

**SCARBORO SANDS.**

(Spring Tide Rising 2010)

As I was a walking over scarboro' Sands,  
Some dainty fine sport for to view;  
The lasses were crying and wringing their hands,  
Saying the Rout it is come for the Blues.

Dolly unto her old mother did say,  
"My heart's full of love that is true;"  
She packed up her clothes without more delay,  
To take her last leave of the Blues.

Our landlords and landladies walk arm in arm,  
And so do the young women too,  
You'd have laughed if you'd seen how the lasses flocked in,  
To take their last leave of the Blues.

We tarried all night and part of next day,  
For sweethearts we had got a few,  
The time being hard the lasses did spare,  
A glass of good gin for the Blues.

Such sparkling young fellows sure never was seen,  
As the Blues and her Majesty too;  
You may search the world over and Yorkshire through,  
There's none to compare to the Blues.

The boats being ready these lads to jump in,  
The music so sweetly did play,  
They gave out their voices with three loud huzzas,  
Success to the Queen and her Blues,