

SONG 1 A Life in the West Country (Tune: Popeye, the Sailor Man)

Chorus:

A loif in the West Country, is purrfect as loif could be,
We ooh and we aah as we drink at the bar,
With a missy upon each knee.

Chorus:

We're 'appy for folks to share our vistas and country air,
Our fresh clotted cream is a city man's dream,
And their wenches just don't compare.

Mrs Hawkins:

My loif in the West Country, is dandy as loif could be,
I ooh and I aah as I serve at the bar,
And it's scrumpy and toast for tea.

Chorus:

Her loif as a landlady, is peachy as loif could be,
She winks at the men and she struts like a hen,
As she lifts up her skirt at the knee.

Jim:

A boy living in a pub, will never go short of grub,
I finish the dregs from the half-empty kegs,
And I'm pissed as a newt in a tub.

Chorus:

If you speak in the Country way, the girls will be blown away,
When you offer them Zoider, they grin even wider,
And might lead you quite astray.

Chorus:

Our life in the West Country, Idyllic as loif could be,
We ooh and we aah, we moo and we baa!
If you stay awake you'll see.

Song 2 Peasants are Revolting (Tune: Drunken Sailor)

Why should we mix with the lower classes,
Cider-swilling, chewing grasses,
Sitting all day upon their asses,
Down in Giles's hayfield?
Quite unwashed and rather smelly,
Seen in church in bright green wellies,
Gravy stains upon their bellies,
Peasants are revolting;

Old Misses Jones from the sausage factory,
Five feet tall and very satisfactory,
Gave my door key but it came back to me,
In a string of chipolatas.
On a Friday night in the village local,
Had a few pints and I'm getting vocal,
Dance a little jig with a smelly yokel,
Peasants are revolting.

In my surgery with a reeking rustic,
Suff'ring with a boil under her elastic,
Fill it with a gallon of antiseptic,
Light the blue touch paper.
Old George Smith is the local farmer,
Fancies himself as a bit of a charmer,
Wears a silk thong underneath his armour,
Peasants are revolting.

Little Sally Brown is a country bumpkin,
She wears jumpers made of goatskin,
Covers up her bouncing pumpkins,
When she drives her tractor.
Treading in piles of fresh manure,
Wading through the dregs of the cider brewer,
Kitchen smells like an open sewer,
Peasants are revolting.

SONG 3 Down in Bristol Market (Tune: One Man Went to Mow)

Throughout the song, up until Sunday, each new item mentioned is thrown onto the stage from the wings. It is up to the actors to duck at the appropriate time (or not, at their peril).

Monday I shall buy, when I go to market;
Sausages and beans, down in Bristol market.

Tuesday I shall buy, when I go to market;
Cabbage, sausages and beans, down in Bristol market.

Wednesday I shall buy, when I go to market;
Turnips, cabbage, sausages and beans, down in Bristol market.

Thursday I shall buy, when I go to market;
Onions, turnips, cabbage, sausages and beans, down in Bristol market.

Friday I shall buy, when I go to market;
Carrots, onions, turnips, cabbage, sausages and beans, down in Bristol market.

Saturday I shall buy, when I go to market;
Spinach, carrots, onions, turnips, cabbage, sausages and beans, down in Bristol market.

Sunday I shall buy, when I go to market;
Each line a different soloist, getting faster;
Corn and wheat and oats and rye,
Chocolate doughnuts, apple pie,
Oranges and dates and figs,
Lamb and beef and roasted pigs,
Frogs-legs, snails and jellied eels,
Octopus and toasted seals,
Haggis, kidneys, liver, tripe,
Seagulls, albatross and snipe,
Roasted cob-nuts, toasted cheese,
Boiled potatoes, frozen peas,
Mermaid served in seaweed pod,
You can't buy that, you silly sod! *(Pause)*

All:

(Slower)

Spinach, carrots, onions, turnips, cabbage, sausages and beans, down in Bristol market.

SONG 4 Come All Ye Suckers (Tune: Blow the Man Down)

Solo:

Come all ye suckers and come all ye fools,
Visit our charming stalls;
Open your purses and let's take a look,
For we will delight in seeing you rooked.

Chorus:

We'll spot you suckers a mile down the lane,
Thick-skulled, lacking in brain;
Whether you're peasants or posh country folk,
We can guarantee you'll all go home broke.

Solo:

We will short measure and short change you here,
Ditch water strengthens the beer;
Grain is improved with some finely-chopped grass,
And sugar tastes grand with freshly ground glass.

Chorus:

Should you feel cheated, deceived and hoodwinked,
We won't visit your clink;
When you return with the magistrate's team,
You'll find we've moved on to work pastures green.

SONG 5 Pirates Just Love 'Aarghs'! (Tune: In the Quartermaster's Stores)

Verse 1:

Five years old and time to go to school just to learn, the three Rs,
The first day I learned the alphabet and I got as far as R.
My teacher she said, 'John, you're a star, if you work hard you will go far',
But all I could say was, 'I just love aarghs'.

