

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Skipper's Dream

The Skipper's Dream

T'other day ye mun know, wey aw'd had a sup beer
It ran i' maw heed, and myed me sae queer,
That aw lay doon to sleep i' wor huddock sae snug,
An' dreem'd sic a dreem as gar'd me scart me lug.

Aw dreem'd that the queerest man iver aw see'd
Cam stumping alang wi' three hats on his heed;
A goon on like a preest, (mind aw's telling ne lees)
An' at his side there was hangin a greet bunch o' kees.

He stares i' maw fyece, and says, How d'ye de?
Aw's teufish, says aw, canny man, how are ye?
The he says, wiv a voice gar'd me trimmle, aw's shure
Aw's varry weel, thank ye, but yor day is nigh ower.

Aw studdies awhile, then says aw, Are ye Deeth,
Come here for to wise oot a poor fellow's breath?
He says, No , aw'm the Pope, cum to try if aw can
Save a vile wretch like ye, fra the nasty Bad Man.

He said, yen St. Peter gov him them great keys
To let into Hiven wheiver he'd please
an' if aw'd turn Papish, and giv him a Note,
He'd send me to Hiven, without ony doot

Then a yel hep o' stuff he talk'd about sin,
An' sed he'd forgi' me whatever aw'd deun;
An' if that aw'd murther'd byeth fayther and mother
For a five shillin peece, wey, aw might kill me bruther.

Says aw, Mister Pope, gi's ne mair o' yur tauk,
But oot o' wor huddock aw's beg ye to wauk
An' if ye divent get oot before aw count Nine,
Byeth ye and yor keys, man aw'll fing i' the Tyne.

So aw on tiv me feet wiv a bit iv a skip,
For aw ment for to give him an Orangeman's grip;
But aw waken'd just then in a terrible stew,
An' fand it a dream as aw've told ye just now

T./ Moor-In: The Newcastle Song Book or Tyne-Side Songster., W&T Fordyce
Newcastle Upon Tyne.Note: Orange Order Reference.

[Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

CB
apr00