

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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On Board the Victory

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There is a rich young lady, her misfortunes they are great.
My tongue is scarcely able for her sorrows to relate,
For the courtin' of a young man, he was friend to me,
She did not know he would have to go on board of the Victory.

Well, his eyes did shine like the diamonds bright, or the arrows of the moon.
His cheeks were like two roses red, growin' out in the month of June.
He was middle size, genteel and wise, in every one degree,
and her heart lay there beside him on board of the Victory.

Well, it's cruel was her father that sent her love away,
And it's cruel was her mother that would not let him stay.
If he'd been of the royal blood, and her of low degree,
They would not have sent the lad she loved on board of the Victory.

There were forty-four of a press-gang that did her love surround,
And seven of these brave cowardly dogs lay bleedin' on the ground.
Although her love was taken, he fought right manfully,
He was forced to yield, go serve the king on board of the Victory.

Well, she drank a health to the Victory, and the crew of noble fame,
Likewise unto that noted lord, brave Nelson was his name.
At the battle of Trafalgar, the Victory cleared the way,
But her love was slain with Nelson upon that fateful day.

And it's now when in her slumber she can't find any rest,
Love for that youth still dearly rends within her troubled breast.
She ofttimes dreams she does enjoy her love's sweet company,
And is closely locked within his arms on board of the Victory.

--From the album "Wish You Were Here" by Boys of the Lough
This was a broadside ballad, no doubt adapted from an earlier source
to capitalize on Lord Nelson and the English Navy's victory at the
Battle of Trafalgar. "The Banks of the Sweet Dundee" is possibly a
variant of the earlier source. The tunes are somewhat similar.

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