

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Watton Town's End

Watton Town's End:

As I cam up to Arpendeen  
And straight to Wattontown  
And there I met a pretty wench  
That looked like lay me Down.

Cho: At Watten Towns end,  
At Watten Towns end,  
At every door there stands a whore  
At Watten Towns end.

The Frigat's name was Thunder-bolt,  
Her sails were all of Silk;  
Her tacklen was of silver twist  
Her colour like the Milk.

Her planks were all of ivory  
Her bottom beaten-gold  
Her deck was alabaster pure  
She look'ed briske and bold.

Her keep was gilded o'er an o'er  
Her wanton flay did flye  
And I was mad to be aboard  
So much a fool was I.

She seemed a stately pleasure-boat  
With tempting good attire  
But little knew that (under deck)  
Her gun room was in fire.

I lodged with her, I laid her down,  
I slept with her all night  
I supped upon a Coney fatt [Coney, rabbit, and slang for vagina]  
Whose Gravy was delight

She gave to me a Syrrup sweet  
Was in her placket box  
But o're three minute went about  
It proved the French-pox. [Syphilis]

The fire-ship she did blow me up  
As my effigies shows

And all may read upon my face  
The loss of teeth and nose.

Now as I walk along the street  
They gaze upon my face  
And every one that looks at me  
Salutes me with disgrace.

By me beware then Gentlemen  
From King to country clown,  
And when you see a pretty Wench  
Remember lay me down.

[c 1620, but extant copies are much later. Its tune had same title, and is in C  
. M. Simpson's  
BBBM, 1966. This Frigate 'Thunder-bolt 'is easily recognized as the great,....,  
great  
grandmother of "The Maid of Amsterdam."]

WBO  
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