

The Press Gang

(On Board A Man of War)

Traditional
From the singing of Roy Harris

Freely

As I walked out down a Lon - don street the
Press Gang I did hap - pen to meet. They asked me if I would
join the fleet and sail on a Man of War, boys.

1. As I walked out down a London street
The Press Gang I did happen to meet.
They asked me if I would join the fleet
And sail on a Man of War, boys
2. Come brother shipmates, tell me true
What kind of treatment do they give to you?
That I might know before I go
On board of a Man of War, boys
3. When I got there to my surprise
All that they told me was shocking lies
Then there was a row, and a thundering row
On board of a Man of War, boys
4. First thing they did, they took me in hand
And flogged me with a tarry strand
They flogged me 'til I could not stand
On board of a Man of War, boys
5. These Navy officers they have a plan
To treat you more like a dog than a man
For your good fortune they don't give a damn
On board of a Man of War, boys
6. It's when I get my feet on the shore
These rolling waves I'll see no more
I never want to sail anymore
On board of a Man of War, boys