

The Sunderland Press Gang

We laughed and we danced at our wedding feast
We laughed sang and danced oh loves words were so sweet
We laughed and we kissed how he took my hand
And, all of our lives together we planned
Him a fisher and I a maid as good as any wedding made
The knot it was tied and me all in white
So, happy we were on that first wedding night

Not down darkened alleys but in broad daylight
Next morning there's many a good lad took flight
While all around Stockton there travelled the news
That the Sunderland Press Gang were here on the loose
While we'd been a-bed, my man and his bride
The Press Gang like rats had come from the quayside
They'd come down to Stockton new blood for to gather
Thought only of harm when they heard our sweet laughter

Oh Row, oh row across the North Sea
The Sunderland Press Gang took John-o from me
Oh, row oh row I heard a girl say
The Sunderland Press Gang took John-o away.

They came and they snatched my husband from me
They tore him away while I was asleep
And left me hear to mourn and to hate
Those dreaded Press Gangers who came here late
Burst into our room as together we lay
As the moon gave way to its terrible day
Dragged him away to God knows where
If its to fight for old Nelson I just couldn't care

Oh, I wish up to Sunderland they would return
Those dreaded Press Gangers who stole all our men
And I hope that my John o is safe far away
And not lying buried in cold Cairo clay
Or Killed by a cutlass French musket or ball
Or murdered by any foreigner at all
I am poor maid please hear my prayer
Send John - o back home and the Press gang to there's

There's a place by the river surrounded by trees
Each evening I go there and take of my ease
And think of my John - o his back broad and strong
Clutch my wedding ring and lament with this song
Oh John-o, Oh John -o come over the sea
Be safe as you sleep and you wake my hinney
Oh, Johnno Oh Johnno come over the sea
Stay safe from all ill and return home to me

