The Sallee Rover

Words and music by T. Winter

Allegro ♩ = 170

3/4

Now wel-come to all of you cor - sairs bold, That sail on the foa-ming sea,

I'll tell you a tale as long as a whale, Of Mam-mee the tar of Sal - lee.

Near Stow-in - the Wold did he first see this world, But salt in his veins set him free,

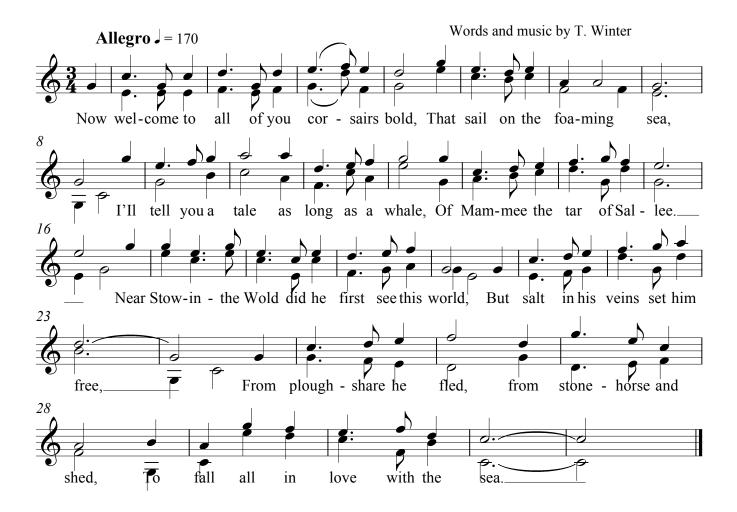From plough - share he fled, from stone - horse and shed, To fall all in love with the sea.

THE SALLEE ROVER

1.   Now welcome to all of you corsairs bold,
That sail o'er the foaming sea,
I'll tell you a tale as long as a whale,
Of Mammee the tar of Sallee.
Near Stow-in-the-Wold did he first see this world,
But salt in his veins set him free,
From ploughshare he fled, from stone-horse and shed,
To fall all in love with the sea.

2.   The Papists of Spain was every man's bane,
Black priests roamed to harry and burn,
No man would stand up to drain the brave cup,
Of fighting 'gainst foemen so stern,
But then the brave Moors, of Africa's shores,
From Tunis and Bone and Sallee,
From headland and bay, all rose to the fray,
To fall all in love with the sea.

3.   The arts of the wars was taught to the Moors,
By Captains Dansecker and Ward,
From stowage of dips to rigging of ships,
To frapping of cannon with cord,
They took to the main, those proud exiles of Spain,
To humble their old enemy,
Inquisitors quailed, their caravels failed,
To drive those brave Moors from the sea.

4.   Now Mammee the Rais he was first in the race,
To singe the old King of Spain's beard,
From Sallee he'd sail, in zephyr and gale,
To do what the Papists most feared.
The Groyne he knew well, and at Cape Mirabel,
The Papists all fled from Mammee,
When topsails they spied, the Spaniards all cried,
The corsairs are come from the sea!

5.   The colours that flew o'er his trustworthy crew
Was crimson and man-in-the-moon,
Oh 'twas such a sight when courses shone bright,
By the sun of a May afternoon,
Brass cannon would shine like a ship of the line,
The yards they were black ebony,
And Mammee would stand, with spyglass in hand,
To scan all the blue foaming sea.

6.   He guided his helm o'er his watery realm
Nor border nor frontier he knew,
A prince of the sea, a king of Sallee,
No man his proud ship could subdue,
Until at his end his last breath he'd commend,
When his days was all brought by the lee,
As he bade farewell to those he loved well,
He took leave of the shore and the sea.