



HMS PICKLE

Courage grows under difficulty



SINGALONG ON *PICKLE*



The National Anthem

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

Hearts of Oak

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, as freemen not slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Chorus:

**Heart of Oak are our ships,
Jolly Tars are our men,
We always are ready: Steady, boys, Steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.**

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, what can we do more?

(Chorus)

We still make them feel and we still make them flee,
And drub them ashore as we drub them at sea,
Then cheer up me lads with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers and sailors, our statesmen and king.

(Chorus)

A Life on the Ocean Waves

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scatter'd waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scatter'd waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle cage'd I pine,
On this dull unchanging shore,
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar,

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scatter'd waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep,

The winds, the winds
The winds their revels keep!

Land of Hope and Glory

(Humming intro)

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
How can we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty,
make thee mightier yet,
God, who made thee mighty,
make thee mightier yet.

Rule Britannia

When Britain fi-i-irst, at heaven's command,
Aro-o-o-ose from out the a-a-a-zure main,
Arose, arose, arose from out the a-azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian a-a-angels sang this strain:
 Rule Britannia!
 Britannia rule the waves
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.
 Rule Britannia!
 Britannia rule the waves.
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

Spanish Ladies

Farewell and adieu unto you Spanish ladies
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
For we've received orders for to sail for old England
And we may never see you fair ladies again

Chorus:

**We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt sea
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of Old England
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues**

We hove our ship to with the wind from sou'west, boys
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take
Twas forty-five fathoms with a light sandy bottom
So we squared our main yard and up channel did steer

(Chorus)

Now let every man drink off his full bumper
Now every man drink off his full glass
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass

The Last Shanty

Well me father often told me when I was just a lad
A sailor's life was very hard, the food was always bad
But now I've joined the navy, I'm aboard a man-o-war
And now I've found a sailor ain't a sailor any more

Chorus:

**Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast
If you see a sailing ship it might be your last
Just get your civvies ready for another run ashore
A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor anymore**

Well the killick of our mess he says we've had it soft
It wasn't like this in his day when he was up aloft
We like our bunks and sleeping bags, but what's a hammock for?
Swinging from the deck-head, or lying on the floor?

(Chorus)

Well they gave us an engine that first went up and down
Then with more technology the engine went around
We know our steam and diesel but what's a main-yard for?
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel anymore.

(Chorus)

Well they gave us an Aldiss lamp so we could do it right
They gave us a radio, we signalled day and night
We know our codes and ciphers but what's a semaphore?
A bunting-tosser doesn't toss the bunting anymore

(Chorus)

Two cans of beer a day and that's your bleeding lot
Now we get an extra one because they've stopped the tot
So we'll put on our civvie clothes and find a pub ashore
A sailor's still a sailor just like he was before!

Bell Bottom Trousers

I was a serving maid down in Drury Lane,
My master he was good to me, my mistress was the same.
When along come a sailor on shorted liberty,
And o! to my woe he took liberty with me.

Chorus:

**Singin' bell bottom trousers, coats of navy blue,
Let him climb the riggin' like his daddy used to do.**

It was at a ball I met him, he asked me for a dance,
I knew he was a sailor by the way he wore his pants.
His shoes was neatly polished and his hair was neatly combed,
After the ball was over, he asked to see me home.

(Chorus)

He asked me for an 'ankerchief to tie around his 'ead,
He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed.
I a foolish maiden not thinkin' it no harm,
I jumped into the sailor's bed to keep the sailor warm.

(Chorus)

I knowed he was no Sampson but that night he went to town,
He laid me on the bed there 'til my blue eyes turned to brown.
And early in the mornin' before the break of day,
A twelve pound note he gave me and some warnin' words to say.

(Chorus)

He said "Take this my darlin' for the damage I have done,
You may have a daughter, you may have a son.
If you have a daughter, jounce her on your knee,
And if you have a son, send the xxxxxxx out to sea."

(Chorus)

Now listen all you maidens to my girlish plea,
Don't never let a sailor get his hand upon your knee.
I trusted one once and he put off to sea.
And left me with a daughter to bounce upon my knee.

(Chorus)

Drunken Sailor

What will we do with the drunken sailor
What will we do with the drunken sailor
What will we do with the drunken sailor early in the morning?

Chorus:

**Wey Hey and up she rises
Wey Hey and up she rises
Wey Hey and up she rises early in the morning**

Shave his belly with a rusty razor
Shave his belly with a rusty razor
Shave his belly with a rusty razor early in the morning

(Chorus)

Put him in a long boat till he's sober
Put him in a long boat till he's sober
Put him in a longboat till he's sober early in the morning

(Chorus)

Stick him in the scupper with a hose pipe on him
Stick him in the scupper with a hose pipe on him
Stick him in the scupper with a hose pipe on him early in the morning

(Chorus)

Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter
Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter
Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter early in the morning

(Chorus)

That's what we do with the drunken sailor
That's what we do with the drunken sailor
That's what we do with the drunken sailor early in the morning

(Chorus) x 2

Oe'er The Hills and Far Away

Here's forty shillings on the drum
For those who'll volunteer to come
To 'list and fight the foe today.
Over the hills and far away.

Chorus:

**O'er the hills and o'er the main.
Through Flanders, Portugal and Spain.
King George commands and we obey.
Over the hills and far away.**

When duty calls me, I must go
To stand and face another foe.
But part of me will always stray

(Chorus)

If I should fall to rise no more,
As many comrades did before,
Then ask the fifes and drums to play.
Over the hills and far away.

(Chorus)

Then fall in lads behind the drum,
With colours blazing like the sun.
Along the road to come-what may.
Over the hills and far away.

(Chorus – repeat several times)