly Ol - i - ver lay__ mu - sing in her bed She

C G C

had some strange thou__ ghts come in__ to her head__

It was on the Isle of Wight where a damsel did dwell
She was courted by a sea captain and we knew it quite well
One night as Polly Oliver lay musing in her bed
She had some strange thoughts come into her head.

Neither father nor mother shall make me false prove
I'll enlist for a sailor and follow my true love
With waistcoat and breeches and a sword by her side
And her father's black gelding away Polly Oliver did ride.

She rode and she rode until she reached the seaport town
And there she put up at the sign of the Crown T
The first man she saw was a man from abroad
The next man she saw was her own true love.

She says, "Sea captain here's a letter for you
It came from Polly Oliver, she's at home and loves you true
And in this here letter there's a guinea and one crown
For you and your comrades to drink her health round".

"Her health shall not be drunk by one or by two
But her health shall be drunk by all the ship's crew
And when I've a punch bowl all into my hand
Here' a health to Polly Oliver who's on the dry land".

Now Polly being weary she hung down her head
And asked for a candle to light her to bed
Up spoke the sea captain, I've a bed at my ease
And you may lie by me country man as you please.

For to lie by a sea captain is a dangerous thing
I'm a new listed sailor going to fight for the king
On the next morning pretty Polly arose
And dressed herself up in her own female clothes.

Then up spoke the sea captain "I did not use you right
But I hopes to use you better love upon the next night"
Now Polly is married, she lives at her ease
She goes out when she likes and comes back when she please.

Notes:

Polly Oliver is originally a 17th song well known for the lines about "musing in bed" and that "she had some strange or comical thoughts".

This version is adapted from the Ella Mary Leather collection. The performer was Mrs Goodwin of Weobley, Herefordshire 1909. We found it 50 years ago. There is also a version in the section "Songs sung by the Peasantry" Long 1886, Dictionary of Isle of Wight Dialect

The story in all of the versions of Polly Oliver is much the same. She falls in love with someone and decides to chase after him. She dresses up in disguise, pretends she is a man and then follows him. This is a common theme found in a number of songs. It seems it gave much excitement to ladies of this time and was considered saucy.

Rat of Wight (Gilbert Lee)

Rat of Wight

Percy Stone arr Dave & Anwyl Williams

$\text{♩} = 130$

Twas ____ off Pen - zance in mid Ju - - ly The
 Spa - nish fleet we did des - cry, Up Cha - nnel east - ward stand - ing; Then
 up and spake our ski - pper bold, Small ma - tter what we've
 got in hold; George Car - ey must the news be told to guard him 'gainst their land - ing.
 Chorus Em D Em D
 A health! A health to the Gil - bert Lee, A wor - thy son of Wight is he, Who
 steered the Rat to New - port quay, and brought us time - ly war - ning.

Twas off Penzance in mid July
 The Spanish fleet we did descry,
 Up Channel eastward standing;
 Then up and spake our skipper bold,
 Small matter what we've got in hold;
 George Carey must the news be told
 To guard him 'gainst their landing.

Chorus:

*A health! A health to Gilbert Lee,
 A worthy son of Wight is he,
 Who steered the Rat to Newport quay,
 And brought us timely warning.*

Slack off the sheets, the tiller bind,
 We'll run, my lads, before the wind
 And give him timely warning.
 The Rat of Wight well found is she,
 And I'm her Captain Gilbert Lee,
 And we must be at Newport quay
 Before tomorrow's dawning. *Ch.*

So east before the wind we went,
With every stitch of canvas bent
And every rope a-straining.
By Looe and Plymouth Hoe we sped,
Past Portland's Bill - the shipmen's dread -
Until we opened Alban's head
As daylight was a-waning. *Ch.*

The beacons fare from hill to hill,
Red harbingers of coming ill,
The southern coast alarming.
To work, to work, on fosse and wall,
Apprentice stout and yeoman tall,
And show the world, whate'er befall,
The Wight is up and arming. *Ch.*

Work, Wight men, work, come foul come fair,
The hum of war is in the air;
The Spanish hive is swarming.
Go tell the lads in feu and fee
The message brought by Gilbert Lee,
The Great Armada's put to sea
And ye must all be arming. *Ch.*

Notes

Tells the story of Captain Gilbert Lee who steered the Rat of Wight into Newport Quay to warn of the Spanish Armada approaching. They had spotted them off Penzance and had raced back up the channel. Adapted by Anwyl and Dave from the ballad "Gilbert Lee" by Percy G Stone.

Sailor Boy

Sailor Boy

Alfred Tennyson arr Dave Williams

$\text{♩} = 80$

G Em C G C D

He rose at dawn and fired with hope Shot o'er the see - thing har - bour bar

G Em C G Am

And reached the ship and caught the rope. And whi - stled to the mor - ning

D G C

star. And while he whi - stled long and loud. He heard a

G Em

fierce mer - mai - den cry. O boy, though you are

G Am D

young and proud. I see the place where you will lie

Chorus

G Em

He is the sai - lor boy who sails the sev - en seas

C D G

He is the sai - lor boy who sails the bound - ing main. He

Em

is the sai - lor boy who must now leave. He

C D G

is the sai - lor boy who can - not e're re - main

He rose at dawn and fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reached the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
'O boy, though you are young and proud,
I see the place where you will lie.

Chorus:

*He is the sailor boy who sails the seven seas
He is the sailor boy who sails the bounding main
He is the sailor boy who must now leave
He is the sailor boy who cannot e'er remain*

'The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on your ribs the limpet sticks,
And in your heart the scrawl shall play.'

'Fool,' he answered, 'death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will never more endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

Chorus

'My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, "Stay for shame;"
My father raves of death and wreck,-
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

'God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.'

Chorus

Notes:

Tennyson moved to Farringford House on the Isle of Wight in 1853. He wrote the Sailor Boy in 1861 the same year Prince Albert died. He would walk the downs around the house and often the poems would reflect the beat of his feet. The music reflects this rhythm and includes a traditional tune.

Sailor's Return

The Sailor's Return

Traditional

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 4/4 time, with a tempo of 110 beats per minute. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some slurs indicating phrasing. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: F, C, Bb, and Dm. The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

$\text{♩} = 110$ F C F

Twas on a win - try ev - en - ing the wea - ther it was wet, Up -

Bb F

- on the slope of Ports - mouth Hill a dam - sel there I met; I

Dm C

ov - er heard her wai - ling and sor - row - ing com - plain — All

Dm C Dm

for her ab - sent sai — lor who ploughed the rag - ing main. —

'Twas on a wintry evening, the weather it was wet,
Upon the slope of Portsdown Hill a damsel there I met;
I overheard her wailing and sorrowing complain,
All for her absent sailor who ploughed the raging main.

I stepped up to the damsel, and put her in surprise,
I saw she did not know me - I being in disguise,
Said I, "My charming creature, my joy and heart's delight,
Wherever are you travelling this dark and stormy night?"

"The road, kind sir, to Portsmouth, if you will kindly show
Unto a maid distracted, for there I want to go,
I am searching for a young man and Johnny is his name,
And in the fleet at Portsmouth I am told he does remain.

If he was here this night, he would shield me from all harm,
But he is on the ocean in his naval uniform
And with brave Admiral Hawke he will all his foes destroy,
Like the roving kings of, who fought in the wars of Troy."

"It is six weeks or better since your true love left the shore,
He's cruising on the ocean where the raging billows roar,
He went to sail the ocean for honour and for gain,
But I hear that he was shipwrecked upon the coast of Spain."

When she heard this dreadful news she fell into despair,
She fell to wringing of her hands and tearing of her hair.
"Since he is gone and left me, no man on earth I'll take
But in some lonely valley I will wander for his sake."

My heart was full, her anguish no longer could I see,
I clasped her in my arms and said, "Look Jenny, look at me!
I am your faithful Johnny, I am neither drowned nor slain!
And now we've met so happily, we'll never part again."

Notes:

Another story about a sailor in disguise. She thinks he has died. Variant of a dance tune. A Portsmouth song.

