

HARRY BARTON (UNDER THE LEAVES 2006)

There were three young fellows, In Scarborough did dwell
And fishermen they were all three
And times being hard, they decided to go
And turn pirate all on the salt sea, the salt se
And turn pirate all on the salt sea.

Now young Harry Barton declared he should go
Saying he was the best of the lot
He'd a bright winning smile and a roguish dark eye
Which is just what all pirates had got, they had got,
Which etc.

So he went off to Whitby to find him a ship
For there the Royal Navy had three
And he cut out a yacht and he gave them the slip
And so boldly he set off to sea, off to sea
And so etc.

He sailed til he fetched up just off Flamborough Head
Which took him best part of the day
And there he espied a lofty tall ship
Come a bearing down on him straightway, and straightway
Come a etc.

I suggest you drop anchor and slack your mainsail
And bring yourself under my lee
That I may take from you a fortune in gold
For a pirate I'll prove I can be, I can be
For a etc.

I will not drop anchor nor slack my mainsail
Nor bring myself under your lee
But I will give to you both powder and shot
For hangéd all pirates must be, they must be
For hangéd etc.

For broadside and broadside it's at it they went
For fully two hours or three
Till young Harry Barton gave them the death shot
And sang them all in the blue sea, the blue sea
And sank etc.

Sad news, sad news to old England has come
But far worse to old Whitby town
There's a rich merchant vessel's been plundered and sunk
And all of her merry men drown'd, they are drown'd
And all, etc.