



Bridport ladies

Words: Valerie Hall. Tune: Alan Twelftree

***Oh the Bridport ladies treat you well
Haul away for the Bridport ladies
When you're on the sea in a rising swell
Think of the Bridport ladies***

They'll spend your pay in The Fisherman's Arms
And take you on to The Sailor's Home
Dance on to The Sun and then to The Mouse
With grog from the dame in each watering house

With flashing eyes and tumbling curls
To The Globe and The Tiger their petticoats swirl
The King of Prussia and The Robin Hood
They'll make you a promise to treat you good

And when you think you've had enough
You reach for your gold and you reach for your snuff
The Bridport ladies take you round
For a dance at The George and The Black Greyhound

Oh The Ship, The Swan and The Volunteer
The dance goes on and so does the beer
With legs like lead you can barely stand
To The Woodman Inn they'll take your hand

With the Bridport ladies you're in with a chance
After all that grog and all that dance
But the signal goes and you're back to the ship
To catch the tide on a whaling trip

Oh your purse is empty and your head is too
Those Bridport ladies made a fool of you
They spent your money, but you had a spree
You'll be back for more when you're home from the sea