

Come all you warlike seamen
Warlike Seamen

Come all you warlike seamen that to the seas belong,
I'll tell you of a fight my boys on board the Nottingham,
It's of a Irish captain his name was Somerville,
With courage bold did he control he played his part full well.

2. It was on the Eighth of June my boys when at Spithead we lay,
On board there came an order our anchor for to weigh,
Bound for the coast of Ireland our orders did run so,
There to cruise and not refuse against our daring foe.

3. We had not sailed many lengths at sea before a ship we spied,
She being some lofty Frenchman come a-bearing down so wide,
She hailed us in French my boys and asked from where we came,
Our answer was from Liverpool and London is our name.

4. Oh pray are you some man of war oh pray what may you be,
Oh then replied our captain oh that you soon shall see,
Come strike your English colours or else you shall bring to,
Since you're so stout you shall give out or else we will sink you.

5. The first broadside we gave to them it made them for to wonder,
Their rigging and their mainmast came a-rattling down like thunder,
We drove them to their quarter they could no longer stay,
Our guns did roar we made so sure we showed them British play.

6. So now we've took that ship my boys God speed us fair wind,
That we might sail to Plymouth town if the heavens prove so kind,
We'll drink a health unto our captain and all such warlike souls,
To him we'll drink and never flinch out of our flowing bowl.