

BOB LEWIS



DRIVE SORROWS AWAY

BOB LEWIS - DRIVE SORROWS AWAY

1: Drive Sorrows Away

The time passes over more cheerful and gay,
Since we've learnt a new act to drive sorrows away.
Sorrows away, sorrows away, sorrows away,
Since we've learnt a new act to drive sorrows away.

2: A Sweet Country Life

A sweet country life is to me both dear and charming,
For to walk abroad on a fine summer's morning;
Your houses, your cities, your lofty gay towers,
In nothing can compare with the sweet shady bowers.
Your houses, your cities, your lofty gay towers,
In nothing can compare with the sweet shady bowers.

3: The Lads that Follow the Plough

Come along little ploughboy it's awoken in the morn,
The cock upon the dunghill is a-blowing of his horn
The sun above the spinney his golden face does show,
Therefore hasten to the linny of the oxen to the plough.

Chorus:

With my hump along, jump along, here drives ma lad
along,
Purty, Sparkle, Berry, Goodluck, Speedwell, Cherry,
We are the lads that can follow the plough,
Oh we are the lads that can follow the plough.

4: The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

There was a youth and a well bred youth,
He was a squire's son;
And he fell in love with the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

5: The Young and Single Sailor

A fair maid walking all in her garden,
A brisk young sailor she chanced to spy;
He steppèd up to her thinking for to view her,
And he says, "Fair maid, can you fancy I?"
He stepped up to her thinking for to view her,
And he says, "Fair maid, can you fancy I?"

6: The Noble Lord

'Tis of a noble lord, my boys, as any in the land,

He had squires to attend him and servants at command;
One day as they were walking to take a pleasant air,
That lord he killed the squire as quicklÿe you shall hear.

7: Jim the Carter Lad

My name is Jim the carter lad, a jolly cock am I,
I always am contented be the weather wet or dry;
I snap my fingers at the snow and whistle at the rain,
I've braved the storm for many a day and can do it
again.

Chorus:

Crack, crack goes the whip, I whistle and I sing,
I sit upon my wagon, I'm as happy as a king;
My horse is always willing and I am never sad,
There's none can lead a jollier life than Jim the carter
lad.

8: The Horn Fair Song

As I was a walking one fine summer's morn,
So soft was the wind and the waves on the corn;
I met a pretty damsel upon a grey mare,
And she was a riding unto Horn Fair.

9: Farmer Giles

I come from the country, me name it is Giles,
And I've travelled a hundred and twenty odd miles;
For a simple old farmer, I know I've been took,
But a ain't such a fool as you think that I look.
Right toora lÿe oora lÿe oora lÿe ay.

10: Robin Hood and the Tanner

It's of a bold tanner in fair Devonshire,
His name it was Arthur O Brann;
There wasn't a man in all Devonshire,
Could make this bold Arthur to stand,
Ay, could make this bold Arthur to stand.

11: The Golden Glove

It's of a young squire near Plymouth we hear,
Some nobleman's daughter he courted so fair;
He asked for to marry her, it was his intent,
That all friends and relations might give their consent.

12: The Echoing Horn

The glittering dewdrops that spangles in the morn,

The glittering dewdrops that spangles in the morn;
Oh the bright shining dewdrops, oh the bright shining
dewdrops,

The bright shining dewdrops that spangles in the morn.

Chorus:

Oh echo, bright echo the echoing horn,
Oh echo, bright echo the echoing horn;
As she skims through the dew on a bright shiny morn,
How sweet it is to follow the echoing horn,
How sweet it is to follow the echoing horn.

13: The Bold Fisherman

As I walked out one May morning down by the river
side,

There I beheld a bold fisherman a rowing on the tide;
A rowing on the tide,

There I beheld a bold fisherman a rowing on the tide.

14: Carol for the Twelfth Day

Sweet master of this habitation with our mistress be
so kind,

As to grant an invitation that we may this favour find;
To be now invited in, then with mirth we will begin,
Happy, sweet and pleasant songs which unto this time
belongs.

Let every loyal, honest soul,
Contribute to the wassail bowl.

15: Spanish Ladies

Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain;
We've received orders to sail for Old England,
And we hope very shortly to see you again.

Chorus:

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all o'er the salt seas;
Till we strike soundings in the channel of Old England,
From Ushant to Scilly is forty-five leagues.

16: Spread the Green Branches

Oh spread the green branches, oh whilst I am young,
So well did I like my love so sweetly she sung;
Was ever a man in such happy estate,
As me with my Flora, fair Flora so brave.

17: Lost Lady Found

'Tis of a young damsel that lived all alone,
For the sake of her parents she sadly did moan;
She had but one uncle, two trustees besides,
That were left all alone for this young lady's guide.

18: The Rusty Highwayman

In Cheshire there lived an old farmer,
His daughter to market did go;
A-thinking that no one would harm her,
As she travelled the roads to and fro.

A-thinking that no one would harm her,
As she travelled the roads to and fro.

19: The Drowned Lovers

As I walkèd out down by the sea shore,
Where the wind and the waves and the billows did roar;
There I heard a strange voice make a terrible sound,
Was the wind and the waves and the echoes all round.

Chorus:

Crying, "Oh, oh my love has gone, he's the youth I
adore,
He's gone and I never shall see him no more."

20: You've Got to Hit the Bullseye

It's through a shooting gallery I'm settled now for life,
For there I first beheld the girl I since have made my
wife;

She held a rifle in her hand in such a winning way,
And when I took it from her she smilingly did say:

Chorus:

"You've got to hit the bull's-eye before you ring the bell,
Take a steady aim love and try to do it well;
Hold your rifle higher and don't let it misfire,
You've got to hit the bull's-eye before you ring the bell."

Credits

Recorded by Tom Spiers at the Fife Traditional Singing
Festival, Collessie, Fife in May 2009 where Bob was a guest
singer. Production, design and song transcriptions by Peter
Shepherd. All songs copyright control or arranged Bob
Lewis. Full song texts and notes can be accessed online at
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