Smuggler's Life

Smugglers life (IW)

adapted from the song "Smuggler" by The McCalmans, re-located to the Island by Mike Butler

♩ = 120

Capo 5 and play the cords in brackets

The musical score is written for guitar in 4/4 time with a tempo of 120 beats per minute. It features a capo at the 5th fret and specific chords in brackets. The score is divided into a main verse and a chorus. The verse consists of four lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. The chorus follows, also consisting of four lines of music and lyrics. The notation includes treble clefs, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and various musical symbols such as rests, eighth notes, and quarter notes. Chords are indicated by letters in brackets above the staff lines.

Verse:

The boat rides South of Cath - ryn's Point in the wan - ing of the light. There's
 thir - teen men in Steep - hill Cove to make our bur - den bright. And there's
 thir - ty horse in Bon - church too with hal - ters on their heads. All
 set this night up - on yon heights if will and wa - ter speed

Chorus:

Oh the Smugglers drink of the French - man's wine, And the
 darkest night is the smugg - lers time. A -
 -way we ran from the ex - cise man It's a smugg - ler's life for
 me, it's a smugg - ler's life for me

The boat rides South of Cathryn's Point in the waning of the light
 There's thirteen men in Steephill Cove to make our burden bright
 And there's thirty horse in Bonchurch too with halters on their head
 All set this night upon the heights if will and water speed

Chorus:

*Oh the Smugglers drink of the Frenchman's wine
 And the darkest night is the smugglers time
 Away we ran from the excise man
 It's a smuggler's life for me, it's a smuggler's life for me*

O lass you have a cosy bed and cattle you have ten
Can you not live a lawful life and live with lawful men
But what's the use of homely goods while there's foreign gales to ply
Must I drink at the waterside and France so full of wine. *Ch*

O well I like to see you Kate with the baby on your knee
But my heart is now with the gallant crew that plough through the angry sea
A bitter gale and the tightest sail and the shelters they are few
It's a wayward life, it's a smuggler's life, it's the joy of the smuggler's soul. *Ch*

And when at last the dawn comes up and the cargo's safely stored
Like sin-less saints to church we'll go, God's mercy to afford
And there's champagne fine for communion wine and the parson drinks it too
With a sly wink prays 'forgive these men for they know not what they do'. *Ch x 2*

Notes:

This has been adapted from a song by the Scottish group The McCalmans where Mike Butler has given it an Isle of Wight twist.

Throw out the Lifeline

Throw out the Lifeline

Edwin S Ufford 1888

$\text{♩} = 50$

Throw out the lie - line a - cross the dark wave There is a bro - ther some -
 one should save. Some - bod - y's bro - ther, Oh who then will dare To
 throw out the life - line his pe - ril to share.
 Chorus
 Throw out the life - line, throw out the life - line Some - one is drif - ting a -
 way a - way Throw out the life - line, throw out the life - line
 Some - one is sin - king to - day

Throw out the life line across the dark wave;
 There is a brother whom someone should save;
 Somebody's brother! O who then will dare
 To throw out the life line, his peril to share?

Chorus:

Throw out the lifeline! Throw out the lifeline!
 Someone is drifting away, away;
 Throw out the lifeline! Throw out the lifeline!
 Someone is sinking today.

Throw out the life line with hand quick and strong:
 Why do you tarry, why linger so long?
 See! he is sinking; oh, hasten today
 And out with the life boat! away, then away! Ch

Throw out the life line to danger fraught men
 Sinking in Whitbread's, where you've never been;
 Winds of temptation and billows of woe
 Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow. Ch

Soon will the season of rescue be o'er
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore;
Haste, then, my brother, no time for delay
But throw out the life line and save them today. Ch

Notes:

An old favourite sung on the island. Rob Carr always used to do it in a musical-hall style with the throwing of beer mats (the pubs used to keep special supplies for us).

"Throw Out the Lifeline" is a great old hymn composed by Reverend Edward Smith Ufford, a Baptist minister who served in Maine and Massachusetts. In 1888 Reverend Ufford was visiting Point Allerton, near Boston. While there, he visited a lifesaving station on the coast and watched men practicing rescue procedures that they would use in the event of shipwreck. One of the drills they practiced involved throwing a lifeline to those struggling in the water. As he watched, it occurred to him how saving those in danger had parallels in the Christian's life. He went home and wrote the lyrics and melody to this hymn.

C. Stebbins harmonized it. It was published in 1890 and again in 1891 in Sankey's hymnals.

Tom Bowling

Tom Bowling

Charles Dibdin

$\text{♩} = 110$

Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom _ Bow _ ling The dar - ling of our crew _ _ _ No
more he'll hear the tem - pest _ _ _ how _ _ _ ling For death has broached him to.
His form was of the man - li - est beau _ ty his heart was ki - nd a - nd soft _ _ _ Faith -
ful be - low he did his _ _ _ du _ ty And now he's gone a - lo _ _ _ oft _ _ _
_ _ _ And no - w he - 's gone a - lo _ _ _ oft.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to:
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft.
Faithful below, Tom did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft, And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed
His virtues were so rare:
His friends were many and true hearted
His Poll was kind and fair;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly
Ah! Many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy
For Tom is gone aloft For Tom is gone aloft

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands:
Thus death, who Kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft, His soul has gone aloft.

Notes:

Tom Bowling was written by Dibden about the loss of his sailor brother Tom at sea. Dibden was brought up in Southampton. Dibden himself only went to sea once from London to Plymouth although he wrote dozens of sea songs for the navy.

Ventnor Crabbing Shanty (Song)

Ventnor Crabbing Song

Crispin Keith

♩. = 90

Chorus A

A cra - bing we will go With the sea - weed dark be - low All a -

- long by Whee - ler's Bay On a calm and sun - ny day

Verse

We know all the best crab baits Our lines are threa - ded with weights Our

boats are strong with en - gines loud In Vent - nor town we're proud

Chorus:

*A crabbing we will go
With the seaweed dark below
All along by Wheeler's Bay
On a calm and a sunny day*

We know all the best crab baits
Our lines are threaded with weights
Our boats are strong with engines loud
In Ventnor town we're proud. *Ch*

We know where the lobsters lurk
Dark in the deep sea murk
We lure them into our cunning pots
And sell them to blokes with yachts. *Ch*

We'll venture down Steephill Cove
When we've a mind to rove
And even to Bonchurch Bay
Until the sky goes grey. *Ch*

And when the storms roll in
A fisherman just can't win
We'll sit in a bar down by the bay
And watch the wind and the spray. *Ch*

Notes:

There are many other crabbing spots such as Bembridge Ledge in Whitecliff Bay, Bembridge beach, Freshwater Bay sandy beach, Ventnor Bay beach, Yarmouth pier and off the seawall at Cowes. The Island is well known for its seafood. Try the edible crab or brown crab.

Wreck of the Irex

The Wreck of the Irex

Dave & Anwyl Williams

$\text{♩} = 150$

The three mast - ed ship the I - rex, drove a - ground south east of the Nee - dles We poor
sea - men wet and strug - ling, are think - ing we are lost sai - lers.
Chorus
The waves go high and the waves go low The ship the I - rex runs in - to the rocks
The wind blows here, the wind blows there The
strick - en I - rex will ne - ver ma - ke the docks

The three-masted ship the Irex, drove aground south east of the Needles,
We poor seamen wet and struggling, are thinking we are dead people.

Chorus:

*The waves go high the waves go low
The ship the Irex runs into the rocks,
The wind blows here, the wind blows there
The stricken Irex will never make the docks.*

Weeping and wailing, then came rescue, from the cliffs above the leeward shore,
The bold coastguards with their rockets, fired a line both straight and sure. *Ch.*

Haul boys, haul, pull us to safety, bring us safe onto the land,
With bosun's chairs, and strength and muscle, even God gave us a hand. *Ch.*

First Seamen Nicolls , then the crew, our cook, and at last me
Safe and sound rescued, most from the dangers of the sea. *Ch.*

Cry all clear, pull our the line, but wait there's one still by the mast,
Just a little, weeping ships cabin boy, too frightened to move and left till last. *Ch.*

The cook jumped up, no hesitating on the chair, boys take the strain,
Defied the breakers in the wreckage brought the poor boy back to live again. *Ch.*

The cook was a big black sailor who saved that boy's life
But no one could give him thanks as he had vanished in the night. *Ch.*

Notes

Developed from the Mottistone account of “The End of the Irex” over 40 years ago.

