

Wareham Whaler's Songbook

Five Pounds

By Les Sullivan

Young Jack he stole away one night his fortune for to seek
But a young marine did him espy Jack's prospects did look bleak
A farrier's wife, she took him in those boys they searched in vain
Young Jack weren't found so no five pounds let's drink Jack's health again

Chorus:

***Pounds, five pounds me boys, five pounds it will be yours
For bringing back poor sailors who should not be ashore***

Young George crept out one cold grey night to swim ashore or drown
But sadly he was seen me boys by agents of the Crown
Young George's fate made strong men weep he was whipped the whole fleet round
So cursed be all the King's damned men who earn their damned five pounds

Chorus

They wait there still on Portsdown Hill with pistol on their knee
A watching o'er the roads me boy for ships just come from sea
Their spies they wait round the dockyard gate from here to Plymouth sound
God strike them dead for men that bled and died for those five pounds

Chorus

Then there was me two years I'd been away from England's strand
I had to get ashore me boys set feet upon this land
I had not gone but five miles hence when pressmen ambushed me
But no five pounds was shared around when I showed my ticket of leave

Chorus