

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Old Songs

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(Bob Copper and Peter Bellamy)

Oh, you may moan with plaintive tone your gormless modern tune,
But I will roar along the shore beneath a blood red moon,
And songs that Nelson's sailors sang shall ring across the wave,
And a fifty thousand sailor men will join the chorus brave --
A chorus brave and tarry that savours of the sea,
And a fifty thousand sailor men will rise to sing with me.

Cho: The old songs, yes, the old songs, that gave our fathers joy --
The songs they sang till the welkin rang when Nelson was a boy.

Or in the dusty sunlit barn, a farmer's song I'll sing,
A country rhyme to a rhythmic time, of flails do pump and swing,
Full up and down the threshin' floor to win the golden grain,
And a fifty thousand thresher men will join the bold refrain --
A bold refrain and fearless that's springs from English soil,
And a fifty thousand thresher men will join my song of toil

Or in the depths of cellar cool, reclining for a bench,
When I've dispersed an honest thirst that ale alone can quench,
I'll wake the vaulted echoes wide in praise of barley-brew,
And a fifty thousand drinking men will join the chorus true --
A chorus true and hearty, of hops and barley malt,
And a fifty thousand drinking men will prove they're worth their salt

They will echo onward down the years and never, ever fade,
For fifty thousand singing men will never be afraid
For to raise their lusty voices, their spirits to revive,
And tell to all eterni-tie, "We're glad that we're alive."

As sung by Peter Bellamy on "Songs an' Rummy Conjurin' Tricks," Fellside cassette
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