The Wreck of the Sirenia 1888

Wreck of the Sirenia

Crispin Keith arr Anwyl Williams

$\text{♩} = 130$

D **G** **D**

The Yan - kee ship that braved Cape Horn She lies on the Ath - er - field rocks

G **D**

In the pound - ing seas she now is torn Far from the Dun - kirk Docks

G **D**

The fog is dense, the sea is white And crash - es up the chines

G **D**

The light it fades, soon will come night The wind it whis - tles and whines

Chorus

G **D**

A few more ro - ling suns at most Will land us on fair Ca - naan's coast

G **A** **D**

Then we shall sing the song of grace And see our Sav - iour face to face.

The Yankee ship that braved Cape Horn
 She lies on the Atherfield rocks
 In the pounding seas she now is torn
 Far from the Dunkirk Docks
 The fog is dense, the sea is white
 And crashes up the chines
 The light it fades, soon will come night
 The wind it whistles and whines.

Chorus:

*A few more rolling suns at most,
 Will land us on fair Canaan's coast
 Then we shall sing the song of grace,
 And see our Saviour face to face.*

Then Moses Munt and ten brave souls
 They launch in the Worcester Cadet
 And at the stone church the wreck bell tolls
 Wives pray, with faces set
 Through icy waves and dimming light
 Women, children are brought ashore



Sirenia Atherfield Ledge 1888
 Courtesy of Brighstone Village Musuem

At lowest tide in the dead of night
They set to sea once more. Ch.

They rescued crew from Sirenia's deck
But a wave caught them on the stern
The lifeboat capsized onto the wreck
The waves did boil and churn
And Moses Munt, Tom Cotton and more
Into the deep were thrown
The rest they made it to the shore
Where the widows cry and groan. Ch.

Five bodies were washed up by the tide
Tom Cotton down at Blackgang Chine
And long after all the tears have dried
And the air is clear of brine
You can see their stones in the green churchyard
Midst flowers and dappled shade
Moss covered and by time deep scarred
But our memories must never fade. Ch.

Notes:

This ship was wrecked off Atherfield Point in 1888. The words of the chorus are taken from the tombstone of Moses Munt, coxswain of the Brighstone lifeboat. These words are thought to have originally come from the poem "Hiding Place" by Henry Livingston (1748-1828). The poem has been changed into a hymn with various tunes.

Acknowledgements

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Crispin Keith - composer

John Bentley - composer, musician, singer and dancer

Percy Stone - lyrics for songs and ballads

Alfred Tennyson - poet

Ian Johnson - composer

Rick Keeling - composer musician

Albert Budden - musician

Pete Luscombe - singer Portsmouth Shanty Group

Martyn Williams - shanty singer Chantimor Group

Brighstone Barnacles - singing group

Guilth - singing group

Debbie Dwyke - organiser

Michael Butler - contributor, musician, singer and background Information

Brian Reeves - background Information

Laurie Say - singer and songwriter

Robin Holbrook - singer and songwriter

Do mention the source of the song if singing it. If you wish to record one do contact the author.

Appendix Abc files

Isle of Wight Sea Songs Abc files

We have been working on the Isle of Wight Sea Songs in an abc format so you can hear the tune and you can play along with them. You need to download a free abc player and then copy and paste a tune in. We do have the full Abc sea songs file to load if you wish. Players are available for Windows and Mac.

One of the best programs to download is the free Easyabc. This will play your abc files and also has a very good section for producing your own abc files. To get the chords to play along you need to go to Settings / Abc settings / Abc2midi and tick the play chords box. If you try to open an abc file it may ask what program you want to use. The abc files have to associated with a player.

The Abc program (created in 1980 by Chris Walshaw) is used extensively to produce and play folk tunes. There are thousands of examples already on the net. A warning is that many of the examples have not been checked over so you can get very strange tunes. Full details are found at abcnotation.com.

Producing your own tunes does take some time and you do really need to have some knowledge of written music. It is a worthwhile project and means you can easily send music to other people.

A great deal of time and effort has been put into this collection we hope you like it. Do use Abc to add songs to your own repertoire.

X:1

T: Admiral Hopson

C: John Bentley

Q:1/4=150

M:4/4

K:F

"F"A2 C2C2C2 | "Bb"D2E2"F"F4 | A4c4 | "C"AGGG G4 |

w:Ad-miral Hop-son's gone to sea, Weighhh hey, what a man he was

"F"A2 C2C2C2 | "Bb" D2EE"F"F4 | A4"C"G4 | 1 "F"F6FG :| 2 "F" F6||

w:Come from Bon-church down by the quay, Weigh hey Oh. Well he Oh

P:Chorus

"C"G2|G3GG2G2 | G2G2G4 | "F"A2 F2F2FF | F2FFF2A2 |

w: So weigh the an-chor, up she comes, Hoist that sail to the sound of the drum We'll

AA A2 "C"G2G2 | "Dm"F2F2"C"E4 | "Bb"D2 FF "C"G2 EE | "F"F2F2F4 ||

w:fol-llow Lord Snip where 'ere he goes, Ser-ving the Queen and the En-GLISH rose.

X:2

T:Atherfield Ledge

C:Percy Stone arr Dave & Anwyl Williams

M: 4/4

Q: 1/4=120

K:E Dorian

F2|"Em" E3 F G2 GG | G2 GG "A" A3 A | A3F G2FD |"Em" E8 |
w:Wild sweeps the wrack from the gates of the West, loud roars the rage of the sea
BB2B"D"A2 GF | "Em"GGFE "D" F3F | "Em"G2G2"D"FED2 |"Em" E6E2 |
w: Bit-ter the edge of the A-ther-field _ledge from the which God keeps us free! White
"D"D3D D2 DD | D3D D2D2 | FF2 F A2GF |"Bm" E D3- D3 D |
w: gleam the teeth of the sur-ges high and glis-ten the rocks for their toll__ Black
"Em"E2 F G3 GG | G2 GG "D" A3 A | A2 GF G2 FD | "Em" E6 B2 |
w:race the clouds o'er the face of the sky like fiends in pur-suit of a soul. Go
B2 BB "D"A2 GG | F2 F2 F3 F | F2 FF A2 GF | "Bm"ED3- D3D |
w:all who have kin on the sea this night and pray on your ben-d-ed knee __That
"Em" E3 F G2 GG | G2 G2 "A" A2 AA | A2 GF GF D2|"Em" E6| |
w:while you sleep, the good Lord will keep those who sail on this storm_swept sea.
P:Chorus
B2|B2 BB "D"A2 GG|F2 F2 F3 F | F2 FF A2 GF | "Bm"ED3- D3D|
w:Go all who have kin on the sea this night and pray on your ben-de-d knee__That
"Em"E3 F G2 GG | G2 G2 "A"A2 AA |A2 GF GF D2|"Em"E6|]
w:while you sleep, the good Lord will keep those who sail on this storm_swept sea.

