

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

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
oct99