

## **Broomdasher Singing Workshop Sidmouth Folk Festival 2023**

### **OUR CAPTAIN CALLS**

Our captain calls all hands to sail tomorrow  
Leaving my dear to mourn in grief and sorrow  
'Dry up those briny tears, and leave off weeping  
So happy we may be at our next meeting'

'How can you go abroad fighting those strangers,  
You'd better stay at home free from all dangers.  
I'll hold you in my arms, my dearest jewel,  
So stay at home with me, love, and don't be cruel

'When I had gold in store I found you liked me;  
And now I'm lone and poor you seem to slight me.  
You courted me awhile just to deceive me;  
Now my poor heart you have won, you're going to leave me

Down on the ground she fell like one a -dying,  
Wringing her hands abroad, weeping and sighing:  
'There's no belief in man, not your own brother,  
So girls if you must love, love one another'.

I said: 'Goodbye, my dear father and mother.  
I am your only child, I have no brother,  
But don't you weep for me, for I am going  
To everlasting joy and fountains flowing.'

## Lark In The Morning

Oh the lark in the morning, she rises off her nest  
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her breast  
And like a jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings  
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings

And Roger the ploughboy, he is a bonny blade  
He goes whistling and singing down by yon green glade  
He has met with dark eyed Susan, she's handsome I declare  
She is far more enticing than the birds in the air

So good luck to the ploughboys wherever they may be  
That takes the sweet maiden to sit upon their knee  
With a jug of strong porter, you'll whistle and you'll say  
There's no life like a ploughboy's in the merry month of may

Oh the lark in the morning, she rises off her nest  
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her breast  
And like the jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings  
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings

*Last verse – sops lines only as descant*

Oh the lark rises from her nest,  
With the dew all on her breast  
She whistles and she sings  
With the dew all on her wings

Thank you for joining us today!

You can find out about our gigs and activities at our website [Broomdasher.com](http://Broomdasher.com) or on Facebook, [broomdasherfolk](https://www.facebook.com/broomdasherfolk) Our contact details are:

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