X:3

T: Back of the Wight Smugglers

C: Crispin Keith

M: 6/8

Q: 3/8=75

K:C

G|"C"C2D E2F | E2G, "F"A,2C | C2C "G7"D2D| D3-D2 C |
w:We sail to Cher-bourg through the night To buy the bran-dy tubs_ We
"C"C2C "F"D2F | "C"E2G "F"A2F | "C"E2E "G"D2D | "C"C3-C2 G |
w:keep the coast-guard out of sight We're armed with oars and clubs_ We
"F"A2A "G"BBB | "C"c2GE2G | "F"AAA "G7"G2G | G3-G2G |
w:land our crop in the lone-ly chines And haul it up cliffs with ropes_ We
"C"C2C "F"FFF | "C"E2G"F"A2F/F/ | "C"E2E "G"D2D | "C"C3-C | |
w:stay at home if the moon it shines Too much light will spoil our hopes_
P:Chorus
G/G/| "F"A2A "G"BBB | "C"c2G EGG | "F"A2A "G7"GGG | G3-G2G |
w:When the sky is dark and the hours are small All a-long the Back of the Wight_You'll
"C"C2C "F"F2F | "C"E2G "F"A2 F/F/ | "C"E2E "G"DDD | "C"C3-C2|]
w:hear the smug-glers' cheer-y call "Tubs a-shore, that's all for to-night"

X:4

T: Brading Haven

C: Percy Stone arr Dave & Anwyl Williams

M:3/4

Q:1/4=150

K:G

"G"G,4G2 | G4F2 | "Em"E4D2 | B,4 A,G,/G,/ | G,4 G2 | G4 F2 | "C"E6- | E6 |
w:Wander-ing once by Brad-ing Ha-ven Where the dyke walls cross the marsh_
G4G2 | "Am"A2G2A2 | "Bm"B2A2G2 | "Em"E4 DD | "C"E4E2 | G2F2E2 | "D"D6- | D6 |
w:l-dly wa_tching flight of sea-birds Poi-sing wings and pi_ping harsh_

"G"G,4G2 | G4F2 | "Em"E4D2 | B,4 A,G,/G,/ | "G"G,4 G2 | G4 F2 | "C"E6- | E6 |
w:Chanced I on an an-cient well-head Where the che-quered sun-light fell,_
"G"G4G2 | "Am"A2G2A2 | "Bm"B2A2G2 | "Em"E4DD | "C"E4G2 | "D"A4F2 | "G"G6- |
w:Chanced I on_a vi-llage gran-fer Heard the stor-ey of the well.
G4DD | "C"E4G2 | "D"A4F2 | "G"G6- | G6 |]
w:_ Heard the stor-ey of the well

X:5

T:Cherbourg to Wight

C: Traditional arr Anwyl Williams

M: 4/4

Q: 1/4=110

K: Am

E2|"Am"A2 A>B "G"d3e | d>B A>G "Am" A3B | c2 d2 "G" B>AG>A | "Am" A6E2 |
w:From Bem-bridge -town to Fresh_wa-ter-Bay The smug-glers plied _their _trade. The
A2 A>A "C" G2E2 | "G" D2D2 "Em" E3 G | "Am" A>AA>c "G" A>GE>G | "Am" A6| |
w:back of the Wight was where they say The li-quer and _goods _were _laid.

P: Chorus

A>B|"C" c3c c>BG>A | "G" B2B2B3B | "Am" A3A A>cA>G | "Em" E2 E6 |
w:We'll go down a-mong_ the _ Nee-dle Rocks And put them all _a_shore-O
"Am" A3A A>cA>G | "C" E2D2E3 E | "G" D4D>ED>C | "Am" A,2 A,4|]
w:Back a-gain _to _Cher_bourg And take- in_ some _more O.

X:6

T:Cliffsmen of Freshwater Bay

C: Crispin Keith

Q: 1/4=120

M:4/4

K:G

P:Chorus

"D"z2dd "C"dc2c|"G"BB2dB4|"D"z2A2"C"BAG2|"G"G8|
w:We're the cliffs-men of Fresh-wa-ter Bay we're strong and we're bold
"D"z2dd "C"dc2c|"G"B2BdB4|"D"z2AA"C"B2AG|"G"G8| |
w:We've got sam-phire and we've go-t eggs We've got birds to be sold.
P:Verse
"D"zA AA "C"AGGG|"G"GG2AG4|"D"zG GF "C"EE2D/D/|"G"DD2ED4|
w:We drive a stake in-to the top of the cliff Swing o-ver the void scar-ing on-look-ers stiff
"D"zd dd "C"cc2B|"G"BB2dB4|"D"zA AA/A/ "C"A2GG|"G"GG2AG4|]
w:With rope tied be-tween our-selves and the stake We take birds and eggs for the mo-ney we make.

X:7

T:Come along all you sailors

C:John Bentley

M:4/4

Q: 1/4=150

K:G

"Am"AA A2A2A2|c2A6|"Em"G3G"D"F2F2|"Em"E8|
w:Come a-long all you sai-lors from the Isle of Wight

"Am"AA A2A2A2|c2A6|"Em"G3G"D"F2F2|"Em"E6E2|
w:Come a-long all you sai-lors from the Isle of Wight We're
"D"D2D2D2D2|DD3-D2D2|D3D"Em"E2E2|"Am"A,6||
w:bound a-way a-fish-ing_all through the long dark night_
P:Chorus
|:EE|"D"D2D2D2DD|D2D2D3D|DDDD "Em"E2E2|1"Am"A6:|[2"Am"A,8|]
w:With a whey hey hey and a-way we go, we're hea-ding for the ro-lling sea sea.

X:8

T:Crossing the Bar

C:Alfred Tennyson arr Dave Williams

M:4/4

L:1/8

Q: 1/4=120

K:D

P:Verses 1 & 3

z2"A"2A2B2A2|"D"D3DD4|z"A"2A AAB2A2|"D"D6D2|"G"DB,3-B,2DD|
w:Sun-set and eve-ning star And one clear call for me And may there_ be no
"A"E3EF3E|"D"D6|:D2|"Bm"DB,3-B,2D2|"Em"E6"A"D2|1"D"D6:|2"D"D8|]
w:moa-ning of the bar, When I__ put out to sea, sea

P:Verses 2 & 4

z2"A"2A2BBAA|"D"DD3-D4-|D2z2"A"B2A2|"D"D8-|D2"A"A2BB AA|
w:But such a tide as mo-ving__ Seems a-sleep__ Too full for sound and
"D"D4zDDD|"G"DB,3-B,2D2|"A"E3E F2E2|"D"D8|:"Bm"DB,3-B,2D2|"Em"E6"A"D2|"D"D8:|
w:foam, When that which drew__ from out the bound-less deep. Tu-rns_ a-gain for home.

X:9

T: Dark Eyed Sailor

C:Traditional

M:4/4

Q: 1/4=120

K:F

z2"F" C2F2G2 | A8- | A2GF G2A2 | "Bb"D8- | D2"F"C2F2A2 | c8- |
w:It's of a hand_some young la-dy fair_Was walk-ing out_
c2AA "C7"B2B2 | "F"A8- | A2 c2c2A2 | F8- | F2FFG2A2 | "Bb"B8- |
w:_for to take the air_She met a sai_lor up-on the way_
B2AG "F"A2F2 | D2 C6 | F3G A2c2 | d2 c4B2 | "C7"A3G F2E2 | "F"F8 |]
w:_So I paid at-ten-tion, so I paid at-ten-tion, To hear what she did say.

X:10

T:Down the Solent

C: Tune traditional, words Mike Sadler

M:6/8

L:1/8

Q: 3/8=75

K:D

F|"D"DDD FFF|"A7"EDE"D"D3|A3-A2F|BA2-AAA|
w:Come all you land-lubb-ers and sa-il with me Down_ the So-lent_On a
"G"BdB "D"AGF|"A7"GAG "D"FDE|F3/G/F "A7"EDE|"D"D3||

w:Red Fu-nnel stea-mer bound from Ro-yal Pier And we're bound for the Isle_of Wight.
P:Chorus
D2E|F3"A7"EDE|"D"D3-D3|A3-A2F|"D"BA2-A2A|
w:And a-way la-ds a-way_down_ the So-lent_ We're
"G"BdB "D"AGF|"A7"GAG "D"FDE|F3/G/F "A7"EDE|"D"D3-D2|]
w:past Cal-shot Spit where the sea-gulls all flit And we're bound for the Isle_of Wight_.

