

# Songs

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## 1 The Songs

### 1.1 Aikendrum

Ken ya who a Whig can fight  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum  
Ken ya who a Whig can fight  
Aikendrum  
He can fight the heor bright  
With his heels and armor light  
And the wind of heav'nly might  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum  
Is not Rowley in the right  
Aikendrum

Did ya hear of Sunderland  
Did ya hear of Sunderland

That man of high command  
Who has swor to clear the land  
He is vanished from our strand

Or the eel has ta'en the sand

Donald's running around and 'round  
Donald's running around and 'round

But the cheif cannot be found  
And the Dutchmen they are drowned  
And the King Jamie he is crowned

But the dogs will get a 'stound

We have heard of Whigs galore  
We have heard of Whigs galore

We have searched the country o'er  
With cannons and claymore  
But still they are before

We may seek forever more

Ken ya who to gain a Whig  
Ken ya who to gain a Whig

Look jolly blithe and big  
Take his ain blest side a prig  
And the poor worm eaten Whig

For opposition's sake we will win

## 1.2 The Banks of Newfoundland

Ye ramblin boys of Liverpool, ye sailormen beware  
When you go 'board a Yankee Packet ship no dungaree jumpers wear  
But hav yourself a monkey coat, and keep it close to hand  
For there blow some cold Norwesters on the Banks of Newfoundland  
*We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her, with holystone and sand*  
*And we'll say farewell fot the virgin rocks on the Banks of Newfoundland*

We had one Lynch from Ballynahinch, Spud Murphy and Mike Moore  
'Twas in the winter of Sevently Three, those sea boys suffered sore  
They Pawned their gear in Liverpool, they sold it out of hand  
Not thinking on them cold nor winds on the Banks of Newfoundland

We had a lady fair aboard, Kate Connor was her name  
To her I'd promised marriage, and on me she had her claim  
She tore her flannel petticoat to make mittens for my hands  
For she could not see her true love freeze on the Banks of Newfoundland

I dreamed a dream the other night, and I thought I was at home  
Along side me my own true love, and she in Marlebone  
A jug of ale upon my knee, and a glass in my hand  
But when I awoke my heart was broke on the Banks of Newfoundland

### 1.3 Rolling Down the River

Once I was a Rigger and I worked like hell  
Rolling up, rolling down  
But now I'm sailing with the OCL, to go  
Rolling down the river  
Rolling up, rolling down  
We all get drunk in Tillbury Town  
Twenty four hours to turn around and go  
Rolling down the River

When first I saw a TEU  
I wondered where they stowed the crew, to go  
Cargo comes in TEUs

A twenty foot box boys filled with booze, to go

There's a Tillbury girl called Kettle Jane  
She's first on the boil, then off again, to go

She's got a mate called Teapot Anne  
She gets well brewed just like a man, to go

Down by the dockgates where the work is done  
You can pick those girls up one by one and go

Well we are the bullies that'll see her through  
So to hell with the Channel and the TEU, well  
go