Verse 2:

Then one day my tooth began to throb, and I cried in the car.
But the dentist simply said to me, 'Open wide and just say ah!'
My psychiatrist was shocked to see, the problem which afflicted me,
A boy of my age just should not love aarghs.

Verse 3:

Very soon I became a teenage lout; greasy hair, loud guitars,
All the girls were very fond of me, 'cos they knew I just loved aarghs.
Said Dad, 'You're a waste of space me lad', he called me names and I got mad;
So I joined the crew of the Bismillaarghh!

Verse 4:

In a dungeon, stretched out on the rack, I'm in pain, shout hurrah!
When the tort'rer turns his little wheel I just love to cry out aargh!
My left arm is nearly six feet long, my neck would grace the finest swan,
But I'm quite content, 'cos I just love aarghs!

SONG 6 We Love to Murder, We Love To Maim (Tune: Fire Down Below)

We love to murder we love to maim,
We thought of taking up boxing once but that was not the same.
Blood, sweat, tears, screams and guts,
We do love slaughtering sailor boys and chopping off their legs. *(Or a word that
rhymes with guts!)*

We'd love to tie a rope round your neck,
Your eyes would pop as you made the drop, before you hit the deck.
Young, old, we don't give a fart,
We'll chop your arms and your legs off first and then cut out your heart.

We love to slash and we love to cut,
We always slice their ears off first then kick them in the butt.
Pain, death, misery and dread,
You give us any trouble boys, we'll just hack off your head.

We love to torture, we love to slay,
We waste no time at the top of the tide when anchors are aweigh.
Sharpen every pirate sword,
We'll spray the deck at the end of the day, to wash the guts overboard.

SONG 7 The Wooden Leg Song (Tune: Blow the wind Southerly)

Verse 1:

If you fall foul of a musket or cannonball,
Or you are slashed by a cutlass or sword;
Do not despair if the surgeon cuts your leg off,
Just count your blessings and wait your reward.

Think of the savings, your finances flourishing,
Socks you'll need singly and never in twos.
Shoes will be half price and don't waste the left-overs.
Sell them to Jake and you simply can't lose.

Should you one day find little woodworm holes,
Cut your losses and throw it away;
You don't need a surgeon, you just need a carpenter,
Tailor-made limbs is a specialist trade.

Verse 2:

If your foe thinks you're a harmless monopod,
Stab through their heart with the tip of your peg.
Should he be winning and you're on your last legs,
At least you've already one foot in the grave.

Sporting successes, gold medals and accolades,
You'll be a champ in the three-legged race.
You'll find your stump will be great on the cricket pitch,
Stump before wicket won't hold in your case.

If your leg should give you an itch,
You should wash it and spin it in your tumble-drier.
But should you find the problem persisting
Then chop up the leg and you've fuel for fire.

SONG 8 A Life on the Sea is so Gay (Tune: Abdul Abulbul Amir)

When at anchor we ride on the crest of a wave,
Our hearts are so macho and brave;
With your feet on the deck and your face in the spray,
A life on the sea is so gay.

When the ship's making way in the ocean so vast,
The crossbones is pinned to the mast.
With murder and mayhem and blood-shed by day,
A life on the sea is so gay.

If it's raining outside then we go down below,
And count all the plunder and dough.
It's quite wrong to say that crime doesn't pay,
A life on the sea is so gay.

We are harmless and legless for most of the time,
From whiskey and cheap Aussie wine.
At night we drink rum when tied up in the bay,
A life on the sea is so gay.

It's great fun getting shot at and stabbed in the neck
And spilling your guts on the deck.
As long as you've breath left to shout out hurray!
A life on the sea is so gay.

(During the last two lines the pirates dance a little gay step.)

So who cares if we're sworn at and flogged every night,
And suffer from scurvy and lice?
'Cos we're gay, yes we're gay, yes we're gay, yes we're gay,
Our life on the sea makes us gay.

SONG 9: Thank Goodness That's the End (Tune: Anchors Aweigh)

Thank goodness that's the end of this year's play,
You need a medal if you've sat right through without once yawning;
We'll unlock all the doors, it's time to go,
Any complaints should be addressed to the director of the show.

Poor RL Stevenson, God rest his soul,
He's been so busy turning in his grave he's quite exhausted;
He would not recognise much of this plot,
If he could get the writer up against a wall he would be shot.

If you're a masochist you will not mind,
Being subjected to the product of a cow's behind; so
You can come free to see tomorrow's show,
We hope the man who's bought the other ticket will not get to know.

You'll be so glad to hear this song is done,
Now you can soothe your cramps and cure the numbness in your bum; just
Be real good sports and grant an amnesty,
So that the cast may leave alive and with assured impunity.