X:11

T: Galleon of the Isle of Wight (1)
C: Words Trad arr Albert Budden

C:

Q: 1/4=130

W:

K:F

M:4/4

C2|"F"F2F2F3A | A2c2c2 z2|z2A2"Bb"B2A2 | G2F2"C"E2C2 | C2z2z2C2 |
w:The Gall-eon of the Isle of Wight Now an-chored deep-ly off Whale Chine She
"F"F2F2F2F2 | F2A2c2 z2| z2 A2"Bb"B2A2 | "F"F2F2F2F2 | F8 ||
w:fe-rried daugh-ters of a king And ro-yal o-thers of that line.
P: Chorus
c3dc2B2 | A2F2F2z2 | z2A2"Bb"B2A2 | G2F2"C"E2C2 | C2z2z2C2 |
w:Vent-nor gold, Ho! Vent-nor bold She sailed from Vent-nor on that isle T'was
"F"F2F2F2A2 | c2c2c3A | "Bb"B3A "C"G2F2 | "F"F3F F4-|F6|]
w:well in fif-teen eigh-ty eight She flew the na-vy's flag a-while

X:12

T: Galleon of the Isle of Wight (2)
C: Words Trad arr Ian Johnson

C:

K:G

Q: 1/4=130

M:4/4

G2|"Em"E2E2G2E2 | "D"F2F2F2G2 | "Em" E2E2F2G2 | "B7" E2 B,2B,3 B, |
w:The Ga-lleon of the Isle of Wight Now an-chored deep-ly off Whale Chine. She
"Em" E2E2G2E2 | "D"F2F2F2G2 | "Em" E2E2"D"D2F2 | z2"Em"2E4D2 | E8- | E8 ||
w:fer-ried daugh-ters of a king And roy-al oth-ers of that line_
P: Chorus
"G"B2B2B2d2 | "D"A2F2F2D2 | "Em"E2E2E2D2 | E2E2E2A2 |
w:Vent-nor gold, Ho! Vent-nor bold She sailed from Vent-nor on that isle. Twas
"G"B2B2B2G2 | "D"A2F2F2D2 | "Em"E2E2E2"D"D2 | z2"Em"E6- | E4G2F2 | E8- | E8 ||
w:well in fif-teen eigh-ty eight She flew the na-vy's flag_ a_ while_.

X:13

%% scale 0.75 % sets the music scale factor to <float>

T: The Grotty Yottie Song

C: Robin Holbrook, 1991

K:G

L:1/4

M:3/4

Q: 200

P: Intro

| | "C" g2g | "D" f2e/d/ | "C" e2d | "G" B2G/A/ | "G" B2B | "F" AG ^E | "G" G2z | "G" zzz | |

P: Verse

| "G" ddd | "C" gfe | "G" dB2 | "G" zzd | "G" ddd | "C" gfe | "G" d2z | "G" zzz

w: Out of South-amp-ton in Au-gust, to Cowes for the sail-ing we're bound

| "G" ddd | "C" gfe | "G" dB2 | "G" zzB | "A7" A2A | "A7" gfe | "D" d2z | "D" zzz |

w: Eye-ing up all of the wo-men, and tal-king ev-er so loud

| "C" ddd | "C" gfe | "G" dB2 | "C" zzB/c/ | "C" ddd | "G" gfe | "G" d2z | z2B |

w: Step-ping a-shore at the pon-toon, we were hand-ed a leaf-let or two. It

| "D" A2B | "D" cBA | "G" Bd2 | "G" zzd | "A7" e2e | "A7" efg | "D" f zz | |

w: read that young Rich-ard Bran-son has brought his Mates for the crew

P: Chorus

d | | "C" g2g | "C" f2e | "G" dB2 | "G" zz A | "A7" AAA | "A7" ffe | "D" d2z | "D" zz | zzd |

w: We are the Gro-tty Yot-ties, loud voi-ces and ac-cents to match, We

| "C" g2g | "C" f2e | "G" dB2 | "G" z2B/2B/2 | "D" A2B | "D" cBA | "G" G2z | |

w: are the Grot-ty Yot-ties, yel-low wel-lies, T-shirts and hats,

P: Bridge

B | "D" AAB | "D" czA | "G" BBc | "G" d2d | "C" eef | "C" gfe | "G" dBG | "D" A2d |

w: Our spin-na-kers fill, the line is in sight, the Ad-mi-ral's Cup will be ours by to-night, We'll

| "C" ggg | "D" fed | "D" eed | "G" BGA | "G" BBd | "D" cBA | "G" G2z | |

w: storm the ma-rin-a, get high as a kite, but be read-y to race the next day,

X:14

T: Heart of Oak

C: Boyce & Garrick 1760

M:4/4

Q: 1/4=120

K:G

D2 | "G" G2GGG2BA | "C" G2FE "G" D3D | "C" E2 EF "G" G2 AB | "C" c2BA "G" B2BA | |

w: Come, cheer up my lads, 'tis to glo-ry we steer, To add some-thing more to this won-der-ful year.

To_

G2B,C "D" D2 BA | "G" G2 B,C "D" D3A | "G" B2AG "D" d2 FG | "A" A2AA "D" D2 | |

w: hon-our we call you, not press you like slaves, For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

P: Chorus

AA | A2FG A2BB | "G" B2GA B3B | "Em" G2EB G/E3/ z2 |

w: Heart of oak are our ships, jo-lly tars are our men, We al-ways are rea-dy

"G" G G3D4 | B,G,3,- G,2,D2 | "Em" E3/F/ GA "G" B2 AG | "D" d2 DD "G" G2 |]

w: Stea-dy boys, stea-dy!_ We'll figh-t and we'll con-quer a-gain and a-gain.

X:15

T: The Irex

C: John Bentley arr Anwyl Williams

M:3/4

L:1/4

Q:3/4=60

K:D

A, | "D" D2D | "A" C2C | "Bm" B,2B, | "A" A,2A, | "D" D2D | "A" E2E | "D" F3- |

w: On Christ-mas Eve in eight-y nine, the Ir-ex she set sail_
 F3|DDD|"A"C2C|"Bm"B,2B,|"A"A,A,A, | "D"D2D|"A"EEC|"D"D3-|
 w:_Bound for Ri-O with Cap-tain Hu-tton this is a ve-ry sad tale
 DAA|A2A|AAA|"G"B2B|"D"A2A|A2A|"G"G2F|"A"E3-|
 w:_But on lea-ving Green-ock she hit a storm, was blown to Ire-land's shore_
 E3|"D"D2D|"A"C2C|"Bm"B,2B,|"A"A,2A, |"D"D2 D|"A"E2C|"D"D3-|D|]
 w:_There she stayed till New Year's Day un-til the gale was o'er_
 P:Chorus
 A,A,|"D"D3|"A"C2C|"Bm"B,3|"A"A,2A,|"D"D2D|"A"E2E|"D"F3-|
 w:Oh the I-rex, the I-rex, the I-rex went a-stray
 FA,A,|"D"D3|"A"C2C|"Bm"B,3|"A"A,2A,|"D"DDD|"A"E2C|"D"D3-|D2|]
 w:_Oh the I-rex, the I-rex it ground-ed in Scrat-chell's Bay_

X:16

T: Floating Bridge

C: Lauri Say

Q: 1/4=130

M: 4/4

K: F

"F"A2|F2A2A2c2|F2A2A4|c4c3A|"C7"B2G2G3G |

w: Now heave her up and sail with me Hi, oh, the floa-ting bridge we'll

EEG2G2C2|E2G2G4|c3c cdcB|"F"A2F2F4-|F6|]

w: jour-ney a-cross the ra-ging deep All to-ge-ther on the floa-ting bridge_.

X:17

T: Island Smugglers Three

C: John Bentley

Q: 1/4=115

K: D

"Em" E2 B,2E3F | GGFF E3A | BBBB "D"AAAA | "Em"GGGG "D"FF F2 | "Em"EEGGE2|]

w: Up Down Down my name it is John Brown, the cus-toms men we did out-fox, to lure that ship
 up-on the rocks, Go-ing up and down

P: Chorus

EF|GG "D"FF "Em"E4 | BB "D"(3AAA "Em"B2 GA | BBB2 "D"AAA2 | "Em"GGGG E4 |]

w: We are is-land smugg-lers three Whee-ler, Spa-nner-and me. We are go-ing down, go-ing down
 Way down to the sea.

X:18

T: Isle of Wight Fishing Song

C: Crispin Keith arr Anwyll Williams

Q: 3/8=80

M: 6/8

K: C

C2D|"C"E2E D2C | D E2-E2 G | "F"ccc c2d | c3-c cc |

w: Well it's out of Bra-ding Ha-ven_ and o-ver to Sel-sey Bill_ We've got

"C"c2cc2d | c G2-G2G| GGG "G7"G2E | "Dm"F3-F EF |

w: lines out for the mack-erel_ the nets for the cod and brill_ We'll catch

"C"G2G G2F | FE2-E AB | cc2 ccd | c3-c2c |

w:bream and bass and ble-nny_We'll catch ha-ddock, hali-but and hake_ We'll
 "C" c2c cdd | c2G GEE | GGG GEE | "Dm" F2F F2 ||
 w:hoist the main and we'll hoist the je-nny, Our fin-gers will bleed and our backs will ache.
 P: Chorus
 A/2B/2|"C"ccc cdd | cGG GGG | GGG "G7"FDD | "C"C3- C3- | C2|]
 w:We'-ll have us the catch that we e-ver could wish And we'll have us a laugh and a lark.

