Liberty for the Sailors

Liberty for the Sailors

Lasses, call your lads ashore
Lasses, call your lads ashore
Lasses, call your lads ashore
There's liberty for the sailors
    Liberty and money free,
    Liberty and money free,
    There's liberty and money free,
    There's liberty for the sailors

The Bellman's called it round the town,
And far and near the news has flown
Each wife seeks out her last new gown
There's liberty for the sailors
    Lasses, call your lads ashore
    Lads ashore, lads ahore
    Lasses, call your lads ashore
    There's liberty for the sailors

Our bairns shall all be dressed so nice
Our griddle cakes be black with spice
With a pound of butter for every slice
All for to please the sailors
    Our empty bottles we will fill
    To cheer each passing hour until
    The time is up, with right good will
    Liberty for the sailors.

Rare fun down Mauldon's lane there'll be
And many a lark down Lishman's Quay
Tommy Hayes is sure to get on the spree
When there's liberty for the sailors.
    There'll be a battle as sure as your life
    'Twixt Mally the Pant and the black-pudding wife
    And Billy Reppeth'll come in at the end of the strife,
    Hoo! Liberty for the sailors.

Dressed in his jacket of matchless blue
With silver buckles and trousers new
With a heart that beats for his country true,
Liberty for the sailors.
    Up to the Wooden Bridge and back,

To the Low Light shore down in a crack
Rambling, swaggering, away goes Jack
When there's liberty for the sailors.

Now every lass will get her lad
And every bairn will see his dad
And many a mother's heart be glad
With liberty for the sailors,
And many a widow's heart rejoice
To see the face and hear the voice
So like to his, her heart's dear choice
Liberty for the sailors!

Note: 1'st verse may be used as chorus
From: Songsa of Northern England, Stokoe

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.