

Rout of the Blues (Trad. / Arr. Rob van Sante)

As i crossed over salisbury plain,
Such a dainty fine sight i behold,
All the lasses are crying and tearing their hair,
For the rout has just come for the Blues
For the rout has just come for the Blues.

Then each one home to their mother does run,
Saying my heart is undone it is true,
I'll pack up my clothes without further delay
And boldly I'll march with the Blues.
And boldly I'll march with the Blues.

The Landlord and Landlady walk hand in hand,
And so do their pretty girls too
And each one pours out a bottle of gin,
To drink a good health to the Blues
To drink a good health to the Blues

Our ship is well rigged and she's ready to sail
How sweetly the french horns play too
Each one of us cries out a loud huzzah
Success to King George and his Blues.
Success to King George and his Blues.

They're as gallant young fellows as ever you'll see
Though you search bonny Britain all through
When dressed in His Majesty's suit you'll agree
There's none can compare with the Blues.
There's none can compare with the Blues.

As i crossed over salisbury plain
Such a dainty fine sight i behold
All the lasses are crying and tearing their hair
For the rout has just come for the Blues.
For the rout has just come for the Blues.