X:19

T:Man of War

C: Traditional arr Dave & Anwyl Williams

Q: 1/4=120

M: 4/4

K: Bm

B,2|"Bm" B,2 F2F2F2 | "A" E2C2A,2B,C | "Bm" D2B,2 "A" C2A,2 | "Bm" B,6 F2 |

w:'Twas down in yon-der mea_dows I_care-less-ly did stray Where

F2B2B2c2 | "G" d2 B2 B4 | "Bm" A2F2E2D2 | F6 zF |

w:I be-held a la-dy fair with some sai-lor gay; Says

"G" B2B2B2B2 | "F#m" A2F2F3F | "G" B2B2B2B2 | "F#m" A6zD |

w:he, My love-ly Su_san, I soon must leave the shore To

"Bm" B,2 F2 "F#m" F2F2 | "Bm" B,2 F2 "F#m" F2F2 | "A" E2C2B,2A,2 | "Bm" B,8 ||

w:cross the bri-ny o-cean in a Bri-tish man of war.

P:Chorus

B6B2 | B4c2B2 | "A" A6F2 | "F#m" F8 | "G" G6G2 | G4A2G2 | "F#m" F6 D2 | "Bm" B,8- | B,6|]

w:Man of war, oh_man of war, man of war, oh_man of war_

X:20a

T: Medina River Shanty 1

C: Crispin Keith

Q: 3/8=80

M:6/8

K:D

E|"Em"B2B "D"AAA|"Em"B2BE3|B3"D"A2 A|"Em"B2BE2E|

w:We tie up safe at the Por-ter Store Hey ho in har-bour oh At

B2B"D"A2A|"Em"B2BE3|B3"D"A2A|"Em"B2B E2E|

w:Mew and Lang-ton's brew-ery door Hey ho in New-port oh We're

BBBc2c|d2dc3|B3"D"A2A|"Em"BBBE2E|

w:hau-ling those cans of I P A Hey ho for In-di-a oh They're

B2B ccc |d2dc2B/A/|B2B"D"B2A|"Em"B3B2 ||

w:set to tra-vel a long long way In a barge on the Me-di-na.

P:Chorus

A|B2BB2G|"D"A2A ABA|"Em"GGG GFE|"D"F2FF2D|

w:The tide will take us on our way Then it's up with our sails on a bree-zy day It's

"Em"E2E "D"FF2|"Em"G2G"D"A2B/B/|"Em"B2B"D"B2A|"Em"B3B2|]

w:hard but ha-p-py come what may In a barge on the Me-di-na.

X:20

T: Medina River Shanty 2

C: Crispin Keith arr Dave & Anwyl Williams

Q: 3/8=80

M:6/8

K:D

E|"Em"B2B "D"AAA|"Em"B2BE3|B3"D"A3|"Em"BBBE2E|

w:We tie up safe at the Por-ter Store Hey ho stea-dy we go At

B2B"D"A2A|"Em"B2BE3|B3"D"A3|"Em"BBB E2E|

w:Mew and Lang-ton's brew-ery door Hey ho stea-dy we go We're

BBBc2c|d2dc3|B3"D"A3|"Em"BBBE2E|

w:hau-ling those cans of I P A Hey ho stea-dy we go They're

B2B ccc |d2dc2B/A/|B2B"D"B2A|"Em"B3B2 ||

w:set to tra-vel a long long way In a barge on the Me-di-na.

P:Chorus

A|B2BB2G|"D"A2A ABA|"Em"GGG GFE|"D"F2FF2D|

w:The tide will take us on our way Then it's up with our sails on a bree-zy day It's

"Em"E2E "D"FF2|"Em"G2G"D"A2B/B/|"Em"B2B"D"B2A|"Em"B3B2|]

w:hard but ha-ppy come what may In a barge on the Me-di-na.

X:21

T:Men of Wight

C:Percy Stone arr Dave & Anwyl Williams

Q: 1/4=120

M:4/4

K:D

"Em"EE2F GG2E|"G"GG2AB4|"D"AA2AA2F2|FF2GA4|

w:Bright gleam the wa-ters en-circ-ling our home, Spark-ling with sun-shine, cres-ted with foam.

"Em"EE2FG2EE|"G"GG2AB4|"D"AA2AA2FF|"D"FED2"Em"E4|

w:Proud rise our cliffs in their tow-er-ing height, clothed like a maid in their man-tle of white.

"C"EE2E"D"F2FF|"C"EE2E"D"F4|"C"EE2E "D"FF2F|"C"EE2E"D"F4||

w:True is our boast, as our ann-als can show, Ne-ver has Wight man been wor-sted by foe.

P: Chorus

"Em"zE2FG2E2|"D"FF2GA2F2|"Em"zE2FG2E2|"D"FF2GA2F2|

w:Men of Wi-ght, march in your mi-ght Men of Wi-ght, march in your mi-ght

"Em"EE2FG2E2|"D"A2A2FE2D|"Em"E8|]

w:Hearts will beat high _when you strike for the right.

X:22

T:My Billy Boy Shanty

C:Traditional

M:4/4

Q: 1/4=110

K:C

E3/F/|"C"G3/G/G3/G/c2E2|G2G3/A/G2E3/F/|G3/G/G3/G/c2E3/E/|

w:Where have you been all the day my Bi-ly_boy Where have you been all the day pre-tty

"G7"DD2ED2D3/E/|F2F3/F/F3F|"C"E3/D/E3/F/G2c3/A/|

w: Bi-ly tell me? I have been all the day, cour-ting a la-dy gay She's a

G2E3/E/ "G7"G3/F/D3/B,/|"C"C4C2|]

w: young thing just co-me from her ma-mmy.

X:23

T: Nancy Lee

C: Fred Weatherly & Stephen Adams 1876

Q: 3/8=90

M:6/8

K:D

A|"D"A3-A2B | A2 F D2 B, | A,3-3A,DF | A3B3 | "A7"A3-AEF | G3B3 |
w:Of all_the wi-ves as _e'er_ you_ know O O_Yeo_ Ho! Yeo
"D"A3-ADE | F3- F2 A | A3-A2B | A2F D2B, | A,3,-3A,DF | A3B3 |
w:ho!_yeo_ ho!_There's none_ like Na-n-cy_Lee_I_trow O
"F#m"c3- c2c | c3 c3 | F3-F3- | F3 z2F | "A"G2 G A2 A | B2 B c2 c |
w:O_Yeo ho! yeo ho!__ See, there she stands an' waves her hands up-
"D"A3-A2F | A3-A2F | "A7"A2A ^G2G | =G2GE2E | "D"B3-B2A | A3-A2A |
w:on_ the quay_An' ev'-ry day when I'm a-way she'll watch_for me_An'
"A7"A2A B2B | c2c d2B | "D"A3-A2F | A3B3 | "F#m"c3-cAF | "E"E3-EDB, | "A"A,3 z3 ||
w:whis-per low when tem-pests blow, for Jack_at sea Yeo Ho!_lads_ho!_yeo_ho!
P:Chorus
z3 A3 | "D"d3-d2A | d2A c2B | A3-A2F | D3B3 | "A7"A3-AEF |
w:The sai_lor's wife the sai-lor's star_ shall be Yeo ho!____
G3BBB | "D"A3-ADE | F3-F2A | d3-d2A | d2A c2B | A3-A2F | D3z2F |
w:_We go a-cross_ the_ sea_The sai_lor's wife the sai-lor's star_ shall be The sail-
"A7"G2f, G2A | B3c3 | "D"d3-d3- | d3-d2 ||
w:sai-lor's wife his star shall be____

