

## **Blow the Winds, I Oh**

### **Collected in Hampshire by Bob Copper**

Sing O for a brave and a valiant barque, a brisk and lively breeze,  
A bully crew and a captain too to carry me over the seas  
To carry me over the seas my boys to my love so far away  
She has taken a trip on a government ship ten thousand miles away.

#### **Chorus**

So blow the winds I Oh, and a roving I will go  
I'll stay no more on England's shore so let the music play  
I'll start by the morning train to cross the raging main  
For I'm on the move to my own true love ten thousand miles away.

I wish that I was a bosun bold or only a bombardier  
I'd hire a boat and hurry afloat and straight to my true love steer  
And straight to my true love steer my boys, where the dancing  
dolphins play  
And the whales and sharks are having their larks ten thousand miles  
away.

The sun may shine through a London fog and the Thames run bright  
and clear  
And the ocean's brine be turned to wine, and I may forget my beer,  
And I may forget my beer my boys, and the landlord's quarter day  
But I'll never part from my own sweetheart ten thousand miles away.

# Harbour

by Anna Tabbush

When you've crossed the stormy waters  
*Come walk a-shore*  
Bring your sons and bring your daughters  
*Wander no more*

*For our door is always open  
And our hearth is always warm  
When you need a place to shelter  
We're a harbour in the storm.*

There'll be time for rest and sleeping  
*Come walk a-shore*  
There'll be space for rest and healing  
*Wander no more*

*For our door is always open  
And our hearth is always warm  
When you need a place to shelter  
We're a harbour in the storm.*


For in days of lesser fortune  
*Come walk a-shore*  
We may need a door to open  
*Wander no more*

*For our door is always open  
And our hearth is always warm  
When you need a place to shelter  
We're a harbour in the storm.*

# Harbour


Anna Tabbush

SOPRANO



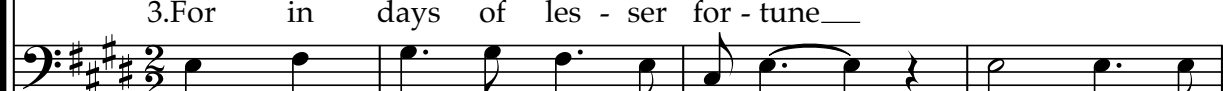
1. When you've crossed the storm - y wa - ters \_\_\_\_\_ Come walk a -  
2. There'll be time for rest and sleep - ing \_\_\_\_\_  
3. For in days of les - ser for - tune \_\_\_\_\_

ALTO



1. When you've crossed the storm - y wa - ters \_\_\_\_\_ Come walk a -  
2. There'll be time for rest and sleep - ing \_\_\_\_\_  
3. For in days of les - ser for - tune \_\_\_\_\_


BASS



1. When you've crossed the storm - y wa - ters \_\_\_\_\_ Come walk a -  
2. There'll be time for rest and sleep - ing \_\_\_\_\_  
3. For in days of les - ser for - tune \_\_\_\_\_


4

S.



shore. Bring your sons and bring your daugh - ters \_\_\_\_\_ Wan - der no more For our  
There'll be space for peace and heal - ing \_\_\_\_\_  
We may need a door to o - pen \_\_\_\_\_

A.



shore. Bring your sons and bring your daugh - ters \_\_\_\_\_ Wan - der no more For our  
There'll be space for peace and heal - ing \_\_\_\_\_  
We may need a door to o - pen \_\_\_\_\_

B.



shore. Bring your sons and bring your daugh - ters \_\_\_\_\_ Wan - der no more For our  
There'll be space for peace and heal - ing \_\_\_\_\_  
We may need a door to o - pen \_\_\_\_\_

9

S. *door is al - ways o - pen And our hearth is al - ways warm When you*

A. *door is al - ways o - pen And our hearth is al - ways warm When you*

B. *door is al - ways o - pen And our hearth is al - ways warm When you*

13

S. *need a place to shel - ter We're a har - bour in the storm*

A. *need a place to shel - ter We're a har - bour in the storm*

B. *need a place to shel - ter We're a har - bour in the storm*

## **If I was a blackbird**

I am a poor girl and my fortune seems sad,  
Six months have I courted a young sailor lad.  
And truly I loved him by night and by day,  
And now in his transport he's sailed far away.

*If I was a blackbird I'd whistle and sing,  
I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in.  
And on the top rigging there I'd build my nest  
And lay my head all night on his lily-white breast.*

My love's tall and handsome in every degree,  
His parents despise him because he loves me.  
But let them despise him or say what they will,  
While I've breath in my body I'll love my love still.

He promised he'd meet me at bonny brown Fair  
With a bunch of blue ribbons to tie up my hair.  
And if he would meet me I'd crown him with joy,  
And kiss those fond lips of my young sailor boy.

If I was a scholar could handle a pen,  
Just one private letter to him I would send,  
I'd write and I'd tell him of my sad grief and woe,  
And far o'er the water with him I would go.

# Unst Boat Song

*Original lyrics in Norn (a language brought to the Shetlands by Norse settlers)*

Starka vima vestilie,  
Obadeea, obadeea,  
Starka virna vestilie,  
Obadeea, monye.

Stala, stoita, stonga, raera,  
Whit says du, da bunshka baera?  
Whit says du, da bunshka baera?  
Litra mae vee drengie.

Saina, papa wara,  
Obadeea, obadeea,  
Saina, papa wara  
Obadeea monye.

*Alternative English lyrics*

Stronger wind comes from the wester,  
Curse the weather, curse the weather,  
Stronger wind comes from the wester,  
Trouble for the sailors.

Stow the shrouds, the yards and sails,  
Dear old ship, she'll ride the gales,  
Dear old ship, she'll ride the gales,  
Give the best you can, boys.

Bless the ship, almighty father,  
Curse the weather, curse the weather,  
Bless the ship, almighty father,  
Trouble for the sailors.