X:24

T: Old Miser

C:Traditional

Q: 1/4=120

M:3/4

K:C

G2|"C"E3D C2 | A2G2C2 | ED C2"G7"D2 | "C"C4 G2 | "Am"A2B2cA | "G"dBG2g,B |
w:Tis of an old mi-ser in Por_tsmouth did dwell. He had but one_daugh_ter whom a
BA G2"D7"A2 | "G"G4G2 | "F"A2B2cA | "G"dBG2G2 | "F"c2C2F2 | "C"E4GA |
w:sai_lor loved well. And when the ol-d mi_ser was out of the way She was
c3B cA | G2C2E2 | "G7"A2G2ED | "C"C4GA | c3B cA | G2C2E2 | "G7"A2G2ED | "C"C6- | C4 ||
w:al-ways with her sai-lor by night and by_day. She was al-ways with her sail-lor by night and by_day_

X:25

T: Polly Oliver and the Sea Captain

C: Traditional

M:3/4

Q:1/4=115

K:C

GG|"C"c2B2AA|GEC2DD|"G7"ECA,2B,2|"C"C4GG|
w:It was on the Isle of Wi_ght where a dam_sel did dwell. She was
"F"A2B2cc|"G"dBG2AB|"C"c2E2"D7"^F2|"G"G4 G2|
w:cour-ted by a sea cap-tain and we knew it quite well. One

"F"A2B2cc | "G"dBG2ED|"C"C3D EE|"F"A4B2|
w:night as Po-ly Ol-i-ver lay_ mu-sing in her bed She
"C"c2B2A2|GEC2D2|"G"ECA,2B,2|"C"C6-|C4|]
w:had some strange thou_ghts come in_to her head_.

X:26

T: Rat of Wight

C:Percy Stone arr Dave & Anwyl Williams

Q: 1/4=130

M:4/4

K:D

AF|"D"D2D2D2F2|"F#m" A2A2A3A | "G"B2B2B2B2 | "A"c2c2c2A2 | A2A2"D"D2D2 | "C"=C2C4E2 |
w:Twas_ off Pen-zance in mid Ju-ly The Spa-nish fleet we did des-cry, Up Cha-nnel east-ward stand-ing;
Then

"D"D2D2D2D2 | "F#m"F2F2F4 | "G"G2GGG2G2 | "E"^G2G2G3G | "A"A2A2A2A2 | B2A2A3A |
"G"G2G2"A"A2A2 | "D"D2D4| |

w:up and spake our ski-pper bold, Small ma-tter what we've got in hold; George Car-ey must the news
be told to guard him 'gainst their land-ing.

P:Chorus

A2|"Em"B2B2B2BB | "D"A2A2A3A | "Em"B2B2B2B2 | "D"A2A2A3A |
w:A health! A health to the Gil-bert Lee, A wor-thy son of Wight is he, Who
"G"B2d2B2A2 | "C"G2G2"D"A3A | "G"G2G2"A"A2A2 | "D"D2D4|]
w: steered the Rat to New-port quay, and brought us time-ly war-ning.

X:27

T:Sailor Boy

C:Alfred Tennyson arr Dave Williams

M:6/8

L:1/8

Q: 3/8=80

K:G

z2"G"2B B2B|"Em"B3-B3-|B2G"C"G2E|"G"D3-D3-|D2BB2B|"C"A2GF2G|"D"A3-A3-|

w:He rose at dawn__and fired with hope__Shot o'er the see-thing har-bour bar

A2B"G"B2B|"Em"B3-B3-|B2G"C"G2E|"G"D3-D2D| "Am"E2EE2E|F3G3|

w:_ And reached the ship__and caught the rope. _And whi-stled to the mor-ning

"D"A3-A3-|A2B"G"B2B|B3B3|B3B3|G3-G2G|"C"G3-G2G|

w:star. __And while he whi-stled long and loud. _He heard _a

G2GG2E|"G"D3-D3-|D3-D2A|B3B3|"Em"B3B3 |

w:fierce mer-mai-den cry.____ O boy, though you are

B3B3|"G"G3-G2 G|"Am"A2AA2A|B3c3|"D"d3-d3-|d3-d2| |

w:young and proud. _I see the place where you will lie____

P: Chorus

D|"G"B2BB2B|B3-B2B|B2AG2D|"Em"E3-E2G|

w:He is the sai-lor boy_ who sails the sev-en seas_

"C"A2AA2A|"D"A3-A2A|B2AB2A | "G"G3-G2G|

w: He is the sai-lor boy_ who sails the bound-ing main. He

B2BB2B|B3-B2B|B2AB2A|"Em"G3-G2B|

w:is the sai-lor boy_ who must_now_ leave. He

"C"A2AA2B|"D"A3-A2B|B2AF2D|"G"G3-G3|]

w:is the sai-lor boy_who can-not e're re-main

X:28

T: The Sailor's Return

C:Traditional

Q: 1/4=110

M:4/4

K:F

F| "F" FEDC A, CDF | "C" ECGC "F" A3G |

w: Twas on a win-try ev-en-ing the wea-ther it was wet, Up-
FEDC A, CDE | "Bb" FEFG "F" A3d |

w: on the slope of Ports-mouth Hill a dam-sel there I met; I
fdec "Dm" dA2=B | cAGF "C" EC2F |

w: ov-er heard her wai-ling and sor-row-ing com-plain_ All
"Dm" FEDC A, CDE | FA "C" GE "Dm" D4- | D4-D4 |]

w: for her ab-sent sai_lor who ploughed the rag-ing main. __

X:29

T: Smugglers life (IW)

W: Traditional, Chorus, tune and additional material Ian McCalman

C: adapted from the song "Smuggler" by The McCalmans, re-located to the Island by Mike Butler

M:4/4

L:1/8

Q:1/4=120

K:Cmaj

P: Capo 5 and play the cords in brackets

z4 z2C2 | "C(G)" E3F yG2yE2 | "G D)" D2yD2 y "C(G)" C2yGG | "F C)" A2yA2 "C(G)" G2 E2 | "G(D)" D4 z2yG2 |

w: The boat rides South of Cath-ryn's Point in the wan-ing of the light. There's

"F(C)" A3A y "C(G)" G2yE2 | G2yED C3C | "F(C)" F2yF2y "C(G)" E2yC2 | "G(D)" yD6yCyD |

w: thir-teen men in Steep-hill* Cove to make our bur-den bright. And there's

"C(G)" E3F yG2yE2 | y "G(D)" D2yED y "C(G)" C2yGG | "G(C)" A2yA2 y "C(G)" G2yC2 | "F(D)" D4 z2G2 |

w: thir-ty horse in Bon-church* too with* hal-ters on their heads. All

"F(C)" A3A y "C(G)" G2yE2 | G2yED C2 C | "F(C)" F2yF2 "C(G)" yG2y2C2 | "G(D)" D6 | |

w: set this night up-on yon* heights if will and wa-ter speed

P: Chorus

FG | | "Am(Em)" A2yE2 yE2yAyA | y "Em(Bm)" yG2yyE2 yyE2yy2GyG | y "Am(Em)" A2E2y

E2yAyA | y "Em(Bm)" yG2yyE2 y "G(D)" D4- | D2 z G

w: Oh the Smugglers* drink of the French-man's wine, And the darkest* night is the smugg-lers time.

*A-

"F(C)" A3B c2BA | G2E2 y "Am(Em)" C4- | C2 z2ED | "C(G)" C2yC2 E2G2 |

w: way we ran from the ex-cise man* It's a smugg-ler's life for

"F(C)" A6 AA | "C(G)" G3E "G(D)" D2ED | "C(G)" C6 z2 | |

w: me, it's a smugg-ler's life for* me

X:30

T: The Hovercraft Song

C: Lauri Say 1968

M:4/4

Q: 1/4=110

K:C

P: Verses1-5

EF| "C"GGGA G2EC| "F"cccd c2BA| "C"GGGG AGFE| "G7"D6EF|

w:What's this rum-bling that I hear What's this roar-ing in my ear What's this ra-cket dri-ving
eve-ry-bo-dy daft, Well it's

"C"GGGA G2EC| "F"cccdc2BA| "G7"GGBAG2BA| GFED"C"C4-|]

w:not ar-till-er-y, Or the start of World War three, It's the West-land S-R-N, su-per noise-less ho-ver
craft_

P:Last Verse

CC| "F"FFFF Accc| "C"AGGE GG2 G/G/ |

w:Oh the ho-ver-craft is co-ming, Can't you hear that cra-zy hum-ming, You can

GGGG "G7"AGFE| D6-EF |

w:see the fish-es scat-ter fore and aft. With its

"C"GGGG AG2E/C/| "F"cccc dc2B/A/|

w: mi-ghty en-gine push-ing, Float-ing on its own air cu-shing, It's the

"G7"GGBAG2BA | GGAB"C"c4|-c6|]

w:West-land S-R-N, su-per noise-less ho-ver-craft.

X:31

T:The Wreck of the Irex

C:Dave & Anwyl Williams

Q: 1/4=150

M:4/4

K:Am

E2| "Am"A2AAA2A2| "Em"G2E4EE| "Am"A2A2A2AA| "Em"G2E4EG|

w:The three mast-ed ship the I-rex, drove a-ground south east of the Nee-dles We poor

"Am"A2A2A2A2| c2A4A2| "G"B2B2BA G2A2| "Am"A6| |

w:sea-men wet and strug-ling, are think-ing we are lost sai-lors.

P:Chorus

G2| A2A2A2AA| "Em"G2E2E3E| "Am"A2A2A2A2| "G"B2B2BAGA | "Em"B8-|

w:The waves go high and the waves go low The ship the I-rex runs in-to the rocks_

B6G2| "Am"A2A2A2A2| "Em"G2E2E3E| "Am"AAA2A2A2| "G"B2B2BAG2| "Am"A8-|A6|]

w:_The wind blows here, the wind blows there The strick-en I-rex will ne-ver ma-ke the docks_

X:32

T:The Mary Rose

C:Rick Keeling arr Anwyl & Dave Williams

M:4/4

Q:1/4=120

K:D

DE| "D"F2F2 AA F2| "A7"E2E2E2DE| "D"F2F2A2F2| "A7"E6DE|

w:In_ fif-teen hun-dred and for-ty five, se-ven hun-dred ga-llent men Put to

"D"F4A2A2| "G"B2B2B2BB| "D"AAF2"A7"E2E2| "D"D6| |

w:sea in the Ma-ry Rose and they ne-ver came back a-gain.

P:Chorus

A2| "G"B2B2B2AF| "Bm"AFEF"D"D3A| "G"B2B2d2B2| "A"A6A2|

w:She sailed a-way and she ne-ver ca-me back, I'll not for-get that day. The

"G"BdBA"Bm"F2BA|FAFE"D"D3E|FAFE"A7"F2EE|"D"D6|]

w:So__lent knows where the Ma_ry_ Rose Lies bu-ried in the mud and the clay.

X:33

T:The Mermaid

C:Traditional

M:4/4

L:1/8

Q:1/4=120

K:C

EF|"C"G3E GGA2|GFED"Am"C2GG|"Dm"A2F2c2BA|"C"G6AB|

w:'Twas a Fri-day morn-ing when we_se-t sail And our ship not far from the land. When _
c2c2c2E2|"Dm"FEFGA2Bc|"C"G2GA "G"GFDB,|"C"C6|

w:there we spied a fair_pre-tty maid, With a comb and a gla-ss in her hand.

P:Chorus

EF|G3E GFED|"Am"C6GG|"Dm"A2F2c2BA|"C"G6AB|

w:Oh the ra-ging sea-s di-d roar And the stor-my wind di-d blow An-d

c2c2c2EE|"Dm"FEFGA2Bc|"C"G2GA "G"GFDB,|"C"C6|]

w:we poor sai-lors were a-ll up a loft And the land-lu-bbers ly-ing down be-low.

X:34

T: Throw out the Lifeline

C: Edwin S Ufford 1888

Q: 3/4=50

M:3/4

K:D

"D"F2F2F2 | F2E2D2 | "A7"D2C2C2 | C6 | G2G2G2 | G2F2E2 |

w:Throw out the lie-line a-cross the dark wave There is a bro-ther some-

"D"D2F2F2 | F6 | A2F2D2 | A2F2D2 | A2F2A2 | "G"B4A2 |

w:one_should save. Some-bod-y's bro-ther, Oh who then will dare To

"D"A2A3A | A2G2F2 | "A7"E2F2E2 | "D"D6- |D6|]

w:throw out the life-line his pe-ril to share.

P:Chorus

AA- A3A | "A7"B2"D"A4 | FF-F3F | "A7"G2"D"F4 | "A7"E2E2E2 | E2D2E2 |

w:Throw out_ the life- line, throw out_ the life-line Some-one is drif-ting a-

"D"F4"A7"B2 | "D"A6 | AA- A3A | "A7"B2"D"A4 | FF- F3F | "A7"G2"D"F4 |

w:way a-way Throw out_ the life-line, throw out_ the life-line

"A7"A2E2F2 | G2F2E2 | "D"D6- | D6 |]

w:Some-one is sin-king to-day_

X:35

T:Tom Bowling

C:Charles Dibdin

Q:1/4=110

M:4/4

L:1/8

K:C

"G7"G2|"C"c2c2"F"F2A2|"C"G2"F"AF FEDC|"F"F2"C"E2"F"A2F2|"C"E6"F"FE|"G"D6-G2|

w:Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom_Bow_ling The dar-ling of our crew___No

"C"c2c2"F"F2A2 | "C"G2"F"AF FEDC|"G7"F2E2"G"D3E|"C"C6||
w:more he'll hear the tem-pest_how_ling For death has broached him to.
G2|"G"G2G2A2B2|"C"c2dc "F"cbAG|"C"c2c2"G7"AGAF|"C"E6 FE|"G"D6-G2 |
w:His form was of the man-li-est beau_ty his heart was ki-nd a-nd soft___ Faith-
"C"c2c2"F"F2A2|"C"G2"F"AF FEDC|"G7"F2E2D2E2|F2GAG4-|
w:ful be-low he did his _du_ty And now he's gone a-lo__oft_
-G3F "C"EG ce|"G"d2B2|"C"c6||
w:_And no-w he-'s gone a-loft.

X:36

T:Ventnor Crabbing Song

C:Crispin Keith

M:6/8

L:1/8

Q: 3/8=90

K:A

P:Chorus

E|"A"c2cc2c|"E"B3-B2G/G/|"D"A2A A2A|"E"G3-G2E/E/|

w:A cra-bing we will go_With the sea-weed dark be-low_All a-

"D"F2FA2F|"A"E3-E2E/E/|"E"E2EE2D|"A"C3-C2||

w:long by Whee-ler's Bay_ On a calm and sun-ny day_

P:Verse

E|CEE E2F|E3-E2 E|E2E FFE|"E"B,3-B,2E|

w:We know all the best crab baits_Our lines are threa-ded with weights_ Our

"D"F2FF2F|"A"E2EE2E|"E"E2EE2D|"A"C3-C2|]

w:boats are strong with en-gines loud In Vent-nor town we're proud_.

X:37

T:Wreck of the Sirenia

C:Crispin Keith arr Anwyl Williams

M:4/4

L:1/4

Q:1/4=130

K:D

z"D"ABc|dAFD|"G"G3F|GF/F/D/D/=C|"D"D4-|

w:The Yan-kee ship that braved Cape Horn She lies on the Ath-er-field rocks_

D D/D/ FG|AGFD|"G"G3F|GFD=C|"D"D4-|

w:_In the pound-ing seas she now is torn Far from the Dun-kirk Docks_

DDFG|AGFD|"G"G3B|dGBc| "D"d4-|

w:_The fog is dense, the sea is white And crash-es up the chines_

dddA|BAFD|"G"G3A|"D"AGF/F/D|D4|]

w:_The light it fades, soon will come night The wind it whis-tles and whines_

P:Chorus

zAAG|FAdc|"G"B3A|BABA|"D"DEF2-|

w:A few more ro-lling suns at most Will land us on fair Ca-naan's coast

FFDF|AAdc|"G"B3A|BABA|"A"E3D|"D"D4|]

w:_Then we shall sing the song of grace And see our Sav-iour face to face.

